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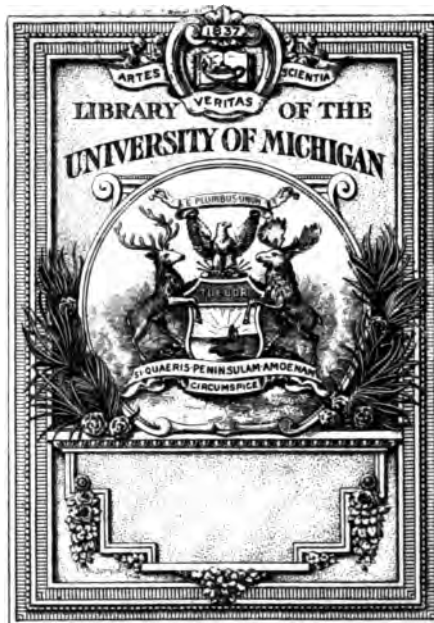
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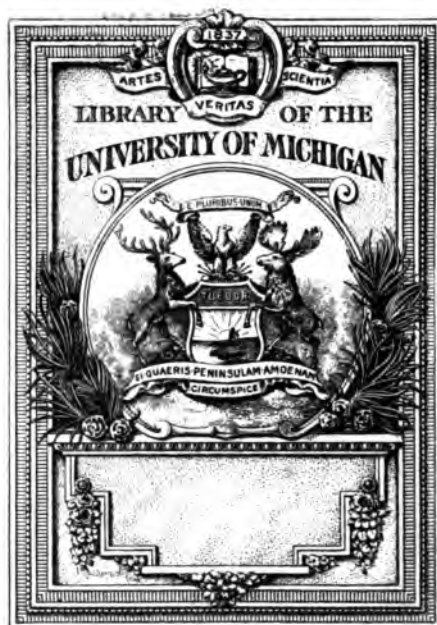
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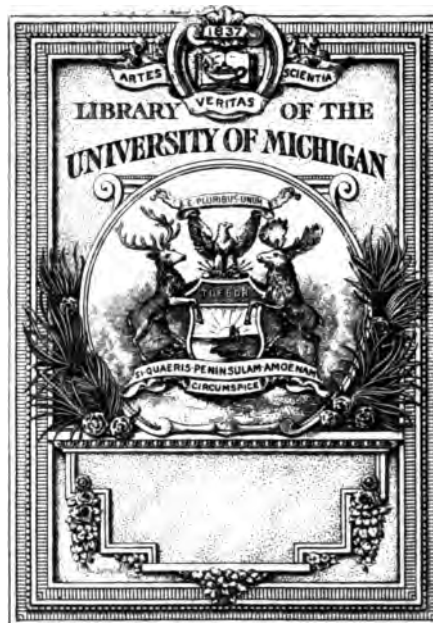
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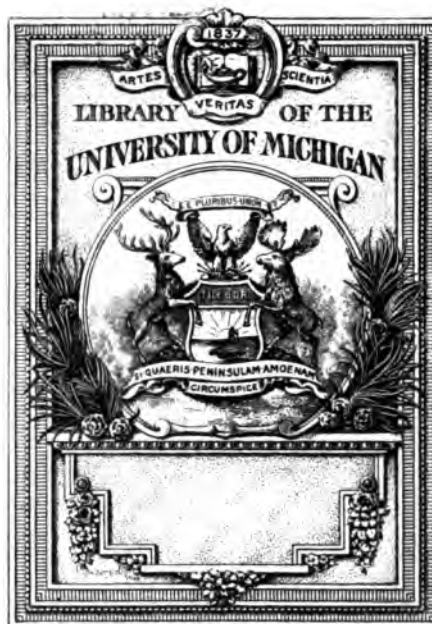
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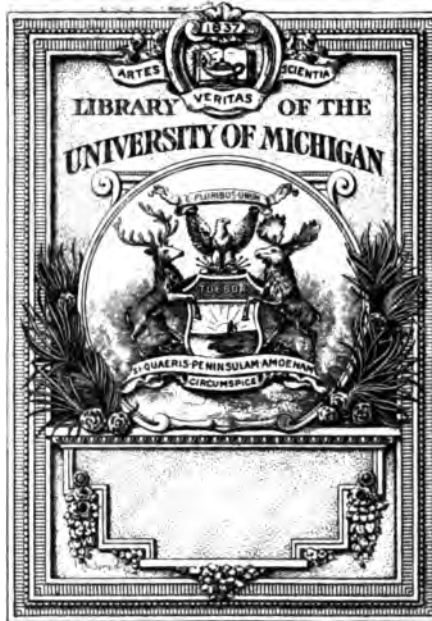
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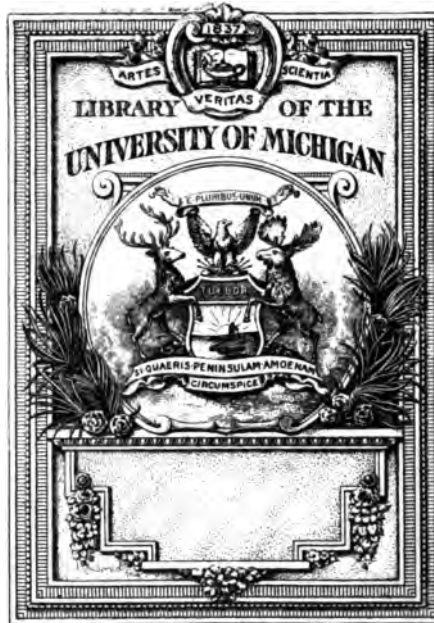
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seemed suddenly to realise the position, to comprehend that it was his nephew who leaned over him. With a spasmodic movement he turned towards John, his lips twitching with some inward and newly aroused excitement.

"The Book, John!" he said sharply—"the Book!"

John remained quite composed. With a steady hand he balanced the spoon of medicine that he still held.

"Your medicine first, uncle," he said quietly. "We'll talk about the Book after."

But the old man's calm had been disturbed. With unexpected strength he raised one thin hand and pushed the spoon aside, spilling the contents on the bed.

"How can I leave it?" he exclaimed. "How can I go and leave the Book unguarded?" Again his lips twitched, and a feverish brightness flickered in his eyes, as they searched his nephew's face.

"When I go, John," he added excitedly, "the Book may be in your keeping for hours, perhaps for a whole night. I know the Arch-Councillor will answer my summons immediately; but it is possible he may be delayed. It may be the ordination of the Unknown that I should Pass before he arrives. If this is so, I want you to guard the Book—but also I want you to guard my dead body. Let no one touch it until he comes. The key of the safe is here." He fumbled weakly for the thin chain that hung about his neck. "No one must remove it. No

one must touch it until he comes." His voice faltered.

With a calm gesture John forced him back upon the pillows, and quietly wiped up the medicine.

But with a fresh effort the old man lifted himself again.

"John," he cried suddenly, "do you understand what I am saying? Do you understand that for a whole night you may be alone with the inviolable Seitsym? 'The Hope of the Universe, by whose Light alone the One and Only Prophet shall be made known unto the Watchers!'" He murmured the quotation in a low rapt voice.

Again the younger man attempted to soothe him.

"Don't, uncle!" he said gravely. "Don't distress yourself! I am here. You can trust me. Lie back and rest."

But his uncle's face was still excitedly perturbed; his pale eyes still possessed an unnatural brightness.

"Oh yes!" he said sharply, "I trust you! I have trusted you. I have left a letter by which you will see that I have trusted you—and that your fidelity has been rewarded. But this is another matter. Can I trust you in this? Can I trust you as myself?" As he put the question a sweat of weakness and excitement broke out over his forehead.

But it was neither his wild appearance nor his question that suddenly sent the blood into John's face and suddenly set his heart bounding. It was the abrupt and unlooked-for justification of his own secret, treasured hope; the

tacit acknowledgment of kinship and obligation, made now by Andrew Henderson after seven unfruitful years. A mist rose before his sight and his mind swam. What was the mad creed of a dying man—of a dozen dying men—when the reward of his own long probation awaited him?

But the old man was set to his purpose. With shaking fingers he fumbled with two small objects that depended from the chain about his neck. And as he held them up, John saw by the glow of the lamp that one was a copy in miniature of the metal symbol that decorated the little chapel; the other a long thin key.

As Henderson disentangled and raised these objects to the light, his eyes turned again upon his nephew.

"John," he said tremulously, "I want you to swear to me by the Sign that you will not touch my body—nor anything on my body—till the Arch-Councillor comes! Swear, as you hope for your own happiness!" A wild illumination spread over his face; the unpleasant fanatical light showed again in his eyes.

For a moment John looked at him, then, stirred by his own emotions, by a new pang of self-reproach and gratitude towards this half-crazy man so near his end, he went forward and touched the small octagonal symbol that gleamed in the light.

"I swear—by the Sign!" he said, in a low level voice. And almost as the words escaped him, the chain slipped from old Henderson's fingers, his jaw

dropped, and his head fell forward on his chest.

The moments that follow an important event are seldom of a nature to be accurately analysed.

For a long while John remained motionless and speechless, unable to realise that the huddled figure still warm in his arms was in reality the vessel of clay from which a spirit had escaped. Then suddenly the realisation of the position came to him; with a sharp movement he stood upright, and seizing the bell-rope, pulled it vigorously.

When the old woman who attended to the household appeared, he pointed to her master's body and explained in a few words how the end had come, and how, in a last urgent command, Henderson had forbidden his body to be touched until the arrival of a member of his religious sect. The old woman accepted the explanation with the apathy common to those who have outlived emotion; and with a series of nods and unintelligible mutterings, methodically proceeded to straighten the already neatly arranged furniture of the room, in the instinctive belief that order is the first tribute to be paid to Death.

With something of the same feeling John drew the coverlet over the dead body, and turned to watch the old woman at her work. But as he looked at her a great desire to be alone again swept over him, and with the desire, a corresponding impatience of her slow and measured movements. Chide himself as

he might for his impatience, curb his natural instinct as he might, it was humanly impossible that his strong and eager spirit could give thought to Death—while Life was claiming him with out-stretched hands.

He held himself rigidly in check until the last chair had been arranged and the last cinder swept from the hearth; then, as the old woman slowly crossed the room and stepped out into the corridor, he sprang forward with irrepressible impetuosity and shut and locked the door.

He had no superstitious consciousness of the dead body so close at hand. The dead body—and with it, the dead years and the long probation—belonged to the past; he, with his youth, his strength, his hope, was bound for the limitless future.

Without a moment's hesitation he crossed to his uncle's bureau, which stood as he had left it three days before, when his last illness had seized upon him. The papers were all in order; the ink was as yet scarcely rusted on the pens; the key protruded from the lock of the private drawer. With a tremor of excitement John extended his hand, turned it and opened the drawer; then he caught his breath. There lay a square white envelope addressed to himself in his uncle's fantastic crooked handwriting.

As he drew it out and held it for a moment in his hand, his thoughts centred unerringly round one object. In a moment the seven years of wait-

ing—the strange death-scene just enacted—even Andrew Henderson and his mystical creed—were blotted from his mind by a wonderful rose-coloured mist of hope, from which one face looked out—the patient, tender, pathetic face of the mother he adored. The emotions, so long suppressed, welled up as they had been wont to do years ago in the sordid London home.

With a throb of confidence and anticipation, he inserted his finger under the flap of the envelope and tore it open. With lightning speed his eyes skimmed the oddly written lines. Then a short inarticulate sound escaped him, and the blood suddenly receded from his face.

“MY DEAR NEPHEW,” he read,—“In acknowledgment of your services during the past seven years—and also because I have no wish to pass into the Unseen with the stain of vindictiveness on my Soul—I have obliterated from my mind the remembrance of my brother's ingratitude to his father, and have placed the sum of £500 to your credit in the Cleef branch of the Consolidated Bank. I trust it may assist you to commence an industrious career. For the rest, it may interest you to know that my capital, which I realised upon your grandfather's death, is already placed in the Treasury of the sect to which I belong—where it will remain until claimed by the One in whose ultimate advent I most solemnly believe.

“I make you cognisant of

these facts, that all disputes and unnecessary differences may be avoided after my death. The papers by which my property was made over to the Mystics some five years ago—together with a doctor's certificate as to my mental soundness at the time—are in the hands of the Council. Any attempt to unmake this disposition of my fortune will be fraught with failure.

"With sincere hope for your future welfare, your uncle,

"ANDREW HENDERSON."

For a space John stood pale and rigid, making no attempt to re-read the letter; then, all at once, one of those rare and curious upheavals of feeling that shake men to their souls seized upon him. The blood rushed back to his face in a dark wave; the rose-coloured mist that had floated before his vision flamed suddenly to red; the same implacable rage that, years ago, had impelled his grandfather to disinherit his favourite son swelled in his heart. All ideas, all considerations save one, became blurred and indistinct, but this one idea rode him, spurred him to a frenzy of desire. It was the blind, instinctive human wish to wreak his loss and disappointment upon some tangible, visible object.

With a dazed movement he turned to the bed, but only the huddled, impassive figure beneath the coverlet met his gaze. For more than a minute he stared at it helplessly; then a new thought shot across his mind, and his lips drew together

in a thin hard line. The road to revenge *did* lie open to him! With an abrupt gesture he stepped forward and pulled back the counterpane.

In the yellow lamplight the thin face of the dead man had an ashen hue; the half-opened eyes and the prominent teeth, from which the lips had partly receded, confronted him gruesomely. But the force of his disappointment and rage was something before which mere human horror was swept aside. With another rapid movement he stooped over the bed and unclasped the thin gold chain that hung round the dead man's neck, letting the metal symbol and the long thin key slip from it into his hand. Turning to the dressing-table, he caught up a lamp; hurried from the room; and, descending the stairs, passed into the study.

To his excited glance the place looked strangely undisturbed. Though the frames of the windows rattled in the gale, the interior arrangements were as precise and bare as usual; the fireless grate stared at him coldly, and against the whitewashed wall the heavy iron safe stood out like an accentuated blot of shadow. Impelled by his one dominating idea, he crossed without an instant's hesitation to the door of this hitherto inviolable repository of his uncle's secrets, and, inserting the key he carried, swung back the massive door.

One glance showed him the thing he sought. Lying in solitary state upon the highest shelf was a heavy book bound

in white leather. The edges of the cover were worn yellow with time and use, and from the centre of the binding gleamed the familiar octagonal symbol exquisitely wrought in gold and jewels. With hands that trembled slightly, he lifted the book from its place, closed and locked the door of the safe, and, extinguishing the lamp, left the room.

In the flood of unreasoning rage and thwarted hope that surged about him he had no definite plan regarding the object in his hand. He only knew, by the medium of instinct, that through it he could strike a blow at the uncle who had excluded him from his just inheritance—at the crazy scheme by which he had been defrauded of his due.

With hasty steps he mounted the stairs and re-entered the bedroom. To his agitated mind it seemed but just that, whatever his vengeance, it should be accomplished in the grim unconscious presence of the dead man.

Stepping into the room, he paused and looked about him, seeking some suggestion. As he stood there, his eyes, by a natural process of inspiration, fell upon the fire that glowed and crackled in the grate; and with a sharp inarticulate sound of satisfaction he strode forward to the hearth, knelt down, and prepared for his work of destruction.

As he crouched over the fire a fresh gale swept inland from

the sea, seizing the house in its fierce embrace; and the flames leaped up the chimney in the instant answer of element to element.

Instinctively he bent forward, opened the book, and gathered the first sheaf of leaves into his fingers. Then involuntarily he paused, as the bold characters of the printed words shot up black and clear in the fierce glow from the coals.

Almost without volition he read the opening lines:—

“Out of obscurity will He come. And—having proved Himself—no man will question Him. For the Past lies in the Great Unknown. By the Scitsym—from which none but the Chosen may read—will ye know Him; and, knowing Him, ye will bow down—Mystics, Arch-Mystics, and Arch-Councillor alike. And the World will be His. For He will be Power made absolute!”

“For He will be Power made absolute!” Something in the six simple words arrested Henderson, suspended his thoughts, and checked his hand. By an odd psychological process his rage became chilled, his mind veered from its point of view. With a curious stiffness of motion he drew away from the fire—the book held uninjured in his hand.

“He will be Power made absolute!” he repeated mechanically, as he rose slowly to his feet.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO SIR EDWARD BULWER
LYTTON AT KNEBWORTH IN 1857.

BY E. H.-J.

IN youth I had a great desire to meet Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton: his 'King Arthur,' so flattering to a Cymrian, and his novels, had captivated the imagination of fifteen. My brief acquaintance with him began at a party at Lady Palmerston's in 1857. (The summer of that year was an eventful one to me. In June I was presented by Lady —, and all but lost my life, and in August I visited Knebworth.) I next met Sir Edward at Lady Theresa Lewes's. He spoke of Welsh legends and music. He asked if there were many Welsh songs, and what was their chief subject. On my telling him that love-songs predominated, he said, "The earlier songs of a nation are generally of love; I wonder will the later ones be the same?" Alluding to Giuglini's singing, he added, "He has tears in his voice." If I remember rightly, he uses the same expression in 'My Novel.' Parson Dale, when his partner trumped his best card at whist, exclaimed, "The cruelest trump," with "tears in his voice."

On the 17th of June there was a dinner-party for the Duke of Cambridge at —, and an assembly in the evening. Sir Edward Lytton was among the guests. The rooms were bright with banks of flowers raised in the fireplaces and

under the mirrors in the drawing-rooms. Little lamps were placed among their leaves, and hung in the ivy of the balcony outside Lady —'s sitting-room and the back drawing-room. They shone with a quiet light like glow-worms, and made a brilliant effect from the Park. After dinner I had a conversation with Sir Edward about Wales, and he told me that he knew some of my family, . . . and that he had some Welsh things of interest in his house which he hoped I would come and see. By this time we had walked into Lady —'s sitting-room, where he looked at one or two pictures, and we went into the balcony with the view of returning to the back drawing-room that way. I moved aside against the ivy-covered railing of the balcony for Miss —, who had followed, to pass, and a wind swept my long tulle veil over the lamps, —at least I suppose this was the case. I only know that I felt a rush of flame behind my head and shoulders, and that I seemed to think a thousand thoughts in a minute: the belief that I should never again see my Father and Sister was even in that short space of time an agony to me, and I cannot forget the awful impression that I was close upon eternity.

There was nothing at hand in which I could wrap myself,

and the room beyond was crowded with light dresses, to venture near which would have put the company in a blaze. The thought of this hopeless position, and of much else, passed through my mind before I felt that some one (Sir Edward Lytton) was putting out the flames. Although everything seemed to swim before me, I no longer had the desire to rush forward which was so strong until then. You can imagine the relief of Sir Edward's first words, "It is out." Such a transition of feeling from agony to security is not to be described. Even writing of it after so many years, remembrance is almost as strong as reality. I looked back and saw Sir Edward leaning against one of the pillars of the balcony, as white as death and trembling all over. He then took me up the backstairs close to the sitting-room, and went away. It was the Duke of Cambridge who first smelt the fire and told Lady — what had happened.

Sir Baldwin Walker and Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars were standing in the back drawing-room, near the balcony, when the accident occurred; and in 1870, Sir Fenwick, whom I met after many years at —, said so great an impression had been made upon his mind by the scene that he could draw a plan of room, balcony, &c., from memory.

On the 17th August Lady —, Miss —, and I went to Knebworth. Sir Edward was waiting for us at Stevenage, and during the drive to Kneb-

worth he pointed out several objects of interest,—a viaduct, some ground near a wooded dingle, and a winding stream, which he called classic: a Danish battle had been fought there, now it is a green field. A little farther on he remarked, while looking at the quiet, cultivated, "thoroughly English" landscape, "I grow fonder of nature every year."

Presently we came to the house of the poet Young. A brook runs by it under banks covered with osiers, and, after a drive of some four miles, between blossoming hedgerows, where the "white convolvulus glittered in the tangles of the brake," we saw Knebworth rising against the sky. There it stood in the sunlight, each detail of architectural tracery, delicate blossoms, fanciful patterns, made clearly visible by the soft glow. I can see it all now as if my visit had been a thing of yesterday, with no years of change between that summer-time and this.

Sir Edward took us through the house to the gardens, where we had afternoon tea and a walk through grounds made beautiful by the flowers and foliage of luxuriant August. There are many walks, sheltered and unsheltered, in them, a labyrinth which we traversed without a clue, a summer-house on a terraced mound, with a sense of sunshine and the scent of flowers all round it; also another summer-house in a spreading tree, which had branches and leaves for walls and a high platform for a floor, protected by a railing, and ap-

proached by rustic stairs that wind round the trunk of the tree. Here you might sit and watch "the colour of the waves that break upon the idle sea-shore of the mind" without fear of interruption from a world which there seems far away.

Griffons, satyrs, statues, and vases stand on the terraces and on the house, and gleam white among the flowers and shrubs, the Beautiful and Grotesque side by side as of old. Near the summer-house in the tree there is a space of sward, sheltered at all points from the wind, where Sir Edward's favourite dog Beau is buried. He has put this inscription on the little grave;—it is engraved on a pedestal which supports an urn wreathed with flowers:—

Alas ! poor Beau !
(Died February 28, 1852.)
It is but to a dog this stone
is inscribed,
Yet what is now left
Within the home of thy Fathers,
O Solitary Master,
That will grieve at thy departure
Or rejoice at thy return.
E. B. L.

When we had seen the gardens, Sir Edward took us over the house and showed us its many interests. We first visited the fine old hall, and the staircase hall, which is hung with armour and paintings.

Two griffons sit watching the treasures at the foot of the carved oak staircase. We went through the staircase hall into the library, which is the first of a suite of three rooms. Pym, Hampden, and

Elliot are said to have met in the second room for consultation: there are precious relics in it,—a snuff-box of Pitt's, a link from Scott's watch-chain, a cross which belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots (whose portrait is in the picture-gallery), and a likeness of Sir Edward by Maclise.

There are also paintings in the third room, which opens into the hall. At the end of the picture-gallery, and approached by a short flight of steps, is a sitting-room. In 1857 it was recently built, a bright room; there are steps from the broad sunny window into the garden. Sir Edward often wrote there, he said, because the view of the garden from it was pleasant to his eyes. The drawing-room is on the first floor within two other rooms. One of these is hung with bugle tapestry, that glitters like dew by candlelight. It was occupied by Queen Elizabeth when she visited Knebworth.

The walls of the drawing-room are emblazoned with Welsh arms, that show the descent from the "princely lines of Cymru," of which Sir Edward was proud. He brought his Welsh pedigree for us to see; it includes Elystan Glodrydd. There is a Claude among the pictures in the drawing-room. He then took us to see the bedrooms (among them, Queen Elizabeth's): several of the mantelpieces in them are carved and inscribed. The carving upon one of these represents sympathy—a device with two hearts. One heart has

been pierced with a dagger; the other, which no dagger has touched, bleeds. Sir Edward preserved his mother's room as she left it when she died, and he did not allow any one but himself to move the objects within it that she valued. He placed the following inscription on the mantelpiece:—

"This room, long occupied by Elizabeth Bulwer Lytton, and containing the relics and associations of her life, is preserved by her son, who trusts his descendants will never allow it to be altered."

Pictures of Sir Edward, and of his son and daughter, hang on the walls: he is represented as a happy, innocent-looking child. His daughter died at eighteen; and some one, I forget whom, told me that her father felt her death so much that he did not return to Knebworth, associated as it was with recollections of her, for a year after her death. There was a carved oak bedstead in Sir Edward's bedroom, with Cornish choughs perched one on each of the posts. We dined in the hall. At one end of it there is a music gallery, and the oak carving makes a dark background for the bright flags, emblazoned motto, and polished armour which surround the hall. Some of the flags are royal; others belong to Sir Edward's humbler ancestors, Sir William and Sir Gilbert de Lytton. They hid part of this inscription, but I think the words ran thus:—

"Read the rede of this old roof-tree,
Here be trust fast, opinion free,
Knightly right hand, Christian knee,
Worth in all, wit in some,
Laughter open, slander dumb.

Hearth, where rooted friendships grow,
Safe as Altar e'en to foe,
And ye sparks that upward go,
When the hearth flame dies below.

If thy sap in these may be,
Fear no winter—old roof-tree."

Lady — had chosen a quiet time for our visit to Knebworth in preference to company, so there was but one guest besides ourselves, — Mr Ferguson, a Scottish author. We were told that Sir Edward usually retired to his sitting-room directly after breakfast and reappeared at two o'clock. On the morning after our arrival, however, he came back at twelve, to take us to the lake. On our way to it he called our attention to a spot where he once saw a tree fall without any warning or any apparent reason for the circumstance. Before it fell he observed a cow approach it, and examine and snuff at the ground round about it with much curiosity. Directly the tree came down she ran to the other cows in the park to give the news, and they with one consent, accompanied by some horses, trotted up to the fallen tree, and putting their noses to the ground, investigated it with wonder and attention. Presently we came to the water's edge: there was not a ripple on the surface of the lake. "How soothing deep water is," Sir Edward said. "Yes; so are brooks." "They are not like deep water: they do not convey the same feeling." He forgot that brooks have deep calm pools under the shelter of their banks.

The day was beautiful, and

the place, except where the shadow of the wood fell, full of sunshine. A Swiss cottage, built by Sir Edward, stood close by the trees. A table with an inkstand upon it and a chair or two made the only furniture of the principal room. Sir Edward brought out some fishing-rods: he gave me one, which I passed on to Mr Ferguson, and then sat under an old fir-tree to sketch the lake so still and sunny. Apropos of the fir—the Royalist tree—some discussion arose about Cromwell. Sir Edward came from the Swiss cottage just then, and shortly after he rowed me to one of the little islands in the lake where there were roses in bloom. On our way he remarked, "They were such giants those Puritans, they carried everything before them."—"I could never forgive Charles his conduct to Strafford," he added. When we reached the island he said he wished it were large enough for a cottage to be built on it, "then no one would be able to get at me; they continually disturb me now, and say, 'Oh, I won't detain you. I have only come for five minutes,' never thinking that the interruption, short as it appears to them, may throw out my train of thought for the day." He then spoke at length on the subject of spirits, and what he said reminded me of many passages in his writings—the following, for instance, from 'King Arthur':—

"Can every leaf a teeming world contain,
In the least drop can race succeed to race,

Yet one death slumber in its dreamless reign
Clasp all the illumed magnificence of space,
Life crowd the drop from air's vast seas effaced,
The leaf a world, the firmament a waste?"

He said he did not believe we should reach the highest Heaven when we died. "No," he continued, "it is not likely that we, imperfect as we are, should suddenly be ushered into the Divine Presence on leaving this world; our minds would not be prepared for so much glory: we are far too sinful for that. We shall pass through successive stages of existence, rising higher and higher until we reach the fulness of knowledge and of happiness. We cannot expect instant transition from great darkness to light, which to us would be insufferably bright. Does not everything progress? Is not progression the order of all God's works here? Why not hereafter?" "It is strange," he went on, "that all spirits when questioned about Heaven agree in stating that into our next stage of being we shall carry the pursuits and characteristics of mind which were ours on earth, but all refined and ennobled. None of them, however, profess to have reached to the great knowledge of our final Heaven, nor to know by what means we shall pass from one stage to another."

Speaking of eternal punishment, he said, "I cannot believe that punishment will last for ever; you would not wish your worst enemy to suffer eternal punishment. How much less, then, would God,

whose mercy is infinite, desire it? Eternal does not mean for ever in the words of Scripture, only a very long time. We have no Scriptural authority to show that we shall go at once to Heaven after death. Paradise only means a garden—not Heaven.” He became so absorbed in his subjects—spiritualism and theology—that when we got back into the boat he forgot to haul up the anchor, and rowed and rowed without observing that no way at all was made. The conversation as we walked back to the house turned on burial alive. He said, “I have a horror of being buried alive, and I desire when I die that my heart should be taken out, or something else be done to secure my certain death.” He then told a gruesome story of an old man who, from the dread of such burial, went in search of an elixir of life, and, finally, found it! He charged his son and daughter to rub it in his body after his death; but he was afraid to tell them what its effect would be, in case they should keep the elixir for their own use. In due course he died, and they began to carry out their father’s wishes; but, to their horror, the side they were rubbing showed signs of life—an eye opened, a hand moved, the flesh quivered, and fresh symptoms of revival occurring every moment, they became so alarmed that they hurried their father into his coffin, and buried him half living, half dead!

When we were standing by the mausoleum in the park, he

pointed out a little soft space of turf outside it, but within the railing, where he wished to be buried, saying, “I should not like to lie under stone walls,”—but the walls of Westminster are hallowed.

After luncheon Lady —, Miss —, and Mr Ferguson drove to Welwyn, and I rode there with Sir Edward. His horse, a fine Spanish charger, had been given to him by his brother, Lord Dalling.

He spoke of Autumn. I admired it. “Ah, when I was your age,” he said, “I admired Autumn too, but it has no hope in it. I prefer Spring now. Life,” he went on, “seems to have but a mosaic of happiness: we are never consecutively happy for many moments; but a few here and there put together make up our happiness.” “Of William v. Humboldt,” he said, “I am prejudiced against him, and have never read his letters.” On my alluding to the remarkable instance of animal magnetism related in that book, he exclaimed, “I believe there is no person in existence who has given this subject greater attention than I have. I was once,” he continued, “asked by a young friend for the address of a clairvoyante whom he wished to consult as to the success he was likely to meet with in a love-affair. I gave no opinion upon his consulting the person in question, but I told him that her predictions had been verified in more than one case within my knowledge. He consulted her; she told him he would be rejected in a per-

fectly straightforward manner, but coldly and with no mark of sympathy. He proposed. The lady's answer, as the clairvoyante foretold, was frank, grave, honourable enough, leaving no doubt, and giving no hope, but as cold and collected as if she had no part in the business. She had no poetry in her, and could not understand the pain her rejection gave."

"— likes office, does he not?" he inquired. "I do not care for such things now; I have no political ambition; all I ask is rest."

"But you have little need for ambition."

"We never realise the dreams of our boyhood."

"You, perhaps, have realised your dreams."

"Realised my dreams!" he said with much sadness,— "oh no."

Welwyn is a pleasant parsonage. The elms Young planted there make an angle with the stream, running between banks of osiers, that we saw on our drive from Stevenage to Knebworth. Mr Johnes-Knight (a former rector of Welwyn) placed a Latin inscription under these elms to tell their history. It sounded pretty when Sir Edward translated it. Sir Brooke Boothby was rector of Welwyn when we visited it. He died some years since.

Looking at the avenue of trees at the head of which the memorial stone stood, Sir Edward said, "How calm they are—unambitious trees!"

"And the afternoon, how

calm it is now it has advanced," I remarked, remembering that during our ride he had questioned that age quieted the mind and heart.

"Yes," he replied, "but I say with the poet—

'Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning.'

We returned by another road and passed the Knebworth School. He told the story of its foundation. A woman in the parish of Knebworth was born with only one hand. She had, notwithstanding, the genius of action in a very marked degree, and, late in life, she taught herself to read and write. Sir Edward's mother (Mrs Bulwer Lytton) had a great regard for her, and left her £50 a-year in her will. Sir Edward went to tell her of the legacy, and she said to him, "Do you think, Master Edward, I would take that money from you? I will never deprive you of it." Neither would she, and it was with difficulty Sir Edward made up to her for this sacrifice, after vainly trying to assure her that her own use of the legacy would give him far more satisfaction than an addition to his income. When she died she left him all she possessed, £28. Sir Edward added to it, and built the Knebworth School. He thought a school the best monument to the memory of one who, late in life, had overcome the difficulties which belong to childhood.

Sir Edward spoke of pictures. To a remark about the calm expression in old portraits

he said, "Perhaps it is the reflection of their dead faces that makes them calm."

He then talked of sympathetic snails. It appeared from what he said that snails become intensely sympathetic in their companionships, so that those which have been much together get to feel alike: whatever affects the one will, as in the case of the Corsican brothers, also affect the other. If, therefore, twenty-six snails were put into twenty-six bottles labelled with the letters of the alphabet, and their companions into twenty-six corresponding bottles similarly labelled, they would make a snail telegraph, for on bottle A being shaken, its sympathetic companion in the corresponding bottle A would likewise shake. A snail telegraph is said to have been used during the siege of Paris in 1871. Could the bottled snails have been in use then?

Strange to say, Sir Edward heard of the snail telegraph from a clear-headed friend, remarkable for common-sense, more reasoning than imaginative, who was disposed to believe in it. His conversation with this friend led Sir Edward to think that possibly two sympathetic compasses might be constructed, the alphabet arranged round them, with the addition of two magnetic needles in such perfect sympathy that whatever letter one of the needles pointed to would be instantly indicated by the corresponding needle. Distance was to make no difference in this mutual influence, which would be just as strong if one

compass were in the South Sea Islands and the other in Siberia, as though they were lying together on the same table. Sir Edward employed a clever optician in Holborn: the compasses were made, but some mistake befell about the required conjunction of the stars, and the experiment failed!

The optician subsequently told Sir Edward that his servants were disturbed by a white figure which appeared after dark, and was seen by them roaming about the house. Some of them left his service in consequence. At first he disregarded the story; but the repeated loss of servants became very inconvenient, and, moreover, he thought that once or twice he had seen the apparition himself. Accordingly he consulted a clairvoyante (recommended, I think, by Sir Edward) for an explanation of it. She was mesmerised. In her sleep she said the ghost was that of a girl who had been murdered. She was asked to explain the circumstances of the crime, and said, "I must go a long way back to do that—hundreds of years." After a protracted silence she began to speak again. "I see a village among green fields, and in that village an inn; there is a staircase outside the inn which leads to the upper rooms. I see a girl coming; she has a bundle under her arm. She goes up the stairs and enters the first room. Two men and an old woman are in the room. She asks for a night's lodging; the old woman refuses to take her in, but the

men insist on her being admitted." Then another long pause, ending in a piercing shriek from the clairvoyante, who cried out, "They murder her!" She then described the burial of the body in the vaults under the inn, and said the girl had been murdered for the contents of the bundle she had just carried up the staircase under her arm. It was found from old documents relating to Holborn that the description given by the clairvoyante answered exactly to what Holborn was hundreds (query how many) of years ago. The vaults under the optician's house, which corresponded with those spoken of by the clairvoyante, were closed up. When Sir Edward last heard from him he was going to have them opened and a search made for the bones,—with what result Sir Edward did not then know.

Sir Edward, on returning from our ride, took me to see his large dog Lion. One of the creature's parents was a wolf, whose ferocity he inherited; but he was quite gentle with Sir Edward, who got him for protection, because after one of his elections, while riding home at night, he was attacked by two voters who had opposed him. In the evening Sir Edward told this story: When he was about nineteen or twenty he walked through part of Scotland. He happened to be on the road to Greenock (I think), at the close of a quiet summer evening, when he heard footsteps behind him, and a deep untutored voice singing scraps of some wild melody. He turned

round to see who was there, and found he was followed by a tall powerful man, who presently addressed him. Sir Edward did not trust the appearance of his companion, and, in a little while, he said he was hurried, and walked quickly on. He had not gone far when he felt that strange and seldom-mistaken instinct that there was some one near him, and, looking suddenly back, he saw the tall powerful man with an uplifted staff in his hand in the very act of striking. A struggle ensued, in which Sir Edward said he would have had no chance of success, because he was young and slight and his opponent in the prime of life and strength, but for the muddy road on which the man's foot slipped, and he fell. Sir Edward thought that in his case "discretion" was much "the better part of valour," and he accordingly made off as fast as possible.

Many years afterwards Sir Edward, in his pursuit of the "varieties of life," went with Ruthven (the Head, I believe, of the Metropolitan Police) to one of the lower haunts of London to hear a man called Wolfe speak,—I do not remember on what subject, but probably politics.

The meeting took place in a room. The audience waited for a time, and then a hush of expectation fell upon the crowd, and a tall strong-built man entered. He had a striking presence, and Sir Edward as he looked at him recognised his companion on the Scottish highway. The recognition was mutual, for

Wolfe walked up to Sir Edward and said, "We have met before." Sir Edward, "We have." "I recollect I wanted clothes just then; you had a good suit on your back, and another to spare in your knapsack. I thought it but fair that I, who had none to speak of, should have one of yours; you looked 'young and green,' and I tried for a division of goods,—you remember the result." He then proceeded to address the meeting with considerable power and eloquence.

They never met again. One morning, several years afterwards, Sir Edward was reading the newspaper, and his attention was attracted to an account of a murder at, or near, Oxford. Wolfe was the criminal. In a fit of jealousy he had murdered the girl to whom he was engaged. The police failed to take him alive; he ran away from them all along the flat country about Oxford. Wolfe was a swift runner, but at length they came up to him: he stood at bay, and, facing his pursuers, fired at them, killed one (I think), and broke the jaw of another. The rest took the law into their own hands, and fired upon him. He fell mortally wounded. "I often think," Sir Edward said, "of the wild and terrible chase along those plains!"

The evening of our arrival at Knebworth Sir Edward offered to tell my fortune, but next day he changed his mind and said he would much rather not tell it; that if I wished it to be

told, he would make it known to Lady —, not to me. However he let me hear it, under protest, that night. He also told Miss —'s. His allusions to circumstances in her past life, of which he had no knowledge whatever, were very remarkable. He had met her for the first time the day before, and was quite unacquainted with her history. He had studied fortune-telling, from the Chaldees to the Gypsies of the present day. He said, very impressively, and more than once, while he was telling my fortune, "Remember that your best friends in life will be those who most resemble your father." He had not made my father's acquaintance.

Sir Edward had a fine intellectual forehead. The veins often became plain in it, which he said was usual in the foreheads of sensitive persons. He had a slender hand like an Eastern's. This I remarked when he was showing the lines of marriage on it. "Look," he said, "they are all broken." His life was not without much sadness, though outwardly successful. I shall always remember him gratefully, according to his own belief expressed in the following letter written after our visit to Knebworth:—

"Many thanks for the schedule of descent.¹ It is a proud reflection that one is an Ap-Adam—shared, it is true, by rather a large number of other reasoning bipeds, but still the lineage is antient and the progenitor famous. A grand thought, if we would all conceive it, and follow out

¹ A Welsh pedigree, including some of Sir Edward's ancestors traced from Adam!

its deductions—that our first father walked with Angels and spoke with God. Is it some vague remembrance of that forfeited heritage which has ever kept on the earth, and will keep to the end of time, an order of mus-ing dreamy natures that seek thro' strange shadowy means to recover the old communion—and, thro' what to ordinary intelligence are but senseless superstitions, wander back into the spirit-world, and listen for voices that made Paradise melodious?

"From the Chaldee and the Mage, from the Pythian of Greece and the Saga of northern terror down to Yankee spirit-rappers—hysterical Clairvoyants—down to the world-weary man who makes blurred spots on a scrap of paper and startles fair young ladies with interpretations of the characters in which a hand—not visible—guides his own (that is, if Geomancy has a germ of truth in its science; which is an hypothesis I will not hazard).

"Still, is it not all the same—all the same mystic yearning to pass thro' the gates guarded by the flaming sword—see what the first father saw, hear what the first father heard when the stars were so new to earth that they seemed made but as lights for Man?

"But descending from these cloud-capt pinnacles of fancy—to the evening in which I said 'so many true things'—permit me to repeat the caution that accompanied the weird sayings. Guard against the bias to be over-exacting from life what life gives not, over-sensitive to pains incident to all close mortal contact. Beware, hereafter, of the first mis-understanding, and admit no first

quarrel in the Seventh House, where-in lies the main destiny of Woman.

"Doubtless, could I hope to come into your part of Wales, I should find you out and ask you to present me to the—other Fairies. But (that terrible but always in the way of pleasant things!) no chance of such holiday ramblings for me this year.

"I was so sorry you could not stay longer, and wish you were here now.

"But—again the inexorable But—you, however, go on your way thro' the limitless Morning Land of Hope—I remain with my face turned to the Setting Sun,—and in the clouds that gather round it see no purple and gold, but grey melancholy shapes.—*Vous allez vivre. J'ai vécu.*

"I believe that you will remember your visit to the *Vieux Sorcier* more than six months—memories of that sort are not those that I included in the category to which six months is the average limit. You will remember it when the grass will be round his grave, and children, perhaps grandchildren, round your own knee. And when they ask you what manner of man was the *Vieux Sorcier*, I doubt not that you will say a kind word for him. And in that belief I dismiss you gratefully, to turn harebells into silver, and gaze on the dance of fairies."

"Victory or Westminster Abbey," said 'The Athenæum,' is repeated no less than five times in the last four pages of 'Kenelm Chillingly.' He (Lord Lytton), like Nelson, gained both victory and Westminster.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.—VI.

BY O.

THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

TIENT-SIN, *November.*

THE autumn sun was just sinking in a bank of haze through which it peered, a murky globule of tarnished rose, when the skipper of the *George Washington* changed his course to make the Chefoo headland. The fog which hung heavily to the north-west had beaten the breeze. There was not a ripple on the oily surface of the Yellow Sea; and the countless fingers radiating from the Chefoo light heralded a real thick Pechili night. The skipper of the *George Washington*, a rough ill-hewn Norwegian, came up from the chart-house, and, thrusting his great hairy hands deep into his coarse duck pockets, stepped the bridge pace for pace with his "hard case" mate, and talked gruffly of the sweets of the Karl Frederick's bar in Tsin-tau, their last port of call. The Malay quartermaster blinked stolidly at the wheel behind them. There is no worry about pilots in Chefoo's open roadstead; and once the skipper had made the headland, he just tucked the *George Washington* in behind a Butterfield & Swire's packet, and followed her stern light. His eye caught the great cloud of black smoke which, also beaten by the mist, trailed heavily behind the coaster. Then he

glanced quickly up at his own smoke-stack. A similar dead-weight of burnt Japanese coal hung in motionless cloud behind them. The Norwegian stopped and said curtly to the mate, "Tell the engineer I want to see him."

In five minutes a little wizened figure stood at the skipper's elbow. A grimy finger touched the greasy pilot-cap which was pulled well down over a pair of ferret eyes.

"You wanted me, sir?"

"Yes, Higgin. Have you got that 'Welsh' trimmed?"

The little ferrety eyes gave a knowing signal as the dilapidated machinist made answer, "Rather: the Japanese on top will just take us in." The gnarled mate, returned from his errand, had walked over to the rail, and as he stared at the lights now beginning to twinkle on Chefoo Bluff, was making a mental calculation as to how much two thousand Mexican dollars a-month would work out per diem. Then it struck him that the sun had sunk low enough for their purpose, and he sent a deck hand to take in the sun-bleached ensign from astern. They were now up amongst the war-ships. The skipper took them astern of the *Hai-shen*, then inside the Austrians. As they passed the *Vicksburg* and the American

tender, the Chinese bos'un and winchmen clambered on to the forecastle, where the mate joined them. They were right under the Bluff now, with its countless lights dancing across the harbour-swell. The whirr of a winch told them that the Butterfield & Swire boat had let go her anchor. The skipper brought the *George Washington* in between her and a China Merchant, and dropped his hook.

In ten minutes the Chinese Maritime Customs' boat was alongside, and the little white-haired "runner" satisfied that the *George Washington* was carrying a cargo of Moji coal to Tsin-wan-tau, and had put into Chefoo to take water and the 100 tons of Chinese cargo consigned to the treaty port of Newchwang. Having settled his business with the port authorities, the skipper changed his duck suiting for a presentable suit of serge. Handing the ship over to the mate, he selected a *sanpan* from the cluster of hopeful boatmen swarming round the ladder, and went shorewards with his mind full of thoughts of a Beach Hotel dinner.

The *sanpan* brought up at the sea-wall, and the skipper, throwing a twenty-cent piece into the bottom of the boat, climbed up the steps. A throng of lazy Chinamen was crowding the *bund*. They made way for the burly European as he shaped his course for the town. Just as he reached the cable office an exceptionally dirty coolie ran up to him and saluted with

a half-naval, half-civilian tug at his ancient cloth-cap.

"Alright, master, Mr Balley-hew Beach Hotel have got!"

The skipper shook his head, and answered, "All right, Wong"; while the Chinaman slunk away much as a ricksha-coolie would on his solicitations being rebuffed. The skipper walked directly to the hotel and turned into the bar entrance. A couple of coasting-masters were standing at the counter, and they both greeted the Norwegian, "Hullo, Jorgessen; we heard that they had sent you to Siberia to do a little hard labour."

"How did you manage to get clear of Vladivostock? Have a Scotch!" The skipper joined his colleagues, and helped himself from the bottle they pushed towards him before he made answer.

"I've been away some time. They talked much about the old hooker; but they let her go. There's pretty rough times in the coast-trade now."

"What have you got now?"

"*George Washington*, an old tank chartered to carry coal for the Pechili Mining Company."

"I know her," said one of the masters, flicking the ash from his cigar; "converted Holt boat. Rather fast boat for the coal-trade, not, Jorgessen?"

The skipper shrugged his shoulders, stood the men a further potion, and then excused himself and withdrew into the hotel. He sauntered into the entrance-hall, ordered the boy to keep him a place at

dinner, and then scanned the visitors' list. Finding the number of the room he required, he spent two dollars in playing with an automatic gambling-machine before disappearing up the residential passage. Having ascertained the right room, he knocked sharply at the door and entered. A fair, almost boyish, young Englishman rose to meet him.

"Well, Jorgessen, how are your nerves? you have a fine night."

The dour Norwegian smiled sardonically as he answered, "The promise of such a night has prompted me to come earlier than I intended: but I would have preferred a gale of wind!"

"Why did you come in here at all?" queried the youth.

"Because we heard that they were watching off Shantung for direct sailings to ports in the Gulf of Pechili. This spell of fair weather necessitates caution. As it was, we were signalled by the *Chiyoda* yesterday: if we had been bound for any port but Chefoo, she would probably have overhauled us, and we didn't want that. Also, I would like to see the colour of the money. Half down, I think!"

The Englishman moved across the room to the writing-table, unlocked a despatch-box, and, lifting the lid, took out a bundle of crisp notes. The wad was a couple of inches thick.

"How much was it?" the youth said as he wetted his thumb.

"Fifteen thousand roubles!"

"Fifteen thousand roubles it is!" and he counted out thirty of the notes. "Wouldn't you like me to keep them for you? I wouldn't advise you to take them with you."

"I wish to take them," the skipper answered almost sullenly. "I know what to do with them," and he thrust the packet into his hip-pocket.

"When will you sail?" and the Englishman returned the balance to his despatch-box, turning the key.

"As soon as the Chinese rubbish is on board: I suppose you sent the lighters off?"

"Yes; they are alongside now."

"And my papers?"

"Will be on board by ten o'clock: it's lucky we haven't to deal with the British consul!"

"Well, good-bye then," and the Norwegian crushed the youth's slim hand in his massive paw.

"Good-bye, and may fortune be with you! When shall we expect you back in Chefoo?"

"That depends on the weather and the—Japanese!"

The skipper slammed the door behind him and shambled into the dining-room. He sat down to his dinner with 15,000 roubles in his pocket as unconcerned as if he had just received his monthly pay of fifteen pounds.

The two coasting masters, after their shore revel, were returning to their respective ships about midnight. As the *sanpan* took them under the

stern of the Butterfield & Swire boat, which was still taking cargo, one of them remarked—

"Hello, old Jorgessen's tank has pulled out. Old surly Jorg didn't look as if he was in such a 'continental' hurry. Wonder what the glass says: the old boy knows this condemned harbour,—'spose he's gone to another anchorage."

"He'll consider himself d—d lucky if he casts his hook where he hopes to by sun up to-morrow, or my name's not Thompson. He'll be steaming with doused lights the night, or I'm a Dutchman!"

"What! a dash for Port Arthur! It's a fine thick night for it."

"Well, the Pechili Company don't usually ferry coals in sixteen-knot hookers."

The sound of the Butterfield & Swire winches drowned further conversation. . . .

The master of the coaster had been wrong in his supposition about the lights. When he gave it as his opinion that the *George Washington* was steaming for Port Arthur with "doused lights," she was steering for the Howki light with all the outward appearance of an honest trader. But a look round her decks would have shown that something unusual was under weigh. After taking in her cargo at Chefoo the hoist-spars had been lowered and housed. Now the winches had been again uncovered and the spars unshipped, and were being swung out over the side, as if in preparation to take in cargo again. The vessel, too, was slipping through the water

at such a pace as told that the engines were under their fullest pressure. The night was as dark as pitch, and the fog so thick that it was with difficulty you saw the lines of the forecastle from the bridge. The skipper stood alone on the bridge with the blinking Malay at the wheel, while the mate busied himself with the preparations of the lifting-gear. This finished, he mustered his Chinese crew, and, opening a locker just abaft the foremast, handed to each an iron belaying-pin. This finished, he rejoined his chief on the bridge, and for an hour the two paced up and down without exchanging a word. Suddenly a voice from the forecastle reported the Howki light. The skipper and mate went down into the chart-room, and in five minutes the course was set. The skipper returned to the bridge and put the helm over until the ship's head was due north, while the mate whistled the boatswain; and in five minutes mast-head, stern, and side-lights had been brought in and the lanterns placed, still lighted, in the lamp-room. The ship in five minutes had become a thing of darkness, ploughing into the midst of darkness. . . .

The *George Washington* was doing her best. The glow at the top of the smoke-stack was all that was visible ten yards from her, except the white phosphorescent race which she churned up with her propeller. The darkness seemed to form up in front of her as some great opaque wall. The mist had gathered rather than dis-

persed. The mate came back from examining the patent log. It registered 17 knots, point 2. The engines registered 16; there was therefore a current with her, and the skipper, calculating that she was setting to the east, still held on due north.

"That should bring her to her destination in two hours, or pile her on the rocks." The skipper set his teeth and stamped his sea-boots on the deck, for the fog was wet and cold. The crew were huddled into one of the deck-houses. The only lights were the carefully screened binnacle and the suspicion of glare from the smoke-stack. In another forty minutes he would have nothing to fear but loose mines and the rocks. The blockade was nearly run, and they had not seen the vestige of a Jap.

What was that? Something seemed to break into the monotonous grind of the throbbing engines. The two officers moved to the port side and leaned far over the rail with eager ears. Nothing; the swish of their own displacement drowned everything. What relief! No; there it is again. It is unmistakable this time: it is the peculiar pant of a torpedo craft. The look-outs have got it now, for they too are craning over the rail. Yes; there is a dark body moving parallel with them. The skipper seizes the night-glasses. He need not have worried, for the closed eye of the searchlight is suddenly opened; and though it falters in its struggle with the fog,

yet the blurred beam can cleave the gloom sufficiently for the information of both crews.

"Small torpedo-boat" is the Norwegian skipper's verdict. "Get the lights shipped again, Mr Poole, and look round and see if more swine of her kind are on hand. If there are, we must run for it and trust to providence: if she is alone, well——" and he glanced up at the outline of the hoisting-gear.

In the meantime the torpedo-boat was groping with its searchlight to ascertain the nature of the craft she had discovered. In a sea so calm it took her no time to decrease the distance until the searchlight could overpower the fog.

But by this time the *George Washington* had its port side light again showing. The boat was now close enough to speak. The challenge came in English through a megaphone.

"Ship ahoy—What ship is that?"

The skipper put his hands together and shouted through them "*George Washington*, Norwegian; Shanghai to Tsinwan-tau."

The Japanese evidently did not hear very well; at least they did not seem to understand, for the megaphone rasped out the peremptory order, "Stop, or we'll sink you!"

The mate was now back on the bridge. The skipper with his hand on the telegraph turned to him inquiringly. Instinctively the mate understood. "It's all right, old man;

they are solitary, and everything's ready!" Over went the telegraph's handle. The bell rang back from the engine-room, and the throbbing in the ship's internals ceased.

"Stop her!" shrieked the megaphone.

"She's stopped, you blankety fools!" answered the skipper.

It takes a ship in good trim doing sixteen knots some time to run to a standstill, so the torpedo-boat improved the opportunity, circling round her quarry and scrutinising her under the beam of its searchlight. But the fog was so opaque that at the distance she thought it safe to keep she could have made out but little detail.

The English-speaking expert on the megaphone kept up a running supply of queries. At last he shouted, "Why had you not all your lights?"

"You made that out, did you!" mused the captain, as he shouted back, "Electric lighted ship—dynamo suddenly gave out—had to light oil lights."

"Don't understand—stand by for a rope—am coming alongside."

"Port or starboard?" asked the skipper.

"Port!"

"Thank our lucky stars for this calm," soliloquised the skipper; then, aloud, "Everything ready, Mr Poole?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The torpedo-boat turned round, shut off the searchlight, and, reducing her speed, swung down on the *George Washington*. A few pants from the oscillating engines, the chime

of the bell, a slight bump, and the torpedo-boat was alongside. The rope was thrown up and made fast. The first man of the boarding party was swinging himself up by the gangway, when a deep voice from the collier's bridge shouted "Let go!"

Two blows with a hammer—a winch whirring like an express train, and then with a grinding crash a cast-iron patent anchor with a forty-foot play tore its way through the deck, fore compartment, and bottom of the torpedo-boat. The resistance might have been tissue paper, for the released steel hawse followed after the anchor. The mate parted the rope holding the torpedo-boat with a single blow of his axe. The skipper telegraphed the engine-room, "Full steam ahead." The Chinese boatswain brained the boarding-officer with his belaying-pin. With a convulsive shudder, as if she were a human being shaking off a reptile, the *George Washington* drew clear of the torpedo-boat. And just in time, for the rush of water spurting up within the little boat had reached her boilers, and she burst asunder with a report like a blasting charge. Then the black curtain of fog and night closed over all.

"Narrow squeak, Mr Poole," grunted the skipper as the mate joined him on the bridge.

"Dirty business; but it worked famously, sir. What's that ahead?"

"Port Arthur searchlights: if we don't hit a mine, we're through!"

THE AFFAIR OF THE BRIDGE-GUARD.

A smart little Japanese officer, resplendent in the amalgamation of yellow, green, and scarlet which furnishes the uniform of the Guards cavalry, rode up to the portico of the unpretentious building which is the headquarters of the great General Staff in Tokio. A foreign onlooker would have remarked upon the seat of this little light cavalryman. He sat his horse far better than the majority of cavalry officers to be seen in the capital; also, there was a cut about his tunic and a smartness in his general appearance which were in contrast to what is generally seen in the capital of the Mikado's Empire. There was a reason for this. Lieutenant Zamoto had just returned from the best finishing school in the world for a cavalry officer. He had been associated for the last two years with a Bengal cavalry regiment, and consequently had taken his final polish from the best type of cavalry officer living.

Proud of his profession and imitative to a degree, if he found aught in the possession of others that was worthy of imitation, Zamoto had fashioned himself on all that was best in the atmosphere of three great Continental nations, and he had returned to his home a model of what every cavalry officer of the Guard should be, no matter his race, breeding, or origin.

The little infantry sentry in

the portico came hurriedly to "the present," with all the clatter and precision required in a German text-book. As Zamoto dismounted, an orderly dropped down the steps and took his horse from him. Just stopping to brush the dust from his patent-leather boots, Zamoto entered the portal of the Staff building, the faculty of which, though at the moment in the midst of peace, was working diligently at the machinery which would have made immediate warfare possible. As Zamoto clattered in, the messengers and orderlies stood up in their places. He acknowledged the salutation, as any well-bred Japanese would have done, whether his regiment was Cavalry of the Guard or not, and mounting the stairway went up to the office of the staff-officer who had summoned him.

He opened the door without ceremony, and was welcomed by his brother officer with as much formal courtesy as if he had been a total stranger. A glance round the room declared at once the immeasurable difference between the East and West. The officer whom he was visiting, if his titles could be accurately translated into English, would possibly have been a D.A.Q.M.G. for intelligence. His office was likewise his lodging. He had a little cubicle of a room. In one corner was a camp-bed, which bore the evidence of having been slept in on the

preceding night. A miniature toilet-stand stood beside it. For the rest, the furniture consisted of two chairs, a table, and an iron-bound chest, the latter apparently for the safe keeping of documents. The office-table, however, was a pattern of neatness. All along its length lay docketed piles of telegrams, and it was evident from the writing materials in front of this D.A.Q.M.G. that his duties lay in the digesting of the contents of each telegram that reached his department. The weather was hot, and consequently the staff-officer had discarded most of his uniform. His red-banded shako was thrown on the bed, his sword hung on a nail from the wall, while his tunic had slipped on to the floor behind him. Zamoto sat down on the one vacant chair, and after the first pleasantries which etiquette required, remarked—

"Well, I received your telegram, and here I am."

The staff-officer looked at him sleepily between his little slits of eyelids: it would have seemed that he took no interest in the question or the visitor, but that sleepy look was penetrating and searching. He was trying to detect in Zamoto's features any sign that might exist of recent debauchery or ill-living likely to prove prejudicial to future soldierly conduct. Doubtless Zamoto knew that he was undergoing this scrutiny. For a moment the two men looked at each other impassively, and then the meaningless smile flickered over the staff officer's

features as he passed to the cavalryman a paper packet of cigarettes.

"Well," said the staff-officer, as he lighted his cigarette from a little ball of live charcoal in the ash-tray at his elbow, "it is not I who wanted to see you. You have been sent for by a higher authority—he will see you now; come along with me."

Thereupon the staff-officer picked up his coat, shook it, and put it on, readjusted his sword-belt, and led Zamoto through a side-door into the neighbouring room.

An elderly officer, with his shako awry, and his tunic all unbuttoned, was sitting cross-legged on a chair. He was leaning over a map and sucking laboriously at a fat cigar. His butcher boots had evidently inconvenienced him, for they had been cast off and were lying under the table; his socks were striped in black and white, and that of the left foot had a big hole in the heel. This was the picture that met Zamoto as he stood stiffly to attention, having brought his heels together with smartness and precision.

"Your Excellency, here is Lieutenant Zamoto."

With this brief introduction the staff-officer withdrew and closed the door behind him. The general inclined his head in acknowledgment of the entrance of his subordinates, and turning round in his chair, took a slip of paper out of a basket on the floor by his side. He gave one brief glance at the subaltern before him, and

commenced to read from the paper.

"You will proceed immediately to Yinkow; there you will report yourself to the Japanese consul, who will put you into communication with a certain person in Newchwang; with the instructions of that person you will place yourself in communication with a certain section of the Hun-hutzas. It will be your duty to use your knowledge of that part of China to organise certain of these Hun-hutzas after the Japanese system. Of that system you are already aware. You will receive more definite instructions from time to time after you have arrived at Yinkow. You will proceed in a civilian capacity in any guise that you may see fit."

Having finished reading the paper, the little old man tossed it back in the basket, adding—

"Do you understand clearly?"

The subaltern nodded his assent. "Then," continued the general, "understanding your duty, go and perform it well, looking for strength and guidance to the far-reaching power and goodness of our Emperor."

Knowing he was dismissed, Zamoto bowed again, and rejoined the staff-officer in the next room.

Five Chinese were lying huddled close together on the raised platform which serves all Manchu households for a bed. In spite of its paper windows and the state of the season outside, the interior of

the room was not cold, at least not at the spot where the five men were lying, since it is the custom of these people in winter to maintain a permanent fire in an outhouse, the flue of which passes under the common bed. Although the only light in the room was from the faint glow of a smoking oil-lamp perched on the end of a rod, yet it was sufficient to show that the house belonged to one of the poorest and dirtiest of Manchu husbandmen. Everything was black and murky with lamp-smoke. Lumps of flesh, which, if it had not been for the intense cold, would long ago have been putrefying, were hanging from the centre joists. Yet it is in hovels like this that one is glad to penetrate when one is caught in a Manchurian wind-storm.

The five men appeared to be asleep, for there was no movement noticeable amongst the skins which covered them other than the even rise and fall of human respiration. Presently there was a sound outside. A heavy door moved, and half a dozen sleeping dogs were disturbed into temporary excitement. There were the sounds of a man stamping his feet, and it seemed from the swish of fuel that he was stoking the fire in the outhouse. Doubtless some belated wayfarer, who, almost frozen by the bitter cold outside, was now warming himself before the grateful embers. Then the door of the sleeping apartment opened, and the figure of a sixth Chinaman appeared. He,

like his fellows, was clad in skins, and icicles stood out from the fur adjacent to his face. The dim light from the spluttering oil-lamp made the frost upon his garments glisten and sparkle, as if he were covered with stage spangles. The figure moved over to the five sleeping men, and, shook them, one by one, by the foot. Their sleep was evidently that of men who are used to catch such scanty repose as opportunity will allow, for in a moment all five were awake. A few words from the recent comer and they were tightening their belts and taking down arms from the rafters above them. They were a band of Hun-hutzas, members of the fraternity of licensed highwaymen who haunt the valley of the Liau-ho. It was evident that they had some desperate work in hand, for the late-comer imparted his information to each in turn, and the men conversed in whispers. The late-comer then went to a brass-bound chest which stood against the household bed. He opened the lid; the chest was full to the brim with barley. Taking off his fur gauntlet, the Hun-hutza plunged his arm into the barley and drew out a metal cylinder. He repeated this operation until he had possessed himself of four similar cylinders; these he secreted in the big inside pouch of his fur robe.

Thus equipped, the six men, leaving the lamp burning, stole out of the room—out through the pent-house, past the growling dogs, into the court beyond, across the courtyard to another

building. The stamping of hoofs on the frozen floor indicated that it was a stable. Six ponies were led out one by one, and then the great iron-bound and quaintly carved door of the courtyard was gingerly opened, and the six men led their horses through into the howling blizzard outside. They girthed up, mounted their unwilling steeds, and in single file rode northwards. For an hour, perhaps, they were together, constantly beating their arms against their sides to keep the circulation in their extremities. At the end of an hour they arrived at a little group of trees. Here they halted and dismounted, two of the men remaining with the ponies, while the other four started out across the snow. The blizzards in Manchuria do not drift much snow that lies: it is the wind and the frost that kill on this vast steppe. But by now the fury of the storm had somewhat abated; and as there was no moon, and the recent snow had become slippery, their progress was slow. It was certain that their mission was one of extreme danger, and necessitated the utmost caution, for the men had cast their firearms loose, and had them ready to hand. It seemed, though it was difficult to see, that they were armed with modern rifles. Suddenly they halted again, and threw themselves flat on the snow. By the aid of the stars and the white mantle that covered the whole surface of the earth, by straining the eyes it was just possible to

make out the outline of some obstacle ahead. It was evidently the objective of this desperate quartette. A well-known sound strikes the ear. There is the pant and fuss of a locomotive breasting an incline. It approaches nearer and nearer, and the four desperadoes lying flat on their stomachs can see a shower of sparks which the wood fuel emits from the funnel. The rise has been mastered, and fifty yards in front of the prostrate men the great train passes, shaking into a better pace as the last of its long load of waggons arrives above the crest. All is clear now. The four night-birds are train-wreckers working in the interests of the Japanese against the Russian communications. The train passes, and the red light on the aftermost truck is disappearing in the far distance. Then the four men again begin to worm themselves forward on their stomachs. From time to time they hear the guttural shouts of the Siberian railway guards from an adjacent picket. The night is dark, and they trust to arrive at the line unseen. After a tedious and wearying half-hour they reach the edge of the cutting by the permanent way. The man with the cylinders has already got his hand inside his pouch, and is preparing to draw out the blasting charges. Suddenly there is a shout from behind. Anxiously each of the four turns his head in the direction of the sound. But they are too late, the recent snow has dulled the sound of the hoofs, and before they can

spring up and defend themselves they are at the mercy of a patrol of half a dozen Cossack lancers. To fight is impossible: three of the Hun-hutzas throw themselves on their knees and pray for mercy. The fourth, he with the cylinders, makes an effort to cast his rifle loose and defend himself; but the Cossack *sous-officier* sees the movement, and, driving the butt of his lance hard into the wretch's stomach, hurls him breathless to the ground.

It is a beautiful morning as these severe winter mornings go, and the two Russian officers in charge of the bridge-guard turn out of their snug little bivouac under the embankment to hear the report that the night patrols have captured four train-wreckers red-handed.

"Bring them up," says the tall, fair, fur-covered senior, who is an officer from the European army, and has been posted to this section of the railway on account of the energy he has displayed in preventing damage to the line by the marauding Hun-hutzas. The four wretched culprits are brought before him. Miserables, their captors had extended to them nothing of the hospitality of mean warmth which they themselves were able to find in the bivouac of the bridge-guard. Miserable indeed, but stoical withal. The tall fair Russian, as he lit a cigarette, walked over to the prisoners and peered into the face of the shortest of the four. He took off the fur cap, and then laying hold of the queue

beneath, gave it a wrench. It came away in his hand.

"Ha, ha! I thought so; it was too daring for those wretched Manchus to have undertaken by themselves." And the tall Russian laughed loudly. The laugh died on his lips as he looked at the Japanese face before him; he changed from his own tongue to French, looking the while like a man who has seen a ghost.

"My God!" he said, "it must be the same; to think that you should have come to this!"

The masquerading Japanese answered in halting French: "Yes, captain; when we were comrades together in Eure-et-Loire, we never dreamed that it would come to this!" The Russian steadied himself, and,

without saying a word, took out his cigarette-case and handed the Japanese a cigarette. Then he called his servant and ordered some spirits.

"Perhaps you would prefer tea?" he said to his sorry guest; "it is quite ready, only I must apologise that it is Russian tea."

The little Japanese admitted that he would prefer the tea. As he drank it the Russian captain grimly gave some orders to the escort, and, pulling out his watch, he reverted to French—

"Lieutenant Zamoto, in five minutes you will be shot. It is the only concession I can make to you. Your three companions will be hanged immediately from the bridge-girders. God bless you!"

BOY AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

YOUR little fellow, Cornelia, may now in the matter of education be described as having his foot planted on the bottom round of the third of four ladders which are tied one upon the top of the other. Firmly planted only that foot if Boy has taken a fairly good place in the Entrance Examination; inclined to be distinctly shaky if he is at thirteen and a half placed low down in Block F at Eton, or in whatever "Book" or "Form" corresponds to that position at Winchester or at any other school where there is a fixed rule of superannuation. However, I have discussed the peril of superannuation in a previous letter, and see no necessity for further piling up the agony. Let us make up our minds, then, on the spot, that Boy is standing in no danger of early superannuation, but has at least four or five years of Public School life to look forward to.

"Too much by a long chalk in my opinion," says the business man of the world. "What good does a great hulking fellow of seventeen expect to get by muddling on at school? Quite time at his age that he began to learn something useful. Pack him off to France or Germany, and let him learn to *parlez-vous* and write an intelligible letter in German."

I wonder whether you have ever studied Dickens with attention, Cornelia. Probably

not. But if you have, you may remember a chapter headed "A pleasant day with an unpleasant ending."

"Where shall I wheel him to, sir?" inquired Wilkins.

"Wheel him to the Devil," replied Captain Boldwig.

"Very well, sir."

I do not mean for a minute to imply that either France or Germany is the Devil's sole residential abode. Unfortunately the gentleman in question is nothing if not ubiquitous. Yet I have been told by those who ought to know that Paris has even more attractions for him than our own metropolis, which is wicked enough in all conscience-sake. A short period of residence abroad for the Englishman who wishes to master Foreign Languages may be *almost*—I doubt if it is *quite*—indispensable. In the case of the young patient it is a prescription to be taken with an unusual amount of precaution; and he who removes his son at a highly susceptible age from the wholesome restraint of school discipline and packs him off abroad without minute preliminary inquiries, is embarking upon a very dangerous experiment. There are, unfortunately, a good many other things which may be learnt abroad apart from the languages. Even that eminently respectable lady, Sir Thomas Kicklebury's widow, in her travels on the Rhine, found some questionable pursuits and

made some undesirable acquaintances.

But as you have told me, Cornelia, that in this case Boy's ambition is centred upon one day becoming Lord Chancellor, or at the very least a K.C., it is to be supposed that you wish him to remain his full time at Eton, and then proceed to a university. The silk gown is a long way off at present, and meantime we seem to have wandered too far afield, and left him standing on the bottom of the ladder.

Boy was homesick and nervous, Cornelia, when you first planted him down in the Preparatory School. But he has quite got over the more disagreeable of those sensations. The home-sickness is a thing of the past, only the nervousness incidental to a young animal which finds itself in totally strange surroundings remains. Yet because the letters of the new Boy at the Public School do not teem with the lamentable longings for the old home-life and the plaintive inquiries into the wellbeing of the old home-pets, sisters included, which you looked for as a matter of course in the quaintly spelt and much-besmudged epistles of the new Boy at the Preparatory School, you are not to imagine that Boy under the new *régime* is one degree less fond of his home and his mother than he was wont to be in times past. It is only that he is perhaps rather less fond of himself—in a word, less self-centred. The give-and-take of life even at the little

school has knocked much of the original egoism and selfishness out of him. "We," you may remember, instead of "I" had become the subject of most of the paragraphs in last year's letters. When he talked to you in the holidays, the circumstance that "*We* had a jolly good season this year, and won nearly all our matches," had grown to be of far more importance in his eyes than the record of his own personal successes.

"But I want to know what my own boy did," you remarked.

"Oh, I got some runs sometimes. I think I was fifth—no, bracketed fourth in the averages."

He had begun to regard himself not so much as an individual hero as a part and parcel of a community, disappointed for a moment, inclined perhaps to go and have a quiet cry in a corner when he was caught out first ball in the Hillstree match—the match *par excellence* of the season—but forgetting the personal failure, and cheering as lustily as any one when the winning hit was made by his school-captain. That was the dawning, dear Cornelia, of the feeling that will some day prompt him to throw up the snug little billet and comfortable club-life at home, and rush off to shoulder the musket and starve on muddy rations cheek-by-jowl with swearing, perspiring Tommy Atkins—where? Perhaps on the Indian frontier. This was the feeling so conspicuously want-

ing in Tom Tulliver, the Dorlcote miller's son,—to my mind one of the most truly drawn, and yet, except in his very early days, one of the least attractive characters in fiction! That Tom did not happen to be a gentleman either by birth or breeding was a mere matter of detail. But he suffered by being removed from his school-life before his conspicuous and irritating egotism had been to any extent knocked out of him. He was far better off under Jacobs at "th' academy," swopping his "marls" and exchanging black eyes with Spouncer, than as cook of the walk with a solitary companion at Mr Stelling's Rectory. Most praiseworthy, to do Tom Tulliver justice, his efforts to rehabilitate the good name of the family, highly commendable the resolution to approve himself the honest son of an honest father. But it is "self" throughout that he is really thinking of; he has no sympathy to extend to his infinitely more attractive sister, because he feels that she has disgraced the name, not so much of Maggie, as of Tom Tulliver.

"I have found comfort," he tells her, "in doing my duty. . . . I feel the difference between right and wrong; . . . it is enough that I have to bear the burden of your disgrace."

It is different, you see, with Boy, Cornelia. With him in the last year or so it was The School first, self comparatively nowhere. From to-day the order will run School, House

Self. But it by no means follows that loyalty to School and House will supersede love for Home and its occupants. You have simply exchanged the small acquisitive and self-seeking animal which you packed off to school four years ago for a larger creature with wider sympathies.

It is natural that you yourself should be feeling a little nervous as you watch Boy standing on the foot of the new ladder. For you must be realising that for the first time in his life he is fairly out of the reach of the leading-strings. To be sure, in one sense there are still a few leading-strings in the form of School Regulations, with sundry pains and penalties menacing him who pays no heed to them.

For instance. "Sileatur in Dormitorio" is or used to be written up at the entrance of the large dormitory in a school that I wot of, and any infringement of this maxim ranked as a capital offence. If after the age of Draco the severity of the discipline was unconsciously relaxed, and if the rule by gradual process fell into danger of being as much honoured in the breach as in the observance, the fact remains that under that stern legislator the boy who ventured a remark to his next-door neighbour knew that he was taking into his own hands, not his life exactly, but at any rate that ability to sit down in tolerable comfort which marks the paths of the just.

But in talking of leading-

strings I have at present in my mind neither ordinary School Rules nor even Winchester "Notions." I was thinking rather of unwritten—by the way, for all I know to the contrary, they may at some Preparatory Schools be written—rules and regulations which bear upon matters of personal health and comfort. When Boy was still at home, you yourself, of course, and that old nurse of yours who knows all your children's constitutions, saw that he changed his boots when he came in, his stockings when they were damp, wore flannel next to his skin, cleaned his teeth at least twice a-day, and so forth. And you used to watch his diet carefully. Pretty much the same appreciation of the importance of petty details went on at the Preparatory School, where in matters of hygiene as well as of morality, prevention rather than cure is the order of the day. For the Headmaster had in his wisdom ensured for himself comparative peace of mind by enlisting the services of a Matron, compared with whom Argus was a perfect neophyte in the art of slumbering with more than one eye open. Nothing ever seemed to escape that extraordinary woman's notice. She knew at a glance whether pimple-faced Master Bowley had one spot over and above his normal allowance, and could tell in an instant whether Master White was sniffing merely "pour encourager les autres," or as a preliminary symptom of a sneezing cold. You and I, Cornelia, will not suspect "the able and

experienced Matron" of to-day either of "eating jam with a spoon out of Master Wiggins' trunk in the boxroom," after the manner of Miss Zoe Birch; nor yet, like Mrs Squeers, of taking such excellent care of a small boy's pocket-money that the legitimate owner never so much as saw the colour of it. But we had every confidence that she was careful to prevent Master Wiggins from partaking too freely on his own account of that jam, either with or without a spoon, and to confiscate as contraband of war the huge lump of almond-rock which fond but foolish Aunt Hannah insisted upon sending to him. For you were not the mother, I feel sure, Cornelia, who used to smuggle forbidden dainties for Boy's consumption in your muff on Saturday, and then write a frantic letter on Monday after this fashion: "Tommy complains in his Sunday letter of not feeling at all the thing, and I myself thought that the dear child was looking very white on Saturday afternoon. I cannot help fancying that something in the school diet is disagreeing with him. Or do you think that he is overworking himself by any chance? He has a very delicate organisation. Kindly telegraph how he is to-morrow. I do trust that your drains and saucepans are all right."

I know that not only you, but every mother in England, will refuse to plead guilty to this indictment, and will say with the street-boy in 'Punch': "Please, sir, it weren't me, it were Billy Jones."

It suits my purpose, Cornelia, to believe that, so far from assisting Boy to undermine the Matron's authority, you always impressed upon him the importance of paying proper regard to that most excellent woman's instructions. Boy, however, though not a bad little fellow on the whole, was rather a scatter-brain in those days, and it was fortunate both for you and for him that the Matron had some one on the spot to ensure due compliance with her wishes. For both the Headmaster himself and each one of his assistants were only too ready to compel instant obedience to the lady paramount's command. Not his Free Companions to de Bracy, not his Myrmidons to Achilles, more ready supporters.

But how will it be with Boy now? Where now the warning voice to remind him of the thicker under-garments to be assumed when October weather has fairly set in, and the "iron" to be taken after meals? I can picture the face of a certain Eton Master of my acquaintance, if his classroom were suddenly invaded by an elderly and scant-of-breath female, with the comfortable appearance of a Betsy Prig and the latent determination of a Mary Ann Raddle.

"If you please, sir, Master Brown has got his summer combinations on. May he go and change them at once?"

One of the pair, either Master Brown or the lady, would be sent up to the Headmaster instant.

The House-Matron at a

Public School is good enough of her kind, Cornelia, and possibly quite ready to give Boy salutary advice or valuable assistance if he invokes her aid. But you really must not expect her to embark upon works of supererogation. It is neither part nor parcel of her duty to hunt him to distant class-rooms, or the remote corners of the Playing Fields, in order to remind him of the forgotten draught or the missing article of clothing. Though you may never have quite realised the fact, Cornelia, that late Dry Nurse, the Preparatory School, was by way of taking such constant care of Boy's inside and outside appliances as to leave him totally unequipped with any ideas of subsequently taking care of these things himself. It may sound rank heresy to say so, but I am inclined to doubt whether Prevention really is better than Cure, if Boy has been trained to be constantly dependent on some one besides himself for the former as well as for the latter.

You will have safeguarded Boy for the future more effectually, Cornelia, if you have given him a little rope in these matters at home and taught him a lesson which we commonly forget to teach,—the lesson of thinking for himself; if you have impressed upon a highly impressionable age the vital necessity of observing a few general rules of health. It is an old saw that Habit is a second nature. Habits in sanitary and hygienic matters are best acquired in



the nursery or the schoolroom at home. It is wholly unnecessary to tell an ordinarily healthy child that he must be thinking of his health from morning till night, or to give him the handling of a clinical thermometer. But you can teach him by judicious methods that health and happiness are intimately connected. If you wish him to have the constitution of a Spartan in the far future, you must be rather Spartan yourself in your system of dealing with him. Teach him, for instance, that damp clothing is liable to produce a cold, that a cold does not merely affect the comfort of an individual, but is a nuisance to society; that whereas the interests of society must come before the interests of the individual, Boy, who has not changed damp clothing and may therefore be legitimately suspected of an incipient cold, must be kept in bed, duly dosed and fed upon water-gruel, while wiser and self-thinking Boy goes to a Christmas party and eats plum-pudding.

You must not attempt to shift the responsibility for this sort of teaching on to the shoulders of Mr Blank, the Preparatory Schoolmaster. That gentleman had a good many other fish to fry, only too commonly a good deal of background to make up in the way of Elementary Education. Furthermore, he had the interests and the wellbeing of a large establishment to study. His argument was that a cold—no other malady is so infectious among small boys—which

ran its course through the whole school was a positive calamity, as interfering with the routine of the work, and that every cold-producing cause had to be strangled at, or even before, its birth. This was his end in view when he enlisted the services of that estimable Matron whom I have already described. And it was clearly her duty to forestall the danger of general infection by curtailing the liberty of the individual. She did her best to cure, I can promise you, when the evil day came; but she knew that her work might be multiplied some fortyfold if she neglected a single preliminary precaution.

Having suggested a simple remedy for helplessness, Cornelia, let me try to reassure your doubting heart by reminding you that Boy between the ages of fourteen and eighteen is commonly a hard nut for any ordinary ailment to crack; that every Public School in England has something in the way of sickroom, sanatorium, or hospital, where in the event of any serious illness or accident Boy will be carefully and skilfully nursed; and that the School Doctor may be said to have graduated in the art of coping successfully with Boy's maladies. We have travelled beyond the region of those dark ages when the black draught was held to be a panacea for Boy's every ailment. As the toad was reputed to "wear a precious jewel in his head," so that truly barbarous treatment had just this one redeeming feature. If it weighed hardly

on the unhappy Brown, whom a badly sprained ankle had constrained to lie a-bed, he had at least the consolation of knowing that his next-door neighbour, White, a sufferer from Greek headache, would have the next go-in at that most obnoxious potion. And White, after all, was the party we wanted to catch.

Money and food—the thought that Boy in the plenitude of unaccustomed riches will in one week be wildly extravagant, in the next impecunious, and if impecunious, therefore hungry, or at any rate reduced at eventide to fast on bread and tea—all this sort of thing harrows a mother's feelings. *Fast* upon bread and tea! Well, he need not *starve* upon that fare at any rate! It may be, Cornelia, that the dietary of one or another Public School barely satisfies the requirements of a growing boy; perhaps, on the other hand, both growing boys and full-grown men are apt to err on the side of eating and drinking too much rather than too little. Surfeit, I fancy even that complaisant gentleman the family doctor will tell you, is a more prolific source of illness than is abstinence. I was talking, however, of bread and tea. In your father's school-days, Cornelia, if not in your husband's also, the school fare at the morning and the evening meal seldom ran to more than these bare necessities; and not so very long ago a good many gentlemen in South Africa would have paid a substantial sum to get anything half so palatable or wholesome.

“But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im
that's got it.”

If Boy writes to you in the early days of his Public School life, as it is quite possible that he may write, in this strain, “The food here is beastly,” recollect that it is the habit of his age to argue by comparison, and to adorn his tale with superlatives. The main idea that he wishes to convey to your mind—Boy of a certain type finds an unholy joy in harrowing his mother's feelings—is that the dietary of the Public School is not quite so good as that of home or even of the Preparatory School. It is quite possible that there may be a lack of variety in the *menu*, but you may be satisfied that there is seldom real deficiency either in quality or quantity. Most pigs, Cornelia, really get enough to eat, but we do not feed quite all of them on barley-meal with an eye to the Christmas market.

Fiscal arrangements, the amount of pocket-money, and so forth will, I venture to think, hardly come within a mother's province. Running in my head are some lines from Hood's ‘Comic Annual,’ never read since the days of my infancy—

“Did ever the poor little Coatimondi
Beg you to write to Ma
To ask Papa
To send him a new coat
To wear on Sunday?”

If he did, Mr Curator, I hope that you declined upon the spot to comply with the request. In money matters no mediation

should be required between Boy and his father. The last-named gentleman is quite aware that the sovereign, which was probably an ample allowance for the whole term's requirements at the Preparatory School, will not go very far in the new surroundings. If he is an old Public School boy himself, he will have some data to go by in fixing the amount of Boy's pocket-money. But I am afraid that he will have to multiply by two at least the sum that was sufficient for all purposes in his own school-days. The rates and taxes levied upon Boy at a Public School are, like those other rates and taxes which we all have to pay, inclined to mount up from year to year. Once perhaps we could say, like the Athenian of old, that we studied "taste with economy." Economy is to-day a dead letter, and taste has sensibly deteriorated. To whatever sum Paterfamilias thinks fit to give Boy might be added with advantage the warning of wise old Polonius—

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and
friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of
husbandry."

But even ample supplies, coupled with sound advice, will stand Boy in little stead if he has neither learnt at home something about the value of money nor has been taught the habit of self-control. At fourteen, in the presence of his elders, he is naturally a shy, nervous, and reserved little animal,—much more so, I am inclined to think, than Girl is.

And, unfortunately for him, he evidences these feelings in a far less attractive way, by looking sheepish and perhaps sulky, where she either blushes becomingly or simpers. The proper way to win from a shy and awkward little animal the same whole-hearted confidence that Mr Caxton won from his son Pisistratus, is one of the hardest problems of parental life, though at the same time it seems to be among the privileges of the rational male animal that he alone of all animals is or may be capable of finding a solution. If, Paterfamilias, you are conscious that you have only partially succeeded in solving this problem, if you doubt whether you have so sufficiently got hold of Boy's confidence as to be sure that he will tell you frankly whether or no he has been "outrunning the constable," you may find some consolation in the thought that other men, wiser, perhaps, and as well-intentioned as yourself, are day after day failing in the same direction. Boy may in the particular instance be hopelessly to blame, but he is only human and a boy after all. Hope on for better things in the future, remembering that if hard words break no bones, they certainly will not mend those that are already broken.

"Mild light and by degrees should be
the plan
To cure the dark and erring mind.
But who would rush at a benighted
man
And give him two black eyes for
being blind?"

For Boy as well as for other people a dearly bought experi-

ence may in the long-run turn out to be the most efficient teacher.

These are the chief things that come between you and your rest, Cornelia, as you think of Boy at the beginning of his first term at the Public School. For you have long since discarded those old alarms about the malicious habits of other little boys, and are ready to acknowledge that when Boy came home in the holidays he was a more generally sociable and more considerate personage than the little fellow who used to lay down the law to his sisters and expect them on all occasions to give in to him. Your ideas of the Schoolmaster have also undergone a material change, more especially since the last Report, wherein he pronounced Boy to be "not very clever, but a capital fellow, with plenty of go as well as of common-sense." And you could not help sharing in a minor degree Boy's admiration for the young Assistant Master who came to spend a week of his holidays at your house.

"You see now, don't you, mother, why all the fellows like him? He does everything so well, and never seems to know it."

Yes, you did see it to some extent; not exactly through Boy's spectacles, but through glasses clear enough to enable you to indorse your husband's brief summary of his character: "Nice young fellow that, thorough gentleman I should say, and seems to have his wits about him."

I trust, then, that you are prepared to believe that the unknown House Master is an individual of very much the same stamp, a little cleverer perhaps, and certainly older, having therefore a more perfect knowledge of the ways of the world, and being a little less prone to enthusiasm. You will act wisely if you not only make a friend, and to a certain extent a confidant, of this new authority, but try also to induce Boy to follow your lead in so doing. The old idea of the existence of a natural antagonism between Boy and his pedagogue has long since been exploded. There have been concessions and improvements upon both sides. The Assistant Master at the Public School of to-day is a totally different person to the Usher either of fiction or of real life fifty years ago. Men are selected to fill those most responsible posts not solely on the merits of their scholastic proficiency. It is fully recognised by the powers that be that the same qualifications in virtue of which a Graduate wins a Fellowship do not as a matter of course mark him out to be an ideal or even a moderately good Schoolmaster. And the aim of the Public School is to secure not moderately good Assistant Masters but the very best in the market, finished scholars, skilful organisers, men who will take a lively interest in Boy's wellbeing and welldoing in every side of school-life.

Even in the obvious weakness of our Preparatory School system—the weakness, I mean,

of training Boy to be too much dependent on extraneous assistance in grappling with petty difficulties—there is this element of good, that it tends to partially break down that tremendous barrier of reserve which is by way of putting so wide a gulf between shy Boy and shy Master.

It may be added that the Preparatory School, by correcting and toning down* at an early age some of Boy's original barbaric instincts, hands him on to the finishing School better prepared to develop into a Tom Brown or a George Arthur than either a Flashman or an Eric Williams.

"Rum-looking beggar, this!" says Boy to himself as he eyes the strange House Master; "wonder whether he always scowls like that. Perhaps he can't help it, poor chap. Old Blank scowled like one o'clock, and he could be awfully decent when he liked."

From the moment that Boy really makes up his mind that it is within the bounds of possibility for this rather stern-featured gentleman to be "awfully decent" too, one ground of nervousness in the new surroundings vanishes.

"Bat square" was the solitary bit of sound advice that I managed to extract from a well-known professional whom I was paying at the rate of half-a-crown an hour to coach me at the nets. Impress upon Boy, Cornelia, the vital importance of keeping his bat square in his dealings with his House Master. That individual may watch the new-comer a bit

closely at first, by way of satisfying himself that he really comes up to the character he has received of him. But when he sees that the full face of the bat is always presented to him, there will be no attempt on his part to get the player out by unfair means. It will be Boy's part to see that the free confidence given to him is never abused. It was quite in the last chapter of his life at Rugby that Tom Brown became aware of the deep personal interest which his House Master—he was in the School House, you remember—had all along taken in his career. To the smaller fry at a Public School the Headmaster is commonly only a distant, if on specially unfortunate occasions an instant and immediate, terror. Indeed we have it on record that a great Headmaster of Harrow, chancing to meet as a fellow-guest at the breakfast-table a young gentleman whom he had met under different circumstances an hour before, candidly confessed that he did not know him by sight, or, to put it more plainly, had no cognisance of his face. But the House Master, who knows that the good name of the house stands or falls by the character of the individual members, will always have the will, and seldom lack the power, to be Boy's best friend and adviser.

Boy, having already grown accustomed to herd with other animals of his own species, will not be very much disturbed in his mind as to the attitude which his new schoolfellows will be likely to adopt towards

him. There were probably those at the other School whom he classified as Beasts, and others who passed as "awfully jolly fellows." In the larger Zoological Garden the Beasts and the jolly fellows will still be found in a greater variety of sorts and sizes. Let us hope that he has acquired that power of discrimination which will enable him presently to determine which are the Beasts to be avoided, and on the other hand that he will not be in too violent hurry in jumping to conclusions.

"*Noscitur a sociis*," Cornelia, though hardly admitting of the commonly accepted translation, is a good maxim for Boy to remember. It is supposed to convey the meaning that in forming our estimate of a neighbour's character we note the company he keeps.

"Well, and if her aren't one o' they young uns, her had ought to ha' been, seein' as her allers roosted along wi' 'em and come up to feed and all."

This was my odd-job man's excuse when I remonstrated with him for having killed an old game-hen instead of a cross-bred pullet. If the hen was the primary sufferer, I, as having essayed to eat her, had also some ground for posing as an aggrieved party. Indirectly the House Master is a sufferer if Boy is led astray by bad companions outside the House. Nor is it unnatural that a man should be considerably annoyed when, after he has taken the trouble to collect a flock of swans, one of the number, which

has persisted in herding with another man's geese, either comes to signal grief or shows symptoms of deterioration. Under the watchful eye of any House Master who is worth his salt the risk of going to the bad in Boy's own House is minimised.

That the whirligig of fortune has revolutionised Boy's status, and that at this stage of his career he who a month or two back was relatively big is relatively small, that he is no longer a "swell" but an unimportant atom, a little minnow to be fagged and "ragged" among Tritons, instead of a big minnow with the power of fagging and "ragging" smaller minnows—all this is wholesome discipline. Perhaps like that other small person, Simon Tappertit, Boy was a sufferer from the malady which we now call "swelled head," or perhaps he had a tendency to be a prig. Life at a Public School will probably correct these little shortcomings. The methods employed in dealing with them may be disagreeable to the patient, and perhaps at times even painful, but I think that I may promise you not only a cure, Cornelia, but a cure without real bullying. More men will be found in after-life to have suffered from being kicked too little than kicked too much in their boyhood. The extraction of a double tooth is attended with a certain amount of pain and discomfort, but the victim of intermittent toothache is seldom found to be a genial member of society. The inten-

tion of Public School life is to promote the wellbeing of society as well as of the individual, and the general interest of society must always have the precedence. The priggishness or the exaggerated sense of self-importance which defies ordinary school treatment is a home-grown and home-fed product, Cornelia, and is little calculated to win popularity either for Boy or Man.

Work either in class or in the pupil-room will not cause Boy serious uneasiness if he has been properly grounded. That he will be overworked is a very remote contingency. Helpless in many ways as compared with other young animals, in this respect the little creature is commonly found to be capable of taking ultra good care of himself. Much more imminent is the danger that he may be inclined to take matters too easily at the outset. Presuming that he was in the top form of his late Preparatory School, the probability is that in the first term at the Public School he will find himself put back rather than forward in his studies. For the standard in the lower forms of the Public School seldom reaches the same level as that in the higher forms of the Preparatory School. And it is impossible for the best-intentioned teacher to satisfy himself that each individual boy in a class of thirty has prepared any given lesson. Even Dr Arnold in 'Tom Brown' put on the top boys only of the Fourth Form

to construe after the "triste lupus stabulis" incident. The Pupil Room system of Eton and elsewhere may cope with this difficulty to a certain extent successfully. But as a general rule there is little doubt that little boys at Public Schools can find abundant opportunity for idling. There are breakers ahead, then, for Boy, Cornelia, if he chances to be a really smart fellow without any inclination to exert himself. Before now nothing but the plentiful use of whip and spur has landed a lazy though potentially speedy horse winner of the Derby. It is the tendency of the age so exclusively to reserve the supreme methods of coercion for the back of the vicious or the law-breaker that the idle apprentice often comes off scot-free. Boy from an ethical point of view is in the way of being better trained if he is one who produces the minimum of work that will pass muster by the sweat of his brow, rather than a little more than that minimum without turning a hair. It is fortunate, then, on the whole, that the spirit of emulation now and again comes to the rescue. It must have been mortifying to the hare, poor-spirited creature that he is, to find himself beaten by the tortoise, and Boy even in his nursery days could prophesy that a return match would have a different result. If Boy's heart "be made of penetrable stuff," the loss of his own Remove will not appeal to him so strongly as the fact that "that ass Brown

minor' got his Remove, and the anxiety to put Brown in his proper place may spur him to make his effort. But if, on the other hand, his heart is "proof and bulwark against sense," it is high time to discover whether certain portions of his external mouldings are equally proof and bulwark against it. Pray, then, Cornelia, not that Boy may be what the world in its innocence calls clever, but that he may be one of those who put their whole heart and soul into the work in hand.

Just one more thought. In becoming, or, to speak more accurately, in continuing to be a Hero-worshipper, Boy is only following a natural instinct of the human animal, though it is an attribute of his age rather than of his species that he seems to find no half-way house between phlegmatic indifference and enthusiastic admiration. Better the latter than the former, say I. For, after all, he is neither toad nor worm, but warm-blooded, and therefore bound to worship some one. In the nursery days his father, or it may have been a long-tailed cat, or again it may have been a plump old party with brass buttons, was the object of his adoration. Later on it was haply the parson in his surplice, or the blue-bloused gentleman who killed the pig, typical representative of blood and slaughter. At the Preparatory School I have no manner of doubt that it was either the Corinthian football player who wore an

international cap, or Mr Hall, who hit the cricket-ball out of the ground, and had played at Lord's. Now in all probability the Masters will take a back seat, and either the School Captain of cricket, or White, the Jessop of House matches, will be duly installed as a divinity. You must not mind this sort of thing, Cornelia; and you must be duly prepared to hear Boy sing the praises of these heroes at the dinner-table in the holidays, and to be trotted round and round the place, when you visit him at school, in the hope that you may catch even a back view of the reigning hero.

But where, you may ask, does Green, who has just won the Balliol Scholarship, come in? Rather low down, I fear, in Boy's estimation. For the aforesaid Green wears spectacles, and has been known to shirk a game at football, while those others are fine up-standing young fellows. It is only natural that to the young mind the evidence of eyesight should be more convincing than the evidence of hearsay, and that the physical excellence which produces visible results should appeal to him more strongly than the intellectual excellence of which the result is only recorded in the School Magazine. He may or may not feel, as the case may be, that the great Surrey cricketer Mr Jones, who happens to have coached Green for that Balliol Scholarship, has thereby added a feather to his cap; but he has no manner of doubt that this same Mr

Jones, who chances to be the Composition Master, is a demigod on the day when he smites the School Captain's bowling all over the ground. This is not always a fault, or even a result of school training, Cornelia. You and I will acknowledge that we could still find the heart to shed a tear as we read the story of the death of Moore or of Nelson, while we think of Dr Johnson as a badly dressed old man with caustic temper and villainously bad manners. While, Hamlet-like, we might handle the great lexicographer's skull with half-sneering curiosity, we should regard the skull of either one of those other heroes as an object almost too sacred for contemplation.

Be thankful then, Cornelia, if the figure that occupies Boy's

thoughts and compels his adoration be truly admirable of its kind, and if there is nothing that is sordid, mean, or vicious about it. "Hero-worship," says Carlyle, "exists for ever, and everywhere; not Loyalty alone; it extends from divine adoration to the lowest practical regions of life."

In conclusion, lest you should in any way be inclined to underrate the importance of a Public School education, let me quote for you a sentence that came from the lips of a greater man than Carlyle: "There is no law upon the Statute-book, there is no usage of the Constitution, no portion of the Legislature or Government, which is more distinctly or more essentially connected with the wellbeing of England than our Public Schools."

OLD GALWAY LIFE.

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS.

THERE were not many solaces in the old days for those whom the world had treated harshly. Club-life, in Ireland at least, was in its infancy; very few of the numerous beneficent enterprises which nowadays afford interest and occupation to solitary women had then been set afoot. It was well for all such forlorn ones that, in Galway at any rate, charity to kith and kin never failed, and that to the third and fourth generation the old home gave shelter and a welcome to all who stood in need of it.

Much of such family wreckage drifted to us. Most noteworthy thereof was Major William Poppleton of the 53rd Foot, who had married one of my aunts, and had been for three years orderly officer at Longwood, during the "Last Phase" on St Helena. My uncle fell under the spell which Napoleon's personality exercised on all who were brought into contact with it. He was devoted to his charge, and as far as was compatible with his duty he endeavoured to mitigate the many petty indignities and humiliations imposed upon the "Corsican adventurer" under Sir Hudson Lowe's harsh rule. Napoleon fully appreciated my uncle's feelings towards him, and he was the only member of his English bodyguard for whom the fallen

Emperor had a sincere affection.

The crisis came when Sir Hudson Lowe, who lacked the most ordinary instincts of a gentleman, issued an order to the officers of this bodyguard to report to him all private conversations of Napoleon and his suite, both those which were addressed to themselves and those which they might chance to overhear. Major Poppleton indignantly refused to obey the mandate, and resigned his post. Napoleon was much afflicted at the prospect of losing his favourite custodian, and he besought him to yield obedience to Sir Hudson Lowe, so that he might still retain him about his person. My uncle, however, was not to be prevailed upon. He would never stoop, so he declared, to conduct so unbecoming an English officer, and he quitted the island prison. At parting Napoleon gave him a handsome gold snuff-box and a lock of his hair, as tokens of his gratitude and esteem.

Major Poppleton returned home a ruined man. He had committed the unpardonable sin, he had disobeyed his commanding officer, and for him no place of repentance was to be found. He was obliged to leave the service to which he was devoted, and in which he had borne himself with no small distinction.

His wife had died during his sojourn at St Helena: none the less it was to her old Galway home that he turned, bringing his children to grow up there. He lived amongst us for many years, a gentle, subdued man, broken in health and spirit; and he laid his bones at last in our burial-place, in the lonely ruined chapel above the lake, where his tombstone still records the long list of his services to a country that did not value him.

He had first joined his regiment in Egypt in 1801, and after the surrender of the French he took part in Baird's famous desert march to India. During that march he and a portion of his regiment by some means became detached from the main body of the troops, and lost their way in the scorching waste. Utterly exhausted by hours of fruitless wandering, they gave up all hope and lay down on the sand to die of thirst. Rescue came at the last moment by a party of searchers sent out in quest of the missing force. My uncle saw much service afterwards in India and throughout the hottest fighting in the Peninsula; but the horror of those hours was never effaced from his mind, and recurred to him in dreams so often and so vividly, that to the day of his death he would never sleep without a large vessel of water placed by his bedside to enable him in his first waking moment to assure himself that it was a dream and nothing more.

In after-years, when the reaction had come and the British

Government were ashamed of the sorry fashion in which they had treated their imperial captive, a commission was bestowed on Major Poppleton's only son, as some recognition of what was due to his father.

Throughout our childhood the gold snuff-box always stood upon the dining-room chimney-piece, and every visitor to the house was offered a pinch out of "Napoleon's box." It was kept well filled therefore, white snuff at one end, black snuff at the other, and underneath lay a piece of white paper, as it had come from the jeweller's hands. Many years afterwards, when snuff-taking had ceased to be the fashion, and the box was only a curiosity, a gentleman to whom it was shown asked the reason of that piece of paper. "To keep the fingers of the snuff-takers from scratching the box," he was told. More inquisitive, however, than all who had gone before him, he prised up the bit of paper, and underneath lay another closely folded paper—a letter from Napoleon himself to the Count of Las Cases, sending messages to his adherents in France, and his wishes for the bringing up of the King of Rome. It was plain why the letter had been placed where it was. Napoleon had known that Major Poppleton would refuse to take charge of it, if it were openly tendered to him in St Helena; but he had never doubted that he would discover it after his arrival in Europe, and he had trusted to his friendship to deliver it, with the result that it had lain

where he had hidden it for nearly forty years. The Count of Las Cases, the King of Rome, my uncle himself, were all long dead when the letter was found ; Louis Napoleon reigned at the Tuileries. The Count of Las Cases' son, however, was alive, and to him the long-concealed letter, destined for his father, was sent.

Another of my aunts had eloped at the age of thirteen with a young officer, the worst that could be said of whom was that his courage very considerably exceeded his common-sense. As a lad, just joined, he had taken part in the disastrous retreat of Corunna ; he served afterwards throughout the Peninsular war, the first Afghan and the Sikh wars. Unfortunately for himself, however, he was possessed of an ungovernable temper and an overweening sense of his own importance. Shortly after his marriage he waited, in company with his youthful wife, on some highly placed official of the War Office, to solicit his good offices in assisting my uncle to procure some piece of preferment of which he was desirous. The great man evinced himself most gracious, and promised to do all in his power to further my uncle's wishes. At the conclusion of the interview, however, he only bowed to the young lady, and resumed the writing on which he had been engaged. My uncle conducted his bride downstairs and placed her in the carriage which waited below, after which he rushed upstairs again

and challenged the official to mortal combat, to avenge the insult he had offered his wife in not handing her to her carriage. The challenge was declined, but it need hardly be said that my uncle did not receive the appointment he coveted.

Twice over in India he struck his commanding officer in the face, and on each occasion was tried by court-martial and cashiered. Partly owing to his brilliant services, however, and partly to the intervention of the Duke of York, who was his personal friend, he was twice over reinstated in his regiment, but at the very bottom of the list of officers, below the youngest ensign ; with the result that, when he died of wounds in the siege of Mooltan, after forty years of almost continuous active service, he was no more than a simple captain.

My widowed aunt followed the fashion of the family and came home to us, with her younger children. She had had fifteen children altogether in the course of her very checkered life, whom she had deposited here and there, cuckoo fashion, as occasion and the exigencies of active military life demanded. Once when she was on board a troopship, a sailing-vessel of course, as all such craft were in those days, a hurricane came on, and all on board gave themselves up for lost. My aunt, however, did not lose her presence of mind. Amidst the prevailing terror she calmly unpacked her boxes and dressed such of her children as she had with her in their best, that when their

bodies should be cast ashore they would be recognised as the children of gentlefolk, and receive decent burial. After she had settled down with us in Galway, it was a favourite amusement of ours to make her go over the names of her children to us, and she could never succeed in making the tale complete.

"Thirteen—fourteen," she would count up. "But I know there were fifteen of them. Oh! there was Miles; I had quite forgotten poor dear Miles. I can't just remember what Miles died of, but he was a darling!"

Some of these luckless youngsters died, some grew up without ever seeing their parents again. Occasionally, however, her progeny turned up when they were least expected or desired. I was walking with my aunt on our avenue one day, when we saw Hughie Caulfield, the gardener, approaching, and in his wake a disreputably clothed fair-haired stranger, with the general appearance of a German bandsman. As we came near, a signal passed between Hughie and the unknown, and the latter, advancing with clasped hands, ejaculated ecstatically "Mother!"

My aunt, however, who had by this time become slightly hard of hearing, and did not much relish the looks of the stranger, drew herself erect and said haughtily—

"Did you address any remarks to me, sir?"

"I only said I was your son," he answered meekly.

This particular scion my aunt, on one of her many voyages to India, had deposited in a monastery in Malta. By what means she induced the monks to take charge of him we never clearly understood, but he had remained with them till old enough to enter the Austrian army. He had been left for dead on one of the Hungarian battlefields, and, having been nursed back to health by sisters of charity, had quitted the Austrian service without over-ceremonious leave-taking, and made his way across Europe to us.

On some misgivings being expressed by the heads of the family as to what was to become of him, now that he had arrived, he declared that he was confident of being well able to shift for himself, and indeed he proved that his self-reliance was fully justified. For, having been provided with funds to journey to London, he went straight to Apsley House, and made his way into the presence of the Iron Duke. He represented his father's services and his own straits to him so eloquently that the Duke, who was then Commander-in-Chief, not only bestowed a commission upon him, but also added thereto a gratuity to enable him to purchase his outfit.

It was perhaps not surprising that our new cousin should feel some elation at what he had achieved; but after his return to Galway he assumed airs of superiority and an amount of what is gener-

ally known as "side," which made him extremely unpopular amongst the younger members of the household, and we concocted a deeply laid scheme to humble him in the dust.

We procured an old pistol, which we primed and loaded with a blank charge. Armed with this weapon, we lay in wait in one of the shrubberies on the avenue one moonlight winter's evening, when we knew that our objectionable relative was out walking. One of us girls, who possessed the accomplishment of whistling on her fingers like any street-boy, was posted above to give a signal on our victim's approach. The signal was not in the least required, as we had stationed ourselves just beyond a clearing on the avenue, across which we could plainly see him coming in the moonlight; but we deemed it to be the correct thing, and to make the whole business appear more lifelike. Accordingly the object of our vengeance had no sooner plunged into the gloom amongst the shrubs than the whistle rang out, and simultaneously we let off our ordnance, once and again.

Alas, however, for our well-thought-out revenge! We had never doubted that our obnoxious cousin, for all his tall talk, would take to his heels at the sound of the shots, and skurry up to the house in ignominious flight, there to relate his alarming experience on the avenue, when we, following after, would have burst in upon the horrifying recital, and by relating the true version

of the tale, have covered him with ridicule.

At the double discharge our kinsman came to a dead halt—for a moment only—then realising what the shots meant, he walked on, somewhat more rapidly perhaps than he had walked before, but with no undue precipitation. It must have required some nerve—and we felt it as we listened to his footfall—to walk on steadily and firmly through the thick darkness under the overgrown laurels, in which he had every reason to believe armed assassins were lurking. Nor on arriving at the house did he betray to any one what had taken place. He was no doubt fully convinced that he had been mistaken in the uncertain light for my grandfather, the Galway landlord, and he would not alarm my grandmother or my aunts by telling them of the murderous attack that had been made upon him. He kept his own counsel, therefore, and I need hardly say that we did the same for many a day to come. Our cousin sailed for India shortly afterwards, and we never saw him again; but I am sure that he told the story of his narrow escape from death on our avenue at many an Indian mess-table.

I do not know how we came to devise such a plan of revenge, but certainly it was not put into our minds by anything that we ourselves had known of, for our relations with our tenantry and with the people about us were always most friendly. It had not been so

in the lawless days at the beginning of the century. The old house itself had, I think, been built with some view to defence, and could have been held easily enough against a mob unprovided with firearms. In my earliest childhood large flat stones still remained on all the upper window-sills, which had been placed there in readiness to be hurled down on the heads of attacking Whiteboys—or Terry-Alts, as the organisation, which under varying names has played so large a part in Irish affairs, was generally called in Galway.

Another and a more tragic reminder of the Terry-Alts and their doings we had in a waif of lower degree, to whom also we gave shelter,—one of our servants, Sally Connolly by name. She must have been a middle-aged woman as I remember her; but years before, in her youth, her parents had in some way incurred the wrath of the Terry-Alts. Their cabin was attacked, the father savagely beaten, the mother held down on her own fire till she was severely burnt, and in the struggle Sally herself received an injury which lamed her for life. More than that, the terror of that wild night's work had unhinged her mind, and left her ever after subject to periodical fits of religious mania. When this madness was at its height she wandered about the country, visiting the holy wells for many miles

round about. Her appearance in itself was somewhat terrifying. Nature had intended her to be exceedingly tall, but the hurt she had received had drawn up and shortened one of her limbs very considerably. She disdained any artificial aid, and therefore when she stood on one foot she was a gigantic woman, but when she came down upon the other she became comparatively short. We used to meet her on the road, striding from one holy well to another, with the very singular gait engendered by this deformity, her long black hair streaming behind her; or else we would see her in the distance, on her knees, as she went her rounds at one of these sacred spots, saying the appointed patterns¹ and prayers. The first symptom that one of her attacks of mania was coming on was always that Sally ceased to fasten up her hair, and we children used to announce, quite as a matter of course—

“Sally Connolly's going mad again; she's got her hair hanging down.”

Not unfrequently a member of the family on going up to bed would find Sally crouched by the bedroom-fire, with her tresses hanging about her, wringing her hands and rocking herself to and fro. Everybody knew her to be harmless, and it never occurred to any one to regard her as an undesirable member of the house-

¹ A corruption of *Pater Noster*, a certain number of which, with *Aves* and other prayers, according to the object of the suppliant's desire, are appointed to be said at each holy well.

hold. "The poor afflicted creature!" was all that was said; and we waited in patience till Sally's madness should have developed sufficiently for her to quit the house and take to her wanderings. After a few weeks the mad fit wore itself out, and she returned to us and to her domestic duties.

Beside every holy well in Ireland there is planted a bush, on which the votaries who come with their prayers to the little hallowed pool hang each of them a rag, gay-coloured at the first, but bleaching soon in the sun and rain to the same neutral tint of yellowish grey. A visitor to our house asked Sally once, when sanity had for the time being returned, what was the purpose of those fluttering fragments of worsted and cotton.

"You cannot think, surely, that the saints in Heaven need those bits of rag to remind them of your prayers?"

"Troth, no," was the quick-witted answer, "no more than your good friends in the grand houses where yous go visitin' would be wantin' to be remembered of you. But you lave the little white ticketeens all that same, to let the quality know you'd been in it, and them little doockets an' the rags, as you call them, are the one thing."

It was not always from incipient madness that the servants left their tresses unbound. It proceeded sometimes from slovenliness. One of my aunts, who was of a literary turn, meeting the

housemaid with her hair hanging in luxuriant disarray on her shoulders, said indignantly to her—

"One would think you were Ophelia!"

"Faith, thin," returned the damsel, no wise dismayed, "if 'Faylia had as much turf an' wather to carry, it's no wonder she'd look like me."

She no doubt imagined 'Faylia to be a rival housemaid in some neighbouring establishment.

The ordinary wages of a servant in those days were £4 a-year. Our cook received £8, and therewith highwater mark was supposed to have been reached. Only one or two of the head servants were allowed tea; the others, as also we children, lived on oatmeal stirabout, potatoes, and milk, all produced upon the estate, and costing therefore, so to say, nothing. Under such conditions it was easy to maintain a numerous retinue, and ours equalled that of a high-placed Anglo-Indian official of the present day. There was the turf-boy, whose duty it was to fill the turf-boxes, the cavernous receptacles throughout the house from which the fires were supplied; the boy who pumped the water, and the boy who drove the cows: the main difference between our ragged regiment and the dusky retainers of an Indian bungalow being, that whereas with the latter it is matter of caste and honour to do their own special work and that alone, ours were mostly eager to do anything

which was not their rightful business, and to leave that undone.

Not the least important person in the household was Sally Sweeny, whom from the nature of her avocation we dubbed "Sally Forth." Twice a-week, summer and winter, sun and rain, she walked—or as she herself expressed it, "slipped"—into Galway, eleven Irish miles distant, and out again to do the family shopping, deliver notes and messages, and execute commissions. She could neither read nor write, yet she never made a mistake in any direction given her, or delivered a letter or parcel save at its rightful destination. She was frequently intrusted with considerable sums of money by various members of the family, and could carry the most complicated reckonings in her head, accounting on her return for every farthing received with the utmost accuracy. She always went barefoot—not from poverty, for she carried her shoes and stockings with her, but for ease in walking. A little wood just outside Galway served her and most other country-women as a dressing-room, where they donned their *chaussure* before entering the streets of the town. The distances the peasantry traversed on foot were indeed extraordinary. On one occasion my father had gone up to a fishing-lodge which he had in the mountains, and after his arrival there discovered to his vexation that he had forgotten to bring any letter-paper with

him, while he had an important letter to write. However, on expressing his annoyance at his own forgetfulness to the caretaker in charge of the lodge, he made light of the difficulty.

"What would ail me that I wouldn't slip into Galway for your honour?" he demanded.

And into Galway he accordingly slipped,—forty Irish miles there and back across the mountains,—and returned triumphant with—one sheet of letter-paper!

Hughie Caulfield, the gardener, I have mentioned before. He was something of a scholar, and a philosopher to boot, more given to meditation and to leisurely ruminating than to any over-exertion in digging and trenching. Being found asleep in the sunny greenhouse one spring afternoon when the grapes were setting, he thus excused himself for his neglect of duty—"I was that onaisy in me mind about thim grapes I coudn't stop awake."

He took no little pride in his learning, and was once overheard expounding that most vexed question of Reformation history to one of his subordinates after the following fashion—

"Says Thomas a Beckett to Henry the Eighth, 'Ye can't marry Anna Bullen,' says he. 'And for why not?' says Henry. 'Sure, she's yer own daughter, man,' says he. 'The devil may care who's daughter she is,' says Henry, 'I'll marry her.'"

Beggars were known to us

as "God-save-all-heres," that being the salutation with which they entered the kitchen, seating themselves afterwards in the warm peat-reek by the fireside for a gossip and a meal. To have refused them such hospitality would have been held not only derogatory to the dignity of the house, but also as certain to bring ill-luck upon it. The cook, whom, as dispenser of the kitchen bounties, they were all eager to propitiate, generally turned their services to account to pluck fowl for her, or turn the spit, which in my earliest years was still done by hand. It was considered a marvel of mechanical ingenuity when at a later date a clockwork contrivance was introduced, which was fastened to one corner of the kitchen ceiling, and from there, by means of a weight and a long chain, imparted the necessary rotary motion to the joint roasting before the fire.

Another duty which was left to such stray hangers-on was the collection of dandelions, their juice being a remedy decreed to my Indian aunt, who, like most Anglo-Indians of that date, had brought back from her long residence abroad what we called "a liver." There were, therefore, generally three or four old crones seated round a flat stone outside the kitchen-door, gabbling Irish and pounding vigorously at the green ~~heap~~ before them, till a wine-~~glassful~~ of a most nauseous fluid had been extracted. As the ~~nearest~~ medical practitioner resided in the town of Galway,

we relied almost entirely upon home doctoring, and the prescriptions in vogue were mostly of the same primitive nature. If any one was considered to stand in need of a tonic or strengthening medicine, it was concocted by the simple expedient of heating the poker whitehot, and stirring a mug of porter therewith. Our poorer neighbours also came to us for medical advice, and I well remember any of them who were suffering from chills, or such ailments, being enjoined to take a hot bath, on their return home, in their churn, that being the only vessel in an Irish cabin capable of containing the human form. My grandfather, indeed, who was principal medical adviser to the district, had but one sovereign remedy, which he prescribed with the utmost impartiality for all ailments of whatsoever nature they might be. He used to powder a huge lump of rhubarb on a pewter-plate — its being pulverised upon pewter being considered to play a very important part in the efficacy of the recipe — and blend it with a bottle of port. This he administered by spoonfuls to all who came to consult him. "The Masther's medicine" was held in high repute, and was more sought after than the prescriptions of a specialist would have been, if such had existed in those days.

The ordinary wages of a labourer at that time were five-pence a-day, and we kept forty in constant employment. They dined every day in the hag-

gard, called in from all parts of the farm by the clanging of the yard-bell. Amongst those who never failed to respond to the summons was one strangely assorted couple. The steward, having been sent to a neighbouring fair to purchase a pig, intended in due time to replenish the household stores of ham and bacon, reported on his return that he had bought "a nate, oliver, grave, gay little pig." The animal possessed of so many and somewhat conflicting qualities was of the true old Galway breed, lean and long-legged as a greyhound, and possessed, moreover, of a turn of speed and staying powers not common to the porcine tribe. By what means Sal—for so with total disregard of sex we named him—arrived at an understanding with Chance our pointer, no one ever knew. Every morning, however, as soon as they were set free from kennel and sty, they set out together for the woods, where they hunted in company—Chance working his way into the rabbit-holes to bolt the rabbits, and Sal standing in readiness to pounce on the prey as it came out, after which they shared the spoils of the chase in strict amity. A few moments, however, after the mid-day bell had clanged out its summons they always came into sight, Chance leading, but Sal a good second, coming at a brisk trot, and grunting louder and yet more loudly the nearer he drew to the promised land, where a meal of potato skins

and other leavings of the workmen's dinner awaited them both.

This partnership was deemed so remarkable that Sal's life was spared on account of it, and he was suffered to attain to an age far beyond the span usually allotted to pigs. He lived in a house of his own apart from the other pigs, and grew to an enormous size, developing a huge pair of curved tusks. He became so savage at last that it was found necessary to slaughter him. Age and hard exercise, however, had made his flesh so tough that it was quite unfit for consumption.

The people were wondrously superstitious. In the fairies—whom they generally alluded to mysteriously as "them"—more especially they had the profoundest belief; and every untoward circumstance or incident not easily to be accounted for was set down to their intervention. "This avenue is no road to be thravellin' by night," said an indignant maid to my grandmother, who would have sent her on an errand in the dusk. "As soon as it's dark it's as thick as blades of grass wid little men on horses, an' caps on the heads of ivery one of them." The caps somehow seemed to be the most appalling part of the fairy vision.

My father from one of his visits to Dublin had brought back a small musical-box, then a very recent invention. In the evening, after dinner, he wound it up and hid it under a pile of cloaks in the hall.

In a few moments all the servants rushed up from below stairs with blanched and terror-stricken faces.

"The Lord Almighty look on us an' kape us from harm this night! We're ruined and destroyed—it's the fairy music!"

One firmly rooted belief in the west of Ireland was that before the downfall or extinction of any ancient family the elfin minstrels were heard to play outside the doomed mansion. It is still believed that before the fatal illness of our kinsman Thomas Martin, the last owner of Connemara, the fairy music circled round and round the old family home of Ballynahinch.

Another time a sudden commotion below stairs heralded the arrival of an affrighted messenger at the drawing-room door to announce in a hushed whisper that there were fairies downstairs. Naturally we all, grown-ups and children, lost no time in descending to the lower regions, where we found the servants clustered in one of the dark stone-flagged passages, gazing awestricken and from a respectful distance at a faint greenish radiance, which could be discerned in the gloom playing on one of the walls. My grandmother, who knew nothing of science, but deemed it highly inexpedient that the house should acquire a reputation for supernatural visitants of any sort, commanded a bucket of water to be brought and thrown against the wall, as the readiest means of putting an end to the fairies and their

doings. So far, however, from this quenching the fairy lights, they only shone out more brightly than before, and the exclamations and other manifestations of terror redoubled in volume and intensity. It was left to one of the gentlemen of the party to hit upon the true explanation of the phenomenon, which was nothing more than that some fish had recently been hung up at that spot, and that the unearthly gleam was caused by the phosphorescence of their scales still adhering to the wall. This solution of the mystery was received with scant favour and many headshakings by the household.

Our education—at least the more ornamental portion thereof—was carried on by a system of peripatetic teachers. Our French, our drawing, and our music masters each possessed a pony and gig, with which they went the round of the County Galway, driving themselves from one house to the next in which a young family was growing up, and remaining a week at each halting-place, during which there was nothing but music played, or French talked, or pencil-drawings executed, as the case might be. Three or four times a-year they came to us thus upon their educational round. I do not know what honorarium they received for the week's instruction, but I know that it was not always convenient to pay it in coin of the realm. On such occasions my grandfather would present them with a calf instead, and give it grazing till it had

developed into a saleable beast. I fancy there were not many estates on the visiting lists of these professors of the gentler arts on which they had not generally a head or two of cattle at grass, and that they did not suffer by such transactions.

Another individual whose home, so to say, was upon the road, was a certain Tom Blakeney, a wit and *raconteur*. He, too, owned a horse and trap, and used to drive boldly into the stable-yard of whatever mansion he intended to honour with his presence, where he would have his horse put up, and order his portmanteau to be carried indoors, after which he made his way to the drawing-room, trusting to his conversational powers to procure him a favourable reception. Once established, he used to remain till he had wearied of his surroundings, or till the patience of his hosts showed signs of being exhausted, when he would move on to fresh quarters. He was the only being towards whom I ever knew my grandfather display any inhospitality, but it was sometimes necessary to give Tom Blakeney a hint that he had worn out his welcome.

"Are you driving to Galway to-day?" my grandfather asked him pointedly on one such occasion.

Tom Blakeney looked from the window and shrugged his shoulders.

"Too bad a day, sir," he said.

"Not half so bad as the day you came," was the significant answer.

When he did at length take his departure, my father, standing on the steps to speed our parting guest, asked—

"Where's your next billet, Tom?"

"Haven't a notion," he responded carelessly. "Depends what way the wind's blowing when I get to the gate."

One of my earliest recollections is of the wedding of the only son of one of our nearest neighbours. The bride lived on the other side of Lough Corrib, the long narrow lake which separates the wild mountain regions of Connemara and Iar-Connaught from the rest of the County Galway, and according to general custom the newly married couple were to take up their abode with the bridegroom's parents in the old family home. The bridegroom himself crossed the lake by the ferry to Headfort for the wedding ceremony; but his father and mother drove the lengthy round in a cabriolet, then the most fashionable form of conveyance. It was a hooded gig, with a board hung on at the back, intended for a powdered lackey to stand upon. How such a modish equipage had found its way into our western wilds I do not know, but it had been arranged that after the wedding breakfast the bridegroom should drive his newly wedded wife home in the cabriolet, whilst his parents remained for a few days' visit to those of the bride — no further honeymoon being considered necessary. When, however, the hour of departure arrived, the youthful bride was

been originally fashioned for other wear than in the hunting-field; men in country-built suits,—but all prepared to ride to the utmost. Shaggy and ill-groomed many of the horses might be, but it was wonderful how they could negotiate the notable stone walls of Galway; and to prevent the scuffing of knees and fetlocks against those obstructions, many riders, regardless of appearance, had those parts bound about with swathings of cloth and felt, more or less artistically tied round them. When a covert proved blank, word was passed round where the next draw was to be; and a scurry and scamper across country ensued, and many an impromptu point-to-point race was thus ridden.

Every one has heard of the Galway Blazers, but few know how that far-famed pack came by its name. In the earlier part of the last century, not long after the Galway Hunt had been established, the Master received a hospitable invitation to come over the border into Clare with hounds and huntsmen, and to bring as many of the followers of the pack as chose to bear him company, for a day's hunting. The sport was of the best: of the best, too, was the feasting which followed. Too good, indeed, it is to be feared, was it; for in the small hours of the morning the hospitable mansion which had given shelter to the Hunt was discovered to be ablaze, and as none of the company was capable of rendering effici-

ent aid to extinguish it, they had even to let it blaze till it was burnt to the ground. It was as the Blazers that the Hunt returned to Galway, and the Galway Blazers they have been ever since.

One of the Masters of those early days who is still had in remembrance, and of whom many stories are told, was John Dennis, a keen sportsman, a fearless and daring rider, and withal the kindest of men. He never indulged in the vituperation which is considered more befitting to M.F.H.'s than to ordinary mortals. His sister was to the full as zealous for sport as he was himself, and as unfailing in her appearance in the hunting-field; and it was to her he used to address himself when rebuke was needed. "Hold hard, Isabella!" he would shout if any over-ardent spirits were pressing unduly on the hounds. Isabella might be half a field off and guiltless of trespass; but she understood, and so did the Hunt.

His forbearance in this respect incurred the contempt of an English groom who had recently taken service in Galway, and who had been accustomed to a more forcible code of objurgatives. "'E ain't got no way with him," he declared indignantly, "with his 'May I trouble you to move?' and 'Would you kindly stand to one side?' Where I comes from it's 'Hi! you bloomin' fool on a bay 'oss, d'ye think ye're stuck there for an ornament?' or 'Go to —"

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seized with a sudden fit of shyness, and declared that nothing would induce her to set out alone with "a strange man." Entreaties and persuasions were all in vain.

"It was quite pretty of her, poor dear," the old lady said, retailing the story to us afterwards; "but she vowed nothing would induce her to go with George, unless his father and I came too."

Nothing remained, therefore, but for the old couple to mount again into the cabriolet, and take the bride to sit bodkin between them, whilst the happy bridegroom, *faute de mieux*, had to seat himself behind on the board intended for the lackey's feet. The town of Galway stands on the narrow neck between the southern end of Lough Corrib and the sea, and in this fashion did the bridal party drive through the streets, with the bridegroom's long legs trailing in the mud behind him.

Lough Corrib cut us dwellers in Iar-Connaught off from much of the social life of the county; but there was nothing perhaps which we as a family regretted so much as that it precluded our becoming followers of the hounds, or taking any share in the hunting for which Galway was famous then as now, save when we might chance to be invited to some hospitable mansion upon the other side of the water for a meet or hunt-breakfast. I remember one of my aunts returning in deep disgust from one such visit. "The men," she de-

clared, "were hunting the fox, but the women were hunting James Daly,"—the heir to an old Galway estate, who had made his first appearance in the hunting-field after his return from the Grand Tour, then considered an indispensable part of the education of every young man of position.

Women did, however, hunt in more legitimate fashion and with more zeal than this judgment would imply—as one member of the Galway hunt found to his cost. A lady's crutch broke as she was jumping a wall,—there was no third pommel in those days,—and she came somewhat heavily to the ground. A man who rode up dismounted gallantly to assist her. What, however, was his dismay when the distressed fair one, having regained her feet, gathered about her the trailing skirt which ladies in the early 'Forties rode in, and scrambled nimbly on to his horse. Sitting sideways on his saddle, she rode the run out, taking every fence like a bird, whilst her rescuer was left standing disconsolate, staring blankly after her.

The *coup d'œil* of a Galway meet sixty years ago would make a modern up-to-date sportsman stare. The business side of hunting, the art of riding to show off or sell a mount, was unthought of then: it was for sport, and for sport alone, that the followers of the hunt came together. Girls were there in skirts, innocent of the tailor's art, which had

been originally fashioned for other wear than in the hunting-field; men in country-built suits,—but all prepared to ride to the utmost. Shaggy and ill-groomed many of the horses might be, but it was wonderful how they could negotiate the notable stone walls of Galway; and to prevent the scuffing of knees and fetlocks against those obstructions, many riders, regardless of appearance, had those parts bound about with swathings of cloth and felt, more or less artistically tied round them. When a covert proved blank, word was passed round where the next draw was to be; and a scurry and scamper across country ensued, and many an impromptu point-to-point race was thus ridden.

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out o' that, and crack yer whip there!'"

John Dennis's favourite hunter was Ghuznee, a black horse of eighteen hands, so wicked that he had been given to him because no one else dared ride him. Dennis was wont to mount him blindfolded and in the stable: he always rode him with a cheekbit nearly a foot long, but I think he rarely made use of the power this gave him. Once riding Ghuznee at a steeple-chase in the county Cork, he was leading when, half-way round the course, his left rein broke. John Dennis, however, was not the man to give in for such a trifle, and with his whip he steered Ghuznee in to victory.

He had another horse called Almansor, which was what is known as moonblind—that is to say, he was more blind at certain times than at others. He had entered Almansor for a point-to-point race near the town of Galway, and on the day of the race, when he rode out upon the course, a friend sidled up to him and inquired in an anxious undertone—

"How's the horse to-day, John?"

"Very bad," was the whispered answer.

"But surely you won't ride him; you may come to most serious grief," remonstrated the friend.

"Well, you see, the fellows have their money on," Dennis returned; "I'm bound to make the best fight I can for them."

The course marked out was a desperate one, natural, not artificial, over wellnigh thirty

stone walls, and walls such as are only built in the stony lands surrounding Galway, where the object is quite as much to dispose of the superabundant stones as to construct a fence. Almansor kneed one or two of the walls, but John Dennis, by sheer strength and horsemanship, absolutely lifted him over those formidable obstructions, and brought him in second.

A well-known figure in the hunting-field in those days was Corny Kilkelly, one of the class known in Ireland as squireens, the best definition of which may be that given us by Sally Forth, already mentioned,—*"the very best of commonalty, jist next to quality."* However that may be, there could be no doubt that Corny was a thorough good fellow, a hard rider, who knew a good horse when he saw one, and was seldom without that most desirable possession himself. It chanced once that the hunt had to traverse a plantation, fenced as such enclosures usually are in Ireland by a loose-built stone wall, topped by a rusty wire, from which there was but one practicable gap. At this strategic point Corny's horse, a new acquisition, inconveniently swerved, whirled round, and fell to bucking and kicking in a fashion that not only was exasperating to his rider, but effectually blocked the egress of the rest of the field, who, bottled up to the rear, had to look on at the battle, with such calm as they could, and at the hounds, followed by those few

who had had the luck to emerge previously, vanishing across the fields. An Englishman, lately come to live on the confines of the county, who was unknown by sight to Corny, as Corny was to him, lost his temper, and broke into maledictions on horse and rider, more vigorous even than were justified by the situation.

"What d'ye call yerself?" roared back Corny, still holding the gap against all comers on his plunging steed. "If there's any nimber of this hunt will say ye're a gentleman, I'll horse-whip ye meself."

One constant and well-known Blazer had a mare, a trifle touched in the wind, but hard to beat none the less. He rode her to a standstill in one hard run, till she foundered under him in a ditch. As he disengaged himself, somewhat crestfallen, from his stirrups, John Dennis on Ghuznee thundered past.

"Give her that, my boy, and she'll be all right in a trice!" he shouted, tossing him a phial from his waistcoat-pocket.

The potion was duly administered, but failed of the magical and instantaneous effect hoped for. Another of the field, coming up, slackened speed to inquire into the nature of the disaster, whereupon the dismounted rider, not to be balked of his sport, vaulted up behind him, after the fashion in which the Knights Templars depicted themselves as riding, and the two men rode the last three miles of one of the fastest runs on record together, and finished in at the death. The

feat is remembered in Galway to this day.

I can recall receiving a much-prized invitation to accompany some of the older members of the family to a hospitable friend's house for the occasion of a meet. Unfortunately, however, the weather on the important day proved of the worst,—too tempestuous for even a Galway foxhunter to venture out in. As the disconsolate Nimrods lounged idly in the drawing-room, sorely at a loss how to employ themselves, one of them was wearily turning over the books that lay upon the table, in the somewhat forlorn hope of extracting amusement therefrom.

"Poetry!" he said in tones of disgust, as he took up one volume, a Shakespeare as it chanced. "Now who wants to read stuff of that sort? Oh, come, though"—with rekindled interest—"here's something that sounds better. The Taming of the Screw—now that might be worth reading."

All masters of hounds and secretaries of hunts have known the worry of apportioning hen-money amongst the many just and unjust claimants for it, but probably not many have had it demanded of them in such grandiloquent terms as were employed on Bridget Coolahan's behalf in a document which now lies before me. Written on thin paper, yellow with age, and wreathed round with pen-flourishes, it is headed "*Ecce Iterum*," as if to show that Latin was as familiar to the writer as caligraphy

and the loftier heights of the English language.

"HONORED SIR," it runs,—
"The Bearer, Bridget Coolahan, has come by a very great Loss. That infernal insidious Quadruped (vulgarly called a fox) Proverbial for his Machiavelianism, has in his nocturnal Perambulations converted the poor woman's poultry-yard into a scene of Mortality. No less than 13 of her fowl has fell victims to his insatiable ungovernable fury. She places her affiance in your well-known Benevolence, and expects that you will make good her loss."

Across the memories of all who can look back sixty years or more the shadow of the Great Famine lies like a dividing line, separating the old life of Ireland, and of Galway, from the new. It was in the autumn of '47, before men had realised to the full the horror of the visitation which had come upon the land, that the old pack of the Blazers went out for what was to

prove its last meet. The hounds vanished in the first covert into which they were thrown as though they had been swallowed up. Not a whimper or a rustle betrayed their whereabouts. In vain the horn sounded the note of recall more and more insistently, the silence remained unbroken, till at length one of the huntsmen dismounted, to push his way on foot through the furze and briars of the covert. He fled back, white and panic-stricken, for the hounds, gathered together in the thick undergrowth, were devouring the dead body of a man. As the awful whisper went round the field, each man without a word turned his horse's head and rode home, sick at heart. It was the Master himself who flogged the hounds from their ghastly feast, and led them back in silence to the kennels. That night he shot with his own hand every hound who had been inside the covert. It was many a long day before the Blazers went out again.

RICHARD HARTLEY, PROSPECTOR.

BY DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

IN spite of Adam's original assurance that he had no need of an assistant, he found plenty to keep Wilmot occupied; and as these duties had heretofore been performed by himself, he had now more time for the workshop, and there he spent the hours from sunrise to sunset, frequently being absent from meals.

On the tenth day provisions ran out. Adam, on seeing that his companion was prepared to pay his full share, suggested that he should go to a store near Roodepoort, kept by the inevitable Russian Jew, and arrange for revictualling. Wilmot complied. When, a few hours later, the stores were delivered at the mine and he checked them, he found several luxuries not mentioned in his list, including half a dozen bottles of a respectable and drinkable brand of whisky. He reported the matter to Adam.

"It's all reet," said the old man. "That's a bonsella."

"What's a bonsella?"

"A present given to encourage a good customer."

Wilmot evidently looked incredulous, for Adam proceeded to explanation.

"You see, we shall be having a crowd of natives here presently, when the work gets farther advanced, and Isaac has an eye to future business."

"By supplying the boys with illicit liquor, I suppose?"

"Weel, some people would give it that name," answered Adam carelessly.

Wilmot was indignant.

"And your bump of conscientiousness, which is so very large, allows you to wink at his poisoning the poor devils and making them unfit for work?"

"Man, but you tak' a narrow view of a wide subject," Adam answered. "If you think you can put down the illicit liquor business, you are greener than you look. The Directors don't object, because they know it's useless, and the Kafirs won't stay in a compound where they can't get their tots, so why should you trouble your head about what you can neither mend nor break?"

A few days later Wilmot received another shock to his belief in the conscientiousness of the phrenological mentor. The European who had the contract for transporting material from the railway arrived with a load, which, in the ordinary course, should have been discharged under Wilmot's superintendence. Adam exhibited conspicuous anxiety to get the man to himself, and effected it awkwardly, by sending his assistant to look for an old invoice in the office, while

he led the contractor to an unoccupied building at the farther corner of the property.

Later in the day, when a shortage in the goods delivered was revealed, Adam volunteered a halting assurance that it was "a' reet," that he knew all about it, and would have it rectified in due course. Wilmot's inductive powers enabled him to detect the existence of an understanding between the Scotsman and the contractor, but he wisely refrained from hinting at his suspicions, for the conscientious Adam had impressed him as a man dangerous to quarrel with.

The frankness that had characterised Adam's conversation after the ice had been broken grew as the two knew one another better. The old man talked freely on every subject save the mystery of the workshop, and there was a delightfully clear utilitarianism in his philosophy. He admitted, in effect, that he was guilty of many little acts that ignorant people, unfamiliar with the full details, might consider robbed a man of his right to being regarded as strictly moral; but, he explained, "we are in a country of elementary conditions and principles, where matters cannot be conducted on the lines suitable and proper in a more civilised and polished community. Every man here is for himself; and if dishonesty can be excused, that of the Rand may, for there is no hypocrisy intermixed with it. Every man knows the other is trying to get the better of him. The Directors who put me here

know that I shall do more for myself than for them, and they are content so long as I don't do too much. They know I get a commission on everything I order, and they also know that where I get a sovereign on a few tools, they get a thousand out of a piece of machinery. They also know that the compound manager, when we have one, will take a monthly present from the illicit liquor-sellers for shutting his eyes to the smuggling in of liquor; but as they can't stop it, they are sensible enough to say nothing, beyond grumbling now and then at the meetings of the Chamber of Mines for the appearance of the thing. If you want a living example of the folly of the converse of my proposition, you have it in your friend Hartley. There you have a man who is honest as a Quaker, who wouldn't write a bogus report on a property for any fee offered, and who has knocked down the chairman of a big concern for suggesting it. What is the result? Everybody is afraid of him, and he is obliged to take engagements that men of half his ability would be insulted by the offer of."

"But he seems to be greatly respected," said Wilmot.

"Yes; but you see those who respect him have nothing else to give him. I must say, though, that it gives him long credit, which is an awful misfortune. Man, he could get a distillery on tick."

Wilmot was hard to convince that honesty was at a discount in the mining world.

"Surely if he is known as a truthful man his reports would have more value," he urged. "People will pay attention to what he says about a property."

"Exactly, but Hartley is this sort of man. If a property is worth fifty thousand he will say so. Anybody can do that. What is wanted is a man who will say it is worth a hundred and fifty, and that's where he fails."

"But the big houses don't do that sort of thing?"

"I won't go so far as that," answered Adam cautiously. "Big houses have no use for small men like Hartley. When they think of taking up a property, they find and know all about it for themselves. Their connection with it is all the guarantee the public want; they don't ask whether it's good or bad. It's the small syndicates and private speculators who employ men like Hartley to report. They have no capital of their own, and have to rely on persuading the public to supply it on the strength of inflated reports. But these small men are getting frozen out by the big people."

"But are not the big houses afraid that a man like Hartley might damage them by telling the truth?"

"Where and how could he say it? Don't they control the press of the country? And suppose he got a hearing. Who is Hartley, after all? They would put up a dozen experts with famous names, who would crush him out. Besides, they have a bigger weapon yet.

Hartley is known to be a hard drinker. No, my friend; they neither fear nor favour such as he."

"Then if he is such a failure, what is to be the end of him?"

"What is the end of all pioneers in South Africa, or anywhere else I ever heard of? A pioneer is a man who gets in first and comes out last—if he comes out at all. That's Hartley's case."

"Then his only chance is to make a bit of money and quit, eh?"

"A mining man never quits. They can't. Prospecting is a disease, like Delagoa fever: once in the blood, it never goes out. His only chance is to get a mine managership, to hold his tongue and shut his eyes; but he'll never do that. It's vanity as much as honesty. He has the orrgan of self-esteem too large."

"And a big bump of conscientiousness," added Wilmot.

"A bump! man, it's a kopje."

Before the month was completed Wilmot was thoroughly enjoying his life on the mine. The work was sufficient to occupy him without being onerous, and afforded him that insight into the office detail of mine management which he was earnestly desirous of acquiring. Adam, too, improved greatly on acquaintance. He had a vast fund of information on matters of interest to Wilmot, which compensated for his occasional boredom and irrepressibly assertive mentorship. The old man had read widely, if sporadically, and had measured,

weighed, and labelled to his own satisfaction most of the problems of life and conduct over which less gifted savants are still pondering their verdict. His memory for apt quotation was surprising, all the more so in view of the fact that twenty years of his life had been spent on isolated mines or in camps far from books and men. It was the recollection of this that helped Wilmot to forgive him for off-loading on him the accumulation of knowledge and observation that should have been distributed over several large audiences; nor could he find it in his heart to stop him when Adam took the simplest inquiry as the signal to open the floodgates of his knowledge. During the evenings, when Adam was not working in the mysterious shop, they read, talked, and smoked over stimulants that alternated almost automatically between cups of washy coffee and glasses of the whisky provided by the storekeeper. Adam never failed to preface the production of the bottle with a brief apologetic homily on the advantage and even necessity of drinking, in moderation of course, in a climate like that of the Transvaal.

"I am not one of those," he would repeat, "who blame such as make fools of themselves, for I know they are the victims of too abnormal development of the orrgan of alimentariness, and of a deficiency in the orrgan of caution."

Wilmot noted with satisfac-

tion that Adam never stepped beyond the line of moderation which he had drawn for himself at the sixth drink, with, on very special occasions, a seventh by way of absolute final.

At the end of the month Wilmot received from the Directorate his cheque for his salary without any accompanying comment, and in consequence felt his position assured. The pleasant notion was confirmed by the addition to the staff of a rough Cornishman, who took charge of the engine and hauling gear, while a third man arrived with fifty Kafirs and took possession of the native compound.

The Cornishman was promptly diagnosed by Adam as unfit for acceptance on terms of intellectual equality, so was given the opportunity of living and messing by himself in one of the detached bedrooms,—an arrangement that fitted satisfactorily with his economical habits. The compound manager was in the first stage of a courtship at Krugersdorp, whither he rode as soon as his work was finished, turning up next morning at various degrees of punctuality. The new conditions did not, therefore, in any way interfere with the even tenor of life at the mine for Adam and his companion.

Before the compound had been occupied a week, Wilmot had evidence of the prescience of Adam in the matter of the storekeeper and the motive underlying the liberal bonsellas. At least a dozen of the Kafirs were invariably too drunk for

work every morning, and the first Sunday saw an orgie, resulting in a tribal fight and the incapacitating of half the native staff for work on Monday. On his return the compound manager reviewed his forces, and asserted his authority by tying up and flogging four of the ring-

leaders, and fining twenty others half a crown apiece, which he carefully noted to deduct from their monthly pay.

Wilmot began to understand why compound managerships were bought and sold, and how a manager with a salary of £40 per mensem contrived to keep racehorses.

CHAPTER V.—AN ENLISTMENT OF BRAIN.

On the first Sunday of the new month Hartley turned up at the Resurgam. He had been busy at his new job on the East Rand, and a casual glance satisfied Wilmot there was no need for the tight collar. He looked the picture of a healthy, wholesome, open-air man, and wore his town-going clothes as to the manner born. He greeted Adam with the easy indifference of an overnight acquaintance, although more than eighteen months had gone since they had been together in the close companionship of a prospecting trip.

"Glad you're here, want you badly," he said. "Come in and shut the door. No; don't bring out the liquor yet."

Adam had moved towards the cupboard.

"Got no time for piffle. This is serious business, understand."

The three men drew their chairs to the table, and after being assured that there was no chance of being overheard, Hartley plunged into the object of his call.

"You've got to help me,

Adam. Got the biggest thing I've handled for years. Wilmot's in it, and we're going to let you stand in; but you've got to work for it. It's a dead secret. Not a word to a soul."

"Before I commit myself I must know something definite. I'm not the man to tak' on risks without careful conseederation," said Adam, drawing himself up and looking portentously serious.

"I've done all the considering; all you've got to do is to help."

There was an angry assertiveness about Hartley that forbade opposition. Adam, knowing him of old, accepted his master-ship.

"Vara weel, go ahead; but mind, I resairve the right to object."

"And I resairve the right to punch your silly old head. Shut up and listen, will you?"

"You're impulsive as ever, Dick."

Dick took up a ledger from the table and poised it threateningly.

"Say another word and I'll down you."

"Never a worrud, Dick. Go on."

"I've got a goon—Maxim goon. Wilmot found it. A Reform Committee's goon. Going to run it into Magato's country."

Adam let out a long-drawn "Whoo!"

"But, Dick, that requires an awfu' lot o' conseederation. It's a great risk you're running."

"I tell you it's you who are running risk by making me feel wicked. Shut up, I say, before I clout ye."

Adam shut up.

In jerky staccato sentences Hartley told the story of the find, checking the frequent and impatient interruptions and questions of the astonished Adam by raising the book at throwing angle.

"That goon has got to be brought here and fixed up, and you are the man to do it."

"But, Dick, I've not said I will have anything to do with such an infringement o' the common-sense laws o' the country. It's arming savages you're doing."

"You've got nothing to do with that. You've got to fix up that goon."

"But suppose I refuse on strictly legal grounds; I'll say nothing o' the moral objections."

"Then I'll just go in and smash up that silly old invention of yours."

Adam started, and in a moment wore such an expression of terror that Wilmot was startled too.

Hartley went on. "Don't suppose he has shown you his

machine, eh, Wilmot? Silly old crank! Got a bee in his bonnet over perpetual motion. Takes on jobs at deserted mines so that he can have the run of the workshops and be left alone."

The secret of the workshop was out.

"You've entirely misconceived the idea, Dick. It's not perpetual motion I'm after, but the consairvation of energy, which is another matter entirely, and the multiplicity and acceleration of motive power by agencies purely mechanical, but not yet understood."

Adam always adopted the formal language and manner of the lecturer when "explicating."

"Not yet understood! I should think not. You don't understand it yourself. But I'm not going to discuss perpetual motion with a lunatic. I don't want your theories, I want your mechanical facts. The laws of mechanics according to the text-books are good enough for me. You've got to put that goon together and keep the thing as close as you do that thing of your own. If not, bang goes the machine—so!" and Hartley brought the ledger with a sounding thud upon the table.

"You're taking advantage of your superior brute strength," observed Adam in a tone that conveyed acceptance of the situation. "But it's altogether useless, for I've never seen a Maxim gun and don't know how to fix one."

"That's what you've got to find out. It's the first time

you've ever admitted you didn't know everything," answered Hartley.

He proceeded to details, silencing all Adam's objections by refusing to believe they were seriously meant, till the old man meekly promised to do his best. He was careful to put in a saving clause.

"I'm not so certain about secrecy on this place," said he. "You see, the staff's been increased, and the Directors will be poking around presently. They've got to make a show of earning their fees and pretending they know something of their property."

"Did ever a Director or any one else get a glimpse of your infernal machine if you didn't wish it?" Hartley demanded.

"Nae, I've always been varra careful and discreet."

"Then keep on being it, otherwise—— So-o-o!" and bang came the ledger.

"Show me where you keep that machine."

Adam started up in terror, for Hartley had moved towards the door.

"No, no, Dick, I dare not. Come back, Dick. I'll do what you want. I can do it,—I'm certain I can. It's a shooting business, but I'll do it, if you leave my machine alone. Don't go, Dick; don't go."

The old man almost howled, and capsized his chair in his haste to interpose between Hartley and the door.

"Sit thee doon, Adam. I'm not going. If you mean what you say, so do I. I know you have kept your secret quiet enough, and a place that's

good enough for your machine is good enough for my goon. Sit down, man; you look white."

"I must have a wee drop to steady mynairves, Dick. You're worse than a thunderstorm, which always upsets me."

He poured out three portions of whisky into teacups with shaking hand. There was no question about the disturbing effect of Dick's impetuosity, neither was there as to the steadying corrective of the whisky. In a few minutes Adam was listening critically but quietly to the plan for unearthing the gun and bringing it to the mine.

"I've figured everything out," said Hartley. "In eleven weeks I shall have finished my job on the East Rand, and have about a hundred sovereigns, and I know where I can hire or borrow a waggon and span of oxen, and can see our way through. Are you playing the game, Wilmot?"

The young man affected not to understand the question, and for reply produced the cheque for his first month's wages, which he had not yet cashed.

"That's good, but don't go in to cash it yourself."

"Why not?"

Hartley significantly raised his hand to his mouth.

"There's no fear of that," Wilmot replied, a little angry.

"You're but a chicken yet, Wilmot," Hartley answered gravely. "You don't know what it means, going into a town with a cheque, after a month in a hole like this. 'Tisn't human nature not to

celebrate. It's in the air, man. It's the curse of the country. Half of us would have been in the old country enjoying ourselves by this time, but for that month's end spree. Don't I know it! Look here; miss this chance, and you're done; I'm done, we're all done. Never go into town without a tight collar."

It was only the profound earnestness of Hartley that prevented Wilmot laughing. He hid his amusement in the cup of whisky. Dick was never so ardent an exhorter to abstinence as when he had a drink handy.

The three men sat long that evening, talking on and round the subject of the gun in all its bearings. Hartley had evidently well thought out his plans, for not a detail appeared to have been overlooked. Adam suggested a few amendments, to which Hartley assented, after long pauses for consideration, during which he drew illustrated diagrams on the bare table with the ends of burnt matches.

Gradually the discussion got round to Adam's mysterious machine. The old man had astutely side-tracked it several times, not wishing to reopen a subject that always produced a storm; but, as the liquor began to assert its effects, he grew bolder. A slight mistake made by Hartley on a point of mine mechanics was too tempting to let pass unimproved.

"And you're the man that dares to criticise the construction of my motor!" was the signal for the fray, which the

other was in no humour to shirk.

Wilmot sat and smoked in quiet enjoyment of the struggle. The old man was by far the better debater, and his subtle Socratic method of asking innocent questions on abstruse points drew Hartley into a web of contradiction and tacit confessions of ignorance, from which he only partially extricated himself by renewing his threat to punch Adam's silly old head. The more Adam drank, the more mercilessly logical he became, while Dick, on the contrary, grew involved and assertive, leaving points open for attack of which his opponent was quick to take advantage.

After his twentieth threat of violence had provoked the philosophical retort that knocking the ledger to pieces would not disturb the cast-up of the figures it contained, Hartley summed up the position with a charge all along the line. "But, man," said he, banging the now damaged ledger on the table, "you have the experience and testimony of all the mechanics in the world against you."

"So had Jamie Watt and George Stephenson. Didn't Dr Priestley, your great English *theoretical* scientist," — Adam italicised the adjective, — "offer to eat the first steam-boat that crossed the Atlantic. Yet I never heard of his doing it."

Hartley was relighting his pipe when this retort was fired, so Adam took advantage of the temporary disarmament of his

adversary to follow up his point.

"There was never yet a scientific theory propounded that wasn't declared nonsense. What about cyanide on the Rand, eh? Answer that."

This was a severe and telling thrust, for Hartley had been one of the old school of mining men who had opposed the introduction of the cyanide process of extracting gold, which had practically saved and established the industry.

"Will you dare to say that the Ultima Thule of human knowledge and ingenuity has been reached? Are you a dunder-headed Canute, who will say to the waves of mechanical progress, 'So far shalt thou go and no farther'? How can you know what is in this brain of mine? How can you tell what new principle of mechanical motion I may have discovered?"

"But yours is not a new principle," Hartley feebly objected.

"And what is my principle?" Adam demanded the answer magisterially.

"I don't know it."

Adam rose, and with one hand on the table and the other pointing at his victim, pronounced sentence—

"Out of your own mouth are you convicted. You confess that you know nothing. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. You have no *corpus* on which to hold an inquest. You are a dense, assertive, ignorant negationist, who denies the existence of a thing because he has not the brains to conceive it; you are destruc-

tive without the capacity to construct; you are——"

Adam never completed the sentence. The oft-poised ledger arrived without warning, and catching him full in the chest, laid inventor, chair, and table in a tangle on the floor.

The old man gathered himself into a sitting posture, replaced the chair, and putting his head through the back as in a picture-frame, remarked—

"Man, you've a magnificent muscle, but brute force cannot upset the eternal verities. Your brain is mud, mud, mud!"

Then he dodged, while Hartley skipped over the capsized table, and, sitting on the old man's chest, seized the bald head between his big hands.

"Say that again, and I'll bash your crazy brain," he roared, shaking him.

"It's a fig—fig—figure of speech," came jerkily and gurgling from his throat, as Hartley bumped his head on the floor.

"Only a figure o' speech, eh? well, that's all right. If I thought you meant it I'd wipe the floor with you. Get up and give me a drink."

Adam got up, readjusted the furniture, and calmly poured out what was left in the bottle.

"Man," said he, "but it's an awful waste of good whisky," and he looked ruefully at the bottle, that had been all but emptied by its fall.

Wilmot, who had begun to be alarmed at the serious turn things had threatened, expressed his satisfaction at the cessation of hostilities by a humorous suggestion that difference of

opinion was the result of variations in the shape of the head.

"Don't talk about shapes of heads," said Hartley. "It's the recollection of his head-machine that makes me feel wicked. Have you seen that damned bump-measuring machine of his? That thing lost me a fortune. The old fool had it with him when we were up in Magato's kraal; Magato took a fancy to me, agreed to give me a concession for mahogany and teak, when Adam clapped that machine on his head and frightened him half out of his wits. Gave us six hours to clear out. Missed the finest thing of my life. Can you wonder that I get wicked when Adam talks of his inventions?"

"It's the old story," said Adam sadly. "Inventors are the benefactors of the human race, but get their heads bumped by the ignorant and unappreciative."

"That bump-machine benefited me a lot, didn't it! Never mind, let's have another drink. Damn you for making me feel wicked!"

Adam resumed his seat at the table and drank. "Here's your health, Dick; I've no ill-will, and wouldn't mak' you angry if you weren't such a dense dolt when it comes to an abstract proposition. You have no imagination or logic, man. You're a gross materialist, and look only at results; and they're very poor in your case."

"I can't get your bump-machine out of my head, and if you mention it again I'll smash it."

The threat had its effect for a time, for, as Adam confided to Wilmot later, the organ of destructiveness was so abnormally developed in Hartley's head that there was always danger lurking therein. That was why he conciliated him.

Hartley, like most big men, was as easily soothed as a child, and in ten minutes the atmosphere was blissfully calm with tobacco-smoke and the odour of decent whisky. But Adam could not rest content with the moral victory he had secured in debate, particularly as his opponent was showing signs of sleepiness by alternately lying back in his chair with closed eyes, or leaning heavily over the table, apparently endeavouring to comprehend the charcoal diagrams.

"To avoid unnecessary friction," he began, "which is the objective point in applied mechanics, let us tak' it for granted that I am a fool and a crank."

Hartley nodded a drowsy assent, and Adam poured out his seventh and presumably final whisky from a new bottle.

"I will not irritate you by reminding you that fools in all ages have applied the same opprobrious epithets to every original mind that was beyond their limited power of conception, nor will I tell you that cranks have been the motive-force that has moved the world. You are too grossly destitute of the orrgan of causality to understand me, even if I were to inoculate you with the virus of common-sense with the aid of mechanical

reasoning such as you in your brute strength attempted with that heavy book. Just for a lucid interval try to remember that you once learned the rudiments of the exact science of Geometry, and I'll explicate. Look here!" and he began to draw diagrams on the table with the ends of matches, while Hartley looked sleepily on, nodding qualified approval.

Adam talked rapidly, and illustrated as he talked, frequently amending his diagrams by rubbing them out with his palm and redrawing them until compelled by Hartley to restore them to their original form.

"None o' that. Stick to your original proposition," and he would rub out the alteration, and both attempt to reproduce the original.

About midnight Wilmot grew tired of trying to bottle up his laughter at the sight of the solemn faces of the disputants, smudged with the charcoal, and retired to bed just as the two abandoned the diagrams for practical demonstration of the laws of motion with a wheel, wrenched from a barrow, and weighted with books hung round its periphery. As he dozed off he was dimly conscious that the experiment had confuted Hartley, for he was threatening to clout somebody, who retorted with a brief but pointed observation on the folly of appealing to an intellect that was so obviously befuddled with whisky that it could not discern the difference between a sine or chord and the segment of a wheelbarrow.

Next morning Hartley was

up and about, with the alertness of the healthy vigorous animal he was. At breakfast he gave his audience a clear *résumé* of the plan of campaign as settled overnight, with useful hints as to the conduct of any correspondence that might be necessary, arranging an ingenious code of phrases that, in the event of a letter falling into unauthorised hands, would render it unintelligible, and generally displayed a resourcefulness and mastery of the situation that impressed Wilmot much, and confirmed his already firm belief in the fitness of Hartley for leadership.

Adam, on his part, undertook to receive the gun into his secret workshop, on the distinct understanding that neither of the others was to enter the building without his consent, to which undertaking both solemnly pledged themselves.

One night, during the intervals of the moon, the gun was dug up without native assistance, and safely deposited by the side of the mysterious motor. In the course of the following day Wilmot was admitted to the workshop, after a long and solemn reminder of his pledge of secrecy in the matter of the motor, where he had his first full and unhurried gaze on the treasure that he regarded as the nucleus of his fortune.

Despite his self-depreciatory protests, Adam had proved an ingenious mechanic. Although he had never before seen such a piece of machinery, he had fixed it together in a couple of hours. But when it came to

testing the working, the awful fact stood revealed that a vital part of the feeding apparatus was missing. The gun would do everything except receive the cartridges at the proper place in the breech, and therefore was, for all practical purposes, useless. Adam had thought out a remedy, or rather a principle on which to base a remedy, but he preferred to consult Hartley before acting upon it.

Dick came over in response to an urgent letter, and inspected the fault and Adam's suggested substitute for the missing action. This latter was certainly ingenious, and fed the breech; but its action was erratic, and lacked the smoothness and certainty of the real thing.

"It's no good taking an incomplete thing to 'Mpfeu,'" said Hartley. "He is no missionary fool savage, and is not to be swindled. I've promised a good goon for good diamonds, and I'll keep my word or drop the thing."

During the long and anxious consultation between the two mechanics, Wilmot suddenly received an inspiration. He remembered having met, in his early days in Johannesburg, a man who claimed to know much about modern artillery. He was only the casual acquaintance of an evening, but if he could be found he might be made useful. It was a very remote chance, but unless Adam could perfect his suggestion light must be sought elsewhere.

Meanwhile Wilmot was to

make cautious inquiries as to the whereabouts of this engineer, and Adam was to carry out the scheme Hartley had devised for concealing and transporting the cartridges, the only heavy and troublesome part of the equipment. He was to construct a framework of timber that, to the casual observer, would appear merely the ordinary headgear of a mine-pump or drill used in boring for the reef. These timbers were to be hollow cases formed of inch planking instead of solid baulks, and inside them the cartridges and small working parts of the gun could be safely concealed. A ten-foot long steel rod, known as a jumper-drill, would be included with the gear, and when the whole was complete it would require some technical knowledge and certainly the close inspection of the average man to disprove the proposed description of the thing as a new kind of prospecting drill. The gun was encased in an unostentatious block, but the cartridge-lined headgear, consisting of twenty-foot lengths of timbering six inches by eight, was a formidable matter, for it bulked heavily. The transportation of the cartridges from their hiding-place was a tiresome and long-drawn task that extended over the nights of three weeks, as there was no cart on the mine, and the boxes had to be brought away two at a time in a wheelbarrow.

Adam grumbled horribly at this work, which seemed to damp the little enthusiasm that had been aroused by the

struggle with the gun. He croaked the most gloomy forebodings, and at times quite killed the thrills of anticipation which had filled Wilmot with happiness. Adam's objections were equally divided between the moral and material aspect of the business. Wilmot had but a vague idea of the nature of the risk he was sharing in breaking a law that, perhaps, above all others, had the support and approval of the entire white population of South Africa. The arming of Kafirs has ever been in the eyes of Boers and Colonials the most dastardly of crimes, and there were few among the later arrivals in the country who would not regard it with horror and detestation when its significance was explained.

When pressed for reasons Adam confessed that his objections were based more on the personal risk than on the principle involved. Hartley had

not expressed his views on the ethical side of the question; the danger had little weight with him, according to Adam, and that Wilmot could believe. When the matter occupied his thoughts Wilmot mollified his scruples by arguing that one machine-gun would not count for much in the hands of unskilled natives; and even if, after a few trials, the piece did not break down, the hundred thousand cartridges that was the stock of ammunition would not last long, especially if, as was more than probable, the chief indulged in much preliminary practice. However, a fortune was not a trifle to be set aside for the sake of a moral scruple and a contingency that might never occur. So Wilmot dismissed it and began his quest for the authority on modern artillery by writing to persons in Johannesburg likely to know where he was to be found and awaited developments.

(To be continued.)

MANNERS AND MORALS IN THE KENNELS.

THOSE writers who have studied the intelligence of animals have paid but little attention to the mental characteristics of the foxhound. Most of the dog stories that are told to exemplify some point of canine psychology are of the intelligence displayed by our house pets or by collies. Now, no careful observer can doubt that the dog learns many things from his constant association with man. The close and steady watching of his friends, to which the faithful animal's affection prompts him, opens out to him a new region of thought, and removes him to a certain distance from others of his race. As the companion of man, he puts away many doggish ways, and within the limits of his capacity he adopts those of the beings he loves. Thus among these specimens of the race we seldom see the dog as he is, but rather as the friend of man. While he has lost many of the resources of the canine race, he has gained some of the pleasures and many of the pains of mankind.

The only place where we can view dog nature in a condition at all approaching that of its primitive state is in a kennel of hounds. There, and there only, I think, we see the animals living in a state which is a meeting-point between the community life of the wild dog and the artificial existence of the dog which is in fact a member of our family.

It is in the kennel that we can trace the beginnings of the remarkable intelligence which dogs manifest. Professor Romanes, in his 'Animal Intelligence,' remarks that the psychology of the dog would require a treatise to itself. But Darwin opens out a whole train of thought on this subject when he points out in 'The Descent of Man' that social animals possess the highest possibilities of mental development among brutes. No one can doubt that the intelligence which originally led animals to perceive the advantage to the race of uniting into a community must have been above the average, or that a community life having been once adopted, the beginning was made of that upward progress to what we may call canine ethics, which is so marked in dogs. Foremost among these we may note the subordination of self for the common good, an elementary sense of duty to one's fellows, and of the obligation of the strong to defend the weak. These traits appear in a more or less developed form in all animals that live in community.

In the case of the foxhounds, however, though they live in community, they have not the primal necessity of supplying themselves with food. Nor to the same extent as the wild dogs do they fall under the rule of the stronger hounds of the pack. At every moment of

their lives are George and Jim with their thongs, to keep order and prevent the conflicts by which the master dog works his way to the rule of the pack. Nevertheless, we can see clearly the traces of the old life. Nor can any one who has lived with a pack of hounds doubt that they have among them certain rules and regulations of their own. Age, strength, and wisdom are respected, for I am sure that the stronger and older dogs exact and receive certain tokens of respect and submission from the others. No young hound, for instance, will be allowed to interfere with the time-honoured right of one of the fathers of the pack to his own particular place on the benches at night, or to usurp his place at the feeding-trough.

But one of the rules which is most strongly impressed on their minds is that the greatest of all sins is to leave the pack. Now, it is evident that there could be no safety, in a wild state, either for individuals or the community, except by keeping well together. It is said, indeed, that the packs of wild dogs in India are more than a match for a tiger; but alone they fall an easy prey to their constant enemy the leopard, whose ancestral predilection for dog-flesh has caused many a vacant place among our favourites in that land of exile. Indeed, though the pack together can pull down a sambur, this stag could easily beat off one or two couple of dogs. Therefore the first law of the pack is unity of action. The neces-

sities of jungle life have so impressed this on the mind of the hunting dog, that now in the present day we find the same law prevailing. We come as it were into touch with the primitive dog in our kennels on this point. For if a hound leaves the pack or is for any reason lost for a time, it will not have escaped even a casual observer how on his return the hackles of the older hounds go up, and that a series of growls will express their disapproval and anger. Just so doubtless the fathers of the jungle packs greeted the truants, possibly expressing their disapproval in a still more forcible manner.

To the same deeply implanted disapproval of a hound leaving the pack is, I think, to be attributed the habit of falling on and perhaps killing a hound that rolls off its bench at night. In this case, however, the voice of the huntsman or the crack of the whip will still the tumult. The instinct of the pack is to throw themselves upon their fallen comrade and rend him for his fall. He is for the time one apart from themselves. Yet in obedience to discipline their anger is soon appeased. It is indeed related that one huntsman had a bell suspended above the benches, from which a cord hung over his bed. Whenever a disturbance arose he had only to pull the cord and the kennel was at peace.

Another relic of tribal ethics I have noted. Every one knows that from time to time hounds take a dislike to one of their number, and the life of such a dog is in danger if he

is not removed. In all such cases that have come under my own notice I have found that the hated hound was an idler, one that had either no heart or no capacity for work. But I should not like to say that this was always so. As a case in point, some years ago, when in India, I received with a draft a hound named Champion. With him I was delighted at first, for he was an exceedingly handsome hound. Then came doubts, for I wondered why such a good-looking hound should have been drafted if there was not something more than usual against him. From the first the leading hounds of the pack disliked him. Old Senator rolled him over. Villager, the best and mildest of the seniors, never passed him without a growl; and Gambler, a very keen and savage hound, watched his opportunity to do him ill. The whole kennel was disturbed, and poor Champion was obviously in Coventry. He was always to be seen sitting alone in a corner with his ears turned back, in the way many dogs do when they are unhappy. At last one day when we were at exercise the pack, led by Gambler, fell on the luckless Champion, and my man and myself had some difficulty in rescuing him. After this Champion was sent across to the ladies' kennel; but he was scarcely more popular there, although he was not ill-used. It was with them that he first went out hunting. Then the secret was out. Champion had no taste for hunting. He never did any work,—indeed

he took no interest whatever in the sport.

Since Champion's day I have had or known hounds that had not even the faintest trace of a hunting instinct, as I have had pointers that would not point and retrievers without the instinct to fetch and carry. But hounds that do not work have always been disliked in the kennel. While I do not say that a useless hound is invariably ill-treated—and of course a hound may be unpopular in the pack on account of his surly temper—yet in the majority of cases when one has been attacked, the sufferer has been useless in his work. I suggest therefore that the conduct of the pack shows us that the community used to put away its useless members, and thus keep up the working strength of their body.

There is, however, in every kennel a hound that is master, and when his rule has weighed heavily on his fellows I have twice noticed something very like a conspiracy among the others to rid themselves of the tyrant. In these cases the leaders in the attack are not necessarily the most quarrelsome hounds; but there seemed in one case, as I shall show, a disposition to make a simultaneous attack. The pack once aroused is for no half measures, and the latent savagery of the hounds seems thoroughly stirred. Every kennel has such stories of outbreaks where the hounds have killed and eaten a companion, this generally being one whose temper was uncertain.

In one pack there was a powerful hound that lorded it over the others. If he fancied a snug corner he simply went up to the occupant and growled, on which the other hound would rise up and resign the coveted place. That the others were afraid of him was plain. One day they were all around him in the yard when they made a simultaneous dash at old Ravager. The feeder hearing the scrimmage rushed in, and with the greatest difficulty rescued him. The others had him on the ground, and he was so badly bitten that he was shortly afterwards drafted. In the other case a hound of a most sulky and unsocial disposition, but which was always keen for blood, was racing, hackles up, at the head of the pack and close to a sinking fox. The hard-pressed fox managed to squeeze into a drain, and Challenger followed and stuck fast. In a moment the rest of the pack had pulled him out and killed him. I must say, however, that this may have been rather the wild excitement of the chase than revenge, for we cannot forget the difficulty of stopping men at a sham fight when they are charging and their blood is up. On the other hand, it was strange that this hound should have been the victim, since the pack never showed any desire to attack their fellows who had fallen into difficulties during the chase.

As soon as we take our hounds out of the kennel and into the field, we see at every turn the traces of the working

of the primitive pack for their common ends. Until the game is afoot the hounds spread far and wide over the covert. Once a hound strikes a scent, his voice, or, if the line is not strong enough to justify a note, his waving stern, signals to the others, and the widespread pack comes together in a moment. They push forward together on the line, and a small space now suffices for the whole of them. They are sure that the quarry has passed, but not sure how near he is. Now one hound speaks, then another, and the whole are streaming away, the older and stronger hounds throwing their tongues.

Hounds have a most varied vocabulary, if so we may call it, and there are several notes in the chase, each clearly distinguishable from the others. There is the call which denotes a find, the eager yell which proclaims the line, the satisfied chiming chorus which served originally to keep the younger and less experienced members of the pack together and to call up stragglers. There is, too, the note of savagery, which tells of the expectation of blood. This, no doubt, was in primitive days the expression of hunger anticipating satisfaction.

But at this point we come across a curious instance of the effect of civilisation on the hound. Just as his master no doubt originally took to hunting to satisfy his needs, but now finds his pleasure in the chase, so the hound takes a pleasure in the actual scent, apart from the original reason

of his hunting for the satisfaction of his hunger. No doubt the scent of the quarry delighted by its suggestions of gratified appetite, just as the smell of cooking may raise anticipations of coming pleasure in the hungry or greedy man. But now scent is clearly a pleasure in itself, for, if a huntsman will allow it, a hound will often rejoice and bay over the place where the scent is strongest, returning to it again and again, instead of pressing on in pursuit. There are indeed many hounds in every pack who are indifferent to blood. They work as hard as any while the chase goes on, but sit around perfectly uninterested after the death of the fox or the otter.

If you wish to see a return by the hound to primitive methods of hunting you should go down to Exmoor and watch the hounds hunting the wild stag. This is a most notable instance of a return to a primitive environment arousing ancestral instinct. The staghounds used on Exmoor are merely foxhounds too big for their own packs. They come from many sources; but Belvoir blood, which has certainly not hunted the stag for one hundred and fifty years, is as much valued there as elsewhere. Yet not only do the hounds enter readily to the stag, but they return to what I believe to be their natural method of hunting. Right up from primitive times the hound has hunted the deer, and when our ancestors were perhaps hardly much more civilised than the wild

dogs it was the latter, not the former, that had the greater success in the chase of the deer. The deer was the dogs' favourite food, and doubtless for this reason the scent of the stag is to-day sweeter than any other to the hounds. When man came to the front in the struggle for existence, and made the dog his ally in hunting, the deer was the chief quarry hunted. So that long before the fox was pursued the stag was hunted, and far more preponderant than any other among the instincts of the hound is that of chasing the deer.

It is most curious to note how readily the foxhound becomes a staghound, going back in many respects to the ways of his old White Talbot ancestry.

Watch staghounds when they are laid on. However good the scent they string out, not carrying a head and running with a broad front like foxhounds, but each one enjoying the scent for himself. They have relapsed at once to the primitive formation of the pack in hunting. Again the old Talbot or White St Hubert spoke when he touched the line, but ran almost mute during the chase, speaking again when he recovered the scent after a check, or when having ran up to the stag the quarry sprang up close in front, and again at the bay. So, too, the staghounds generally run mute, except at these points of the chase.

I was present the other day at a most interesting and in-

structive bay. The body of the pack had gone off on another line, and the hunted stag was brought down to the water by a single hound. This was a puppy, and probably in his first season, perhaps hunting his first stag. It was quite easy to detect in the hound's notes the call to the pack. Nor did he attempt to attack the stag by himself any more than his ancestors would have done. He kept near, though out of reach of the threatening antlers, and called. Two or three other hounds answered, and coming dribbling up joined in the bay. But when, summoned by the Master's horn, the whole pack at last came up and mastered the situation, the voices changed. There was an old dark hound standing just below me on the bank. So long as there were only a few hounds assembled he uttered the deep boh-boh-booooh of the hound baying, the call for help to the pack. But no sooner had the other hounds come in sight than his voice changed to the concentrated savage notes which sound like intense hatred, but are really the expression of the hunger of his ancestors and the early traditions of the chase.

The Duke of Beaufort's hounds, from whose original strains even the choicest families of the Belvoir kennel are descended, were undoubtedly originally a staghound pack, and up to the time of the late Duke of Beaufort retained traces of their staghound origin. The Badminton pack were notable for their power

of holding to the line of their hunted fox amid the distractions of fresh lines, and it is interesting to see how the modern foxhound when he comes to the kennels of the Devon and Somerset frequently develops the same power. It is evident that this too is a reversion to a necessary primitive attribute. For if the wild-dog pack had continually changed they would not often have killed, and the same is true of the modern staghound. It is the main object of the hunted stag to shift the chase on to some other member of the herd, younger and weaker than himself. This manoeuvre is often attempted, and but for the fact that some hounds learn to distinguish between the line of the hunted stag and that of a fresh quarry, it would be oftener crowned with success than it is now.

Again, when we return to the kennel we find that some curious customs prevail, of which not the least remarkable is the "singing" in kennel. Hounds do this most often on summer nights, and seem to enjoy it; but I have never been able to understand what the reason of the custom is. It seems more like practising than anything else, and as one lies awake and listens, the sound carries one away to the past scenes of the chase. It is possible that hounds too are chanting old hunting-songs of their race, and telling of past joys and exploits.

From our experience of hounds in the field and in the kennel we draw evidence that their marvellous instincts are

the result of tribal memory—*i.e.*, memory which is common to all instead of an individual possession. This the short span of life allotted to dogs makes even more necessary for them than for us. So it often comes about that what we do by reason, the brutes do by instinct. For it may be noted that each animal has the smallest amount of instinct at its start in life that is necessary for the survival of the race. Directly the pressure of need ceases the animal is left to its own personal experience and the exercise of its intelligence. That there is, however, always a substratum of reason below the instinctive actions is shown by the fact that these can be restrained by discipline.

There is another point in the character of dogs that a study of hounds in kennels brings clearly home to the careful observer. Although hounds are very much alike, and indeed we can carry back the leading strains to a single family bred in the kennels of the Belvoir Hunt in 1876, and although the kennel discipline is everywhere much the same, yet hounds have their individual characters strongly marked. The resemblance is only skin-deep, and imposed by our love of uniformity in externals. What Darwin writes of mankind, that it is variable in mind, and that mental variations tend more to be inherited than bodily ones, is also true of dogs. Family characteristics are inherited in the kennel. For example, there was a notable hound named Gambler in

the Duke of Rutland's kennels. This hound had great physical strength, was a marvellous hunter, with a power of nose that was remarkable. On one occasion a dry and dusty road had brought hounds to a standstill. Then down the road came old Gambler. He lashed his stern, gave a few reassuring notes, and put them all right. And now, wherever we go, if we see over a dusty fallow or a bad scenting stretch of rough ground a dark-coloured hound come dashing to the front, we hardly need to ask how he is bred. We may be pretty sure he is a descendant of the Duke of Rutland's Gambler.

Whenever we dip into hunting lore we find the same strong family characteristics descend. The descendant of one family always trots to cover under the huntsman's stirrups. Another has a wonderful instinct for finding his fox, and yet another seems to feel no interest in the chase till it is time to run for blood.

Let me take the reader into a kennel, and as he will see a common life so also will he find plenty of individual characters. There is old Gambler—no relation of the famous hound—he has an indifferent digestion and a good heart. Never passes over an injury, but bears no malice. He is a light feeder and a hard worker, and the object of constant care. He is, I think, more attached to his master than any hound in kennel; but a rough word will send his hackles up and lift his lip into a snarl. There is Villager, the best and steadiest

hound in the pack. He is never wrong and has no faults, and as he swings his stern gently for the biscuit he knows will be given him, you can see sense and benevolence written all over him. Then, lithe, and twisting herself insinuatingly, comes Lavish, a beautiful hound, fast, faultless in shape, but eaten up with jealousy. If she hits off the line first, her light musical tongue may be trusted absolutely; but if another hound is more successful, she is quite capable of throwing her tongue and dashing off at right angles to the true line. The old grey hound with the wise face is Driver. He has retired from active work since the day when he found he could not go the pace of his younger fellows. One day he turned back and went straight home. He is a favourite and does as he pleases, trots to the fixture with the pack and helps to find, but never comes out of covert. When the rest of the pack come out, the old hound goes home. He will not toil along in the rear where he used to lead the van. There again is Senator, who never brooks an injury nor forgives one, but is a good and useful hound, with a nose so marvellously fine that he will hold a line for a mile or more when no other hound can own it. That very handsome hound of a rich tan with a peculiarly noble expression is Beadsman. He is the Pecksniff of the kennel. He is, in fact, about to be drafted. In the field he is useless, though he always stands in full view of spectators at the meet, and

utters a roar expressive of impatience to begin. Yet I believe the only thing he does is to pick up carrion and look out for stray rabbits. I have seen him bolt a rabbit like a pill. He is often missing and always fat. Beadsman has a perfect genius for concealing bits of bone in his mouth and bringing them into kennel, where, needless to say, they cause strife and ill-feeling. He has done less work and more mischief than any other hound, yet is seldom or never detected in wrong-doing.

The original community life of the wild hunting-dog must of necessity have laid the foundations of certain moral characteristics. Darwin argues in the 'Descent of Man' that the capacity for association indicates a corresponding capacity for moral development. It is, of course, easy to see that no association could hold together without subordination of self and the exercise of self-control, and a willingness to help a companion or defend a weaker member of the clan. Many people have visited a well-organised foxhound kennel and admired the order and discipline that reign there. We have seen the hounds jump up on their benches at the huntsman's command, cease to growl and quarrel at a word of warning, come one by one to be fed at the huntsman's call, and leave the feeding-trough at once when ordered to do so. Again, with what an air of pitying consideration will a hound lick a sore place or a wound on a fellow.

So, too, in the field how wonderfully on the whole the pack restrains itself from riot. A plump rabbit or a fat hare is a great temptation to a hound that has been fasting for twenty-four hours. Yet it is evident that riot must have been avoided in the primitive times even when the pack was famishing. It has ever been the custom of the dog and his relative the wolf only to hunt when hungry. It is further clear that individuals could not have been permitted to go away after any cross-trails, or the pack would never have been able to kill its quarry. Hence the severity of the rule against leaving the pack which I have already noted, and the response which the hounds' inherited moral sense makes to the rate of the whipper-in and the crack of his thong. This last has taken the place of the teeth of the master dogs of the old pack. The act of riot was always wrong-doing, and must have been so if the pack was to exist. So that the huntsman has a foundation of hereditary habit of self-restraint and even of Altruism to work on.

We need not wonder, then, at the intelligence of our friend the dog, since the roots of it are fixed so far back in that capacity for social life which Darwin declares is at the root of all intelligence. The mind of the dog is older than our own, and his morality and manners have common springs of action. Yet it is this very common origin which marks the gulf between us, and enables us to see clearly

what modern philosophers have not always noted, the impassable gulf between the spiritual and natural even in things of the mind. That the dog has gone so far and yet has progressed no farther is one of the notes of this. Nay, the very perfection of his intelligence and morality within their necessary limits show that they are complete. The good hound, unlike the good man, is faultless, and every huntsman will tell you of hounds that never do wrong.

Indeed this is true of all animal intelligence within its limits: it is always more effective than ours. The hound Villager, already spoken of, never did wrong, nor was a thong ever laid on his back. He had a somewhat peculiar note, and to his voice all the pack would fly. For a mark of the value of moral force in the kennel is the confidence the rest of the pack have in the truthful hound. Beadsman, also mentioned before, had a beautiful voice, deep, mellow, and musical. But not a hound would go to him until his proclamation of a line had been confirmed by some other more trustworthy member of the pack. The fact that the hounds distinguish between the relative moral value of their comrades shows the existence of an ethical standard of an elementary and primitive kind, and manifests the truth that there are real morals as well as manners in the kennel. They are not only the result of submission to superior force. In fact, kennel discipline could never be en-

forced unless there were an hereditary sense of right and wrong to appeal to.

And with the sense of right and wrong there is a strong love of approbation. I have often noted, when riding through a covert, how a word of approbation and encouragement would cause an industrious hound to redouble his efforts. One hound, a very excellent but usually light-tongued bitch, named Victory, would always answer, when spoken to in covert, by a low eager snuffle like the noise a hound makes when dreaming of the chase. It was as though she would say, "I'm doing my best. I think he's been here, but I'm not certain enough to speak." When she was fairly sure she would speak, and then look back at me if I was within sight. Directly she saw the horn go to my lips she would scuttle off as hard as she could on the line, full of drive, and throwing her squeaky little tongue all the time.

So dependent on this love of approbation are hounds, that for a careless, silent, unobservant huntsman hounds will not work at all. For they express their approval and disapproval of their human friends in a most practical way. An amateur huntsman, who rides well but cares little for his

hounds, hardly knowing their names and very rough with them, I know. He rates and even hits at the hounds with his thong, generally when he does wrong himself. A friend draws many an excellent hound from this kennel, drafted as incorrigible, but really because they will not work for their master.

You can punish a hound for wrong-doing, but you cannot make him work for you by this means. The best hounds in your pack will do nothing for you if you do not reach the standard of canine well-doing in the field.

That the kennel is a peculiarly rich field for the observation of the intelligence of dogs I am certain. It is a pity that huntsmen are not as a rule more observant, and even amateurs take wonderfully little interest in the hounds as individuals. In this article I have but touched on the surface of a topic as interesting and important to the man of science as to the sportsman. The kennel, in spite of the literature and the importance of fox-hunting, is an almost unworked source of ideas for the students of that most fascinating of sciences, the psychology of our friend the dog.

T. F. DALE.

THE RAWHIDE.

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

CHAPTER VIII.—PREPARATIONS.

THIS, as you well may gather, was in the summer routine. Now the time of the great fall round-up drew near. The home ranch began to bustle in preparation.

All through Cochise County were short mountain-systems, set down apparently at random, like a child's blocks. In and out between them flowed the broad plain-like valleys. On the valleys were the various ranges, great or small, controlled by the different individuals of the Cattlemen's Association. During the year an unimportant but certain shifting of stock took place. A few cattle of Señor Johnson's Lazy Y eluded the vigilance of his riders to drift over through the Grand Pass and into the ranges of his neighbour; equally many of the neighbour's steers watered daily at Señor Johnson's troughs. It was a matter of courtesy to permit this; but one of the reasons for the fall round-up was a redistribution to the proper ranges. Each cattle-owner sent an outfit to the scene of labour. The combined outfits moved slowly from one valley to another, cutting out the strays, branding the late calves, collecting for the owner of that particular range all his stock, that he might select his marketable beef. In turn each

cattleman was host to his neighbours and their men.

This year it had been decided to begin the circle of the round-ups at the C O Bar near the banks of the San Pedro. Thence it would work eastward, wandering slowly in north and south deviation to include all the country, until the final break-up would occur at the Lazy Y.

The Lazy Y crew was to consist of four men, thirty riding-horses, a "chuck-waggon," and cook. These, helping others and receiving help in turn, would suffice; for in the round-up, labour was pooled to a common end. With them would ride Jed Parker to safeguard his master's interests.

For a week the punchers in their daily rides gathered in the range ponies. Señor Johnson owned fifty horses, which he maintained at the home ranch for everyday use; two hundred broken saddle animals, allowed the freedom of the range except when especial occasion demanded their use; and perhaps half a thousand quite unbroken—brood-mares, stallions, young horses, broncos, and the like. At this time of year it was his habit to corral all those saddle-wise, in order to select horses for the round-ups, and

to replace the ranch animals. The latter he set free for their turn at the freedom of the range.

The horses selected, next the men turned their attention to outfit. Each had, of course, his saddle, spurs, and "rope." Of the latter, the "chuck-waggon" carried many extra. That vehicle furthermore transported such articles as the blankets, the tarpaulins under which to sleep, the running irons for branding, the cooking lay-out, and the men's personal effects. All was in readiness to move for the six weeks' circle when a complication arose: Jed Parker, while nimbly escaping an irritated steer, twisted the high heel of his boot on the corral fence. He insisted the injury amounted to nothing. Señor Johnson, however, disagreed.

"It don't amount to nothing, Jed," he pronounced, after manipulation. "But she might be

made a good able-bodied injury with a little coaxing. Rest her a week, and then you'll be all right."

"Rest her!" growled Jed; "who's going to San Pedro?"

"I will, of course," replied the señor promptly. "Did'je think we'd send the Chink?"

"I was first cousin to a Yaqui jackass for sendin' young Billy Ellis out. He'll be back in a week. He'd do."

"So'd the President," the señor pointed out; "I hear he's had some experience."

"I hate to have you to go," objected Jed. "There's the missis." He shot a glance sideways at his chief.

"I guess she and I can stand it for a week," scoffed the latter. "Why, we're old married folks by now. Besides, you can take care of her."

"I'll try," said Jed Parker, a little grimly.

CHAPTER IX.—THE LONG TRAIL.

The round-up crew started early the next morning, just about sun-up. Señor Johnson rode first, merely to keep out of the dust. There followed Tom Rich, jogging along easily in the cow-puncher's "Spanish trot," whistling soothingly to quiet the horses, giving a lead to the band of saddle animals strung out loosely behind him. These moved on gracefully and lightly in the manner of the unburdened plains horse, half decided to follow Tom's guidance, half inclined to break to

right or left. Homer Smith and Jim Lester flanked them, also riding in a slouch of apparent laziness, but every once in a while darting forward like bullets to turn back into the main herd certain individuals whom the early morning of the unwearied day had inspired to make a dash for liberty. The rear was brought up by Jerky Jones, the fourth cow-puncher, and the four-mule "chuck-waggon" lost in its own dust.

The sun mounted; the desert went silently through its

changes. Wind devils raised straight true columns of dust six, eight hundred, even a thousand feet into the air. The billows of dust from the horses and men crept and crawled with them like a living creature. Glorious colour, magnificent distance, astonishing illusion filled the world.

Señor Johnson rode ahead looking at these things. The separation from his wife, brief as it would be, left room in his soul for the heart-hunger which beauty arouses in men. He loved the charm of the desert, yet it hurt him.

Behind him the punchers relieved the tedium of the march each after his own manner. In an hour the bunch of loose horses lost its early morning good spirits, and settled down to a steady plodding that needed no supervision. Tom Rich led them now in silence, his time fully occupied in rolling Mexican cigarettes with one hand. The other three dropped back together, and exchanged desultory remarks. Occasionally Jim Lester sang. It was always the same song, of uncounted verses; but Jim had a strange fashion of singing a single verse at a time. After a long interval he would sing another.

"My Love is a rider,
And broncos he breaks;
But he's given up riding,
And all for my sake;
For he found him a horse,
And it suited him so,
That he vowed he'd ne'er ride
Any other bronco!"—

he warbled, and then in the same breath—

"Say, boys, did you get on

to the *pisano*-lookin' shorthorn at Williams last week?"

"Nope."

"He sifted in wearin' one of these hard-boiled hats and carryin' a brogue thiek enough to skate on. Says he wants a job drivin' team,—that he drives a truck plenty back to St Louis, where he comes from. Goodrich sets him behind them little pinto *caballos* he has. Say, that son of a gun a driver! He couldn't drive nails in a snow-bank." An expressive free-hand gesture told all there was to tell of the runaway. "Th' shorthorn landed head first in Goldfish Charlie's horse-trough. Charlie fishes him out. 'How, stranger,' says Charlie, 'did you come to fall in here?' 'You fool!' says the shorthorn, just cryin' mad, 'I didn't come to fall in here; I come to drive horses.'"

And then, without a transitional pause,—

"Oh, my Love has a gun,
And that gun he can use,
But he's quit his gun-fighting
As well as his booze.
And he's sold him his saddle,
His spurs, and his rope,
And there's no more cow-punching,
And that's what I hope."

The alkali dust, swirled back by a little breeze, billowed up and choked him. Behind, the mules coughed, their coats whitening with the powder. Far ahead in the distance lay the westerly mountains. They looked an hour away, and yet each man and beast in the outfit knew himself doomed, hour after hour, by the enchantment of the land, to plod ahead without apparently getting an inch nearer. The only salvation was

to forget the mountains and to fill the present moment full of little things.

But Señor Johnson to-day found himself unable to do this. In spite of his best efforts he caught himself straining toward the distant goal, becoming impatient, trying to measure progress by landmarks,—in short, acting like a tenderfoot on the desert, who wears himself down and dies, not from the hardship, but from the nervous strain which he does not know how to avoid. Señor Johnson knew this as well as you and I. He cursed himself vigorously, and began with great resolution to think of something else.

He was aroused from this by Tom Rich riding alongside. "Somebody coming, señor," said he.

Señor Johnson raised his eyes to the approaching cloud of dust. Silently the two watched it until it resolved into a rider loping easily along. In fifteen minutes he drew rein, his pony dropped immediately from a gallop to immobility, he swung into a graceful at-ease attitude across his saddle, grinned amiably, and began to roll a cigarette.

"Billy Ellis!" cried Rich.

"That's me," replied the newcomer.

"Thought you was down to Tucson."

"I was."

"Thought you wasn't comin' back for a week yet."

"Tommy," proffered Billy Ellis dreamily, "when you go to Tucson next, you watch out until you sees a little squinch-eye Britisher. Take a look at

him. Then come away. He says he don't know nothin' about poker. Mebbe he don't; but he'll outhold a warehouse."

But here Señor Johnson broke in—

"Billy, you're just in time. Jed has hurt his foot, and can't get on for a week yet. I want you to take charge. I've got a lot to do at the ranch."

"Ain't got my war-bag," objected Billy.

"Take my stuff. I'll send yours on when Parker goes."

"All right."

"Well, so long."

"So long, señor."

They moved. The erratic Arizona breezes twisted the dust of their going. Señor Johnson watched them dwindle. With them seemed to go the joy in the old life. No longer did the Long Trail possess for him its ancient fascination. He had become a domestic man.

"And I'm glad of it," commented Señor Johnson.

The dust eddied aside. Plainly could be seen the swaying waggon, the loose-riding cow-boys, the gleaming naked backs of the herd. Then the veil closed over them again. But down the wind faintly in snatches came the words of Jim Lester's song,—

"Oh, Sam has a gun
That has gone to the bad,
Which makes poor old Sammy
Feel pretty damn sad;
For that gun it shoots high,
And that gun it shoots low,
And it wabbles about
Like a bucking bronco!"

Señor Johnson turned and struck spurs to his willing pony.

CHAPTER X.—THE DISCOVERY.

Señor Buck Johnson loped quickly back toward the home ranch, his heart glad at this fortunate solution of his annoyance. The home ranch lay in plain sight not ten miles away. As Señor Johnson idly watched it shimmering in the heat, a tiny figure detached itself from the mass and launched itself in his direction.

"Wonder what's eating him!" marvelled Señor Johnson; "and who is it?"

The figure drew steadily nearer. In half an hour it had approached near enough to be recognised.

"Why, it's Jed!" cried the señor, and spurred his horse. "What do you mean riding out with that foot?" he demanded sternly when within hailing distance.

"Foot!" gasped Parker, whirling his horse alongside. "Your wife's run away with Brent Palmer."

For fully ten seconds not the faintest indication proved that the husband had heard, except that he lifted his bridle-hand and the well-trained pony stopped.

"What did you say?" he asked finally.

"Your wife's run away with Brent Palmer," repeated Jed, almost with impatience.

Again the long pause.

"How do you know?" asked Señor Johnson then.

"Know! It's been going on for a month. Sang saw them drive off. They took the buckboard. He heard 'em

planning it. He was too scared to tell till they'd gone. I just found it out. They've been gone two hours. Must be going to make the limited." Parker fidgeted, impatient to be off. "You're wasting time," he snapped at the motionless figure.

Suddenly Johnson's face flamed. He reached from his saddle to clutch Jed's shoulder, nearly pulling the foreman from his pony.

"You lie!" he cried. "You're lying to me! It ain't so!"

Parker made no effort to extricate himself from the painful grasp. His cool eyes met the blazing eyes of his chief.

"I wish't I did lie, Buck," he said sadly. "I wish't it wasn't so. But it is."

Johnson's head snapped back to the front with a groan. The pony snorted as the steel bit his flanks, leaped forward, and with head outstretched, nostrils wide, the wicked white of the bronco flickering in the corner of his eye, struck the bee-line for the home ranch. Jed followed as fast as he was able.

On his arrival he found his chief raging about the house like a wild beast. Sang trembled from a quick and stormy interrogatory in the kitchen. Chairs had been upset and let lie. Estrella's belongings had been tumbled over. Señor Johnson there found only too sure proof in the various lacks of a premeditated and permanent flight. Still he hoped; and as long as

he hoped, he doubted, and the demons of doubt tore him to a frenzy. Jed stood near the door, his arms folded, his weight shifted to his sound foot, waiting, and wondering what the next move was to be.

Finally Señor Johnson, struck with a new idea, ran to his desk to rummage in a pigeon-hole. But he found no need to do so, for lying on the desk was what he sought—the cheque-book from which Estrella was to draw on Goodrich for the money she might need. He fairly snatched it open. Two of the cheques had been torn out, stub and all. And then his eye caught a crumpled bit of blue paper under the edge of the desk.

He smoothed it out. The cheque was made out to bearer, and signed Estrella Johnson. It called for fifteen thousand dollars. Across the middle was a great ink-blot, reason for its rejection.

At once Señor Johnson became singularly and dangerously cool.

"I reckon you're right, Jed," he cried in his natural voice. "She's gone with him. She's got all her traps with her, and she's drawn on Goodrich for fifteen thousand. And she never thought of going just this time of month, when the miners are in with their dust, and Goodrich would be sure to have that much. That's friend Palmer. Been going on a month, you say?"

"I couldn't say anything,

Buck," said Parker anxiously. "A man's never sure enough about them things till afterwards."

"I know," agreed Buck Johnson; "give me a light for my cigarette."

He puffed for a moment, then rose, stretching his legs. In a little he returned from the other room, the old shiny Colt's .45 strapped loosely on his hip. Jed looked him in the face with some anxiety. The foreman was not deceived by the man's easy manner; in fact he knew it to be symptomatic of one of the dangerous phases of Señor Johnson's character.

"What's up, Buck?" he inquired.

"Just going out for a *pasear* with the little horse, Jed."

"I suppose I'd better come along?"

"Not with your lame foot, Jed."

The tone of voice was conclusive. Jed cleared his throat.

"She left this for you," said he, proffering an envelope.

"Them kind always writes."

"Sure," agreed Señor Johnson, stuffing the letter carelessly into his side-pocket. He half drew the Colt's from its holster and slipped it back again. "Makes you feel plumb like a man to feel one of these things rubbin' against you again," he observed irrelevantly. Then he went out, leaving the foreman leaning, chair tilted, against the wall.

(To be continued.)

"VERY EXCELLENT THINGS ARE SPOKEN OF THEE,"
JERUSALEM.

"OH, come. I'm a bit of a liar myself, but really I cannot stand your outrageous statements," was my indignant remonstrance with my Jerusalem dragoman. He was not one whit more ruffled than if I had charged him with being an inveterate punster, and persisted in blandly backing up his falsehoods with the incessant asseveration, "It is all quite true, and beyond any possible doubt." Perhaps this paper will not be quite futile if I can put intending visitors to the Holy Land on their guard against unwholesome fables, and yet can convince them to what extent their personal scrutiny of sites will produce a realisation of events recorded in the Bible, and how far they will be compensated for the trouble and tedium of a journey from Port Said to Jerusalem.

For example, my ship, flea-infested, dirt-begrimed, and squalid, — trifling inconveniences at which the sensible traveller laughs at the time and swears subsequently, — deliberately steams past our objective point, Jaffa, only 150 miles from our port of embarkation, Port Said, and inflicts on us the penance of a preposterous circular route *via* Beyrout, 140 miles farther on. We loll at anchor in the bay, pacing the deck hour after hour with the suppressed growling of caged

animals, and waiting for a quarantine inspection which at first sight appears inexplicably purposeless. A greasy, solemn, fat Turkish apothecary crawls from his rotten-timbered wherry and puffingly struggles up our ship's side. He is accompanied by a diabolical-looking imp carrying a tattered bag, a battered watering-pot, and a squirt. He puts a handful of powder—or was it aboriginal dirt?—from the bag into the pot, and over the upper deck squirts a tiny spray, which the breeze instantly dissipates, and which would not be sufficiently powerful to dislodge an aphid from a geranium leaf. It is, however, assumed that we are now disinfected. One by one we march past our gallows-bird inspector in review order, and are pronounced clean. Now appears the true reason for the wearisome quarantine. This employee of the rotten Ottoman empire demands a shilling from each European traveller. Full of British cussedness and of fury at the prolongation of my voyage by 250 miles and thirty hours for this paltry plunder, I defiantly retort, "Well, I shan't pay your rascally extortion, and you know you can't make me." And the apothecary pasha, stroking his beard, replies, "It is true I cannot make you; but if you do not give me my

shilling, I shall report you to our authorities as suspected of disease, and you will be confined in a Turkish lazaretto for four days." How did I deal with this "poser"? I blush to confess,—I crawled.

From Beyrout our ship, with its clean bill of health, "progressed backwards" to Jaffa, —Jonah's Joppa,—where our landing, by means of small boats threading and plunging through a fringe of raging surf, is somewhat ticklish and exciting. Even a moderate breeze cuts off communication between ship and shore. Dirty transactions and craven attempts to bully are characteristics of all Turkish custom-houses; but the officials at Jaffa are preferable to most others, because they do not weary the Englishman with suggestions of underhand blackmail: they openly clamour for backsheesh. The mind somewhat revolts at bribing to violate duty until we realise that this expression is a misstatement. The Turkish Government absurdly underpays its employees, and publicly sanctions making good the deficit by the plundering of travellers. On the other hand, the Englishman has the satisfaction of Billingsgating to his heart's content the highest officials: they accept objurgation with spaniel fawning.

Jaffa, etymologically the Beautiful, is worth some penance of a dawdling voyage, by reason of the wealth of its historical realities mingled with the charm of its poetical myths. There is the rock to

which Andromeda was fabulously chained; there the rocky inlet whence Jonah certainly embarked—ecclesiastical relic-mongers have mercifully forbore from producing the skeleton of the fish, although the bones of a huge marine animal alleged to be Andromeda's monster, and her reputed fetters, were long an object of curiosity; here is the doubtful site of Tabitha's house, and also that of "one Simon, a tanner," where Peter tarried; and here Hiram undoubtedly sent cedars of Lebanon for the building of the Temple. Jaffa is closely associated with the campaigns of the Egyptian Thothmes, of Sennacherib who "came down like a wolf on the fold," of the Maccabees, of the Crusaders, of Saladin and Richard Cœur de Lion, and finally of Napoleon's Kleber and Napoleon's poisoning of the sick; it is impressive by its Oriental picturesqueness and entrancing by its sub-tropical beauty of vegetation. For centuries it was illustrious by its deeds of war; it is now beautiful by its deeds of mercy, carried out by the English Medical Mission and Orphanage.

Now, certain business-headed, but not necessarily hard-hearted, critics are wont to decry all missions because many of them are fraught with subterfuge and failure; but it may be questioned if any reasonable thinker can gird at the combination of missions and hospitals, established both at Jaffa and Damascus, where the objects are to alleviate pain and

to illustrate the lesson evoked by the question, "Who is my neighbour?" When I pay a "surprise visit" to the English hospital, I am entreated by the superintendent to explore and to question with the same minuteness as though I were conducting a barrack inspection, and I find the characteristics are: wards fulfilling every scruple of cleanliness and hygiene, a few cheerful in-patients, throngs of eager out-patients, comfort, skill, efficiency, and the all-pervading compassion of a Christianity which does not alternate between texts and curses. A Jewish convalescent seventeen-year's girl, a Rebecca of York in her Palestine beauty, eager and intelligent, is so absorbed in a French New Testament as to start nervously when I gently withdraw the book from her hand: she replies to my queries with a singular appreciation of the essential points at issue. "I can sympathise with your interest in the Old Testament records of your God and your country," I say in French; "but can you, a Jewish girl, care to study the New Testament, which so denounces the deeds of your fathers?" In soft tones, like the melody of a silver bell, she expostulates with me: "Pourquoi pas? Much of it is history; it is all true, and it all interests me more than I can explain to you." And my next question: "The miseries of your people—are you willing to read of them?" "Pourquoi pas? Alas! they were often caused

by their own evil." "And the teachings and deeds of Jesus Christ, do they please you?" "Pourquoi pas? they were good and beautiful." "But though you believe Jesus Christ was very holy, you do not believe He was God?" A flash of her upraised glance, "Pourquoi pas, monsieur?—though, I am not yet quite, quite sure"; then, with her beautiful eyes lowered, her sweet voice once more beseechingly whispered, "Pourquoi pas? oh, pourquoi pas?" I dared not break further into her mind then, but three months after I learned that she had declared herself a Christian.

An offshoot of the hospital is a small orphanage where are received boys and girls ranging from birth to twelve years old. They were mustered for my inspection, and well bore the unfailing test of childhood's welfare; they looked, not merely happy, but merry and well nourished. "Thirteen you said; I can only count twelve." "The baby is the absentee; he is asleep." Miss Watson, the originator, well deserves the donation of £50 which the Queen sent to the institution.

The railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem possesses the single interest of being cleverly engineered across mountains and valleys; otherwise the three-and-a-half hours' journey through a stony region of ever-increasing desolation, barrenness, and ugliness, gives rise to disappointment to a dismal degree. This the Promised Land flowing with milk and

honey, teeming with the riches of nature and the luxuriance of vegetation! Yes, of a surety, once, long ago. But now "the whole land is made desolate," ravaged by oft-repeated wars, pestilences, and famine, depopulated, and even essentially deteriorated through altered climatic conditions. Our depression deepens when we turn an angle of "the hills which stand about Jerusalem," and draw up at the railway-station situated on a sterile limestone plateau. Farewell to all highly wrought romantic expectation, at least so far as external aspect is concerned. The scene is one of ugly decay and squalor, of rags and dirt, of poverty and gloom. There is even a lack of enlivening babel of chatter amongst the crowd of mixed nationalities. A listless Moslem drives us in a decrepit vehicle, drawn by a tottering horse along a route which is both dusty and muddy, to the principal hotel, where we can, to say the least, obtain victuals and shelter.

Dismissing dejection, and plucking up heart with the reflection that no dismal externals can deprive Jerusalem of the intense interest attached to its sites, I betake myself direct to the very centre of Christian exploration — the sepulchre alleged to have been that of our Saviour, and now enclosed in a church. The open quadrangle in front is occupied by native hucksters and mendicants, and at the entrance is a guard of Turkish soldiers—in aspect as ruffianly as the dregs of Whitechapel—

stationed for the purpose of preserving order among the quarrelsome members of various Christian sects. This is especially necessary at Easter, when the Roman and Greek Catholics fight with the blood-thirstiness of famished wolves. The interior is even darker than the dim religious light dear to English Ritualists; only after painstaking peering can the forms of the different objects which claim attention be made out, and there always remains the sensation of semi-blind groping. The atmosphere is that of a subterranean vault—dust-laden, chilly, and choking. The columns and arches, unlovely in construction, are but roughly outlined in coarse featureless dilapidation. The area is broken up into niches, shrines, and chapels, the largest of which are but a few square feet in area, and dismally glower with some flickering corpse-lights, which seem to convert the inner gloom into outer darkness. More disconcerting than aught else is the jostling propinquity of the alleged sites. For example, my dragoman, a nominal Christian, points to an isolated slab as the stone whereon the body of our Saviour was placed when Nicodemus was preparing it for the tomb. Fifteen paces distant, proceeding in a straight line, is a small circular railing which indicates the exact square yard whence the women witnessed the anointing; thirty paces farther on is a little antechamber marking the spot in the garden where Christ made Himself

known to Mary Magdalene,—
 "Mary," "My Lord and my
 God,"—two small circles indicate the ground, to an inch, where it is claimed the speakers stood. Four steps upward, and I enter a chapel where, according to legend, our Saviour appeared to His mother after the Resurrection. Behind its altar is a grated niche enclosing a fragment of the column to which Jesus was bound when scourged. Pilgrims rub it with a staff thrust through the bars, and then kiss the point of contact with ecstatic devotion. In another enclosure, thirty-two paces distant, are two orifices in the masonry and two small depressions in the pavement, fabled to be the stocks and the footprints of Christ, here imprisoned during the preparations for crucifixion. Another thirty-six paces and we reach a chapel, the fanciful site of a real event—the crowning with thorns. Close by is the Chapel of the Nailing to the Cross. I forbear to affront the common-sense of my readers by any detail of the localities where fabulous proximity declares the Empress Helena found our Saviour's cross.

Now, the area I have described is represented, approximately, by 40 paces by 50 paces—for better realisation, say by the size of an average lawn of a small English country-house. Within this scope have been huddled together not only the imaginary positions of scattered occurrences, such as scourging, imprisonment, crowning, nailing to the cross, anointment, and two separate

meetings, but Golgotha and the sepulchre, of which I will speak later. This marshalling on the stage for scenic display, this crowding on to the boards, this lying localisation of the most sacred and momentous events of Christ's life, produce an impression of outrage on reverence and a painful scepticism. "Stop telling me such fables; we will leave this place and walk to Calvary; is it far distant?" is my indignant interruption of my gabbling showman. He unblushingly reiterates his shibboleth, "What I have told you is all true and beyond all question," adding, "This is the way to Calvary—upstairs; you know the Bible says the sepulchre" (closely adjacent to which we are standing) "was nigh unto the place of crucifixion. This way; first floor for Golgotha." Walking up a few steps, about 15 feet above the normal level of the church pavement, we reach an eminence, partly enclosed, roofed over, and subdivided into small mean chapels. It is not known whether it is natural or artificial—it is even a question of reasonable controversy among scholars whether or not the genuine Golgotha lay in this neighbourhood. In the apse of one of the chapels is a ground aperture sparkling with tinsel lining, wherein, poor credulous bigots insist, was inserted the cross, that "bitter cross" to which

"those blessed feet
 Nigh nineteen hundred years ago were
 nailed
 For our advantage."

"Yes," chatters my dragoon, "and there you see are the other two holes for the crosses of the thieves, one on the right hand and the other on the left, just as the Bible says."

"Don't talk such nonsense," was my wrathful and pained reply. "Cannot you see that the intervals between the alleged positions are barely five feet? — impossibly close for three human forms with extended arms."

Hoping, almost against hope, that at all events the tomb of Christ may not be desecrated by falsehood, I thread my way towards the sepulchre, through a throng of watchers and idlers, of pilgrims and devotees. On this particular occasion they may have numbered some 400 or 500 individuals, mostly Russians and Greeks, not an Englishman amongst them except myself. Their aspect was exceedingly filthy, rather ragged, and a little hang-dog, but their demeanour was of a decorum which claimed respect. The Russian pilgrims, especially, appeared in a trance of highly wrought emotion — which, however, sadly differs from devotion. They knelt at Mary's position in the garden; they sighed at the stocks and the footprints; they cast themselves on the anointing-stone in a grovel of humiliation, shedding tears and repeatedly kissing the ground; before the apertures for the cross they almost inarticulately gasped out entreaties for pardon and blessing. The stolid Englishman alone, repelled at the

fiction of the sites, like Macbeth,

"could not say amen;
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat."

The generally pervading silence was, however, discordantly interrupted by the tinklings and dirgings, the scramblings and the antics, of Roman Catholic services.

As this paper does not aim at any of the features of a guide-book, I pass over, without further description, the Rotunda, the anterooms and the passages, all replete with fanciful stories, and which environ the sepulchre, and speak at once of the vestibule, called the Chapel of the Angels. In the middle of a space equaling that of a small saloon railway-carriage lies a stone — the very stone, it is boldly asserted, which the angel rolled away from the mouth of the tomb, and whereon the women saw him sitting. The area of the angels' chapel is so small that there is not standing room for more than eight or ten persons at a time. Herein, a constant stream is passing from the outside throng, who in due course filter themselves still further by twos and threes into the inner tomb itself. These few minutes of waiting for our turn constitute a few minutes of deeply impressive watching. We seem to be not so much in a chapel as in a dug-out cavity—low, small, and cramped. Through the darkness faintly flicker different coloured lamps, attributes of hostile sects of Christ-

ianity, and causing to flash fitfully from the walls the tawdry spangles of decoration. The silence of the crowd is so unbroken as to produce a feeling of awe. Whether or not investigation compels us to the conviction that the localisation of the events is a chimera unsupported by a shred of evidence; whether or not we believe, like those untutored pilgrims, that the body of our Saviour lay here from a Friday until Sunday,—good feeling and good taste should awaken in every one sensations of the deepest reverence. All the pilgrims bow their heads, some sink down on their knees, and the only sound interrupting the otherwise deathly silence is the whispering of broken prayers.

My turn comes, and with a single pilgrim I crawl on hands and knees under the narrow low arch into the tomb: it is $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet long and 6 feet wide, and owing to the large marble slab only admits, without crowding, the entrance of two persons. The roof is higher than that of the Angels' Chapel, but in other respects the general aspect differs little; the gloomy coloured lamps hang in even thicker clusters, and every inch of the walls is bedizened, chiefly with jewels, which I am assured are of extreme value, but which have been dabbed down in tasteless ugliness. My companion is moaning, prone on the very dust; the Englishman stands sorrowful—but sorrowful for the disillusionment of a lifetime; sorrowful for the vanish-

ing away of the ideal scene which is represented by Axel Endal's beauteous "Easter Morning" in Norwegian Moldau; sorrowful for the folly which desecrates the dear history of Christianity; sorrowful most of all that the fables of crass superstition should turn into ice recollections which would otherwise evoke the rush and the glow of gratitude.

There is little compensation for this disenchantment in other parts of the city. Jerusalem is in fact smothered with the foolish legends for which, it must be owned, Roman Catholic fraud and ritualistic hysteria are largely responsible. In numerous places a flaw or hollow in a stone is attributed to our Saviour's footstep. Caiaphas' house, the spot where Peter denied Christ, and a dirty cramped little courtyard where the cock crew, are all shown; but the erring voice of tradition as to sites has fluctuated incessantly between A.D. 400 and A.D. 1400. So with the present pool of Bethesda, about 66 feet below the plane of site, and hemmed in with masonry like a spring at Tunbridge Wells; so with the dwelling designated the birthplace of the Virgin Mary, with the grave of Anna, and the house of Dives, and the hovel of Lazarus, and the spot where our Saviour was undressed before being nailed to the cross, and the "Talitha-Cumi" house, and so on, *ad infinitum*, to fit every incident mentioned in the Gospels, and many events which never occurred, but which have been

devised out of the imagination of fanatics. The situations have been so repeatedly shifted, the evidence of their authenticity is so completely wanting, that when they are pointed out to any reasoning and reasonable visitor, the only reasonable reply can be an incredulous glance, a vexed shrug, and a hasty departure.

Most Oriental cities are redolent with filth; they are also attractive with Eastern picturesque, colour, quaintness, and that which may be called 'Arabian Nights' romance. Thus with Jaffa, Beyrout, Smyrna, and Damascus—but not thus with Jerusalem. The town is surrounded by a wall about 35 feet high; the buildings are semi-ruinous, and look squalid and mean; some of the streets are vaulted over; others are narrow and crooked; all are sombre, muddy in damp weather, and in fine weather choked with pungent dust and stifling with the aroma of dead dog. The shops are for the most part mere rubbish, and there is an undue preponderance of blackguard-looking wine-shops. The population amounts to about 60,000, and never during my wanderings in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America have I seen so large a collection of despicable, scoundrelly scum. Turks, Jews, Syrians, Arabs, and mongrel Levantines have each contributed their quota to a community which Houndsditch or the Seven Dials would blush to own; thievish and hang-dog, on the look-out to rob and to stab whenever they can so do

without peril to their dastardly selves.

The exact position of Solomon's original Temple, and of the two later edifices,—of the latter, "the veil was rent in twain,"—is established beyond all doubt. The orientation indicated by the Bible, its situation relatively to the brook Kedron and the Valley of Hinnom, an uninterrupted series of historical record, and, more conclusive than all, its remaining traces of architecture, both above ground and subterranean, leave no room for any reasonable divergences of opinion. The locality is now occupied by a mosque of great sanctity, and the surrounding quarter is the habitat of exceptionally fanatical Moslems. So that, notwithstanding the Kawass and the Turkish soldier detailed for my protection by the very friendly and much respected English Consul, Mr Dickson, I was the object of many a curse, howl, and scowl, betokening a longing to bring a knife into juxtaposition with my infidel ribs. The mosque architecture is of extreme beauty in its Byzantine detail, and in this respect almost rivals St Sophia at Constantinople. The dome of Kubbet-es-Sakhra covers a rock, measuring about 20 yards by 15 yards, and rising about 6 feet from the pavement. It was a central point in Solomon's Temple; it probably formed an altar for burnt sacrifices in Solomon's time, and possibly was the apex of Mount Moriah. My dragoon, who had been chattering legendary lies without faltering

for several consecutive hours, here made his single concession to my scepticism. "This hollow in the rock," he remarked, "was caused by the restraining hand of the Angel Gabriel when the stone was desirous of flying after Mahomet to heaven—at least so they say; but for my part I don't believe a word of it."

The chamber of the Last Supper, or the *cœnaculum*, is within five minutes' walk of the Sakhra, and is in the midst of a somewhat confused collection of buildings specially revered by the Mohammedans, as enclosing the tombs of David and Solomon. Hence they regard the presence of a Christian with extreme animosity, and I found it advisable to hasten away from the place after a brief inspection. The room itself is in an orderly condition, without furniture or bedizenment, and its general aspect closely corresponds to Michael Angelo's fresco at Milan, save that the elevation of the windows above the floor shuts out any such landscape as the artist has represented. The apartment is large, lofty, plainly constructed, rather sombre and airy, as befits a sub-tropical dwelling. There is abundant space for thirteen guests, or indeed for double that number, reclining parallel to the table, and there is no reason why this alleged site of this sacred commemoration should not be authentic. Only, alas! there is no well-founded evidence to establish the truth of the tradition.

In contrast to the unrealities

attached to the present-day city, there is much compensation in the faith we can no more refuse to its environs than we could refuse it to the Forum, to Memphis, or to Thebes. Take for instance Bethany, where it is certain that our Saviour spent many days of His human happiness, and which is about 2½ miles from Jerusalem. The winding road thither is dusty and not pleasant, the cultivation of the bordering land is scanty, and the scenery is destitute of wood and water. In Christ's time, before the abomination of desolation had beset the "City of Zion," the journey must have constituted a pleasant stroll. He must have frequently wandered here for a "Sunday" stay, and in the village itself the fancies of memory cannot lead us far astray. There is indicated to us the house of Simon the Leper; there the dwellings of Mary and Martha; there the tomb of Lazarus. Doubtless these positions are of uncertain exactitude, but no matter; Bethany is so tiny that the assumed sites can be erroneous by a few yards only, and stand where we will, it is quite certain that Jesus stood there over and over again, and gazed at the same view as that which we now behold. Pace the crooked village lane; He too paced it. Thread your way among the hovels; He too passed among the fairer dwellings which preceded them. Speak to the not unfriendly adults, and to the "boys and girls playing about in the streets"; can we doubt that

He too spoke to their forefathers and caressed their children? As regards Lazarus's grave, the one pointed out is probably a delusion; but it is a facsimile of the place of sepulture which so many painters have represented, and where the kind voice of Christ said, "Come forth." Close at hand are the ruins of Bethphage; afar off are the sterile range of the mountains of Moab, hemming-in the dark placid waters of the Dead Sea, sunk in a remarkable depression in the earth's surface, and which in the clear atmosphere appears barely a few miles distant. The desolate, drear-looking road, which leads to it and to Jericho dipped down in yonder hollow, represents with interesting exactitude the route followed by the "certain man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." Here the dragoman breaks in on our reverie with the current lies. "That eating-house," he says, "is the site of the inn where twopence was paid for the wounded man; it is now called the Good Samaritan Restaurant, and you can get luncheon there. There is the fig-tree which failed to bear fruit. There is the tree whereon Judas hanged himself. There . . ." "Pah! stop!" and I make my way to that position on the Mount of Olives from whence our Saviour surveyed and sorrowed over the city He loved. Here Jerusalem, a little below our vantage-point, and its environs, are spread out like a panorama before us with a remarkable clearness of detail,

and no great effort of imagination is involved in picturing to ourselves its aspect at the beginning of the Christian era. "Very excellent things are spoken of thee, thou city of God"—the city of golden gates and noble buildings, of the opulence of its inhabitants and the glories of the Temple. The valley of Jehoshaphat at our feet runs parallel, for a distance of nearly two miles to the Mount of Olives, the elevation of which we may, for comparison's sake, liken to the Aldershot Fox Hills. Throughout the greater part of its length flows Kedron, once a brook in reality, now merely a dry bed. It is the sole suggestion of water which, in this arid soil, would be priceless. Those well-dug-about olive-trees must formerly have presented a mass of splendid foliage; those well-tilled fields must have been bright with verdure; and yonder garden, nestling in a dell nook, that is the once beautiful Gethsemane. Can we not realise why so fair a view elicited a burst of pure patriotism, followed by sentences apparently choked with emotion, when the speaker saw in futurity the picture's counterpart; when the "City of God" should have become the abode of foul and squalid, poverty-stricken and despicable inhabitants? Modern Jerusalem, unlike other decayed classical capitals, such as Olympia and Eleusis, Abydos and Karnak, splendid in their ruins, is abased in its own decay. Its walls are ugly and crumbling;

many of its former "Gates Beautiful" are bricked up, and its Temple with the Holy of Holies has been replaced by a building for the worship of a sensualist and a cheat. The area immediately outside the city is strewn with detritus, sewage, and filth; its fair slopes are disfigured by an amazing multiplicity of gruesome graves; Kedron does not trickle with even a thread of water in this parched country, where the extreme scantiness of the supply necessitates a recourse to tainted wells and still fouler ponds; the fields are inadequately and slovenly tilled; the olive-trees are gaunt with neglect; Gethsemane resembles a vulgar villa-plot: more dismal than aught beside, the former teeming population of the district has dwindled down to spare sprinklings of degraded types of the human race. Jews, now a bye-word of contempt, whose nationality is, from physical characteristics, undoubted; Christians, doubtful in any feature of Christianity, and murderous Moslems—each sect hating each other with the hate of Hell. "Give me in one sentence a proof of the truth of Christianity," said Louis XIV. to Bossuet. "The Jews, your Majesty," was the answer. Give me in 1904 one fact in support of the divine infallibility of the prophecies of our Saviour, and the reply might well be: Jerusalem and its environs, "about which the hills stand," the golden city, the "City of God," Jerusalem ennobled and beloved by Christ, transformed

from its beauty into a fit resort of the night-jar, the bittern, and the pariah dog, and darkened with the overwhelming traces of mourning, lamentation, and woe.

On Olivet a church covers the reputed spot whence Christ ascended. There is nothing whatever to corroborate the fixture, and any possible reverence is marred when a dent in the pavement is pointed out as having been caused by our Saviour's foot as He sprang to heaven. Not far off, we are shown the tomb of Joseph and the sarcophagus of the Virgin Mary, where she reposed until her assumption into heaven. It is argued that the authenticity of the sarcophagus is established because it is now empty! Then there is the cavern of the agony, about 18 yards by 9 yards. Caverns are in great favour in this region, but the Bible narrative makes no mention whatever of a cavern. Here is a rock-bench close to Gethsemane, where the three disciples slept, and close by is one of the alleged places where Judas kissed Christ. "It is true beyond all doubt, because the Bible says, 'He withdrew from them about a stone's throw.'" Here is Gethsemane garden itself—Christ's frequent resort. It extends to nearly one-third of an acre, and contains about a dozen olive-trees, the original parent trunks of which were possibly coeval with A.D. 34. What garden can be without some traces of beauty? yet Gethsemane now seems common and coarse-looking.

"Fourpence," says the sordid monk-gardener, as we clasp a spray of flowers. "Tuppence more," he adds, as we beg for some additional blossoms.

A shivering, muddy, two hours' drive brings us to the little town of Bethlehem, now containing about 8000 inhabitants. Its buildings are of the Palestine type, but less depressingly ruinous than those at Jerusalem. From the walls we are shown within easy eyesight the fields where Ruth gleaned, the approximate place where David slew Goliath, and the field where the shepherds received the announcement "a Christ is born"; and the conjectures may very possibly be well founded. There is of course no question of the identity of Bethlehem itself with Christ's birthplace, and a large church stands over the alleged locality of the nativity. On this point we need not be sceptical, for consecutive records and evidence dating as far back as the second century concur with singular unanimity in localising the event. The solemnity of the sacred association has given rise to some vagouring about the "grand simplicity" of the structure. We take the liberty of suggesting that preside impartiality will pronounce the architecture mean, the interior ornamentation tawdry and ugly, and the various shrines in a par with those of the Holy Sepulchre. In details we have once more to face the tables of local lore, which has many a more shoddy reputed story. The last stage of the gentle descent down the

in a fog-like darkness, is a recess in the pavement, surrounded with the different coloured lamps belonging to the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, and here it is alleged Our Saviour was born—"Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Opposite, and close by, is the manger-cradle of dirty marble clumsily hewn out, unduly large, and repugnant to view; in a subterranean passage is a round hole whence water is said to have gushed out for the use of the Holy Family, with the puerile fiction that the guiding star which led the Magi plunged into the spring; elsewhere is the spot where Joseph stood when he received the command to flee into Egypt; in another side-chapel several of the innocents were slain—and so on, and so on. All these places are in the joint custody of the Armenian, Greek, and Latin Churches, the two latter of which scold and hate each other with all the venom of two jealous women. "What is the meaning of yonder boarded compartment?" I ask a Roman Catholic priest. "My night watch-box," was the reply. "You see those Greek priests are such blackguards that if I do not keep a sharp look-out, they creep up and blow out our shrine lamps." The Greek priests bring precisely the same charge against the Latin Church. "Why are you here?" I inquired of a Mohammedan servant, armed with a rifle and bayonet. "To keep the Christians from killing each other—there is a great deal of stab-

bing going on at times," he answered.

Almost the only Christians in Jerusalem and its vicinity whom I could contemplate without repugnance were the Russian pilgrims, of whom I met several bands, varying from 100 in number, toiling in long file to the various sacred places. They had faced a journey of thousands of miles, fraught with privation and toil, in their fanatic, though honest, faith that their salvation would be assured could they but kiss the stones and moan their repentance and grovel in the dust of the city of David. Their aspect was almost that of brute unintelligence; they were clothed in rusty coarse clouts; they looked wearied and dirty—but it was impossible to doubt the depth and sincerity of their devotion. These processions were personally conducted by two local priests—one at the head suggestive of Reynard the fox, and the other at the tail reminding me of Isegrim the wolf.

Returning to Jerusalem, I was beset by cries from a knot of about ten dreadful-looking mendicants. "Lepers," said my dragoman with a shudder, but hurling at them a few coins. "Don't go near them; the danger of infection is great." They bore the closest resemblance to the lepers of Robben Island, near Cape Town—the same anæsthetic type of wasting away of cartilage, of exudation of serum from the rotted fingers, of the corrosion and drawing up of the upper and lower extremities,

the dwindling of bones to shapeless stumps, hands nearly dropping off above the wrists, and feet falling away above the ankles—the living death of the entire corporeal being, the nadir of all that is loathsome and terrible; but I scanned them in vain for the Bible diagnosis of the disease—for the Miriam, the Naaman, and for the Gehazi, "a leper as white as snow." I am therefore fortified by the opinions enunciated by the highest authorities in South Africa that this type of leprosy is not infectious, is not even contagious by occasional contact, but undoubtedly is communicable by incessant careless association with the afflicted, and, most of all, it is hereditary. I fearlessly approach close up and say a few words to these unhappy lepers, crying aloud to me to "have mercy" on them. I drop my coins into their distorted hands, and in order to testify practically to my disbelief in risk, I lay a finger on their withered wrists. They are silent with astonishment, my dragoman is sick with disgust, and I—well, thus far, I am not a leper.

One pathetic and picturesque sight, one only, did I discover during my explorations—the Wailing Place of the Jews. At the base of a wall adjacent to the old Temple enclosure, where vast blocks, bearing all the evidences of antiquity and in places disintegrated, are weather-beaten yet remain on the whole intact, are assembled at certain hours on stated days a large number of Jewish mourners, many of them bare-

footed, men and women of a better type than the usual city rascaldom. They lean against, they clasp, they kiss the crumbling stones; their eyes are suffused with bitter tears, they beat their breasts, they moan in low tones their sorrow, they wail aloud their lamentations for the vanished glories of their country and for the present degradation of their nation. Each individual seems passionately to invoke the curse, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning."

During my last day's sojourn at Jerusalem I went through a recapitulation of my visits to sacred sites, which have been besmirched by the machinations of a sacerdotalism alternately splendid with pomp and subtle with intrigue. With the Bible record in my hand,—without irreverence I venture to declare it unsurpassed as a guide-book, —I again betook myself to the spots one would fain revere, and I again strove to arouse some enthusiasm, or at least some awe and gratitude. In vain—the falsehoods and follies are too flagrant; and as I pace the "Via Dolorosa" I am only saved from anger by contempt. Fourteen stations of the cross are indicated with the precision of a hair's-breadth, and are commemorated with inscriptions which carry no conviction.

To take a few haphazard. We have the spot where the cross was put on the shoulders of our Saviour; where He met His mother; where Simon of Cyrene was impressed to bear the cross; where Christ again

sank under the weight—although an earlier station affirms He had been already relieved of it; where He was stripped, and where St Veronica wiped the sweat from His brow. Trace line by line the contemporaneous record untainted by legend, and which alone is uncorrupted by the uncertain voice of tradition. I find not one syllable in support of several alleged incidents interpolated by a posthumous plagiarism, and I fail to find evidence which can localise some of the principal events which undoubtedly occurred. It is difficult to realise that even the present "Via Dolorosa," the route trod by Christ on His way to crucifixion, was not expressly mentioned until the sixteenth century. Discussing with a devout Roman Catholic at Jerusalem the glaring falsehood of the legends, he fully pleaded guilty to my charge, but his defence was: "Were we to admit to the uneducated the slightest doubt concerning the most unimportant of the traditions, we might sow the seeds of scepticism, so we declare that they are all unquestionably true; and, after all, our falsehoods do no harm."

As a last resource I apply to the Convent of the "Sisters of Zion," into which is built part of the "Ecce Homo" arch whence, it is said, Pilate showed our Saviour to the populace. *N.B.*—As a matter of fact it is in all probability the remains of a Roman triumphal arch of the time of Hadrian. The lady who conducted me over the building was not only well

informed and well educated, but was distinguished by certain indefinite characteristics of manner which belong only to the higher stratum of social life. I addressed her: "I am neither a scoffer nor a sceptic; I wish to be persuaded of the authenticity of the sites of the most momentous events of our Saviour's life. Will you please persuade me?" "Certainly," she eagerly answered, "and I am sure I shall succeed. This stone on which you are standing was once trod by Christ's feet. From that arch the Roman Governor exclaimed to the mob, 'Behold the man!' This slab"—it was barely 20 yards off—"was the place where He sank for the first time under the cross. This——" "Stop," said I, interrupting her torrent of emotional eloquence, "this is not persuading; this is merely stating. Where is the authority and the evidence?" "Authority?" she hotly replied, "the authority of holy tradition. Evidence? Do you require mathematical proof ere you will believe in religion. Come," she said, rapidly leading me to the roof, and vehement with all the intrepidity of error, "and I will point out to you every point marking Christ's crucifixion." Jerusalem lay spread out at our feet almost as clearly as though we had been "set on a pinnacle of the temple." "There," she indicated, "is where He met His mother." "That incident is not recorded in the Bible," I observed. "There he sank for the seventh time." "I do not read in the

Bible that He sank either once or seven times." "If He did not sink seven times, He certainly sank three. There St Veronica——" "The Bible says not a word about St Veronica." "Oh, the Bible, the Bible," she answered, out of all patience; "you cannot get beyond the Bible. Do you not believe holy tradition and the Holy Fathers?" "No," I said sturdily, "I don't; and I don't believe in the statement that the dent in the stone in the Church of the Ascension was caused by our Saviour's foot." "Well, why not?" she said fiercely; "don't you believe in miracles? But I can show you one proof which you can only reject if you think yourself wiser than antiquarians, geologists, and other men of science. It is established that these square stones which are built into these columns must have been placed *in situ* at least as far back as the Christian era, thus establishing the truth of what I have been telling you." By now our bickering had become so sharp that I considered it judicious to ignore her *non sequitur*. So I thanked the lady for her guidance, and made my small present to the convent funds. Apparently surprised at the gift from such a son of Belial, she murmured a word of apology, and my reply may make clear to the reader the position of a fair-minded investigator. "My honoured lady, forgive me if I have caused you to wax wroth. Need faith be sundered from intellect? You and I have

been enjoined to love, not only with heart and soul, but also with mind. I am disobeying the latter point if I do not exercise my reason. I did but ask you to help me; you surely do not think my efforts evil?" And she burst forth with surprised emotion: "God bless you! you are in the right path: go on; you must succeed at last." I forbore to indicate how paradoxical was her counsel; and we parted smilingly—almost affectionately.

To sum up. In the sense of general historical interest, Jerusalem with its environs is absolutely unequalled. The Mount of Olives and Mount Zion, Kedron and Hinnom, Gethsemane and Siloam, Bethany and Bethlehem, every hill and every vale, are all teeming with the association of events far more momentous and sacred than any others recorded in the world's history. Their exploration will amply repay every student of the Bible and every educated traveller. If, in addition, he has both time and patience to carry his investigations beneath the modern superincumbent mass of rubble and decay, he will be rewarded by greatly increased interest. But to those whose main object is to intensify religious emotions by realising details, I would say, "On the whole, better not go." The combinations of wild superstition and formalism leave impressions the reverse of pleasant. The depth of in-

dividual faith will not be deepened. The beauty of our Saviour's life and the suffering of His death, His mercies and His miracles, will not be rendered more vivid to you by a pilgrimage to spots which are not only disfigured by filth and changed beyond recognition by time, but which are either very uncertain or palpably false; by being nauseated by silly traditions and worse than silly fables; by lingering in a tiny rectangle, such as children use in make-believe play, into which are huddled perhaps a dozen historic events, where the garden of Christ's tomb is the size of a small room, and where Golgotha is on "first floor, first turning to the right." Christmas Day and Good Friday records will sound more solemn and true if you dismiss your attempted verifications and your realisations of odious sights, and revert to the more accurate pictures of young imagination. Do not suppose that you will see the most noteworthy parts of ancient Jerusalem—

"Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty
lingers."

Rather let me recur to Victor Hugo's simile of "Le parfum ranci." "'J'ai été la rose,' dit le parfum. 'Je vous ai civilisé,' dit le couvent. A cela une seule réponse: 'Jadis.'"

HENRY KNOLLYS,
Col., late R.A.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LAIRD.

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

A FEW years ago Mr Henry Graham presented us with an interesting picture of social life in Scotland during the eighteenth century. The book was well received, as it deserved to be on account of the undoubted fidelity of many details, and has been extensively quoted from since. Nevertheless, it must appear to some of us that he set his palette with very sombre pigments; that he dwelt overmuch upon the exceeding poverty and parsimony of the gentry during the quarter of a century following the Union, and, so dwelling, missed some sources of comfort and pleasure which lightened the lives of our forebears. It cannot be denied that, in the reign of Queen Anne, the households of Scottish country gentlemen were run on far more frugal lines than those of their English contemporaries. Rude enough and comfortless we might esteem them were we suddenly transported back to the early eighteenth century; but, after all, everything is relative. The main difficulty with country gentlemen is to make ends meet; those who succeeded in doing so a hundred years ago probably got quite as much enjoyment out of life, and were sensible of as little discomfort, as their descendants in this age of motor-cars and Marconigrams. It is in no spirit of fault-finding or con-

tradition that I venture to submit some direct evidence to prove that country life was by no means so uniformly dismal for men of moderate estate as Mr Graham seems inclined to think. My witnesses shall be certain vellum-covered folios, once ivory white, now tawny and tarnished with the vicissitudes of two centuries. They form a set of household and estate books in which my great-great-great-grandfather kept his accounts in a delightfully conversational way, yielding a good deal of insight into the daily life of a Scottish laird. Mr Graham, it is sure, will not take it amiss if I cite some entries from these books as commentary upon some of the conclusions to which he leads his readers.

Sir Alexander Maxwell succeeded his father in 1710 in the estate of Monreith, which was then almost identical in area with what it is now. Galloway certainly was not a rich agricultural district in those days, being mainly pastoral, and pretty rough at that: it may be assumed that Sir Alexander's 17,000 and odd acres did not yield the income that might have been derived from similar extent in the Lothians or Tweeddale.

"The gentry were miserably poor," says Mr Graham, speaking of the early part of the century; "the nobles and lairds were constantly at

their wits' end to get means to pay their way, and were obliged to live sparingly. . . . Gold was never seen; silver was exceedingly scarce, especially after all the Scots coinage had been called in subsequently to the Union."

Sir Alexander, however, succeeding three years after the Union, found a good deal more cash than a Scottish gentleman of to-day would care to keep lying beside him.

	Sterling.	
"In harn bag marked with much wax 40 queen an's guineas .	£43	0 0
Sealed in large harn bag 413 guin : 9 shi : 4d ster. (8000 merks Scots) . . .	444	8 10
Sealed in large harn bag .	64	0 0
Sealed of silver in little harn bag . . .	13	0 0
Sealed in little harn bag .	50	0 0 "

In all, £614, 8s. 10d. in hard cash.

That gave the new laird a good start, and he managed to keep it. Not by sitting tranquilly at home, content to draw his rents; for these, as Mr Graham justly says, brought in little cash, being chiefly paid in kind—sheep, capons, grain, &c.—for which it required good business habits and connection to find a market.

Mr Graham speaks of the Scottish cattle trade with England as consisting of "droves of emaciated black cattle, which were sold to English graziers for any price from 10s. to £1" [vol. ii. p. 245]. Now, in Galloway at all events, the autumn drove was an important source of income to landowners. They bought in summer stock from the peasantry who bred "nolt," fed them on

the home pastures, and, at the end of August in each year, sent them off to the English markets. Large proprietors kept their droves separate; smaller ones combined their cattle, so as to make up a considerable drove. Most animated and picturesque must have been the scenes on the road, involving, no doubt, a prodigious amount of strong language, strong drink, and competition for grazing by the way, the last-named consideration affording a welcome opening for profit to owners of pasture along the route.

Sir Alexander's first speculation in this line was unlucky. On 28th August 1711 Mr Patrick Maxwell received 50 guineas "to carry my drove to England"; on 11th November he brought back £2372, 10s. 7½d. *sterling*, and received a present of £3 "for his pains and trouble with the mercatt." Another drove which was sent at the same time to Hampton under Anthony M'Caa, William Dun (of whom more hereafter), and Thomas Little, produced £646, 6s. 3d. *sterling*. After reckoning what he had paid in laying in the stock, the cost of their summer keep, and the expenses of the drove, Sir Alexander comes to the melancholy conclusion that his loss on the year's trading amounted to £5415, 18s. 8d. *Scots*, "which makes 8124 merks Scots." Taking the value of the depreciated Scots currency as about 1 to 12 of English sterling money, this represents a deficit of £450 *sterling*; but the sale of cows during the same year

showed a profit of £1048 *Scots* or £87 *sterling*. In making out his balance-sheet, the laird charged himself not only with interest on borrowed money, but with £500 *sterling*, the estimated annual value of the grazing occupied by the herd; so that the net result of this year's trading was that he drew £157 from his grass parks instead of the estimated rental of £500. Anyhow, at the end of that year there was the snug sum of 600 guineas "in the large harn bag" and 124 guineas "in the little harn bag." Other years showed a profit—£140 *sterling* in 1715, £177 in 1720, and so on, with occasional losses. The year 1728 was especially unlucky, as Sir Alexander explains in the garrulous way which makes his account and stock books such entertaining reading. The drove that season consisted of 746 oxen and "stots," which are entered as costing £2677, 15s. 9½d. [*sic.*],—

"which by William Dun's bill of sale amounts to £2711, 4s. 6d., whereof to reduce of charges he gives in an account £250, 9s. 11d.; which is a most extravagant account, there being 18 of them died by the way going to the Mercat of the murrain, which was a *Ly* invented by him for they were killed by overdriving, and all the fat heavy nolt died being driven till ten at night & got neither water nor grasse, he constantlie Drunk and never came near them & undercharged the prices he got. Soe there remains onlie to bear charges 702, which makes them above 7 shil: 3 halfpence per beast, which must be grosse mismanadgment or dishonestie, which is the same as to my losse. Losse on drove £172, 2s. 2d. *sterling* which is £2065, 6 *Scots* or 3098 merks; this besides the

death of my cows & other breeding stock, & death of my bull, in all £30, & the death of my bay pad worth £30, being alsoe robbed of my cash, the losse of which I cannot yet know till the accompts of my cash book be made. Soe this year 1728 has been a remarkable year to me for misfortunes & Calamities that are unusuall."

As every other landowner in Galloway, great and small, seems to have been engaged in the cattle trade, the amount of money flowing annually from England into that remote part of Scotland must have been very large. The money transactions between the lairds—borrowing and lending—were incessant; the records thereof preserved in these books are of bewildering intricacy. At first the balance showed against Sir Alexander, who owed in 1712 £2049 *sterling* against £1306 owing to him; but in 1730, the last year of his life, he was able to write complacently, "*Bona excedunt debita per £491, 10s. 6d. sterling.*" For although, as I shall show, he spent liberally, he was careful in small disbursements,—how careful, let entries like the following testify:—

"*N.B.*—Not to take any More herrings from Mr Lawrie who made me pay 2 shill. a penny for 1200. John Semple offered his for 22 pence."

The labour of keeping accounts so minutely as did Sir Alexander was complicated by notation in different currencies. Although *sterling* money was established by the Union in 1707, and the *Scots* currency was called in, local transactions, such as rents, teinda,

and tradesmen's bills, continued to be reckoned in Scots money long after that date, and that again was often rendered into merks.

Now let us turn to the cash-book, and gather what light it throws upon the daily life of a Scottish laird of moderate estate. Sir Alexander's expenses during the first year after his succession suggest no shortness of ready money. Thus, having occasion to consult Sir John Fergusson of Kilkerran, an advocate of high repute, upon his being served heir, he met him at House o' the Hill, a lonely tavern, still the resort of anglers and shepherds, on the march of Ayrshire, and paid him a fee of £51, 12s. Scots — say four guineas sterling — and tipped John Binny, his servant, half a guinea and a crown = £9, 9s. Scots.

So much for the laird's life as a bachelor. On 29th December 1711 Sir Alexander married Lady Jean Montgomerie, youngest daughter of the ninth Earl of Eglinton, and for the following fifteen years this lady's name occurs constantly in the accounts, often with terms of great affection. That she was beautiful her portrait is there to testify. It cost the bridegroom £6, 12s. 0d. sterling — moderate enough for a charming Kit-cat of one with soft brown eyes, a white skin, and abundant curling dark hair. Artist unknown, but not the same hand that portrayed Sir Alexander in a conventional steel-jacket — one Mr Aikman, whose fee was £5, 7s. 6d.

"Within doors," says Mr Graham, "the furniture was rude, . . . the beds were closed like a box in the wall, or in recesses with sliding doors, which imprisoned and stifled the sleeper" [vol. i. p. 7]. But Sir Alexander made better provision for his bride. On 5th November 1711 appears the entry:—

"To Ly. J. M. to buy	
a bed in Ireland 17	
guineas and $\frac{1}{2}$ for a	Scots.
down bed . . .	£225 15 0"

This bed, a carved mahogany four-poster, is still in use. Sir Alexander's dining-room table, round, of dark mahogany, is before me as I write, and an eight-day clock also, which he bought about this time, ticking out the seconds as faithfully as it did nearly two hundred years ago.

Other references to this marriage and its consequences lend some agreeable local colour. There were some changes in the bachelor establishment that year, as was natural. The laird paid £149, 2s. Scots for "a gray pad for my wife's use"; and later, 21 guineas sterling to a midwife. He wanted a valet, so William Dun (the same who sixteen years later got into such disgrace over the English drove, and was discharged) received £9, 12s. Scots (16s. sterling) to carry him to Edinburgh, there "to learn to sheave and dress." And so ran out the first year of married life: one of tranquil happiness and tender anxiety. Lady Jean's eldest sister, the Countess of Galloway, lived at

Glasserton, only seven miles across the grazing land by the sea, so she did not want for company, though she had to give up riding the "gray pad" for a while. And Sir Alexander, grateful to his sister-in-law for helping his wife through her trouble, made her a pretty present at the New-Year.

"To the Countess of Gallo-way, to pay for 10 yards of damask, as the outer half of her nightgown . £2 13 6"

In estimating the average wages paid to domestic servants, Mr Graham has been guided by the scale in force at Cawdor Castle in 1716.

"The wages of women servants were about 15s. to 20s. a-year, supplemented by a gown or a pair of shoes. . . . Even in mansions of people of rank the cook was paid between £2 and £3, and the housekeeper, like the chaplain, had £5 a-year. Only gentlemen of fortune had men servants, who had as wages about £2 a-year and a suit of gaudy ivory" [vol. i. p. 15].

The rate of pay was somewhat more liberal in the establishment of Monreith. Sir Alexander has given in his own handwriting a detailed account of "servants and their wadges as they stand at Mertinmasse 1729," which, with the quaint note at the end of the list, it may be of interest to give at length.

	Sterling.
"Imp. Mr Alexander Morison who is my son's governour .	£30 0 0
Mr Archibald Campbell, chaplain, has yearlie .	10 0 0
Robert Turnbull my own servant .	10 0 0
Adam Christie, butler .	5 10 0
Alexander Steven, cook .	6 0 0

His mens wadges which I pay are . . .	£3 0 0
Besides to Hugh M'Love a pair of shoes over his wadges . . .	0 3 0
Gavin Robinson groom, has of wadges £3 and to buy shoes and stock .	3 12 0
Peter Monies under-groom .	1 15 0
Andrew Coltran porter has yearlie besides a pair of my old shoes .	2 0 0
Mrs Bettie Chalmers .	5 0 0
Mrs Margaret Vance, housekeeper, and a 4th share of drink money, makes her wadges better as the others . . .	3 0 0
Isobell M'Calla chambermaid £20 Scots . .	1 13 0
Janet M'Cuillam, dairy maid £16 Scots . .	1 6 8
Margaret Anderson, a help to her . . .	1 0 0
Janet M'Guffack washer, £12 Scots . . .	1 0 0
Andrew Jamieson, Gardiner . . .	7 10 0
	£92 10 0

This is eleven hundred & ten punds Scots which is more free money as many a Gentleman has to Live on & Maintain their familie.

Add, to Duncan Craufurd's salary for buying nolt . . .	£30 0 0
To my factor Mr Lawrie . . .	20 0 0
	£142 0 0"

The servants, of course, received board; the cook had as perquisite the "shoreland skins," whatever they were; and vails, or, as we now term them, "tips," to servants bore a much larger proportion to wages than they do at the present day, and extended to every grade in the household.

The tower where Sir Alexander and Lady Jean spent their days together stands grey and roofless now on the

green eminence beside the broad lake. It was ennobled by the presence of royalty once; for James IV., that prince of adventure, lodged there on one of the many pilgrimages which he undertook to the neighbouring shrine of St Ninian at Whithorn. As in many other instances, the deserted dwelling stands upon a site far preferable to the modern mansion which a later laird's lady persuaded her husband to build, "as a more genteel residence." Pity the move was ever made, with the inevitable rupture of association, the certain loss of household articles, furniture, and the like, which might have been of little account then, but would be priceless treasures now. A man should be as chary of deserting the home of his fathers as of changing his religion.

There is abundant material in these old account-books to disprove the idea that life in this old tower was necessarily dull, even for ladies, in the eighteenth century. The modern mind can scarcely brook the notion of existence without a daily post and daily and weekly journals. Nor was Sir Alexander indifferent to what was passing in the outer world; for here he pays "John Park, paper oryer, for news and gasets which he is to send me constantly." The library shelves at this day confirm the evidence of the account-books in proving that he laid out large sums in the purchase of books. The lady of the house had her time fully occupied by duties which might prove irk-

some enough to dames of our day; but they occupied her thoughts and hands. And who may aspire to higher felicity than is derived from the useful exercise of mind and body? Instead of ordering tons of goods from the Army and Navy or Harrods' Stores, she relied mainly for supplies on her husband's home-farm—that "board-land" which was attached to every mansion, and which may be traced in modern maps as the frequent farm-name "Boreland"—and upon her orchard and garden for fruits, which she worked up with her own hands into delicacies prepared according to immemorial recipes. For instance, there is scarcely an ancient tower in Scotland, whether ruinous or still inhabited, near which, if the ground has not all been ploughed or grazed, you will not find the garden angelica growing wild: not the coarse-growing British weed (*Angelica sylvestris*), so common along our water-courses and fragrant enough in its degree, but the more aromatic garden angelica (*A. archangelica*), a native of northern and eastern Europe, "long cultivated for confectionery," as the botany hand-books record. Preserved angelica still appears on up-to-date dinner-tables; but who cares whether it be there or not? Whereas in olden time its culture, the due season for cutting it, the craft of preparing it, and the encomiums bestowed upon it by polite guests, represented part, though a small part, of the duties

of housekeeping, year in year out.

As for the laird, time cannot have hung very heavy on the hands which kept these accounts. Landowning was a business calling. Although Sir Alexander employed a factor or agent, he dealt personally with his tenants, collected his own rents, planned and supervised improvements, and in his own writing entered every transaction as it took place. Then there were the local "courts" to preside over, where justice was administered under the existing hereditary jurisdiction—every lord of a barony exercising authority within his territory. It was the life that the poets have sighed for—

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields
with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him
shade,

In winter fire."

Only trees were scarce in those early days; landowners were just beginning timidly and tentatively to plant near their houses, and the neighbouring peat-moss (few neighbourhoods were without one or more) was relied on for fuel. Cheerless kindling, you say, and covers the furniture with dust. True, madam, of peat when burnt in a modern grate with front and bottom draught; but no other fuel so steady, none so fragrant, upon an old-fashioned hearth-stone, which was the regular fireplace in Scottish houses of

every grade in the days whereof I am maundering.

Let me turn aside to tell how the old manner was brought before me only a few years ago. We were fishing a moorland loch, an English friend and I; it came on a bluster of cold June rain, and we took shelter in the house of him who looked after the boats. His wife (who, by the bye, bore the historic name of Hester Stanhope) proposed to bake us some scones for luncheon. Agreed, and down she went on her knees to blow aside a pile of white peat "stour" (ashes) which lay on the hearth. Underneath was the live red coal, which surprised my Southron companion to see. "I could have sworn that fire was out," quoth he; and continued to our hostess, "How long has that fire been lighted?" expecting her to say from five o'clock that morning. I can see the good dame now as, still on her knees, she looked round at him and replied with emphasis: "It's just seven-an'-twenty years since Rab and me cam to this hoose, and the fire's never been oot sin' syne."

For more than a quarter of a century that humble hearth had never been cold. Night and day, summer and winter, shine and storm, it had yielded warmth and fragrance, and the "stour" remained in its proper place, distributed by no baffling draughts through iron bars. Alas! when I was in that room three months ago the open hearth had been built up, and some stinking White-

haven coal was smouldering in an up-to-date kitchen-range.

Now let me back to my theme, from which there is the less excuse for diverging, because, on closer inspection, I find that on sundry occasions Sir Alexander paid "fraught" for a cargo of sea-coal from Whitehaven.

In the year following his marriage and the appearance of his first-born, the laird allowed himself to be "ta'en up wi' affairs o' the State," standing for the county against his neighbour, Colonel Vans of Barnbarroch, and getting returned for the moderate outlay of about twelve guineas. This entailed parting for a while from his bonnie Jean. He set out on horseback for London, with 111 guineas "sealed up in a harn bag," glad to know that the election left no bitterness between neighbours.

"To Coll. Vance's eldest son, when I gave him my good advice about his behaviour & management going abroad for Bristol & New England, a broad piece Carolus . . . £1 3 0"

As member of Parliament, Sir Alexander had taken the oath of allegiance to the "wee bit German lairdie," overriding his allegiance to his feudal chief, the Earl of Nithsdaill, who forfeited lands and title for his share in the '15, and owed his life solely to the devotion of his countess—some-time Winifred Herbert. Kenmure was on and awa', but western Galloway lay remote from the vortex which drew

down so many chivalrous houses. Sir Alexander's only references to the rising are:—

"Returned from my intended journey to Edinbr., bein stopped by the highlanders coming to Leith. My expenses in that fruitlesse journey . . . Sterling. £11 5 11"

And again:—

"To my lord Galloway for charitie to supplie the prisonours at Pres-toun . . . 10 15 0"

Other entries in that year of dolour betoken a peaceful tenour of life.

"29 June. For a piece of painted satin, being 10½ yards, for a nightgounne to my wife [what we should call an evening gown] . . . Sterling. £2 0 0
To 10½ yards of green cotton satin to line it with . . . 1 9 0
Oct. 4. To 2 pounds of tea & canister payed to my lord Galloway . . . 2 10 0"

A dish of tea must have been a rare luxury at this rate. Mr Graham mentions the year 1720 as about the time when tea-drinking became common, but in 1726 the price paid to Lord Galloway was still as much as 14s. a-pound.

The monotony of country life was lightened by strolling musicians and professors of other arts. Thus—

"May 22, 1725. To John Cowand who came to keep my birthday with a great deal of company & for musick . . . £1 1 0
July 21, same year. To the Irish musick who stayed a week . . . 0 10 0"

game and backing beautifully. This picture is reputed to be the earliest representation of the English pointer. Some years earlier than this, Sir Alexander paid the modest sum of £2, 15s. for "a gun which Mr Le Blanc recommends," and 8s. for "hail shot and gunpowder" for the same. But shooting was a precarious means of supplying the larder; "pouting nets" were purchased for the better securing of muir-fowl and partridges. Of the two following entries on 28th July 1728, the first records a casualty in the kennel.

"To Mr Cutler for visiting my dog Gwerpo who I was afraid had got his leg broke by a french beggar a red hair fellow blind of one eye, a notorious cheat and impostor . . . £0 5 0

To expenses at a Court held at Druchtag where I was mobd and insulted by John M'Haffie, John Martin in Chilcarroch and several others and was obliged to raise the Court to have this exemplarlie punished and to get jogs made . . . 0 3 0"

Jogs, more correctly "jougs," were the Scottish equivalent of English stocks, but were made of iron.

Sir Alexander kept a good cellar, and had some thirsty neighbours. If tea was scarce and dear, wine was plentiful and cheap, and a laird who lived on Solway shore need never want for French brandy in the days of Dirk Hatteraick and his kind.

"May 9, 1723. Payed for fraught of two trunks, 4 caises of wine burgundy & champagne & a box of books to Wm. Tompson Master of the ship Potomack of Irvine £2 2 0"

The two last entries in the expense book read thus:—

"12 Januar 1730. Spent of old wine three bottles, Mirrie's wine four bottles; 2 bottles of french white wine, two bottles of Lisbon, 3 bottles of Malaga wine. Of Arack [rack rum for punch] three bottles. Mrs Vance [housekeeper] has two bottles of Arack of what was given out in the cellar. Of Rhenish wine, two bottles spent in kitchin: all this when Garthland & his brother were here three nights onlie."

"17th Januar. Spent when Brigadeer Stewart was here, ten bottles of white wine, 4 bottles of french white wine, 5 more of Lisbon, 4 bottles of Malaga wine, one bottle and a half of Rhenish wine."

Generous living entailed its corollary penalty. Spring blood-letting was one of the works of obligation in the eighteenth century. "Mr Craufurd, chirurgion," appeared regularly at that season, and on 5th June 1717 received a guinea "for blooding my wife, Peggie and me, and giving Peggie a vomit." Poor little Peggie cannot have been more than five years old at this time, but she survived to be Mrs Carruthers of Dormont. So deeply rooted was the belief in blood-letting as both remedy and preventive, that people actually incurred the trouble of letting blood from their cattle. Part of the annual expense of making ready the English drove was the fees of the cow-doctor for bleeding the nolt. If Dr Craufurd retained the confidence of his patients, so did not another genius, who was called in to prescribe for the laird—

"To Doctor Stevenson, whom I had called to heall up my arm, didd me noe good but worse than when he came to it £7 7 0"

Sir Alexander then sent for a certain Dr Bazin, of Liège, who came for a fee of 60 guineas and his expenses, and stayed for 8 months and 6 days, furnishing medicines at the rate of a shilling a-day. Dr Bazin also received a fee of ten Carolus (£11, 10s.) "for waiting on my wife & the whole children in the small-pox." When he went away he left three guineas' worth of drugs to be sent down the laird's throat, and carried off Sir Alexander's second son "to cure him & learn Latin & French conform to a signed contract." For this Dr Bazin was to be remunerated at the rate of 24 guineas a-year. Considering the relative value of money then and now, this expenditure certainly cannot be considered as consistent with the alleged penury of the Scottish gentry.

As an improving landlord, Sir Alexander had the usual experience of one who meddles with agrarian use and wont. The land was mainly grazing, pastoral, and unfenced; but there were numerous crofts also, and no improvement could be carried on without interfering with these. The first step was to increase the size of the holdings, so that a family might earn a fair living off a farm, and this spelt eviction. It also meant the erection of fences, the abolition of the ancient rights of common pasturage, and the old and wasteful "runrig" system of cultivation, which had been handed down from primitive Celtic times. Now, the herd-

ing of cattle upon unfenced pasture was a constant source of employment to the rural population, who viewed with intense displeasure the erection of dry-stone dykes. Under the leadership of one Billy Marshall, of the blood-royal of the gypsies, they formed themselves into an association of "Levellers," whose business it was to throw down the obnoxious fences. Billy had deserted from the Scots Greys when serving under Marlborough in Flanders, and his military experience enabled him to impart a formidable character to this organisation. Their nocturnal raids were not confined to inanimate objects. Numerous entries in the laird's accounts refer to proceedings against "those who haked & destroyed my cattle."

The Levellers were not put down without difficulty; soldiers had to be marched into Gallo-way to quell the rioting; several men were killed, and in one encounter at Culquha in the Stewartry, some two hundred prisoners were taken, many of whom were consigned to a fate more dreaded than death — banishment to the plantations. Scraps of verse may still be gathered in the district, breathing the class bitterness engendered by land enclosure:—

"Against the poor the lairds prevail
With all their wicked works,
Who will enclose both hill and dale,
And turn corn-fields to parks.
The lords and lairds they drive us out
From mailings where we dwell;
The poor man cries, 'Where shall we
go?'
The rich say, 'Go to hell!'"

Travelling was slow and difficult in Galloway before the era of Macadam. The only mail road in the province was the military one to Portpatrick, then called Port Montgomerie, which was the chief line of communication with Ireland: once off that, travellers had to follow the pack-horse tracks, which did not admit of carriages on springs. Nevertheless Sir Alexander, besides frequent visits to Edinburgh and his annual journey to London for the parliamentary session, moved about a good deal. Thus—

"Aug. 15, 1724. Returned from the west country from seeing my lords Eglintoun, Dundonald, Wigtoun & Loudoun, wheren half-a-guinea given to my nephew Sandie Stewart is computed	Sterling. £16 6 0"
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Lady Jean also took occasional jaunts,—to Edinburgh, and to Moffat for the waters.

In 1720 Sir Alexander went farther afield. Having paid £3 "to Baily Osburn for a blue coat to wear in travelling," he notes, "11 June. *N.B.*—That day begun my journey to Aix-la-Chapelle."

"Dec. 11. Returned from Aix-la-Chapelle, which journey cost	Sterling. £590 7 8
To cash laid out for books in my travells	22 2 2½
Given in compliment to my wife for her extraordinary care & good management of my affairs in my absence abroad	21 0 0"

Too soon this happy prosperous household was wrapped in gloom. Beautiful Lady Jean had borne seven children to Sir

Alexander, and was expecting an eighth when she fell into ill-health. They bled her on 6th April, on 4th and 18th May, poor thing! The following touching note, in strange contrast with the dry entries in the ledger, describes the result of such treatment:—

"Saturday, 28 May 1726, Lady Jean Maxwell dyed between six & seven in the afternoon, having been delivered on Sunday the 22 of a dead-born Son, being the second she had born soe: took a High fever on Munday morning about three o'clock, & died on the Saturday, to my unspeakable Losse & greif, the only trouble she ever gave, the greatest wound to my Spirit. She was but thirty-six years of age past the first of December last. Wee was fourteen year & five Months married. Never two lived more happily together; never man had soe great a Losse of a Loving virtuous wife & faithful friend and companion, endowed with the greatest ornaments and qualities of bodie & Mind, capable of the greatest affairs, the best counsellor I ever had, indefatigable about any businesse she was employed in."

The funeral was on a lavish scale of expenditure. One payment in connection with it, including mournings for sundry persons, amounted to £216, 12s. 10d., and the total expenses cannot have been less than £300. It is difficult to calculate what would be the equivalent of this sum in the twentieth century; impossible, indeed, if regard is had to the incredibly small charges made by working tailors in the country. For instance, John M'Morrow makes two frocks and two pair of breeches for a couple of grooms for half-a-crown. John Gun, in 1724,

makes a suit of clothes to Pat Monies for 3s. 4d. And here is

"James M'Kie taylor for making 3 frocks for the servants at 10 pence per peice & 3 pair breeches at 6 pence . . .	£0 4 0
Itt. for 8 skins to line there breeches at 5 pence per skin . . .	0 3 0"

It does not appear that the cloth was supplied by Sir Alexander, else surely the breeches would cost more to make than the frocks. If the mourning clothes supplied to household and retainers were no dearer than others, the payment represents supply to a vast number of persons. At all events, the expenditure on this doleful occasion ill accords with the idea that a Scottish laird was normally in straitened circumstances. There is far more money about at the present day than there was in the reign of George I., but it does not go nearly so far.

Sir Alexander did not survive his excellent wife for many years. His books are full of mournful reference to his loss.

"August 18, 1726. Payed to M'Guffock by my dear wife's desire as the price of 60 lb. of soap. She was not certain if it was due or not, but out of her justice would err on the safe side . . .	£1 10 0"
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He was not an old man—probably not more than fifty—

but his health was breaking; and the remedies he sought from divers "chirurgeons"—bleeding and powerful drugs—hastened the end. In August 1729 he paid 3s. "to one Wallace for a shoe to my right foot, big swelled," and in May following he was laid beside his bonnie Jean in the roofless chapel of Kirkmaiden by the sea, where the winds and waves, the curlew and the black-backed gull, chant ceaseless requiem. The last payment entered in his beloved cash-book, only ten days before his demise, was 7s. 10½d. for 2½ yards of muslin "for two aprons to Peggie."

The impression received from an examination of these venerable volumes is that of a cheerful affectionate family inhabiting a comfortable home, finding ample occupation in the affairs of their own neighbourhood, yet not indifferent to what was moving in the outer world. Mr Grahame pronounces the books of the period to have been few and dull. Well, it was the age of Addison and Steele, Jonathan Swift and Alexander Pope, not to mention a few others who drove the quill to some purpose. Sir Alexander was a great book-buyer, for which the present writer has daily cause for gratitude. Probably the sunlight lay as broad upon his landscape as it does upon that of his class in the present day.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF A JAPANESE VICTORY.

IN last June the Japanese Admiralty fitted out a ship, the *Manshu Maru*, to make a tour round the naval arsenals in the Inland Sea, and to visit Korea, and the base of the fleet "at a certain place." The party on the ship included representatives of both the Upper and Lower Houses of the Imperial Diet, and a number of prominent Japanese journalists and men of letters, together with the naval attachés of the Powers, and a limited number of correspondents. I was in Japan from April till September, and was fortunate enough to go on the trip. The following article is based on information derived from conversations with the Japanese on board. At the time, the successes of Japan by sea and land justified and encouraged the consideration of the objects and general policy of Japan, in the event of victory. The opinions expressed in the article represent the opinions and general attitude, regarding the political situation, of the Japanese with whom I discussed the various questions, together with my own conclusions. It should be added that the opinions of all the Japanese who consented to give their views were unanimous to a remarkable degree, that the company on the ship included representatives of all sections of thinking Japanese, and that the policy of the Government of Japan is not likely to differ materially from the general sense of the people. Theoretically the Mikado is absolute; practically the Government derives its strength from the united support of all classes, and the success with which its policy reflects the views of the nation. E. G. J. M.

Though the end of the war may yet be very distant, it will be well to consider the political arrangements that may be the outcome of the victory of Japan, if victory, as seems probable, ultimately rests with her. However impossible it may be to foretell future conditions with any certainty, an attempt will at least familiarise the mind with some possibilities, and so facilitate prompt judgment when occasion arises. Difficult as it may be to forecast the future, one fact is certain. The general trend of opinion among all thinking Japanese makes the spectre of the so-called Yellow Peril seem hopelessly absurd. It may be said at once that there is no danger of a Japanese success imperilling the legitimate interests of any Power—Russia, of course, excepted. On the contrary, the

general tendency of opinion among the Japanese is extremely moderate. It would not, indeed, have been surprising if their brilliant successes had given birth to a dangerously ambitious spirit, if they had bred ideas of territorial aggrandisement that might threaten the interests of other nations. Japan stood up without arrogance, but without a sign of hesitation or faltering, against a nation infinitely her superior in extent of territory, in population, in natural resources; a nation that was accounted the dominant Power in the East, that had a reputation of irresistible might, whose aggressive spirit had long been used to ride roughshod over obligations of plighted faith and national rights. In standing up against this formidable opponent the Japanese staked their high position in

the East, the fruits of many years of internal reorganisation and prosperity—even their national existence. It would only be fair that, as they have risked much, they should hope to gain much. But of any spirit of excessive ambition, of immoderate desire for expansion, there is no trace. The modest character of their hopes and aims is remarkable. They took up arms, first, to secure the position in Korea which geographical propinquity, their long historical connection with the country, and their extensive commercial interests there, fully entitle them to claim; and, secondly, to prevent Russia acquiring a hold on Manchuria, which would endanger not only their interests in Korea but also the integrity of the whole of Northern China. And the settlement they desire is merely one which will secure these objects not only for the time being, but also, as far as possible, for the future.

This last will be far from a simple task. It may not be difficult to loosen the Russian hold on Manchuria; it will be very difficult to provide against a renewal of Russian encroachment, against an attempt to reverse at a more convenient time the results of a Japanese victory in the present war, to re-establish Russian prestige, and to regain the long-coveted land which will give Russia a sweep of territory extending from the Urals to the ice-free waters of the Pacific.

Considering the enormous risks incurred, and the extent of effort and sacrifice required

to expel the Russians from Manchuria, the terms of the settlement generally desired appear moderate. The Japanese mean, of course, to establish a firm control over Korea, and they desire a complete evacuation of Manchuria by the Russians, after which the province will be handed back to China. But without certain conditions such a surrender would be an invitation to Russia to return to the attack. The surrender of the province to China will probably be made conditional on a thorough reform of the Chinese administrative system, and on the establishment of a firm and orderly government; while for military security, there would be established a garrison of a strong force of the best Chinese troops, possibly officered by Japanese: the well-disciplined army of General Ma, now on the Manchurian frontier, would probably be the force employed. It is also thought that a body of Japanese troops should be maintained in Manchuria at China's expense, to serve as a backbone of military strength. But except for these measures of precaution, Manchuria will be absolutely under Chinese control, and as open to the commerce of the world as any part of China to which traders are now admitted.

Further, it is considered that the occupation of Port Arthur by Japan will be a necessity. As Port Arthur was practically a Russian possession, its occupation will be no loss to China, while it will provide a secure base in the event of any

necessary action by Japan in China, which future disturbances may demand. But it will be also necessary to provide against danger from the north-east. As long as the Russians possess Vladivostock and the lands around, there will inevitably be a strong temptation to use this possession either for an attack on Korea or on the northern island of Japan, to which the fortress of Vladivostock is a continual menace. Very justly, therefore, the Japanese consider that Vladivostock must be dismantled and cease to be the strong military port and naval arsenal that it is at present. If possible, the Japanese would like to force the Russians back to the line of the Amur, compelling them to evacuate all the territory extorted from China in 1860; but such a concession would probably never be made by Russia. As Russia will hardly be willing to pay an indemnity in the event of a final defeat, two other demands will probably be made as a fair recompense for the risks and expenses of the war. These are—the cession of Saghalien island to Japan; and the control by Japan of the section of the Siberian railway running through Manchuria, with its two branches to Port Arthur and Vladivostock. Originally a possession of Japan, Saghalien was seized by Russia without show of right about thirty years ago. Its mineral wealth is considerable; and as a fishing-ground for cod, seal, and whale it is of the highest importance. The Russians at

present draw a large revenue from the dues paid by fishermen of foreign countries, and especially Japanese fishermen. If Japan acquired the island, it would be invaluable not only for its fisheries, but also as a training-ground for seamen. With regard to the Siberian railway, the only possible arrangement, if the Russians are expelled from Manchuria, is for the Japanese to control the railway; and whatever benefit they derive will be a very moderate return for the cost and dangers of the war.

The control of Korea by Japan, the evacuation of Manchuria and Vladivostock, and the cession of Saghalien island by Russia, the occupation by Japan of Port Arthur and possibly of Vladivostock, the direction of the Manchurian section of the Siberian railway, and certain precautions for the safety of Manchuria,—these are the main lines of the settlement to which Japanese opinion inclines. Not a suggestion of the overweening ambition that threatens the civilised world, of the arrogant pride of conquest, of the voracious land-hunger which the enemies of Japan delight in picturing. Nothing desired beyond what is essential to secure Japanese interests in Korea and the freedom of Manchuria; together with a very small compensation for the blood and treasure expended in the attempt to secure a recognition of Japanese rights.

In fact, Japanese victory will benefit every commercial nation: instead of becoming a

Russian preserve, Manchuria will be opened to the trade of the world, and the reform of administration that will be effected by Japanese influence will inevitably promote a higher condition of civilisation among the people, and consequently a greater field for commercial enterprise. Not alone in Manchuria will this development be seen. The success of the Japanese will inevitably exalt their prestige among the Chinese, and they will be able, far more easily than other nations, to induce the Chinese to reorganise their system of government, and to open their country to freer intercourse with the outside world. A strong position of influence in China would be of much higher value to Japan than any territorial acquisitions. The occupation of territory on the continent would involve a heavy outlay of men and money, and might be fruitful of trouble with the Chinese and other Powers. But by using her influence to bring about internal reforms in China and the opening of the country to commerce, Japan will not only disarm all possible jealousy, but she will also benefit her own interests in the most effective way. Nearer to China in position, to its people in race, in modes of life and thoughts, and in character, the Japanese will have an immense advantage over other nations in building up a strong commercial connection with China. The great weakness of Japan at present is her financial position: without a great commercial and industrial development

she will not be able to take the place in the world to which she is entitled by the character and abilities of her people. After the war, it must be her main object to promote this development of commerce and industry. Territorial expansion on a large scale would entail a burden out of all proportion to the advantages that would be gained. Her brilliant military efforts must be followed by work in the factory, in the warehouse, on the merchant-ship. If she would find real prosperity she must devote the same foresight, the same care, the same powers of organisation and adaptation, the same spirit of enterprise, and the same capacity for mastery of detail, to commercial undertakings as she has given to operations of war. And as she must obtain all possible markets for her products, she must wish, like other nations, for the extension of trading facilities in China. Naturally, Japan will seek to promote her own interests; but in doing so she will be working for the advantage of all nations trading in the East.

The result of a Japanese victory will, beyond doubt, be a hold over the destinies of China which no other nation can hope to equal; and of course it is conceivable that the Japanese might use their influence to undermine the positions of other nations in the East. But this is improbable. Japan took up arms to uphold the "open door" in Manchuria; her statesmen have consistently declared for that policy, and after the war it would not be

likely that she would incur the hostility of the world by indulging in ambitions that would imperil the legitimate interests of other Powers in the East. And as the policy of the open door is moreover one that will best serve her own commercial needs, it seems very probable that, as her statesmen declare, she will employ all her new-won prestige and influence in giving effect to that policy. No doubt those nations that cherish selfish schemes of territorial aggrandisement in China will look with jealousy and malice on Japan, for she will certainly resist, by all the means at her disposal, any attempts at landgrabbing. But to those countries like England, that seek only wider markets and increased openings for trade, the victory of Japan cannot but be very welcome. Natural advantages of position and of racial affinity will doubtless make the Japanese trader a formidable rival in the markets of China; but the new fields to be opened are extensive enough to give room for traders of all nations.

The victory of Russia would mean that northern China would be dominated by Russia, that Russian traders would monopolise its markets, and that Russian diplomacy would exhaust every device to curtail the extension of free commerce in other parts of the Chinese Empire. The victory of Japan would mean equal trading rights for all, and the opening of vast new markets to the world. In the one case the seeds of unending discord and

strife would be sown; not improbably there would be a territorial scramble, with all the evils it would involve. In the other case there would be the prospects of new commercial advantages for all countries, of peaceful commercial development, and possibly of a regeneration of the Chinese nation. As far as regards China, then, the success of Japan will be favourable to the commercial interests of the world.

The question of Korea is on a different footing. There the Japanese have long-established settlements and commercial undertakings; but the system of government and the miserable conditions of the people prevent the proper development of the country. The administration is rotten with corruption,—all enterprise and industry are crushed by officials, who rob every man who succeeds in rising above mere brute existence. As a result of the inevitable laziness and shiftlessness, large tracts of good land lie untouched, and the labourer is satisfied to produce the bare necessities of life. The Japanese do not intend to destroy the independence of Korea, but they mean to control the government, and to put an end to official abuses: an equitable system of taxation will be introduced; the Korean police and army, which are costly and incapable, will be abolished and replaced by Japanese, who will enforce order and security. Young Koreans will be sent to Japan to be trained in Japanese

methods of administration; a good educational system will be established, and radical sanitary reforms will do away with the filth and disease that are the curse of Korean towns. By these means the condition of the Koreans will be improved, their standard of comfort raised, their commercial instincts encouraged. At the same time colonies of Japanese settlers will occupy the tracts of valuable country now left undeveloped, public works will be carried out, and the Koreans encouraged, under Japanese direction, to improve the methods of cultivation and industry already in use. As a result, the lot of the Koreans will be vastly improved. There will also be a magnificent field for the Japanese trader, a magnificent opening for Japanese

capital, and new sources of employment for Japanese artisans of every class.

But the complete control of Korea by Japan will not be the result of Japanese victory. It was inevitable in any case; the war merely hastened it. The much wider results for the world of a Japanese victory will be the checking of Russian designs for domination in Manchuria and ultimately in northern China, the probable reorganisation of China, and the opening, through Japanese influence, of vast new fields to the trade of all nations. If Japan deserves the admiration of the world for her military qualities, she will deserve no less the gratitude of the world for the benefits her victory will confer on the general commerce of the East.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THEODORE I.—THE POLICEMAN OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE—"GOOD AMERICANISM"—THE HIGHTOBYMEN OF THE UNITED STATES—BLACK-MAIL AND BOODLE—THE BOSS AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

THEODORE I. knows but one rival in the realm of autocracy, and that rival is William II. The two monarchs have the same pride in their own achievements; the same faith that, under Providence, they control the destinies of the world. Their knowledge is equal, both in depth and superficiality. There is no department of human intelligence which each is not ready to take under his special patronage; and happy are the countries whose governors are not merely omnipotent but omniscient. Whenever either of the two heroes appears in the public eye, the same halo of glory surrounds his ample forehead, the same air of authority clings about the lightest word he utters. When William II. opens his lips, the whole of Europe totters. If Theodore I. deigns to speak, both hemispheres are convulsed. But in nothing do the two monarchs resemble each other so much as in their easy mastery of the obvious. Moral maxims roll from their tongues empty and sonorous. Never since the world began have more variations been played upon the ancient theme, "Be virtuous and you will be happy," than by these two executants. William II. is never silent for long; and if Theodore I. is not quite so talkative as his

cousin, he seldom opens his mouth without proving his strenuous efficiency. The message which he sent to Congress a few weeks ago bears all the marks of imperial genius. Indeed, no other save only William II. could have said so little in thirteen and a half columns of solid type. With peerless skill he mingled the winged words of Tacitus with the homely proverbs which he learned at his mother's knee. With splendid ingenuity he proved how an intelligent autocrat could take both sides in any dispute at one and the same time; could fight with the same hand for rich and poor; and could advocate in the same breath the conflicting causes of peace and war. And doubtless America listened to the good tidings with one eye half closed, and with the satisfied assurance that it had heard it all before.

Now Theodore I. is no disciple of Machiavelli. He firmly believes that the same moral law should dominate nations as dominates individuals, and his belief may have some solid basis in America, where, as will be seen presently, the individual is as Machiavellian in his interpretation of morality as the wickedest State in the old world. However, the President sets up a

high standard for State and citizen alike, and he holds that "the peace of justice" should be the steady aim of all enlightened nations. Herein he is not singular. It is the "peace of justice" at which we are all aiming, both men and nations. But the President is not content to enforce the "peace of justice" upon his own country. He is determined that it shall prevail throughout all the world. In accordance with the Monroe doctrine, he will permit no one else to interfere with the Western Hemisphere. There he stands, with bull's-eye lantern in his hand, a resolute, all-seeing policeman. With an affability which well becomes his imperial dignity, he declares that "any country, whose people conduct themselves well, can count upon our hearty friendship." In other words, there is no State, be it ever so humble, that need fear the interference of the United States so long as it keeps order and pays its debts. But woe betide the evil-doer! If any poor South American republic dares to loosen the ties of civilised society, the President of the United States will rise up indignant and superb, and show that he too, as well as any tyrant in played-out Europe, is ready to exercise an "international police power." Yet while he cries, Hands off the Old World in the Western Hemisphere! he is not disinclined to inflict reforms upon the nations of Europe. "There are cases," says he, with the true accent of a benevolent

despot, "in which, while our own interests are not greatly involved, strong appeal is made to our sympathies." Casting the light of his dark lantern across the Atlantic, he sees that crimes are sometimes committed "on so vast a scale and of such peculiar horror," that it is the plain duty of America to intervene. Were we concerned with any less exalted mortal than the President of the United States, we might point out that even he cannot have his cake and eat it too; that if he excludes us from the Western Hemisphere, he might reasonably be asked to keep his flash-light out of the Eastern. But his great soul will be content with nothing less than the "entire earth," and, whether we like it or not, there is a policeman in Washington ready at any moment to run us in.

No doubt we ought to be very grateful to Mr Roosevelt for his promise of universal benevolence. But we are churlish enough to think that he would be wiser to confine his attention to his own side of the world. Europe has already secured a providence of its own, and there is no room within its narrow limits both for William II. and his rival. Moreover, if it may be said without offence, there is plenty of work for the policeman in the United States. If the President looks nearer home he will find not a few crimes of which it is his "manifest duty to show his disapproval." It is true that he takes a lofty view of his own country. "The question of being a good American," says

he, "has nothing whatever to do with a man's birthplace, any more than it has to do with his creed. Good Americanism is a matter of heart, of experience, of lofty aspiration, sound common-sense, but not of birthplace or of creed." What then is good Americanism? The President's glittering generalities tell us nothing, and if we look elsewhere for a definition, we shall find one which is not consoling to the self-love of the great Republic. It is impossible to pick up an American newspaper or to open an American magazine without lighting on abundant evidence that the United States are animated by a spirit of lawlessness unparalleled in the history of the civilised world. We have no wish to bring a charge against a whole nation. That foolish enterprise may safely be left, in Lord Chesterfield's phrase, to *valets de chambre* and to other foolish persons who aspire to wit, having none. Good Americans differ in nowise from good Englishmen or good Russians. But if we may believe the Americans themselves, there is so much work for them to do at home, that it will be some centuries before the President of the United States need travel to Europe in search of a stable for his Herculean hands to cleanse.

Here, for instance, is Mr S. S. M'Clure, who has collected a set of documents which prove conclusively that a contempt for order is daily increasing in the United States. "Corporations, aided and abetted by able lawyers," says the 'Indianapolis

News,' "violate laws or evade them. The railroads in this city have hardly made a pretence of complying with the ordinances requiring flag-men and safety gates. The water company gives us sometimes pure and sometimes river water. Trades-unions trample on the law at will." This is not bad for a beginning, but much worse remains behind. Chicago, we are assured, is in a state of civil war, and, as though this were not enough, its streets are terrorised by bold and desperate highwaymen. A judge in Alaska pointed out to the jury that "the number of homicides in the United States for three years was one-third larger than either the total number of persons killed upon the American railroads in the same period, or the total losses of the British Army in the war in South Africa." Poor played-out Europe cannot compete with these atrocities; and, again, we cannot help thinking that the President of the United States would be more wisely inspired if he turned his eyes away from Russia, Macedonia, and Armenia, and attempted to devise some remedy for the "Americanisms" within his gates.

But there is one great merit in America—she never disappoints you. As her storms are far fiercer than those that beat upon the Old World, as her sprinters break the record at every athletic meeting, so her criminals excel in daring and ingenuity all those that Europe has ever been able to produce. Jack Sheppard and Cartouche,

Jonathan Wild and George Barrington, are, in the expressive phrase of our friends across the sea, all "back-numbers." Were they to revisit the earth they would find that they had everything to learn from the cross coves of America. But these cross coves care as little for the faking of clies as for the hightoby itself. Their methods are more discreet as well as more lucrative. The footpads of old did no more than hold up opulent citizens and empty their pockets. The footpads of modern America, the legitimate heirs of the great heroes who threw a lustre upon the English road in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, think nothing of holding up a whole city, or even a whole state. It is not often that we encounter so enthralling a book as Mr Lincoln Steffens' 'The Shame of the Cities' (London: Heinemann), in which he reveals the secrets of municipal government in America. The very names of his criminals recall our own classic age. Doc Ames, Colonel Ed, Chris Magee — what could they be but criminals of skill and courage? They possess, moreover, these knights of industry, the geniality which belongs to their class. They have a fine manner "down town"; they are always ready to stand a friend a drink, or to give a mere acquaintance an amiable slap upon the back. Their intimacy, if a trifle boisterous, is irresistible. They can capture the trust of the people as easily as they can lay their hands upon the boodle, for which, and by which, they live.

Doc Ames, for instance, was once easily the most popular politician in Minneapolis. No man that ever lived combined in a higher degree the virtues of the street angel with the vices of a house devil. We fear we can say no word in favour of his conduct at home. He neglected his wife while she lived, and insulted her funeral when she died. But the citizens of Minneapolis did not permit the disgrace of his private life to influence their judgment of their mayor. They only saw Doc Ames when the spirit of geniality was upon him. No sooner had he closed his front door than he had a smile and a word for everybody. He was, as Mr Steffens says, "sunshine, not to the sick and destitute only. To the vicious and depraved also he was a comfort. If a man was a hard drinker, the good doctor cheered him with another drink; if he had stolen something, the doctor helped to get him off." Above all, the Doc was—for though he still lives his career is at an end—a miracle of vanity. He could not live outside the light of popularity; and since the approval of those who are commonly called good was denied him, he soon became a hero of the bar-room, a very tyrant of the streets.

Elected mayor in 1901, he had the happy thought—happy for his pocket, unhappy for the citizens—of giving up the city to criminals, who "were to work under police direction for the profit of his administration." You cannot find in the whole

annals of crime a more original or a more boldly conceived plan. It was no mere affair of cracking a crib or emptying a pocket. At a single word the whole of Minneapolis was converted to plunder. At the head of the detectives the Doc placed Norman W. King, an old gambler who knew the crime and criminals of the state like his pocket. Now King saw at once that there were not enough rogues in Minneapolis for the job that was in hand, and so he not only released some of the worst blackguards already languishing in the town jail, but he invited to Minneapolis thieves, confidence-men, pick-pockets, and gamblers, who had already won their spurs elsewhere. Success was immediate and overwhelming. At the "big mitt" game alone, an ingenious method of swindling by means of a stacked hand at stud poker, a vast profit was made for the Doc and his friends. The gambling-hells were not merely licensed, they were owned by the municipality; and they were so ingeniously organised that the police, to whom the victims applied for redress, were officially attached to the "joints," as the gambling-hells are called. Nothing indeed was left to chance. "Steerers" and "boosters" were always on the look-out for "suckers," whom they encountered at the railway-stations, at the hotels, or even in the streets. They shepherded them to the hells, where they were speedily eased of whatever ready money they

possessed, and if they complained, a detective was posted at the street door to "throw a scare" into them.

It is no wonder, then, that the mayor and his friends grew rich. If the gambling-hells ceased to be profitable, the opium-dens and houses of ill-fame contributed a handsome revenue, and if business was slack, it was always possible to make a burglarious entry into the house of a prominent citizen. Nor was there any chance of drawing blank. The mayor, no doubt, knew how much plate his neighbours possessed, and where they kept it, so that he need do no more than tip a single wink to his henchmen. Thus he grew rich, and there would probably have been no end to his villainy, had not his subordinates quarrelled among themselves. Once the ring was split, it was not difficult to break it up, and the worst of Ames' friends sought safety in flight. Even the Doc himself thought it better to fly from the scene of his depredations. "He left the state," says Mr Steffens, "on a night train: gentlemen who knew him by sight saw him sitting up at eleven o'clock in the smoking-room of the sleeping-car, an unlighted cigar in his mouth, his face ashen and drawn, and at six o'clock the next morning he still was sitting there, his cigar still unlighted." But Minneapolis remains unashamed. It loves the "old man" in spite of his practices, and so far from feeling any resentment for the tricks that have been put upon

it, it would probably welcome back its favourite with enthusiasm.

Colonel Ed was different from Doc Ames both in ambition and policy; but there are points of resemblance in the two men which mark their kinship. The Colonel, too, won men to be his supporters by "helping them to wreck themselves." He, too, was always ready with a drink and a smile; but his business was not blackmail like the Doc's, but boodle. He did not attempt to wring money out of thieves and gamblers; he aimed at selling to the highest bidder the rights, privileges, franchises, and real property of St Louis. To achieve this successfully he was forced to control the political machine of the city, and he displayed a rare ingenuity in the business. A Democrat himself, he was served by not a few Republican citizens; and so, whichever party was uppermost, the Colonel has always been pretty sure of his majority. Moreover, as his courage increased, he took no trouble in hiding his political methods. "He has been known to walk out of a voting-place," says Mr Steffens, "and call across a cordon of police, 'Are there any more repeaters out here who want to vote again?'"

Thus, strong in the support of his fellow-citizens, he sold everything that St Louis had to offer. There was no enterprise that could afford to pass him over. Some firms paid him a salary, some solaced him with a fee, while others made him a partner in the

transaction and let him profit by his own villainy. Yet he soon grew to believe in the purity of his motives and in the honour of his calling. How should he suppose that his worst practices were wrong, when they were both lucrative and undiscovered? So simple was he, indeed, that he was convinced that a kind of piety was not incompatible with his system of marauding. He once confessed himself that when he had received his fee for a piece of legislation, he "went home and prayed that the measure might pass, and usually his prayers were answered"—by the Municipal Assembly.

There was nothing that Colonel Butler would not sell. Every kind of concession had its price; and at last the Colonel conceived the grandiose plan of selling the water-works of St Louis, which belonged to the city, to a private speculator, and he was only prevented from executing his design by the difficulty of finding a man rich enough to put up the purchase-money. However, there was never any lack of profitable schemes, and Colonel Ed has long been what is called in America a multi-millionaire. And yet, we are told, he has a soul above money. He might have given up the business years ago, had he not loved it for its own sake. "I would rather make fifty dollars out of a switch," said he, "than five hundred dollars in stock." And he faced the fighting without shame or

perturbation. He was tried at Columbia that he might escape from what he thought the over-harsh juries of St Louis; and before he set out to take his trial, he sent his sons with their heelers "to fix the town"! A sportsman to the last, he asked, as he got out of the train at Columbia, what was the business of the town. "Education," replied a friend. "Education!" exclaimed Butler; "that's a hell of a business!" The jury of Columbia, despite the money which the heelers spent to corrupt it, brought in a verdict of guilty, and the ingenious Colonel was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. But the citizens of St Louis were never for a moment anxious concerning the fate of their mayor. "Butler," said they, in friendly dogmatism, "will never wear the stripes." And Butler never has worn the stripes. The Supreme Court of Missouri, still obedient to boodle, reversed all the sentences that had been passed against the boodlers, and Colonel Butler, for aught we know, is free to pursue the same diplomatic course which has brought him wealth and fame.

But the greatest of them all, without any doubt, was Chris Magee, boodler, and man of genius. He used Pittsburg as Doc Ames used Minneapolis, as Colonel Butler used St Louis, for his own profit. Nothing came amiss to him. He was an adept alike at blackmail and boodle. He shared the fines which the police, in open shame, imposed upon criminals;

and he was ready to sell Pittsburg with its privileges and franchises to the highest bidder. But he was a man of genius, and Pittsburg loved him. He had the gift of charm, which made even his victims fond of him. Those who had suffered the greatest wrong at his hands could neither say a word in his dispraise nor withhold their admiration. When Mr Steffens went to Pittsburg to pursue his researches, he saw the Pittsburgers grow black in the face denouncing the ring. But when he asked, "What sort of a man is Magee?" The citizens would reply: "Chris? Chris is one of the best men God ever made." Mr Steffens smiled, and the citizens went on: "That is all right. You smile, and you can go ahead and show up the ring. You may describe this town as the worst in the country. But you get Magee wrong, and you will have all Pittsburg up in arms."

And so amiable were Magee's manners, so great his power of attraction, that he had no difficulty in winning over the city to his side. Not content with owning votes, he aspired to own councilmen; and as victory always perched triumphantly upon his shoulder, he soon centred in himself all the power and influence of Pittsburg. But he was too fine a gentleman to soil his hands with the money which this power and influence brought him. He resembled the high-bred Englishmen who, in the seventeenth century, sailed under the skull and cross-bones to the Spanish

Main, and who loved the adventure far more than the profit which it brought. So Chris Magee was hungry for power, and as power cannot be purchased without money, he associated himself with a less sensitive boodler, Flynn by name, who had no delicacy in reaping the harvest of dishonour, and who served Magee (and himself) for many years with the utmost loyalty. Thus, in Mr Steffens' words, "Magee's ring was complete. He was the city, Flynn was the councils; the country was theirs, and now they had the state legislature so far as Pittsburg was concerned. Magee and Flynn were the government and the law. How could they commit a crime?" Rather, we might ask, how could they not? They sold the franchises, they took their commission on every public contract, they turned vice into a profitable concern, and with the public funds they filled their pockets. Wherever they looked they saw loot, and wherever they saw loot they pounced it. Nothing interfered with their success, and had Magee not died, his partnership with Flynn would be prospering still. But with Magee's death Flynn died politically, as he himself confessed. Nevertheless, the spirit of the boss still lives; and if Mr Carnegie has given a free library to every reluctant city in the Empire, he might profitably turn his eyes towards Pittsburg, to which he owes his wealth, and spend a small portion of it in purifying the morals of the citizens.

However, if we put right and wrong outside our ken, we cannot but admire the courage and invention of these American politicians. After their own fashion they are artists, always of talent, sometimes of genius. However despicable it may be to blackmail the shameless purveyors of vice, or to sell a city for gold, we cannot but acknowledge that those men are rare who, by a mere gesture of their hands, can hold up a great and independent community. But in one respect they fall far below the example set them by the intrepid highwaymen of the seventeenth century: they do not all know how to take their punishment. The gentlemen of the road went to the gallows with a quip and a smile. They knew what was expected of them at their last appearance; they put on their finest apparel with an air, and they gallantly bore a nosegay in their hands as a symbol of disdain. But the marauders of America have been so long lapped in luxury that the thought of punishment affrights them. They know nothing of the hard life of road and tavern which made the British highwayman what he was, and at the mere mention of the "jug" they quake and tremble. Doc Ames aged years in a few days. The worst of Colonel Butler's associates were "shocked limp" at a sentence of three years; and not one of them, save the Colonel himself, took his gruel like a man. Here, then, is a

clear sign of degeneracy, and, despite their real gifts of geniality and address, we must confess that the millionaire robbers of the United States cut a very poor figure in the dock.

The cases which we have cited are typical, but the masterpiece of the century is still to be noted. If Miss Tarbell's *'History of the Standard Oil Company'* (New York: McClure & Co.) is worthy of credit, then John D. Rockefeller is the most sinister figure of the age. The book in which his achievements are set forth is more exciting than most novels of adventure. For thirty years this dauntless captain of industry has violated the laws, that he might get into his own hands the sole privilege of supplying the world with oil. He has crushed all his competitors without pity or remorse. He has employed armed men to intercept his rivals when they attempted to carry oil to the coast by means of pipes. In defiance of the law he turned the public railroads to his own use and profit, though these railroads were given their franchise on condition that they should be of equal profit to all. For us it is difficult to understand how a great railroad should thus break its pledges and infringe the laws. But there is no doubt that the railroads did conspire with the Standard Oil Company to save themselves from ruinous competition. And the result was that John D. Rockefeller was able

not merely to ruin his competitors, but also to buy their plants at a mere fraction of their value. It is a strange story, and to find its equal we must go back to the annals of the Italian Republics, when force overrode the law, and when right had no chance at all of offering a successful opposition to might.

To what are we to attribute this reign of lawlessness? To indifference, say the American critics of America. The intelligent citizen is perfectly content so long as his streets are well lit, and he can get from his house to his office by a comfortable tram. He is too busy to vote; and his patriotism, which is active enough when the star-spangled banner waves above his head, does not persuade him to play his part in municipal government. And so his city falls into the hands of grafters. The people does not want good government, and is perfectly happy to be ruled by the machine, even though those who manage it are thieves and blackmailers. This indifference is not easily paralleled, and, while on the one hand it is a tribute to the people's faith in the boss, it proves, on the other hand, that the boss has qualities which happily for us are as yet undeveloped in England. Perhaps it is that America is too young a country to be intrusted with the burden of self-government. Perhaps, as the crudeness inevitable in young communities wears off, the boss may become extinct,

and boodle exist nowhere else than in the slang dictionary. That, of course, is between the American and his conscience. At any rate, it is no business of ours ; and though we are fully alive to the picturesqueness of Doc Ames and Chris Magee, we should not have referred to them here but for the President's Message to Congress. But when the chief of a State speaks eloquently concerning the "peace of justice," and threatens to show his disapproval of crimes committed elsewhere, we have every right to ask him to turn his bull's-eye into his own kitchen, and see if there is not a better field for reform below stairs in his own house than in the many mansions of the Old World. Mr Roosevelt is an optimist ; he is convinced not merely that he can give good council to Russia, to Turkey, and to England, upon whose administration of Ireland he has more than once commented ; but he firmly believes that he can help the Filipinos "to rise higher and higher in the scale of civilisation and of self-government." Will he hold up St Louis as an example to them ? or will he urge them to shape their communities upon the model of Minneapolis ? We do not know ; but we are quite sure that until the boss is extinct in America, her President will be prudent if he declines to play the part of a universal providence.

Will the boss ever flourish in England ? That is a question we cannot help asking, when

we read of the shame of American cities. That he will never interfere with the Imperial Government we have every confidence. We are too old an oligarchy to tolerate the supremacy of new methods. More than this : the oligarchy under which we live has a rare faculty of absorbing into itself the new elements contrived by political ingenuity. When the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed, impartial judges such as Talleyrand prophesied the downfall of England ; yet the House of Commons remains the same under the changed conditions, and the Whigs, who fondly believed that they were to be the rulers of England for life, were foiled of their prey. So, too, when the caucus was invented by a ward-politician of considerable talent, the pessimists prophesied that lobbying and every form of corruption would degrade the politics of England. But the caucus, too, was absorbed ; and though a judicious habit of flattery persuades it that it is a powerful influence, English politics are precisely what they were before the advent of Mr Schnadhorst. But there is one institution which might easily succumb to the temptation of boodle, and that is the County Council. For not only do the local councils perform the same offices which are intrusted in America to the municipalities, but they have no controlling tradition, no time-honoured standard of right and wrong. Moreover, they have liberally decided that their chief duty is to spend,—

to spend lavishly on education, locomotion, house-building, on anything which suggests a swift expenditure and a very slow return. Now, when money is wasted without restraint and on the easy security of a big debt, it is the easiest thing in the world to divert a commission into a private pocket. And if our county councillors possessed the adroit unscrupulousness of the American boodlers, they might easily grow rich, and nobody be a bit the wiser. They have already taken the first step towards corruption. They have spent more money than they possessed; they have borrowed more than they were justified in borrowing by the rates; they have never scrupled to put fresh burdens

on the rich for the benefit of the poor; and in thus acting they have already done much to shake the public confidence. Moreover, the English citizen is indifferent concerning the county council. He is as disinclined to vote as his American cousin, and it will be largely his own fault if he be imposed upon. Here, then, is our sole danger of corruption. It has long been our proud boast that the public life of England is pure and honest. But let it be remembered that county councillors are but men, and that if they be permitted to squander the public funds for improper purposes, they may take a further licence and regard the property of the community as their own.

A STUDY OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

BY CHASSEUR.

I. THE NAVAL CAMPAIGN.

AS was the case during the South African War, before the first twelve months of hostilities had passed, publishers in this country began to rush out volumes dealing in an ephemeral manner with the war, so also with regard to the present struggle in the Far East, we have to welcome amongst the winter publications three bulky and expensive volumes which deal with the Russo-Japanese War. At the present moment we have these three volumes before us.¹ Two may be said to deal with the war from the Japanese standpoint and one from that of Russia. Of the three, Mr Palmer's, as it is the least partisan, is in our opinion the most valuable, while in literary attainment it surpasses both its contemporaries.

It would be both wearisome and un instructive to examine these works purely as narratives of the war; but as we have now been able with their help, and with the help of the fuller reports which have come tardily from the front, to form a more accurate perspective of the situation in the Far East than was possible three months ago, the moment is not ill-ad-

vised for the purpose of studying the operations as a whole. With this object in view, the volumes under consideration serve a purpose, for even though in many cases they express opinions with which we are not in agreement, and make statements the accuracy of which we are at liberty to doubt, yet they refresh our memory on many points which might otherwise have escaped us. For this purpose we will take Mr T. Cowen's book first. It is the most prodigious volume of the three, and covers not only the operations on sea and land as far as the battle of Liauyang, but also deals with the past diplomatic history of Japan and Russia in the Far East. In fact, we do not scruple to say that these introductory chapters furnish the only really valuable reading matter in the work, since it is obvious to the most cursory reader who has taken the slightest interest in the operations that the latter chapters are simply a compilation from the more or less inaccurate press accounts of the various operations, and such meagre official reports as the author had access to. Nevertheless,

¹ The Russo-Japanese War, by T. Cowen (Arnold). With Kuroki in Manchuria, by Frederick Palmer (Methuen). The Campaign with Kuropatkin, by Douglas Story (T. Werner Laurie).

the volume is written in a manner which would beguile the unwary into believing that the author had been present at the various battles and engagements which he describes. We will later quote inaccuracies, which definitely show the sources from which these descriptions have been compiled.

Mr Cowen has approached the difficult question of the diplomatic relations which led up to this deplorable war with considerable skill, and it is evident that his long residence in the Far East makes him conversant with many phases of both Russian, Japanese, and Chinese intrigue, which on the surface are not apparent to us here in the West. But for all that, his attitude is so partisan that we cannot but think he injures the case for Japan by the exuberance of the language in which he paints their virtues. This attitude will of course appeal to the sentimental enthusiasm with which this country has accepted the official view of Japanese successes. And it is quite possible that the author had this in view when he over-painted his picture. But we hope, now that the first enthusiasm has worn off, and increased interest in the Far East has encouraged increased study of that portion of the globe, the people of this country will take a less hysterical view of the operations, and will realise how great an influence the issues at stake must have upon our future foreign policy. The time for mere clapping of hands and blind expression of enthusi-

asm is past. We have now to study to what extent our position in the Far East will be affected if either of the present belligerents succeeds in arriving at a mastery which will place it in the position of dictating in the Far East.

The pith of Mr Cowen's argument in favour of this sudden war is in the clap-trap diplomatic statement which shields Japan under the pretence that the whole of her policy is defensive. On the surface this is a truism, because preparedness for war is the strongest and most pacific defence that any nation could have, provided that nation is not stimulated with the piratical tendencies which have built up our own Empire.

Mr Cowen reverts so often to what he is pleased to call this "defensive instinct," that we shall be constrained to quote him against himself before entering into a study of Japan's past foreign policy, to show that there is but a narrow margin separating this frenzy for defence from the desire for national aggrandisement — so narrow that it is hard to say which prompted her to make herself into a first-class naval and military power. Mr Cowen takes it for granted that Japan's object in demanding a cession of Port Arthur from China after the Chinese war was simply a defensive measure against possible advances of Russia from the north. Of course, in a way, this is again a plausible truism; but the main object of Japan in de-

siring Port Arthur was to be able to place herself in a position to prevent a dismemberment of the Chinese Empire. Not so much on the defensive line—although this of course sounds well in diplomatic statements,—but in order that she might lay the first stone in her schemes for predominance in Peking. The determination to be the great Power in the Far East has so permeated through every rank and walk of life in Japan, that it almost upset the well-balanced plans of the better-informed statesmen. Writing of these stormy days when Japan, flushed with her victory over China, was compelled by European intervention to relinquish much of her fruits of victory, Mr Cowen says:—

“Many and bitter were the newspaper articles and pamphlets published in Japan against the three Powers and against giving up Port Arthur. Feeling ran so high that there must have been war in any other country less carefully controlled. The Press censors had to work like a fire brigade; newspapers were suspended right and left; the prisons were filled with indignant patriots; and wherever one publication was stopped others would come to light in its place. When a printing plant was placed under lock and key some neighbour would buy a few dollars' worth of materials, and publish one defiant protest before going proudly to prison.”

This public outburst, though it was quelled by the more far-seeing statesmen of the time, became a valuable instrument for the furthering of Japanese policy. To show the key-note of this policy, we will quote the Japanese themselves. ‘Japan by the Japanese’ clearly shows

that Japan fastened a quarrel upon China, not because she had any particular grievance with the Chinese, but simply because the time was ripe for her to commence expansion. The Marquis Ito, according to this work, formulated the Japanese claim to Korea as follows:—

“The claims of China over Korea were historical only—i.e., as the history of China reckons Korea among her tributaries; and as China had the greatest repugnance of changing the face of history as the worthy legacy of ancestral Emperors, so she was intent on claiming Korea as her vassal State. The claims of Japan over Korea were economical—i.e., she did not claim any regal authority over Korea; but from her geographical position and the necessity of providing for her constantly increasing population, she was intent on utilising Korea as the best source from which the defect in the home produce of rice was to be supplied, as well as the nearest field in which the future sons of Japan might find employment.”

Does not such a statement, coming from the Japanese themselves, remind us that there are two sides to every question? Does not the memory of the Seoul plot and its murderous issues sound a note of warning, which should qualify to some degree the warm appreciation with which we acknowledge the many virtues of our allies?

A book like Mr Cowen's is calculated to mislead the judgment of those who, if they had really studied the facts, would prefer to steer a more moderate course than one of blind adulation of our allies. Not that we as a nation have

any right to throw stones at either of these Powers, who are really struggling for an expansion which is economically necessary to both. The means by which we have built up this great Empire will not permit in us a policy of cant. But although we have no cause to throw stones, yet that is no reason why we, with our experience behind us, should not be able to judge more truly of passing events in cases where the present history of the East is striving to emulate the past history of the West. It were foolish not to profit for ourselves from the precedents in piracy which we ourselves established. For this reason sentiments expressed as Mr Cowen has expressed them, although they will doubtless at the present moment help to sell his book, will not tend to make this country more alive to the great issues which will be thrust upon it if either Power now struggling in the Far East should win a decisive mastery over the other.

We have studied Mr Cowen at this length for the purpose of exposing certain fallacies of opinion which we know to exist, in order that we may approach the more important subject of this article—namely, the study of the last ten months' war—with an open and unbiassed mind. It is necessary to do this, because no one can say that this war has up to date been studied dispassionately; and as we proceed we will endeavour to illuminate the drier portions of the narrative with extracts from the

works now upon the table. But before commencing this study it must clearly be understood that the standpoint which we take is, that Japan has for the last twenty years realised that the partition of China would kill her own progress in the Far East. She had had proof of this in the case of Germany's action in Shantung, following immediately upon Russia's occupation of Port Arthur. She saw clearly that Russia's expansion in Manchuria unopposed would without doubt bring about the partition of China within a few years. She determined, therefore, to use her whole strength and the whole of her resources to check Russia, and thus delay the partition, which was imminent, until her influence, power, and prestige were sufficient in China to render a partition impossible. As in the former case of her campaign against China, Korea again formed the pretext.

For the purpose of a brief study, the affairs of the past year in the Far East divide themselves conveniently into three phases—namely, the preparations before hostilities, the naval and the land campaigns.

We have abundant evidence that Japan, even though hers was a purely defensive instinct, was preparing against the eventuality of this war with Russia for many years. We have abundant evidence of the state of efficiency existing in her Navy and her Army. We have also now sufficient evidence to show us that although

the little island Power was preparing in every detail to await a war against Russia in Manchuria and in the Far Eastern waters, yet the great military power which Japan had made up her mind to face was in no wise as well prepared to undertake a struggle in which its opponent possessed many of the essential strategic advantages. On the face of it, it seemed absurd that a little country, whose total population did not yet reach fifty millions, and which sixty years ago was existing in a state of civilisation so opposed to the Western development that it could not even for a single moment have held up its head as one of the nations of the world, should dare to enter into a conflict with a great military Power which for twenty years had, in the terror born of its unfathomed strength, carried colossal weight in Western politics. This want of proportion and disparity of strength between the belligerents has doubtless been responsible for much of the sympathy and enthusiasm vested in Japan. But really Japan's numerical weakness, and her comparatively recent insignificance, has been the main cause of her success. Russia, dwelling secure in the knowledge of her size and reputation, had never taken in serious part the opposition she was receiving from Japan. Even her most far-seeing statesmen could not bring themselves to believe that this little nation of dwarfs would ever dare to risk political and national effacement by

breaking a lance against the solidity of the Russian Empire. Thus it was that Russia hoped, by an adequate show of naval and military strength in Manchuria and the Pacific, to convince Japan of the impossibility of ever really interfering with Russia's plans and projects. Consequently, while Japan was steeling herself for years for this very struggle, Russia was content to smile at the warnings which came to her, and never until the last moment did she make any real effort to render herself invulnerable against an offensive Japan. Japan, however, took a different view of Russia's strength to that held by the rest of the world. And her military and naval advisers, at the time when she induced the British Government to enter into an alliance, argued that when once they had secured a powerful ring-keeper they would be able to handle any naval and military force that the Russians could bring against them in the Far East.

The past ten months have proved to a great extent that these naval and military advisers were right. Their only fear lay in the question of command of the seas: they felt confident that if once they gained a supremacy over the Russian naval forces in the Far East, their armies would be able to undertake the discomfiture within a specified time of such troops as Russia could place in the field against them. Their counsellors argued that if, on paper, they could place a fleet in opposition to the Russian

fleets in the Chinese waters equal in fighting strength, they would be able to beat the Russians on the score of efficiency. Once they had the command of the sea, for the time being every advantage lay with them for a land campaign. They could calculate upon being able to place between four and five hundred thousand men in the field, long before the Siberian railway could reinforce the existing strength of the Russian garrisons in the Far East. This would give them a numerical advantage at once, and they felt confident that man for man the Japanese soldier was as good as the Russian, and that the Japanese officers were superior. Moreover, they had an intimate knowledge of the theatre of operations, and, with the command of the sea, they would be able to make the Russians fight on ground of their own selection. They would be able, owing to their close connection with the people of Manchuria, to furnish intelligence of their enemies' movement which no European army in the Far East could hope to equal, and they had always at the back of their heads the belief that their initial success on sea and land would plunge Russia internally into such a disorder that long before the great strength of the Empire could be drawn upon, she would be forced to relinquish the conflict. Thus it was that, on 6th February of last year, the Japanese entered upon this colossal struggle almost with a light heart. And to a con-

siderable extent their estimate of their enemy has proved correct. Russia's naval power in the East proved to be despicable,—so much so, that the Japanese were able to throw their armies into Manchuria even more rapidly than they had anticipated in the best appreciation of their chances; but, as it will be the object in these articles to show, although many of their speculations have proved correct, yet on the whole the Japanese have shown limitations in the furtherance of their campaign which were outside the calculations of their naval and military Cabinet.

We will now deal with the circumstances in which Russia found herself when, towards the end of January, it was evident that there would be no means of avoiding hostilities. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that Russia was in no measure prepared for such a war as Japan was preparing to bring against her, either in Manchuria or in Chinese waters. It is impossible even now to say whether this want of preparedness was due to a general disbelief in St Petersburg that Japan would ever be bold enough to risk this stupendous issue of the war with a great European power, or whether Admiral Alexieff, the Czar's viceroy in the Far East, had underrated the powers of the island nation. Judging from Mr Cowen's very correct appreciation of the Czar's feelings towards Japan, we would be inclined to think that the real blame rested with Alexieff, although we have re-

cently had this official's disclaimer to such a suggestion.

Mr Cowen believes that the attack made upon the Czarevitch in 1891 has, to a large extent, been responsible for the Czar's present policy towards Japan. He refers to it in the following manner:—

“As usual in such cases, the outrage had not the effect it was intended to have, but rather the contrary: it reduced to silence, for very shame, all who would have spoken reasonably of the Russian Peril, and it gave the present ruler of Russia a lifelong conviction that the Japanese are a dangerous race. In fact, the act of Tsuda Sanzo helped to popularise throughout the Western world the outcry against the Yellow Peril. This effect was intensified when a very similar attack was made on Li Hung Chang in 1895, at Shimonoseki, during the negotiations for the cession of Port Arthur to Japan. Again the intending assassin thought to do his country a service by removing in a merely mediæval way a dangerous man. The Czarevitch Nicholas had just become Czar, and this affair in Shimonoseki must have appealed to him as it could not to any other. As if to remind him again, a year or two later the Kaiser sent his famous cartoon to the Czar, and the nations of Europe were confirmed in their combined action against the Yellow Peril, and against Japan. It is undeniable that the Japanese in certain moods are as terrible as any one can paint them. . . . Under provocation or under apprehension of danger they are liable to develop a volcanic temper, comparable with Mont Pélée in fury and utter destructiveness.”

Therefore it will not be unreasonable if we trace the Russian unpreparedness to the old sin of which we ourselves have so often been guilty—of underestimating the prowess of our enemy. The Japanese, on the other hand, made a very fair

and correct estimate of the strength of the Russian forces in Manchuria. It has been agreed on all hands, both by the Russians and by disinterested spectators of this struggle, that the system of the Japanese espionage has been unequalled. It must be borne in mind that the opportunities for this very espionage, which their close affiliation with China afforded them, have been unequalled. But we may also safely say that Japanese expert officers have gone to much further lengths in their desire to compile faithful information for the use of their country than has ever been contemplated in European countries. We have countless records of Japanese officers, often of considerable rank, undertaking menial posts in all quarters of the globe in the service of those from whom they have something to learn. But the Russians' occupation of Manchuria furnished them with unequalled opportunities in this respect. With a little property artist's work there is not much to choose between a Chinese and a Japanese servant. We have reliable information that even while the Russians were building their fortifications at Liauyang, Port Arthur, and Yungampo before the war, though for diplomatic reasons they were denying the existence of such works, yet at the very moment when these denials were handed to Baron Komura in Tokio, reports were lying on the table of the War Minister from Japanese officers helping to build these works in the char-

acter of labourers. Therefore, when a nation is prepared to go to this length in order to pursue its national schemes, it is not surprising that they should have been the first to understand where Russia's weakness lay. That they have already, to use a vulgar expression, pricked the Russians' bubble, we are not prepared to allow. But that they have shown that there was much to warrant the use of the expression we readily admit, though we venture the opinion that there is a vast difference between pricking a bubble and emptying the whole of the washing-tub.

The main cause for Russia's unpreparedness for war in her newly acquired province was not so much the paucity in numbers of troops, the want of munitions of war, or the inefficiency of the railway communications. What the Russian army in the Far East lacked was system. There is undeniable proof that much of the moneys which should have been expended against possible hostilities found its way into the pockets of superior officers. Where venality exists, it is impossible to have discipline. Dishonest direction means a rotten company. Therefore, as far more time had been spent by the superior officers in Manchuria in lining their own pockets than in preparing against a possible Japanese invasion, when that moment came there was practically no machinery to make profitable use of such military and naval material as existed. It has been seriously stated on the authority of a Russian

naval officer that none of the battleships in the Far East had ever attempted gun-practice with their primary armaments. By collusion with accomplices in St Petersburg, the money which should have supplied ammunition for the heavy guns disappeared as cash into somebody's banking account. As a proof that such scandals were possible, we have the disgraceful affair of the Royal Hospital train. But it would be useless to follow up the long list of official venality: it will suffice to say that, although it may have been hid from the knowledge of such superior officers as did not participate in it, yet it had never escaped the vigilance of the Japanese, and it doubtless to a large extent accounted for the sanguine manner in which they entered upon the campaign.

Yet in spite of their knowledge of these deficiencies, the administrators in Manchuria pinned extraordinary confidence in their naval supremacy. And it must be borne in mind that the prevailing influence at the moment in Manchuria was naval rather than military. On paper the Russian fleet showed a slight superiority in power over the naval strength of Japan. But as this total tonnage in the case of Japan was distributed over many ships of inferior class, and the prevailing impression in Western naval schools was that the battleship would be the decisive factor in modern naval warfare, and as on paper the Japanese were considerably inferior to the Russians in this

class of vessel, the Russian officers were satisfied that their Pacific fleet would be able to carry the war to the coasts of Japan until the time was ripe to engage upon a land campaign. And until they were disillusioned on the fateful evening of 8th February, they rested secure in this belief. This has been proved to a great extent by Admiral Alexieff's statements made for publication after his recent return to St Petersburg. For he then readily allowed that if the Japanese had pressed their initial advantage with more vigour, they would have found the defences of Port Arthur in poor condition. But from all this, it must not be imagined that Russia was overtaken in a hopeless state of unpreparedness. Although the character of her system allowed of enormous pilfering of public money, yet that state of venality had not been reached that the whole of the public funds were embezzled. We know that towards the end of 1903 Russia was making large purchases of warlike stores,—she was even purchasing canned meats in Japan,—and large orders were lodged in America and elsewhere — even it was possible to see in Tokio in January a considerable museum of samples of various preserved fruit-stuffs which Russia was then importing into Manchuria from over-sea; and it was doubtless the fact that Alexieff had awakened to the serious nature of the Japanese preparations which determined Japan to open hostilities as

soon as the season should be favourable, in spite of the very strenuous endeavours of her more peacefully inclined ally.

Of the Manchurian railway we shall have more to say when we deal with the land operations, though we are inclined to believe that the Japanese, in common with the several military theorists in this country and the Continent, were misguided in their estimates of the capabilities of that communication.

We will not enter here into the diplomatic relations which actually preceded the outbreak of hostilities. It is definitely apparent that although the quaint code of false morality which rules diplomatic relations throughout the whole world required a certain amount of formal representation, yet Japan had determined upon war while the season was propitious, before Russia had awakened to the full significance of the peril of her position in Manchuria. That there was a considerable apprehension in Japanese naval circles that Russia would forestall them in striking the first blow is proved by the nature of the telegraphic correspondence received by the commanders of the *Nisshin* and *Kasuga* at the later ports called at on their journey outwards. Also by the state of consternation into which Sasebo was thrown when it was announced on 4th February that the Russian fleet had sailed from Port Arthur for an unknown destination. Until the return of the fleet to Port

Arthur was reported, it looked as if Admiral Starck was bringing his fleet to force matters in Japanese waters, and at that moment such a stroke might have altered the entire complexion of the first year's hostilities. But this bubble burst almost as soon as it appeared, and on 6th February Admiral Togo sailed from Sasebo. Mr Cowen has graphically described this great occasion :—

“Like a great, complex, perfect machine, every section set in motion simultaneously by the simple act of pressing a button, the entire fighting force began to move at the moment the signal was given. Soldiers who had been for days and weeks waiting for the ‘cue,’ quietly and methodically filed out of barracks and into boats to board the waiting troop-ships at Sasebo. Provisions and ammunition, field equipment, and all other necessities had been stowed on board in advance, and the flotilla of troop-ships for the invasion of Korea moved out of Sasebo before daylight on February 6th, the main body of the fleet accompanying.”

One can well imagine the feelings of anxiety which must have exercised the Cabinet Ministers in Tokio on this momentous occasion. In the existence of that fleet was vested the whole of the scheme of expansion which had inspired all their labours and ambitions of the last twenty years. Would their deductions and planning prove to be correct, or had they committed the Western sin of over-appreciation of their own powers. That they were confident there is no doubt. But war is a series of surprises, and it could not, at that moment, have been

a confidence untempered with apprehension. In Admiral Togo's hands were vested the very destinies of the new-born nation.

The first objective of the Japanese offensive was Korea. A glance at the map will show the soundness of this first venture. At the moment the Russians were reinforcing their outposts on the river Yalu, and had even pushed south a mounted force into Korea proper. It was therefore essential that Russia should be forced from the “hermit kingdom,” before she might gain a hold sufficient to upset the Japanese plan of campaign. It must be understood that Korea was just as essential to Japan for the purpose of naval strategy as for the military campaign. Togo required the west coast of the peninsula for his offensive strategy; while it was absolutely essential that Admiral Starck should not secure one of the many harbours to aid him in an attack against Japan. That this was contemplated by the Russian schemes is suggested by the large stores of coal accumulated by the Russians at Chemulpo. Therefore Japan's object was to land an expeditionary force on the coast of Korea, to establish itself first at Seoul, the capital, and then as quickly as possible at Ping-yang, the main strategic point in the north of the peninsula. This force having established itself, would then prove the advance point of the first invading army. If successful, this move

would prevent the Russians from establishing a land supremacy which would control the harbours in the north. With this object the fleet of transports carrying a portion of the 2nd division, under the escort of Admiral Uriu's cruiser squadron, entered Chemulpo, and effected a landing under the bows of two Russian warships at anchor in the harbour: another transport deflected to the north, landed a company of infantry at Haiju, whose mission was to make a forced march upon Ping-yang. Both these forces successfully carried out their missions.

The situation in Chemulpo was of extraordinary interest. Owing to the incapacity of the Port Arthur command, the *Variag*, the fastest cruiser on the Pacific station, the gunboat *Koriets*, and the Volunteer steamship *Sungari* were lying at anchor amid the international squadron of warships, unapprised of the fact that hostilities existed. The commander of the *Variag* was unprepared to act in the circumstance of an obviously hostile landing in a treaty port. Moreover, he was trapped at his anchorage by the appearance of Uriu's superior squadron in the outer harbour. In these circumstances one is inclined to think that if he had been a man of grit he would have opposed the landing. But it is evident that he was as slow in arriving at a conclusion as he was in directing the fighting qualities of his ship. The *Koriets*, on the first appearance of the transports, had steamed

out to the open harbour, and here, being confronted by Uriu's fleet, had fired at a torpedo-boat. This is claimed by Japan to have been the first act of war. An obviously absurd assertion, since the music of the winches of Togo's fleet in Sasebo harbour as they up-anchored to escort the transports was the opening act of war. But we are not concerned with such trivial details. The Russian ships were trapped, though if the commander had been a man of any moment, the very fact that the evening before Uriu's squadron arrived the Japanese cruiser *Chiyoda* slipped out of the Chemulpo anchorage without lights should have been sufficient indication to him to have rejoined his admiral in Port Arthur without a moment's delay. As it was, when the landing had been completed, Uriu sent a request to the commander of the *Variag* that he should come out and fight, together with a notice to the commanders of the foreign war-vessels that they should move from the anchorage, as it was his intention to attack the Russians in the harbour. We do not for a moment think that Admiral Uriu intended to put in practice this bold threat, since there was no precedent which would warrant his carrying war into a treaty port. But it had the desired effect, for the weak little Russian squadron steamed out of the harbour to accept battle amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the other naval forces collected there. This action of the commander of the *Variag* has

been claimed by Russia and her sympathisers as a very gallant proceeding. Doubtless it was gallant in its conception. There is, however, a tradition in our own navy—a tradition which we trust will never pass into oblivion—that if a ship has to fight, no matter the odds, she will fight and sink with her battle-flags aloft. It was doubtless the intention of the commander of the *Variag* to do likewise. Although Uriu's squadron was so superior, be it said to his credit and the credit of the Japanese navy that it did not bring the whole of its gun-power to bear upon the solitary Russian cruiser. We say solitary, because she rapidly out-distanced the little *Korietz*. Uriu engaged the *Variag* with his flag-ship, the *Asama*, alone. After a brief exchange of shots, the courage of the commander of the *Variag* forsook him, and he turned and made for his late anchorage, the gunboat turning with him, and it was during this homeward journey that he suffered so severely from the *Asama's* fire. Back he went to his anchorage, and immediately opened the sea-cocks in his vessel and ordered the destruction by explosion of the *Korietz* and the *Sungari*. A dismal ending! It may be pointed out here, as an aside, that in the enthusiasm of this first success the nature of the engagement was much exaggerated, for we read in the Japanese reports that the little *Korietz* was riddled with holes. She was never in action at all. Also we heard of the devastating effect

of the Japanese shrapnel. It may be pointed out that shrapnel forms no part of Japanese marine artillery, except in the case of 9-pounder field-guns for landing-parties. It is evident from Mr Cowen's description of the affair, as in all his other battle descriptions, that he has drawn on the local official and newspaper reports for his information. Speaking of the *Korietz*, he says:—

"Then came the Japanese answer. Only half a dozen more shells from the *Asama*, and the *Korietz* was pierced through and through, leaking so rapidly that it seemed she must sink before she could get back into shelter. She certainly could not go on, she would not haul down her flag, and she did not want to sink out there. So back she came less than a half-hour after she had started. She just managed to reach shallow water in time, and sank on the mud on an even keel, her deck still standing out of the water."

Again, speaking of the same occasion, "Shrapnel shells were bursting all the time with deadly accuracy, filling the air like rain." Later on he forgets that he has already sunk the *Korietz*, for he says, "Though the *Korietz* was by no means so badly shattered as the bigger ships, it was decided to blow her up, so that she should not fall into the enemies' hands."

We will now deal with the first naval attack on Port Arthur. This really took place before the destruction of the Russian ships in Chemulpo—in fact, the first hostile act against the main Russian fleet occurred while the Japanese troops were disembarking in Korea. It may be taken for granted that

Admiral Togo was kept informed up to the last moment of the movements of the Russian ships at Port Arthur. He knew that the battleship squadron preferred to anchor in the outer roadstead owing to the difficulties of negotiating the narrow channel of the harbour proper. The fighting power of its ships was then an unknown quantity, and their paper superiority to his own squadron of battleships warranted his attempting to reduce this superiority by any means that would still keep the striking power of his own battleships intact. Unless it were forced upon him, he would not have been justified in engaging in a fleet action. Being well aware of the naval custom prevailing in Port Arthur, and trusting in the fact that his rapidity of action would find Port Arthur still doubtful as to whether a state of war existed or not, he despatched two divisions of destroyers, with the object, if the circumstances proved favourable, of delivering his first blow against the Russian battle squadron as it lay at anchor in its own roadstead. It is not our object to enter upon any discussion as to the morality of the Japanese stroke: we will confine ourselves to the bare statement that, judging by the precedent contained in the history of past declarations of war, and remembering that the whole of the Japanese success depended upon rapidity of action, they were justified in using any means calculated to place them

upon an equality with their enemy in a struggle which has well been called a life-or-death struggle.

Togo's information proved to be as correct as his conjecture, and the result rang through the length and breadth of the world with galvanic effect. The Russians were caught napping; but that they had apprehensions was shown in the movements of their own destroyer flotilla. Two divisions were patrolling in the vicinity of Shantung promontory. These were sighted by the Japanese destroyers as they steered for Port Arthur, and, according to the most reliable information, the result was a race for the roadstead, and, as has proved so fatal in many land engagements, the Russians suffered from the attack because their retreating outposts and the attacking forces arrived simultaneously. This would account for the Russian statement that the Japanese torpedo-craft made the Russian signals. The attack, which was made about midnight, was over in a few minutes. Accurate accounts are conflicting; but there is sufficient reason to believe that the great Russian battleships were lying in line ahead with their lights showing, that the crews were not even at quarters, and that several of the senior deck officers were on shore. Never before, and never possibly again, had torpedo-craft such an opportunity. But the dramatic side of the scene is painful in the extreme. The silence of the night broken first

with the chime of the fleet bells sounding the hour; then, as the anchor-watch is changed, the sudden suspicion of the panting breath of torpedo-craft; the indistinct lights of their own returning flotilla, and the dark moving bodies sweeping in from the seaboard; the dull reverberation as two torpedoes take effect on the largest of the Russian leviathans. One can almost feel the convulsive shudder that must have quickened that sleeping fleet. The frenzied rush to quarters, the anxious glances cast by the more responsible officers towards the flag-ship, for some signal to apprise them of the meaning of this sudden uproar. The ignorance of the said flag-ship, ringing with the cry for collision-mats, and then the sudden tumult of guns fired blindly into the appalling darkness out of which the attack had come. But before the Russian crews had recovered from their panic, the perpetrators of the trouble had disappeared into the great unknown. All that remained were two huge battleships in helpless distress, the unparalleled situation of a powerful fleet reduced to impotent consternation. Although one cannot help being moved to admiration of the spirit which prompted the Japanese in this splendid effort, yet one cannot help thinking that they made a very small use of their unique opportunity. The destroyers, having passed down the line of battleships, sped away into the darkness, nor did they renew their attack until much

later in the night. If they had returned again and again, they would have maintained the panic which their first appearance had caused, and it is impossible to estimate what other damage they might have achieved. As it was, at the time that they saw fit to renew the attack some semblance of order had been restored; so much so, that their second appearance produced no further results but an expenditure of ammunition from both ships and land forts. But although in this first instance the fullest advantage was not taken of the opportunity, yet the moral effect of this attack, aside from the fact that the two most powerful ships in the Russian fleet had been temporarily damaged, was a great achievement, and it may safely be said that the Japanese navy that night established a moral supremacy.

The scope of a magazine article will not allow of our following in similar detail all the naval actions. We can only hope to quote enough to establish the broad lines of the general strategy employed. On the day following the torpedo attack Togo steamed in towards Port Arthur and demonstrated in front of the Russian stronghold. The Russian fleet was still at anchor, though the two injured battleships had been temporarily beached at the entrance of the harbour. It is probable that, as soon as Togo was informed of the success of the night-raid, he considered he would be strong enough to risk a fleet action with the

remainder of the Russian ships. Anyway, he gave Admiral Starok this opportunity. But the paralysis which has marked the attitude of the Russian Pacific squadron throughout the war had already set in, and the demonstration developed into an exchange of shots at long range, and to a certain amount of bombardment between the Japanese fleet and the shore defences.

It had been arranged that as soon as the Japanese fleet left Sasebo it would first base itself at Mokpo, a considerable port at the south-west corner of the Korean peninsula. To this place already the cable-boats and the naval transports had been sent. As long as there had been a possibility, however remote, of the Russian fleet attempting to take the offensive against Japan, Mokpo furnished a suitable base for the Japanese battle-squadron, while the cruisers patrolled the one hundred and twenty miles of sea between the Shantung promontory and Sir James Hall group. Mokpo may therefore be considered as the defensive naval base chosen by Japan. But Togo was now satisfied that he would be able to undertake the offensive without let or hindrance. It behoved him therefore to have an offensive base nearer to his objective than either Mokpo or Sasebo. This, of course, was laid down in the scheme of Japanese naval strategy, and instead of returning to Mokpo, Togo took his fleet into an indifferently charted bay behind the Sir

James Hall group, which brought him within ten hours' steam of Port Arthur. To this place all his necessary plant, supply, coal, and transports were brought, and the advance-base was established. Everything had been ready in Sasebo for this undertaking, and almost before the admiral's battle-squadron first cast anchor, the wireless stations, which were to keep communication along the coast of Korea, were in working order, while his coal-supply was already awaiting him. It would be well here to dilate upon the extraordinary secrecy with which these arrangements were carried out; and it is probable that, until this base was discarded as a primary base, not half a dozen Europeans knew the spot which had been chosen. Of course it was obvious that a base existed somewhere in the Yellow Sea, and the wildest speculations were current: even now the well-informed are at fault, for we find that Mr Cowen asserts, with a positiveness which might well convince the uninformed, that Togo's fleet returned to Sasebo, and that his primary base was at the Elliot Islands. He says: "Returning to Sasebo, two days' steam from Port Arthur, Admiral Togo sent ashore the dead and wounded, and quickly effected the repairs needed." And a few pages later he repeatedly refers to the Elliot Islands as being the base. We will point out here that, although the moral effect of his initial success had been

so great, it would have been foolhardy for the Admiral in the existing circumstances to have based himself nearer to Port Arthur—at least, as near to Port Arthur as the Elliot group. The Russian torpedo flotilla had yet to be reckoned with as an effective force. Togo had certainly reduced the Russian battle squadron by two ships, and by report by one or two others; but there was no evidence that he had done any harm to the torpedo flotilla, and it was therefore essential that his base should be at a sufficient distance from Port Arthur, in a sufficiently concealed position to place it beyond the possibility of an attack being made upon it similar to the one he had made himself. Also other considerations required caution. The outbreak of war had found the Russians with a cruiser squadron of four fast and powerful ships in Vladivostock. In order to cope with any movement undertaken by this squadron, either against the coast ports of Japan or in an attempt to concentrate at Port Arthur, it was necessary that Togo should weaken his own cruiser squadron. And he had had therefore to despatch a cruiser squadron more powerful than that of the Russians to watch Vladivostock. This so reduced his strength in cruisers with the main squadron, that in effect the Russian cruiser squadron at Port Arthur held the superiority over his own.

The result of Togo's first movement was a withdrawal of the Russian Port Arthur fleet

into the haven of the narrower roadstead,—a certain number of the cruisers alone remaining outside. The weather, too, changed at this period, and from the 11th to the 20th of February fierce and continuous storms swept across the Yellow Sea. For a few days Admiral Togo contented himself with allowing Admiral Kamimura to make a demonstration against Vladivostock. On the night of the 13th, however, Togo despatched a division of destroyers to attempt a night raid against the Russian cruisers guarding Port Arthur's entrance. These destroyers made the attack in a gale of wind through a blinding snow-blizzard. Two only of the four reached their destination, and they at wide intervals apart. They claimed to have torpedoed the many-funnelled and oft-times-sunk *Askold*, but we think that the attack had no serious result except to the Japanese, who are credited with having lost a destroyer in the storm.

There was one hope that was high in the minds of the Japanese naval strategists—they were well aware of the value of the Russians' ships, and we are constrained to believe that after the 8th of February they rated the commercial value far higher than the fighting value. And who shall deny that they had cause?

Now Japan coveted these ships, and already the Japanese naval experts were formulating a plan by which they might hope to possess the major portion of this powerful squadron.

When once they had gained a moral supremacy over the Russian fleet they did not desire to bring about a fleet action, which, if unsuccessful, would ruin their own fighting strength, or very terribly impair it; and which, if successful, would not mean anything but an ultimate destruction of these magnificent ships which they so coveted. In the moment of success they would either be sunk in deep water or beached in despair on some rocky coast where their destruction would be inevitable. We would ask the reader to take particular notice of the naval strategy at this juncture, because in our opinion this desire to possess themselves of the Russian ships has been responsible for the ghastly carnage which, at the time of writing, is still taking place at Port Arthur. In fact, the desire to possess these vessels has also to a great extent dominated the military strategy of the war. The argument is as follows: Once Russia's fleet had slunk into Port Arthur for security, it had suggested to the Japanese a plan which they considered worth pursuing to the last effort. If they could effectually blockade the entrance to Port Arthur and keep this fleet immured, they might then be able, by combined naval and military operations, to possess themselves of it. Even if the Russians had to destroy their ships as a last resource, they would be sunk in shallow water, upon mud, in which case there was every probability that

some, at least, of them might be salvaged at leisure. But there was also another governing factor, that whether they could be salvaged or not they could be destroyed without running the risk of impairing the striking power of Togo's battle squadron. It was this policy which induced Togo to undertake the repeated hazardous endeavours to block the entrance to the port with ballast-laden vessels. It would be wearisome to follow in detail each of these gallant and brilliant attempts. They were three in number, and although they failed to absolutely close the entrance, yet they so impaired the fairway that indirectly Togo may be said to have attained his object. If for the moment we may anticipate, we may point out that the cardinal reason why the Russian fleet failed to escape on both occasions when it attempted to break away from Port Arthur, was that the navigation of the channel had become so difficult that it was impossible for the Russian squadron to clear all its ships in sufficient time to move off as a whole, without the Japanese observation craft being able to transmit the information of the project to Togo. Consequently Togo, having moved up to his nearer base, was always in position to frustrate each effort.

In the meantime, although we are not yet dealing with the land campaign, in order to keep sequence of events we must refer to the movements which were taking place in Korea.

Since Togo had established himself behind the Sir James Hall group, the ice which bound the northern coast-line of Korea began to break up. As soon as the Ping-yang inlet was navigable Togo sent up his fourth squadron, consisting of coast defence vessels and second-class torpedo craft, to the Ping-yang inlet. This was then secured, and with it the treaty port of Chinampo. Togo had already informed the military department that it would be safe to transport troops to Chinampo, and thereupon the main portion of the first army corps (Kuroki's) was despatched from Japan and proceeded to disembark at Chinampo. Thence it moved at once to reinforce the brigade, which, after having occupied Seoul, had moved up to hold the strategic point which the company they had disembarked at Haiju had already seized. By March 15 Kuroki's army corps had all been landed in Korea.

To return to the naval operations. Russia had been convulsed by the news of her initial disasters. It was realised, now too late, that there had been nothing of unjustified bravado in the Japanese attitude. A movement was made at once to place the direction of affairs in the Far East in more capable hands. Admiral Makaroff, who possessed a world-wide reputation, was despatched post-haste to take supreme command of the Pacific Squadron, whose disasters were traced, and not unfairly, to the incompetency of Admiral

Starck, the existing naval commander. General Kuropatkin, who is considered even by German authorities to be one of the ablest soldiers in Europe, was appointed to the chief command of the military forces in Manchuria; whilst orders were given that the home fleet should at once be mobilised, and as soon as the necessary naval arrangements could be perfected, despatched to the Far East. The Japanese on their part, while waiting on the weather to enable them to proceed with their plans, entered into a political arrangement with the court at Seoul, which was tantamount to declaring a protectorate over the peninsula, which, in order to forestall the Russian movements, they had found it necessary to invade. They were busy also mobilising their reserves, as the success of the naval operations now warranted their making their further movements without fear of interference, as soon as the ice should have broken up on the northern shores of the Yellow Sea. Their successes had been extraordinary, and it is not a matter for surprise, in a country such as this, where we are bound to Japan not only by a solemn compact of alliance but also by that sentiment which is inseparable from this nation when it views a weaker in conflict with a greater, that the enthusiasm to some degree warped our comprehension of the due proportions of the struggle. Thus we failed to consider the limitations of Japan, nor stopped to ana-

lyse the remaining energy of Russia.

March was more or less marked by a lull in the sea operations. The Russians were engaged in an attempt to repair the disasters of the first month's war, while the Japanese were pressing on their invasion of Korea, which in itself was a co-operation with the naval strategy of Admiral Togo. Togo's fleet, however, was not absolutely idle: at stated intervals it appeared off Port Arthur and attempted to maintain the state of demoralisation within the fortress by long-range shelling; also further torpedo and blockading attacks were put into force. Admiral Makaroff, the hope of the Russian navy, had arrived. His presence had an electrical effect upon the naval forces: the injured ships were placed under repair, the entrance was surveyed for a passage, and such obstacles as had become effective by the Japanese action were removed by blasting. By the 20th of March a passage was declared practicable, and Makaroff at once took such ships of his squadron as were seaworthy out to sea. What his ultimate intentions may have been it is impossible to say, but we know that after his first cruise in the open sea he returned to port, and Togo, who was apprised of every movement of the Russian ships, again swooped down on Port Arthur before the new Russian activity could effect anything.

On the night of 26th March a further fleet of merchantmen was convoyed to Port Arthur,

and a third attempt made to block the channel. It was claimed at the time that the enterprise had been entirely successful; but in light of subsequent events, it would appear that the Russian destroyers succeeded in torpedoing the two leading vessels, and thus misdirected the course of those which followed. It is evident that from this time forward Admiral Togo was of the opinion that although he had not succeeded in absolutely choking the entrance channel to Port Arthur, yet he had sufficiently obstructed it to make the passage of ships of large displacement a tardy and difficult proceeding. Other plans were maturing in his mind: a Japanese naval officer belonging to the Scientific Research Department had invented a marine mine, for which he claimed most devastating powers. Togo determined to employ these mines in conjunction with a scheme of simple strategy, by which he hoped either to entice the Russian squadron out to sea, or, if he failed to destroy it in a fleet action, at least be able to drive it back to Port Arthur through an area sown with these blockade mines. On April 12th a specially constructed mine-laying vessel, accompanied by two destroyer divisions and escorted by a cruiser squadron consisting of two first-class and four second-class cruisers, left the base at Haiju. They were calculated to arrive off Port Arthur about midnight. In the meantime Togo took his battle squadron and his squadron of first-class

cruisers to a rendezvous twenty miles south-east of Port Arthur, timing himself to arrive at this rendezvous at daybreak on the 13th. The set scheme was as follows: The mine-laying craft was to sow an area in front of Port Arthur with a quantity of contact mines; at daybreak the escorting squadron was to sail in towards the fortress as near as possible without running undue risks from the shore batteries. It was conjectured that as Makaroff now had a considerable fleet of seaworthy ships, and was, moreover, anxious to bring about some event that would more or less balance Russia's lost naval prestige, he would bring his squadron out, and attempt to get on terms with this weak decoy-squadron. The latter would then steer a south-westerly course, so calculated as to bring the Russians over the mine-field. If, however, they failed to come to grief upon the mines, and continued to pursue, Togo with his battle squadron would be in a position, provided the pursuit was sufficiently maintained, to out them off. Simple as this trap was in its conception, yet Makaroff fell into it. The mine-laying ship successfully distributed her engines of destruction in spite of the fact that the *Bayan*, the Russian guard-ship, discovered her and her attendant torpedo-craft at daybreak. The weak Japanese squadron was descried dangerously close in under the forts. Makaroff personally took out a powerful squadron to pursue. The Japanese squadron at once steered its false course, and for fifteen miles the Russians pursued it, and even engaged it with long-range fire. At this juncture an innovation in naval strategy and warfare was brought into play. It had been agreed that, when the admiral commanding the Japanese decoy-squadron should consider that he had enticed the Russian fleet far enough away from the support of Port Arthur, he should communicate by wireless telegraphy with the *Mikasa*,¹ and thus acquaint the commander-in-chief when the moment was propitious for him to appear upon the scene. Now it is not certain whether this message reached Admiral Togo or not. An impression prevailed at the time that it did so; also that Admiral Makaroff, on the *Petropavlovsk*, intercepted the message, and had his suspicions aroused. But from the statement of a Russian officer who was present, it would seem that the look-out on Golden Hill descried the smoke of the Japanese fleet at Togo's rendezvous, and reported the danger to the Russian admiral by wireless telegraphy. Whatever the cause, that part of the plan missed fire; for though Admiral Togo, about eight o'clock, took his battle squadron forward at full steam, he arrived on the scene too late to intercept the retreating Russians. The other alternative to the plan had, however, fatal effect. As the Russians in line ahead, with the *Petro-*

¹ Admiral Togo's flag-ship.

pavlovsk in the van, were entering their haven, the great flag-ship struck one of the blockade mines amidships. As these mines are so weighted that they lie about fifteen feet below the surface, it is probable that the *Petropavlovsk* was hit below the armoured belt. She reeled and listed from the stroke, and then her heavy superstructure took her over so that she sank, practically with all hands, within five minutes, taking the gallant admiral and his staff with her. By good fortune rather than by good management, the rest of the Russian squadron was able to reach port safely. Although it was impossible to do other than acclaim the astuteness of the Japanese strategy, yet a thrill of horror passed through the whole world when for the first time the enormity of the calamities possible in modern naval warfare was realised. Although the Japanese were naturally jubilant over this success, which so materially reduced the fighting vigour of their opponents, still they received the news of the death of the Russian commander-in-chief in a most honourable and sympathetic manner.

During the foregoing narrative we have purposely omitted making reference to many of the small naval encounters which took place before Port Arthur. But we must make reference to the first appearance of the Russian Vladivostock squadron on the scene of operations. Within a few days of the declaration of war it had effected nothing beyond

the sinking of a wretched little packet-boat, but on the 25th of April it appeared off Gensen: its torpedo-boats entered the roadstead and did some damage. On the following day the fleet intercepted a Japanese troop-transport, which they sank under circumstances which, at the time, when judged from Japan's point of consideration, appeared distressing. In reality, the loss of troopships will always be distressing when the transportation of troops is undertaken before a nation has complete command of the seas. The true story of the sinking of the *Kinshu Maru* shows that the Russian commander had no choice in the matter. He parleyed with the officers of the transport, and allowed them a time limit to remove into the boats. But, intoxicated by the obligations ingrained by a past fanaticism, the troops on the *Kinshu Maru*, of their own accord, opened a rifle fusilade upon their captor. In such case the Russians had no alternative but to sink the vessel as she was.

With the demoralisation which set in upon the Russian navy after the disaster to Makaroff and the *Petropavlovsk*, and with the proof of the superiority of his own destroyer flotilla both in speed and material which he had gained through the success of the three or four destroyer encounters, Togo felt justified in removing his base from the coast of Korea to the Elliot Islands, and making a last desperate effort to effectually seal Port Arthur. The sealing

expedition failed through the activity of the Russian destroyers, and Togo made no further attempt of this kind. The naval and military calculations had synchronised admirably—in fact, the whole programme had dovetailed far better than the Japanese, even in their most optimistic mood, could ever have imagined. And here a point should be remembered which is of importance later—the military department was not fully prepared for this very rapid breakdown of the Russian naval defence: they were ready at the moment for the first army corps to cross the Yalu; their second army was waiting to be conveyed to the Liautung peninsula, but the third and fourth armies, including the material for siege operations against Port Arthur, were not so far progressed. It was while these were being pushed forward with fever haste that that procrastination occurred which we fancy in the long-run militated against the complete success of the Japanese land forces. It was the old story of a military organisation being prepared against every contingency except unchecked success.

About the middle of April the coast-defence squadron, which has been already mentioned as occupying Chinampo, moved up north and established itself at the mouth of the Yalu. Its northward movement was calculated to fit in with the advance of Kuroki's army from Ping-yang. This force, steadily driving the few Russian observation posts before it, had established itself firmly

on the south bank of the Yalu during the last week in April. In the meantime a great fleet of transports, with the second invading army on board, had assembled, half at Chinampo and half under the escort of Togo in his new base, and was waiting for the moment when Kuroki should successfully effect the passage of the Yalu. This was accomplished, as will be shown in a subsequent article, at the beginning of May. As soon as the general staff realised that Kuroki had for the time being effectively crushed all opposition on his immediate front, the fiat went forward for the second army to land. The movement of this second army was the movement upon which Japan's main hope of success hung. It was a movement destined to effect a complete isolation of Port Arthur, and consequently was intimately connected with Togo's naval strategy. It had always been realised by the Japanese naval experts that, although they might be able to cope with the Russian Pacific Squadron as they found it when the war broke out, yet they had always to face the possibility of Russia's receiving naval reinforcements from Europe. They had also to calculate that although they had been eminently successful so far, and had been able to inflict great damage to the enemy's naval strength without serious loss to themselves, yet it was always possible, as the result of a fleet action or accident, that their own numbers might be reduced, while it was impossible for them, situated as they were,

not to suffer from deterioration after a prolonged sea struggle. Port Arthur was the only Russian ice-free base in the Far East. If they could succeed in gaining possession of this stronghold, they at once quadrupled the difficulties of any attempt on Russia's part to regain her lost sea supremacy. Added to this was the sentiment with regard to Port Arthur which is very deeply ingrained in the Japanese nation, to say nothing of the hope of being able to acquire on the mud bottom of the Port Arthur reaches magnificent vessels which would add to Japanese strength and power in the future. The duty of the second army, once Kuroki had established himself in south-east Manchuria, was the isolation of Port Arthur. Having effected this, it could then march northwards to frustrate any endeavour made by the Russians to raise the investment, while behind it the necessary forces would be able to land to carry out combined operations against the fortress. It was in the landing and equipping of the Port Arthur forces that the Japanese organisation was not yet fully prepared.

The second army landed in May, and during that month carried out the splendid campaign in which it not only isolated the fortress but beat the garrison back from its first line of defence at the fortified position of Nanshan. This gave the Japanese possession of Dalny, the landing base which, being an ice-free port, was essential both for the mainten-

ance of the armies advancing to the north and for the organisation of siege operations against Port Arthur.

We have thus followed in outline the main features of the operations in May, in order to keep a continuity of the whole strategy of the campaign as it affects both services. We will now return to the naval operations proper. From the occupation of Pulientien by the land forces it may be said that the Japanese naval star commenced to dim: hitherto their successes had been unprecedented, but from this point onwards to a very considerable degree the pendulum began its backward swing. To begin with, Togo was obliged to again augment Admiral Kamimura's squadron, watching the Russian Vladivostock cruisers. This Russian force, which consisted of the four cruisers *Gromovoi*, *Rossia*, *Rurik*, and *Bogatyr*, was causing considerable anxiety in Japan. The vessels were the fastest on the Pacific coast; they were handled far more expeditiously than the ill-fated Port Arthur fleet had been; and they had successfully outwitted the Japanese squadron which had been told off to prevent them from harrying the Japanese sea-communications. Togo himself, based in the Elliot group, had always to keep a sufficient portion of his main squadron under steam to enable him to meet any sortie from Port Arthur; he had also from May 26 to maintain the blockade of the Kwantung peninsula, which he declared on this date. All this entailed enormous strain both

on the *personnel* and *matériel* of his forces. Much as his ships required docking and attendance, he could only spare them when the necessity became extreme. As it was, although his gunboats and torpedo craft did their best, the blockade was very ineffective. But this was not his worst case. On May 12 mine-dragging operations in Talien Bay cost him a torpedo-boat; two days later the same work overwhelmed in destruction the gunboat *Miyako*. But his tonnage casualties did not cease here. In one fatal period of forty-eight hours he sustained losses which hitherto have not been appreciated in this country. On May 15 he lost a second-class cruiser while dragging for mines in Dalny harbour, and on the same day a terrific disaster befell his battle squadron. The lesson which he had taught the Russians on 13th April was to rebound upon him with double significance. Four battleships were cruising off Port Arthur when they were overtaken by one of those dense fogs which are common in the Yellow Sea during this season of the year. The Russian mine-laying vessel, the *Amur*, was out taking advantage of the fog, and was laying blockade mines in a similar fashion to that in which the Japanese themselves had laid them. Unsuspecting of the danger, the line of Japanese battleships, with the *Hatsuse*

leading, steamed into the mine-field: the *Hatsuse* sank almost as rapidly as the *Petropavlovsk* had done; and it is now indirectly reported that almost immediately the *Shikishima*,¹ who came to the flag-ship's assistance, exploded another mine. The *Hatsuse* sank in thirty fathoms of water, but the *Shikishima* was towed in a sinking condition to the rendezvous. It was impossible to bring her into a secure position, and it is believed that she sank in about seven fathoms of water somewhere near the Elliot Group.

To return to the brighter side: on May 17 a coast-defence squadron reconnoitred into Kinchau Bay (Port Adams inlet), and shelled the advanced position which the Port Arthur garrison was holding at Nanshan. They demonstrated that their fire could take the Russian works on the Kwantung isthmus in reverse, and then, satisfied with this discovery, steamed away to report their success to the military authorities. As a result of this reconnaissance, the attack on Kinchau town and the Nanshan position was proceeded with at once, the same flotilla of gunboats co-operating with complete success on May 26.

June opened with opportunities for the Russian fleet, which, we believe, if Admiral Makaroff had been spared, would have been turned to serious effect against Togo's force. Owing

¹ Owing to the splendid secrecy which the Japanese have been able to maintain with regard to both their naval and military operations, there is some doubt with regard to the nomenclature of the vessels damaged. In some quarters it is stated to be the *Yashima*. But we believe that it was the *Shikishima* in the first instance, and that the *Yashima* or *Fuji* battleships suffered serious damage in the fleet action on August the 10th.

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to the resource of a Scottish naval engineer, the damage to the *Tsarevitch* and *Retvisan* had been repaired. Admiral Witgeft had therefore six seaworthy battleships, five cruisers, and four divisions of destroyers. As Admiral Togo had detached three first-class and three second-class cruisers to watch Vladivostock, he would only have been able to oppose four battleships and six first-class cruisers against a Russian sortie in full force. The situation, therefore, was one of anxiety, for although the Japanese possessed the moral advantages, yet the strain of four months' activity had not failed to deteriorate the steaming power of the ships. The recent disasters, too, counselled caution, for their secret service from Europe had warned them that the powerful squadron in the Baltic was a real menace; that the delay at which many in this country jeered was not due so much to want of seaworthiness as the necessity of completing a coaling scheme which would not break down during the passage to Far Eastern waters. A disastrous fleet action would have placed Japan at the mercy of the Baltic fleet, however inferior its *personnel*. It was considerations such as these that dominated Admiral Togo's strategy throughout the campaign, and more especially so after the *Hatsuse* incident.

By the middle of June there were evidences of activity in the Port Arthur roadstead. Mine-clearing operations had been diligently pursued, and a passage cleared. On June the

14th several of the larger ships, including the *Retvisan*, negotiated the passage and anchored in the outer roadstead. The value of the Japanese blockading operations was here demonstrated. It took so long for large-draught vessels to clear the sunken obstacles that it was impossible for the Russian admiral to get his squadron to sea without detection. Moreover, and this was even more important, it was impossible to navigate the now intricate fairway during thick weather. While the Port Arthur squadron was again showing activity, the Vladivostock cruisers made a daring raid right down to the straits of Tsushima. Here they intercepted three of the Japanese troop-transports, and the incident of the *Kinshu Maru* was repeated. The Russian squadron had caught Admiral Kamimura unawares, and although he succeeded in getting into touch with the retreating Russians, yet he had not been able to move against them with his whole strength, and his chase was purposely abortive. This incident, which was the most daring exploit the Russians had yet engaged in, raised a storm of feeling in Japan. It was the first direct evidence that the country had, that sea-supremacy is not effected until the open sea is absolutely closed to your enemy. Chagrin for the loss of their soldiers on the transports, and consternation for the safety of their shores, blinded them against making allowances for the strain and wear which had been the price by which their navy had won success. There

was a general outcry against Admiral Kamimura, — one rabid newspaper displaying in its window the knife which it proposed sending to the admiral to aid him in self-destruction.

It is evident that the Vladivostock squadron had come so far south to carry out some preconceived co-operation with the Port Arthur fleet. That Admiral Witgeft essayed some movement is proved by the appearance of his fleet in the outer anchorage. What deterred him we shall never know; but it is safe to conjecture that the object of the movement was a concentration of the two squadrons in the Korean Straits, concerted action against the coast-line of Japan, and a final withdrawal to Vladivostock. It is likewise admissible to conjecture that this was frustrated by the vigilance of Togo's blockading squadron.

It may be remarked here that no recent reference has been made to the books under review. We may point out that as both Mr Palmer's and Mr Story's works refer almost exclusively to the land operations, they will be dealt with in a subsequent article. We have quoted sufficient from Mr Cowen's book to show that he has culled his naval information from sensational newspaper reports and meagre official statements. As he is inaccurate in his descriptive detail, and as neither official reports nor Japanese newspaper articles dilate upon the strategical conditions which we have discussed, we have failed

to find anything illuminating on the subject in his volume.

Although Admiral Witgeft failed to put to sea when he first cleared the entrance, it was evident that if the effort to escape was to be made, it must be soon. The investing army was rapidly being converted into a besieging force, and it could only be a matter of weeks before the Port Arthur harbour ceased to be a haven from the fire of the shore batteries. On June 23 he made his first effort. It was clumsy; but it was an effort. The blockading squadron noticed that the Russian battleships were making the passage of the entrance in the evening of June 22. It was a ponderous undertaking, for the majority were towed out. It was not until the forenoon of the 23rd that the squadron was anchored in entirety in the outer roadstead. Togo had been apprised of the movement on the previous evening. His desire was to shepherd the Russians, when they took to the open sea, until the time was propitious to engage them. Japanese strategists say that until he had proved the fighting energy remaining with the Russians, he intended to avoid a decisive fleet action. His subsequent tactics go far to confirm this assumption.

Knowing that he was discovered, and consequently the risks he ran, the Russian admiral acted as if he were prepared to engage Togo. His squadron up-anchored and steered for the Shantung Promontory before midday. The story is short and dispiriting. Togo, who was stationed again at

his old *point d'appui*, Encounter Rock, as soon as his scouts informed him of the Russian's movements, steered a course which would have brought him across the *Tsarevitch's* bows. The Russians were six battleships, the Japanese four, with six armoured cruisers. Bold as Admiral Witgeft's intentions may have been, yet he made the "fatal half-turn" which discloses moral inferiority. He modified his course to avoid closing with the Japanese. That is, he allowed Togo to effect his object of shepherding him. By three in the afternoon, unless Witgeft contemplated a bold tactical move, and an engagement, his original course was lost to him. His object does not matter. Togo was between him and the Shantung coast when the Russian squadron suddenly disintegrated, and made its best speed back to Port Arthur. Whether the admiral ordered this manœuvre, whether the crews mutinied, we do not know. Probably the Russians had not sufficient coal to risk an action. Togo launched his destroyers after them, as his battleships had not now the pace of the Russians. However, only a moral success had been gained. The incapacity of the Pacific Squadron was, however, definitely ascertained. To regain sea supremacy, Russia would have to look to her European reinforcements.

July was not marked with great naval activity. The Vladivostock destroyers paid a visit to Gensen, and the cruisers carried out a buccaneering

raid into the Pacific, their successes being gained mainly over unarmed neutral shipping. It was in August that the day of reckoning was to come. No fleet had yet sailed from the Baltic to turn the balance in Witgeft's favour. General Nogi's army was steadily drawing its siege tentacles round Port Arthur. The last moment for enterprise on the part of the Pacific Squadron had arrived. They had sufficient steam-coal for one decisive action. They must make their bid for freedom now—or be prepared to share the fate of the garrison that was grimly keeping the covetous yellow hands off them. On August the 10th Admiral Witgeft made his expiring effort. The premises are very similar to those in the last previous sortie. The Russian squadron left the outer anchorage at Port Arthur about the same time, and Togo was waiting with his four battleships, two armoured cruisers, four protected cruisers, and several divisions of destroyers at Encounter Rock. The Russian squadron, consisting of six battleships, four cruisers, and two destroyer divisions, was steering for the promontory. On paper the Russian was the stronger force. Togo, however, had taken into account the deterioration both in *moral* and *matériel* which his successful operations had caused, and this time he was determined upon a fleet action. But he was determined, if possible, to prevent an escape similar to the last. He therefore manœuvred in front of the Russian vessels, which were in

line-ahead, with the *Tsarevitch* as flag-ship in the van. By changing his formation from line-ahead to line-abreast, and back again three times, and then making a sweep to the south, at 2.30 P.M. he had the Russians steering a westerly course, while his own squadron, in line-ahead, was steering a like course 9000 yards south of them. An hour and a half previous to this there had been some ineffective firing, but it was not until 2.30 P.M. that the real fleet action opened. We have only Japanese accounts, and the sketch published in the December number of this Magazine,¹ upon which to base our study of the detail of the action; for the Russian official accounts were of the sketchiest, and the information hitherto supplied by the officers of the ill-fated Russian flag-ship have not been of high professional value. But it is certain that for a considerable period the Russian squadron held its own, and we know now that one Japanese battleship was very seriously damaged.

It must have been a grand spectacle, this the first fleet-action of modern warships in the world's history. Is it not a trenchant lesson that the victory should have gone to a nation that sixty years ago knew nothing, and cared less, about our Western civilisation? There seems something uncanny in the thought that the blood-red battle-flag, the emblem of a rising Eastern sun, should have triumphed over the blue

St Andrew's Cross. But one can see the picture of those ponderous leviathans closing on each other as they rose and fell to the leaden sea. How their dull sombre-painted hulls suddenly belched out the flashes of lurid yellow that have taken the place of Nelson's smoke. The splash and ricochet of giant projectiles. The din and tumult of thundering chase and bursting shell. The shivering of metal plates and pungent pall of picric fumes. Then the shambles on the decks, the carnage in the tops and casemates. Already in this Magazine another pen has described the horrors of this very scene.

The fight engrossed the squadrons all through the afternoon. The Japanese admiral, feeling his superiority in accuracy of shooting, decreased the distance until the final issues were in the balance at 4000 yards. The sea was getting up, and Togo, who in the afternoon was joined by two more of his armoured cruisers, feared that a gale of wind might enable the Russians to break through him.

About half-past six the climax was reached. A 12-inch shell hit the *Tsarevitch* just at the base of the foremast. Its burst killed the Russian Admiral and made a clean sweep of his flag-officers. At the same moment the Russian flag-ship ceased to steer. She made a sweep to port; the ships following her conformed to her erratic manœuvre. There

¹ "The War in the Far East: V., The Fall of the Mighty," in 'Maga' for December 1904.

was no one in authority to correct the formation, and in five minutes the cohesion of the Russian squadron, which up to this moment had been admirable, was lost. Once lost it was never regained. The Japanese were not slow to seize their opportunity, and they poured a devastating fire into the medley of ironclads, which in their anxiety not to collide were furnishing a perfect target at a murderous range. At this juncture the Japanese were joined by the second-class battleship *Fuso* and two more cruisers. The Russians broke up, and individually sought safety in flight, pursued into the darkness of night by the Japanese destroyers. Five of the Russian battleships and one cruiser returned to Port Arthur; the *Tsarevitch*, the *Novik*, and three destroyers escaped to German waters; the *Askold* and a destroyer fled to Shanghai, and the *Diana* to Saigon.

Thus ended the luckless Witgeft's bid for freedom. Although we readily admit that Togo out-maneuvred his adversary, yet we cannot but think that the chances of war favoured the Japanese. There had been no diminution in the Russian fire, no sign of waning strength, until the lucky shot destroyed both the

admiral and the steering-gear of the flag-ship. The combination destroyed the cohesion of the fighting line and caused a climax which, with ordinary fortune, even if the Japanese were in every way superior, might have been staved off until darkness or increasing weather saved them from a decisive issue. The damage sustained by the *Tsarevitch* was not great. She was never touched near the water-line. Two large shells had entered her superstructure forward and another had exploded on her after-turret. That was all she showed after a five-hours' engagement, with the fire of the Japanese fleet concentrated on her at effective ranges. The damage to the other Russian battleships is not known, neither does it matter, as they returned to Port Arthur, if all reports are true, to be ignominiously destroyed as disarmed hulks by the fire from shore batteries. The damage sustained by the Japanese fleet has been jealously concealed. But there is a grave suspicion that it was more serious than it would at the present juncture be politic for the authorities to make known.¹

It was a dismal ending to the glory of a battle squadron. Two-thirds of its strength lying

¹ Since the above was written a report has come from Chefoo (December 8) that a Japanese squadron consisting of four battleships and two first-class cruisers had been seen at sea. It may be that the damaged ship has been repaired, or that a cruiser has been mistaken for a battleship. But the recent desperate efforts which Japan has made to destroy at any price the Russian ships in Port Arthur suggest that Japan's navy does not look upon the voyage of the Baltic fleet as a menace quite so chimerical as it is generally believed to be in this country.

down to die in Port Arthur, the other third ignominiously fleeing to the shelter of a neutral flag, and accepting emasculation as the price of protection. A curious incident occurred with regard to the Russian destroyers which escaped from this action. Two, pursued by Japanese boats of similar type, were deliberately beached on the Shantung coast a few miles from Weihai-wei. The stranded officers marched into the British port and craved protection from the naval Commander-in-Chief. Admiral Noel refused to have anything to do with them unless they complied with the international usage with regard to neutral zones. Having no choice, the Russians surrendered their arms, and claimed the surrender privileges of distressed belligerents. In Chefoo, however, another precedent was established. A Russian destroyer, the *Reshitelni*, sought a haven in this port. It was followed to its anchorage by two Japanese destroyers, and after twenty-four hours a Japanese officer boarded the *Reshitelni* and claimed her as a prize, since he insisted that the vessel had coaled, and had failed to comply with the demands of the Chinese authorities that she should disarm. An altercation followed between the Russian commander and the Japanese boarding officer, with the result that, in Mr Cowen's picturesque language, "The Russians, thereupon, heaved the Japanese off the deck into the sea, and exploded the ship's powder-

magazine, the crew all swimming ashore. The Japanese then took the *Reshitelni* in tow, and put to sea, claiming her as a lawful prize."

Before concluding the obsequies of the Russian Pacific fleet, we must place on record the expiring effort of the Vladivostocksquadron. Doubtless, hoping that on this occasion they would not be disappointed in making a junction with the Port Arthur fleet, the three Vladivostock cruisers left port on August the 12th. Early in the morning of the 14th they were in the Korean Straits. On this occasion Admiral Kamimura was ready for them with a squadron consisting of four armoured and two second-class cruisers. The Russians, naturally enough, tried to avoid an action against such a superior force. But the best pace of the troop is that of the slowest horse, and the slow *Rurik* brought the Russian squadron to battle. The Russian commodore stood gallantly by his consort, whose steering-gear was carried away by one of the first of the Japanese shells. Later, when the *Rurik's* case was seen to be hopeless, the *Gromovoi* and *Rossia*, badly damaged, steamed away. Kamimura left the lame Russian duck to his two second-class cruisers, and pursued the major portion of the Russian squadron. The Russians were in bad case. Three of the boilers in the *Rossia* had been rendered useless, and she had eleven hits below the waterline, while the *Gromovoi* had six. The collective casualties

amounted to 25 per cent of the united ships' companies. But for some reason, hitherto unexplained, about ten o'clock the pursuing squadron sheered off. One can only conjecture that the Russian shooting had been too effective to warrant *Kamimura* continuing the action, or that in the five hours' engagement he had expended either his ammunition or his coal. He returned to the scene of the first encounter to find that the buccaneering *Rurik* had ceased to exist, having been sunk by the *Naniwa*. Six days later the gallant little *Novik*, which before all the Russian ships in the Far East has covered herself with glory, was engaged and destroyed by two Japanese cruisers while endeavouring to make Vladivostock. The long sweep which she had made after leaving Shanghai had almost exhausted her coal: this, and the many hurts she had received in action, had impaired her speed, otherwise she would never have been caught. Her history in this war should serve as a lesson to our naval architects. The ignominious destruction of the five battleships and two cruisers in Port Arthur roadstead by the Japanese shore batteries closes the naval operations for 1904. The result is the most signal demonstration of the triumph of skill, discreet enterprise, and seamanship that the naval history of the world records, if perhaps we except the Armada. In ten months the united efforts of Japan's naval and military forces have succeeded, while maintaining their own fleet as a serviceable striking force, in totally destroying six first-class battleships,¹ eight cruisers, and a dozen lesser craft. They have also driven out of the field into neutral ports one first-class battleship, two cruisers, and four destroyers. The only remnants of the magnificent Russian Pacific fleet are the *Gromovoi* and *Rossia*, the fighting value of which is materially reduced. The cost to Japan has been infinitesimal in comparison with the results attained. We believe Admiral Togo's fleet at the present moment to comprise four battleships and eight armoured cruisers, irrespective of his smaller vessels, which have suffered about ten per cent in casualties. How far the power of this fleet has been impaired by the stress of war it is impossible to estimate. It may have deteriorated twenty-five per cent, perhaps more if the Russian gun-practice was as good on the 10th and 14th of August as we have reason to believe it was.

¹ We have accepted the Japanese special telegrams with regard to the destruction of the vessels in Port Arthur.

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BLACKWOOD'S
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NELSON'S YEAR.

I.

NEW YEAR, be good to England!
This year, a hundred years ago,
The world attended, breathless, on the gathering pomp of war,
While England and her deathless dead, with all their
mighty hearts aglow,
Swept onward like the dawn of doom to break at Trafalgar;
Then the world was hushed to wonder
As the cannon's dying thunder
Broke out again in muffled peals across the heaving sea,
And home the Victor came at last,
Home, home, with England's flag half-mast,
That never dipped to foe before, on Nelson's Victory.

II.

God gave this year to England;
And what God gives He takes again;
God gives us life, God gives us death: our victories have
wings;
He gives us love and in its heart He hides the whole world's
heart of pain:
We gain by loss: impartially the eternal balance swings!

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Ay; in the fire we cherish
Our thoughts and dreams may perish;
Yet shall it burn for England's sake triumphant as of old!
What sacrifice could gain for her
Our own shall still maintain for her,
And hold the gates of Freedom wide that take no keys of
gold.

III.

God gave this year to England;
Her eyes are far too bright for tears
Of sorrow; by her silent dead she kneels, too proud for
pride;
Their blood, their love, have bought her right to claim the
new imperial years
In England's name for Freedom, in whose love her children
died;
In whose love, though hope may dwindle,
Love and brotherhood shall kindle
Between the striving nations as a choral song takes fire,
Till new hope, new faith, new wonder
Cleave the clouds of doubt asunder,
And speed the union of mankind in one divine desire.

IV.

Hasten the Kingdom, England;
This year across the listening world
There came a sound of mingled tears where victory and
defeat
Clasped hands; and Peace—among the dead—stood wist-
fully, with white wings furled,
Knowing the strife was idle; for the night and morning meet,
Yet there is no disunion
In heaven's divine communion
As through the gates of twilight the harmonious morning
pours;
Ah, God speed that grander morrow
When the world's divinest sorrow
Shall show how Love stands knocking at the world's un-
opened doors.

V.

Hasten the Kingdom, England ;
Look up across the narrow seas,
Across the great white nations to thy dark imperial throne
Where now three hundred million souls attend on thine
august decrees ;
Ah, bow thine head in humbleness, the Kingdom is thine own :
Not for the pride or power
God gave thee this in dower ;
But, now the West and East have met and wept their mortal
loss,
Now that their tears have spoken
And the long dumb spell is broken,
Is it nothing that thy banner bears the red eternal cross ?

VI.

Ay ! Lift the flag of England ;
And lo, that Eastern cross is there,
Veiled with a hundred meanings as our English eyes are
veiled ;
Yet to the grander dawn we move oblivious of the sign we
bear,
Oblivious of the heights we climb until the last is scaled ;
Then with all the earth before us
And the great cross floating o'er us
We shall break the sword we forged of old, so weak we were
and blind ;
While the inviolate heaven discloses
England's Rose of all the roses
Dawning wide and ever wider o'er the kingdom of mankind.

VII.

Hasten the Kingdom, England ;
For then all nations shall be one ;
One as the ordered stars are one that sing upon their way
One with the rhythmic glories of the swinging sea and the
rolling sun,
One with the flow of life and death, the tides of night and
day ;

One with all dreams of beauty,
One with all laws of duty;
One with the weak and helpless while the one sky burns
above;
Till eyes by tears made glorious
Look up at last victorious
And lips that starved break open in one song of life and
love.

VIII.

New Year, be good to England;
And when the Spring returns again
Rekindle in our English hearts the universal Spring,
That we may wait in faith upon the former and the latter
rain,
Till all waste places burgeon and the wildernesses sing;
Pour the glory of thy pity
Through the dark and troubled city;
Pour the splendour of thy beauty over wood and meadow
fair;
May the God of battles guide thee
And the Christ-child walk beside thee
With a word of peace for England in the dawn of Nelson's
Year.

ALFRED NOYES.

THE RENASCENCE OF SYCOPHANCY.

"THERE are many of us younger men," says Mr James Douglas, towards the close of this fat volume¹ (he would probably call it a "goodly tome"), "who express views about Mr Watts-Dunton's work which startle at times those who are unfamiliar with it." We can well believe him. The book is startling indeed—startling in its unique fatuity, startling in its incredible obsequiousness. It is long since we came across so impudent and unworthy a performance. In point of technical execution, it proclaims itself in every line a piece of jaded and illiterate hackwork; in point of general tone and temper, it discloses a state of matters anything but gratifying to such as have at heart the honour of the literary calling.

Mr Douglas is so kind as to favour us with several glimpses of his own engaging personality. He has, it seems, been a student of English poetry all his life; it is his chief subject of study. No one adores the work of Mr George Meredith more than he does, though his admiration is not without a certain leaven of distress at that author's literary self-consciousness. Mr Douglas says this with all reverence. Speaking for himself, he scarcely remembers the time when he was not an eager student of Mr Watts-Dunton's

writings. By some humour of chance (rather grim, we suspect) he "stumbled upon the 'Athenæum,' and there I found week by week writing that made me tingle with the rapture of discovery." "Golly! What a paper!" was the celebrated remark of another than Mr Douglas, in a similar "renaissance of wonder." After plunging into the surf of literary London, he learned that the writer who had turned his boyhood into a romantic paradise was well known in cultivated circles, but quite unknown outside them. He made the gentleman's acquaintance, and became his intimate friend. Hence this book, for which he deems no apology necessary "in the inner circle of English letters." Speaking for ourselves, we should have thought that an apology at once abject and ample was due to Mr Dunton himself. But Mr Douglas knows his man, and in truth his code of ethics—unblushingly avowed—sanctions and approves his conduct.

For Mr Douglas, it must be distinctly understood, "does not sympathise with the hypersensitiveness of eminent men with regard to privacy." "The fierce light that beats upon men of genius grows fiercer and fiercer every day, and it cannot be quenched." Falsehoods get into circulation, and

¹ Theodore Watts-Dunton: *Poet, Novelist, Critic.* By James Douglas. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1904.

the halfpenny papers insist upon mendaciously averring that Crummles is a Prussian. Therefore, if men of genius wish the aforesaid light to be true as well as fierce, "they must allow their friends to illuminate their 'House of Life' by the lamp of truth." The topic is resumed and expanded a little farther on. "Both Mr Watts-Dunton and Mr Swinburne," it is explained, "must be aware that as soon as they have left any gathering of friends or strangers, remarks—delicate enough, no doubt—are made about them, as they are made about every other person who is talked about in ever so small a degree." Like Sir Peter Teazle, they leave their characters, or at least their personal appearances, behind them. Not very long ago, Mr Douglas actually remained in a room after Mr Watts-Dunton had left it. How Mr Watts-Dunton permitted such a liberty we are not informed. "Straightway there were the freest remarks about him, not in the least unkind, but free. Some did not expect to see so dark a man; some expected to see him much darker than they found him to be; some recalled the fact that Miss Corkran, in her reminiscences, described his dark-brown eyes as 'green'—through a printer's error, no doubt." Why the unfortunate printer should have been expected to know the colour of Mr Dunton's eyes, we are at a loss to imagine. "Some then began to contrast his appearance with that of his absent

friend, Mr Swinburne,—and so on and so on. Now what," Mr Douglas asks triumphantly, "is the difference between being thus discussed in print and in conversation? Merely that the printed report reaches a wider—a little wider—audience. That is all." Any elaborate commentary on this barefaced and significant avowal would be clearly superfluous. It is enough to say that it brands Mr Douglas as being, in the emphatic language of Cicero, *homo et humanitatis expertus et vitæ communis ignarus*. If they should ever find themselves in Mr Douglas's company, our readers will know to what they must look forward.

That Mr Douglas's attitude to Mr Dunton is one of grotesque servility, and that his eulogies are pitched in the highest possible key, will now be readily believed. "No critic," he assures us, "has surpassed his universality of range. Out of a full intellectual and imaginative life he has evolved speculations which cut deep not only into the fibre of modern thought but into the future of human development." He has also, it appears, "built up a new optimistic philosophy of life, which," Mr Douglas thinks, "is sure to arrest the devastating march of the pessimists across the history of the soul of man." His imaginative conception is pronounced to be sometimes "cosmic in its sweep." His writings are distinguished by "a combination of critical insight, faultless memory, and genial courtesy." His most effective criticism is

apt to produce "the winsome effect of spontaneous conversation overheard"—through the keyhole, we presume. Conversely, his talk would seem to have the characteristics of his writing, for on one occasion he is reported to have launched out into "one of those wide-sweeping but symmetrical monologues of criticism, in which beginning, middle, and end were as perfectly marked as though the improvisation had been a well-considered essay." Here, wearisome occurs to us as a more appropriate epithet than winsome. Variety of manner as well as of subject differentiates Mr Duntton's criticism from that of his contemporaries. "In it are found racy erudition, powerful thought, philosophical speculation, irony silkier than the silken irony of M. Anatole France, airily mischievous humour, and a perpetual coruscation of the cosmic spirit." "No matter what may have been the book placed at the head of the article, it was used merely as an opportunity for the writer to pour forth generalisations upon literature and life, or upon the latest scientific speculations, or upon the latest reverie of philosophy, in a stream, often a torrent, coruscating with brilliancies, and alive with interwoven colours like that of the river in the mountains of Kaf, described in his birthday sonnet to Tennyson." It must certainly have been queer reviewing. In his 'Britannica' contributions, "generalisations, hints of daring theories, novel and start-

ling speculations, graze each other's heels, until one is dazzled by the display of intellectual brilliancy." 'Aylwin' is "the most poetical romance written within the last century." Its one defect as a prose novel is "that the quest for mere beauty is pushed too far; lovely picture follows lovely picture until the novel-reader is inclined at last to cry 'Hold, enough!'" In the same work there is a comic character called Mrs Gudgeon, whose "very name sheds a glow of laughter over every page in which it appears." Mr Douglas, like the friends of Mr Peter Magnus, has evidently an abnormal perception of the ludicrous. Mrs Gudgeon, we are further told, is a character "rich in the new cosmic humour as any one of Dickens's is rich in the old terrene humour, and yet without one Dickensian touch." "There is in all that Mrs Gudgeon says or does a profundity of humour so much deeper than the humour of Mrs Gamp that it wins her a separate niche in our gallery of humorous women." The absence of the "Dickensian touch" is undeniable, but we rather think the world will stick to Sairey. In fine, to conclude these specimens of fulsome and nauseating laudation, Mr Watts-Duntton is "the most original poet since Coleridge," and he is "a past master of English style." The greedy rhapsodies of the "independent inquirer" who writes the 'Times' advertisements about meat and drink are disgusting, but even they are better

written than Mr Douglas's heroics.

The testimony of a cloud of witnesses is invoked to corroborate this noisy and insistent assertion of Mr Dunton's excellences. Mr Swinburne, for example (always a "wholehogger"), has described Mr Dunton as "the first critic of our time, perhaps the largest-minded and surest-sighted of any age." Mr Richard Le Gallienne bought the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' simply to possess one article—Mr Watts-Dunton's, on Poetry; which shows, at all events, that Mr Le Gallienne must be a man of means, and is regardless of expense. 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' is an authority for the statement that the independence, suggestiveness, harmony, incisive vigour, and depth and breadth of insight to be found in Mr Dunton's prose writings have "made him a force in literature to which Sainte-Beuve, not Jeffrey, is a parallel." We respectfully agree that there is nothing in Mr Dunton's turgid and protracted periods—those "magnificent fugues of prose" Mr Douglas calls them—at all resembling the admirable precision and lucidity of Jeffrey. As for Sainte-Beuve, well—! Then there is Mr Jowett, who "held no one in greater esteem" than Mr Watts-Dunton; and Mr Lowell, who opined that "our ablest critics hitherto have been 18-carat; Theodore Watts goes nearer the pure article." Once more, Mr Rider Haggard, in a little book called 'Authors that have

Influenced me,' instanced a certain portion of one of Mr Dunton's poems "as being the piece of writing that had influenced him more than all others." "I think this is a compliment," says Mr Douglas, and so do we, for we had never been able to discover that any authors had influenced Mr Haggard at all. This also is a compliment. Nameless and vague enthusiasts are cited too. They have described Mr Watts-Dunton as "the most picturesque of all living writers, whether in verse or in prose"; and "it has been said over and over again that since the best critical work of Coleridge there has been nothing in our literature to equal" Mr Dunton's treatise on Poetry. For some minds frequency of reiteration will always be the test of truth.

We have endeavoured, as far as possible, to let Mr Douglas speak for himself and exhibit his own peculiarities. But no amount of mere quotation can give an adequate impression of the extraordinary badness of his work. It must be read as a whole to be thoroughly appreciated in all its incoherence and unloveliness, and we repeat that it is a piece of jaded and illiterate hackwork. But it takes two people to produce a book of this species; and we now proceed to the case of the other and more culpable party, without whose deliberate countenance and aid Mr Douglas's "labour of love" had necessarily proved abortive. The reader has already acquired a

good deal of astonishing information about this nonpareil, this *a per se* of poets, novelists, and critics, but we venture to trouble him with a little more.

Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton (*né* Watts), then, was born at St Ives in the county of Huntingdon: a country town which Mr Douglas delights to call a "microcosm." At school he developed, according to his own account, into "a strangely imperious little chap," "the most masterful young urchin that ever lived"; but it is a relief to hear that he "needed only two or three years of buffeting with the great life outside the schoolroom to lose all my imperiousness and learn the essential lesson of give-and-take." Like Mr Douglas, he seems to have been a reader of the 'Athenæum' from his cradle; and as a mere child he wrote to the editor (who inserted his letter) correcting an error of Mr J. P. Collier in Shakespearean scholarship. As he himself has sagaciously remarked, "the smaller the intelligence the greater joy does it feel in setting other intelligences right." Articled to his father, a country solicitor, he was but an idle apprentice, or, rather, in Mr Douglas's choice phrase, "shared with the Greeks and with Montaigne a belief in the value of leisure." (Mr Douglas, by the way, himself professes a pious horror of the gospel of work.) Mr Dunton, it seems, consorted a good deal with tinkers and gipsies, who taught him, no doubt, to patter glibly of ohis, and lals, and dukkeripens, and gorgios,

and gryengroes: taught him, in short, the mean and unattractive jargon with which he has embellished large portions of his works. At some mysterious period of his life, it is true, he moved freely in more exalted circles. It is satisfactory to be told that he "mixed very largely with what was then, as now, humorously called 'Society.'" "One wonders," says Mr Douglas, "that the most romantic of poets ever fell so low as to go into 'Society' with a big S." Perhaps Mr Dunton liked it. One wonders also why he abandoned it. Perhaps Society with a big S disliked him. At all events, this temporary condescension on his part enabled him to paint, in Henry Aylwin, "the finest picture that has ever been painted of a true English gentleman tossed about in scenes and among people of all sorts, and retaining the pristine bloom of England's patriciate through it all." Bravo!

Mr Dunton, like other young men from the country, ultimately came to London, and began to write for the 'Examiner.' But in a few years he was captivated by the blandishments of the 'Athenæum,' in which he generalised, and coruscated, and the rest of it, for a quarter of a century. Mr Douglas has collected a number of samples of his 'Athenæum' productions, chiefly in the shape of reviews, but obituary notices of his friends invest the anthology with what the biographer pleasingly terms "the charm

of variety." A reperusal of these articles confirms our former impressions. At the best they are tolerable journey-work; at the worst they are pompous, high-sounding, and unintelligible. Mr Dunton has a great facility in seizing upon a trite idea, involving it in a mass of words, and then posing as the accredited herald of a new gospel. One of his theses during all these years has been that English verse is properly governed by the number of accents and not by the number of syllables in a line. No one but a deaf man or a lunatic, we should suppose, would dream of maintaining the contrary. But when he tells us that we are "on the verge of a new kind of metrical art altogether,—a metrical art in which the emotions govern the metrical undulations," we have not the faintest idea what he means. He discourses much upon the "principles" of poetry, and is great at classifications. "Humour" is a theme on which his admirers seem to think him particularly rich and edifying, and he makes great work with his division of that gift into "absolute" and "relative," "cosmic" and "terrene." His qualifications for dealing with the subject may be judged of by his complacent pronouncement that Plato is "humourless." Mannered, long-winded, ill-proportioned, and heavy-handed as they are, the toil of reading his lucubrations is doubled by his trick of interlarding them with Eastern apologues, designed, apparently, to be fa-

cetious. If he ever hit upon a phrase or a nickname not hopelessly inept he speedily worked and worried it to death. Such a phrase, perhaps, is the "renaissance of wonder," dutifully extolled by Mr Douglas as "undoubtedly the greatest philosophical generalisation of our time," but long since grown musty. His review of 'Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde'—not a very great work—is ridiculously solemn and ponderous. The disquisition on the English Bible, which is here reproduced in full, is as disappointing and withal pretentious a performance as any man who is not a Mr Douglas could achieve. And the qualities which distinguish the rest of his work are similar. There is a great parade of "Nature" and "Open-air" in 'Aylwin'; but there is more of the sense of both in a single line of Borrow's than in all the tawdry and laboured descriptions of his disciple put together. "Double, double, toil and trouble," is the commentary which his verse instantly suggests. He tends to abuse his theory of accent by calmly ignoring redundant syllables. But if his metre sometimes halts, it is consoling to be assured that, "as a matter of fact," the author never has been lame.

One passage in Mr Douglas's work is especially instructive. It is that which deals with the "position" in letters of Sir John Skelton, towards whom Mr Dunton's tone is insufferably patronising. "I have

sometimes thought," says Mr Dunton, "that if Skelton had been an Englishman and moved in English sets, he would have taken an enormously higher position than he has secured, *for he would have been more known among writers, and the more he was known the more he was liked.*" The secret is out. Here are the whole theory and practice of log-rolling in a nutshell. Sir John Skelton was, as everybody knows, incapable of harbouring literary parasites, or of himself performing their gracious offices towards others. He was a public servant of tried character and honourable life: a man of good sense, good feeling, and good taste. Had he cultivated the Duntons and the Douglasses, an "enormously higher position" might have been his: he might, that is to say, have been advertised in the "literary" gossip of the press. But he would not have been the Skelton whom his friends and 'Maga' knew and loved so well.

We have waited till the end to set forth what is, after all, Mr Watts's superlative merit,—his strong suit, so to speak,—and that is his "modesty." Mr Rossetti said of him that "he had sought obscurity as other poets seek fame," and we cannot help adding that the means were as ill-chosen in the one case as they usually are in the other. "The indifference to fame of Theodore Watts," writes Mr Douglas, "is one of the most bewildering enigmas of literature," and so it is. Every page in

this book is redolent of his itch for notoriety. The milk doth relish of the pasture with a vengeance. He has all the airs and graces of the most accomplished self-advertisers,—airs and graces which we now know so well, which can impose on no one, and which render the foible of vanity odious, and not merely amusing. Your plain thrasonical puff we can stomach; but when he assumes the mincing affectations of false humility we own that we revolt. Mr Douglas has, of course, "been strictly prohibited by the subject of this study from giving any personal description of him." Consequently the portrait of the subject of this study faces the title-page. Neither is Mr Douglas "allowed to touch upon what are the most important relations of Mr Watts-Dunton's life"—to wit, "his intimacy with the poet whose name is now beyond doubt far above any other name in the contemporary world of letters." Consequently Mr Dunton has "generously permitted him" to "enrich his pages" with many pictures of works of art to be found at the suburban residence of himself and his illustrious friend, and with sundry representations of that abode itself, one of them exquisitely absurd. And really it is hard to see how the chapter on "The Life Poetic" could have been more shocking even if Mr Douglas had been allowed "to write more freely about the beautiful and intellectual life at 'The

Pines.' " But Mr Dunton's retiring nature is best illustrated by the letter written by him to Mr Douglas in the course of the preparation of this book. It is a monument of mock-modesty. "Spare my blushes" is the keynote throughout. "I hope you will modify those generous—too generous—expressions of yours, which, I remember, you printed in a review," says he; and he urged his henchman to moderate his praise "and to call into action the critical power he was good enough to say I possessed." Mr Douglas's courage, however, was invincible; he knew how to be true to himself and his hero, and we have seen the result. Mr Dunton's indifference to fame may be a bewildering enigma, but his appetite for being made a fool of is an insoluble one.

That this appalling farrago of rubbish has been received by the press with rapture, it is scarcely necessary to mention, for we have often observed that the unanimity and enthusiasm of the critics are apt to be in exact proportion to the worthlessness of the work before them. No one with the least tincture of education or letters can fail to be aware that the book is the very reverse of what a good book should be,—that it abounds with sins both positive and negative. The 'Athenæum,' to be sure, ingenuously, though feebly, made-believe to

hum and haw. But, with one conspicuously honourable exception, the rest of the journals have been ecstatic. Mr Arthur this and Dr Robertson that have emulated the hysterics of Mr Douglas with remarkable fidelity and effect. Nay, Mr Hall Caine, yielding generous acknowledgment to the superiority of a rival in the field wherein himself was believed to have no peer, has declared that the work "cannot fail to live among the treasures of literature." To pursue the reflections which such a book and such criticisms suggest is at present impossible. We are sometimes tempted to wonder whether the English men of letters of to-day—be they of the "inner circle" or be they mere "two-penny tubes"—are really the unspeakable beings we are called upon to believe: the monsters of colossal vanity, the willing objects or practitioners (as the case may be) of an adulation compared to which the homage exacted by an Oriental potentate seems the embodiment of sturdy independence. We cannot tell. Yet one thing we should dearly like to know, and that is, how Mr Swinburne, in his heart of hearts, enjoys being mixed up with persons of the type we have been discussing. For Mr Swinburne is at least by birth a gentleman, and we cannot forget that he comes out of Eton and Balliol.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.—VII.

BY O.

OF AN OFFICER'S PATROL.

THE subaltern commanding the officer's patrol was well satisfied with his day's work. And he had right to be, for, after covering forty miles, he had procured all the information required from him. It had been an exceptionally hard day. The country was more or less water-logged, and it had been impossible for him to keep his patrol on the roads. The going had been so bad that the major portion of the journey had been undertaken on foot. Both men and horses were thoroughly tired out, and the subaltern determined to rest for three hours before pushing back to headquarters.

He had reconnoitred right up to Fu-chou from Wa-fang-tien. He and his six troopers had carried out this reconnaissance without firing or drawing a single shot. They had estimated the strength of the Russian forces gathered at Wa-fang-tien, and had made their way back a third of the distance to Pu-lien-tien. For an hour at least they had seen no sign of the Russian screen, and as it was essential to procure a reliable Chinese guide, the subaltern determined to rest in a small village which lay at the extreme end of the valley they had just entered.

He reconnoitred the village

with every precaution, and finding it empty, after posting a sentry at the approach by which they had entered, led his patrol up to the chief villager's house. The village at first seemed to be deserted; but the officer dismounted before the great wooden gates of the chief residence, and, undismayed by the frightful caricatures of the god of war and demons painted on the panels, knocked loudly. The only response for the time being was the barking of dogs inside. But presently the *grille* in the wall chamber to the left of the entrance was pulled aside, and amid the opium fumes emitted, appeared the yellow face of the janitor. It is safe to conjecture that the inmates feared a visit from Cossacks, for as soon as the janitor realised that the wayfarers were Japanese, he immediately slipped to the *grille* cover, and shuffled round to open the ponderous gates.

The great iron-bound doors swung inwards. The patrol dismounted and led their horses into the courtyard within. The Japanese in their manners are polite, but they do not make war with kid gloves; and while the subaltern was engaging the janitor in conversation by means of ideographs, scraped

with the point of his sword on the clay floor of the courtyard, the troopers were leading their horses to the byres and regaling the hungry animals. After the subaltern had wasted much effort in trying to make the janitor understand, that worthy finally shook his head and pointed to the house, and then it was, and then only, that the owner and his two sons appeared. One of the sons had been educated either in Kin-chou or Yin-kow, and in spite of the fact that neither could speak the other's language, yet by means of the Chinese ideographs, which they both understood, the Chinaman and the subaltern were able to converse, if not rapidly, at least intelligibly. The troopers had now tied up their horses, and were grouping round their chief, watching with interest the strange conversation which was taking place. Behind them, through the torn and battered lattices of the women's quarters, could be seen the astonished and wondering faces of the farmers' wives and daughters; while in the doorway half a dozen dirty and ill-clad piccaninnies were gazing with awestruck reverence at the strangely dressed foreigners who had invaded the privacy of their home. The Japanese counts among his many good qualities an unparalleled love for children, and the *sous-officier* of the party seeing the little ones, stepped across and patted their heads, much to the children's astonishment and to the delight of the hysterical women behind the barrier. The dogs, too, had

become reconciled to the presence of the strangers, and were proceeding to establish a confidence by nuzzling their boots and spurs after the manner of their kind. It was a scene that a De Neuville might have depicted.

There is an impression in this country that the Japanese soldier, officer and man, is all that is perfection in the fulfilment of his duties. We would hasten to assure the reader that the Japanese are very, very human, and that no mortal is perfect. A Japanese subaltern of cavalry in command of an officer's patrol is just as likely to make grievous errors as the young popinjay of a British Lancer who has entered upon his first campaign. Now there is one principle which youthful subalterns commanding patrols are very apt to forget—which is, that the first duty of every officer, be he a field-marshal commanding an army or a lance-corporal directing a section, is to give the enemy the credit of being just as astute as himself. Now our subaltern, although he had not seen the sign of a Cossack for hours, had no right to risk the information he had acquired by seeking the hospitality of a village. It was good for his men and horses to be rested and fed; it was essential that he should possess himself of a guide; but it was also obligatory that he should not run the risk of his whole enterprise proving fruitless. There are ways of resting and feeding horses even in moments of dire necessity, and there are

ways of securing guides without jeopardising the whole of your command. It so happened that, although he had posted a sentry to his rear, apprehending that he might have been followed, yet he had failed to place a similar watch at the opposite extremity of the village. This slight oversight was to cost him a heavy penalty; but that is always the way in war.

If it had not been that the old opium-saturated janitor had found occasion to go out through the gates into the street beyond, it is probable that the Japanese headquarters would never have heard of this patrol again. As it was, the old man put his withered head beyond the portico, to view a half sotnia of Cossacks galloping down the street. With more agility than his shambling gait would have suggested, the old man jumped back within the portico and slammed the great gates, fixing bar and bolt,—and just in time, though the Japanese sentry at the far end of the village had seen the hostile forces, and fearing that his comrades would be trapped, fired his carbine, and came galloping down the street shouting at the top of his voice. If it had not been for the old opium-eater, his act of self-sacrifice would have come too late: as it was, the sentry threw himself from his saddle with the intention of selling his life dearly, and doubtless of saving time for his comrades within the Chinese enclosure. But the Japanese are notoriously bad horsemen, and in dismounting

his foot never cleared the stirrup, and he was thrown headlong in the mud. A moment later he was surrounded by his enemies, and butchered as he lay.

It did not require a square yard of ideographs to apprise the subaltern of the nature of the surprise. Nor was there a penman left to make the translation; for as rabbits on a warren disturbed by a pedestrian, every Chinaman in the courtyard vanished.

The subaltern threw a rapid glance round the enclosure, and divided his five men into three groups. There were only two spaces where it would be possible to scale the mud walls, and these were from the two adjoining roofs, which, as is common in Manchurian villages, prolonged the alignment of the farmer's gable. He therefore placed a man behind each of the inner gates, the cracks of which served as loopholes, and commanded both the salient approaches. The other three he stationed in the portico, for the purpose of sweeping the trees in the adjacent courtyards. He himself, throwing his revolver loose, made for the *grille* in the opium-den. Four loathsome figures were lying prostrate on the bench; one of them, who was still sucking at the hideous spluttering tube, glared upwards at the intruder with a vacant stare: the others, saturated with the narcotic, were dead to the world. Hastily seizing a cap from one of these creatures, the subaltern threw off his own shako and covered his head

with the noisome head-dress. He threw back the *grille*-cover and peered out. He had just one second to take in the scene outside, to see the mangled corpse of his trooper lying in the mud, and to estimate the strength of his assailants, before a bullet buried itself in the plaster beside his cheek and filled his eyes with dust. He shut back the cover, and in a moment it was shattered by a second bullet. Back he leapt—back into the courtyard—and joined the three men in the portico.

The Russians were battering at the gates, and in broken Chinese demanding that they should be opened. The Japanese could afford to laugh at this, for the gates of the Manchurian farmhouses are fashioned to prevent the entrance of marauding bandits. The Russians, too, soon recognised this, for the defenders could hear the hurried orders of the officers, and presently a shot from behind one of the inner gates showed that the Russians were reconnoitring from the adjacent courtyards. Whether the shot was successful or not it did not matter, but it had the effect of stopping a movement from that flank. Presently they heard the sound of movement in the next courtyard, and it was evident that the Russians had discovered ladders. The subaltern directed his men to hold their fire until the scalers were body up above the wall.

They had not long to wait. First they saw three flat caps appearing simultaneously, then

the muzzles of three carbines, followed by white faces and blue uniforms. Now was the time. The three rifles cracked simultaneously, and the three white faces disappeared instantaneously; again the effort was made, more ladders had been brought, and six faces rose over the level of the wall. The troopers fired, and the subaltern fired his revolver twice; four of the scalers collapsed, but two reached the wall-coping and jumped to the ground. They were followed immediately by others behind them. It looked as though the little party in the portico was about to be overwhelmed. But the Japanese carbine-blocks clicked rapidly; four more shots rang out, and although one more Russian jumped to the ground, there were only two on foot, for one of the first had fallen to his knees. The Cossacks rushed, but carbine and revolver were ready for them, and they dropped in their tracks before they had made a dozen yards. The subaltern went forward, hurriedly reloading his weapon, to see if a *coup-de-grâce* were necessary; but he was satisfied in removing their carbines and carrying them back to the portico. No further attempt was made to scale the wall.

Night was now beginning to fall, and the subaltern realised that although he might successfully beat off another attack, yet as long as he remained trapped, there would be no means of getting his information to headquarters. This information was everything,—

the actual fate of his patrol mattered not at all. He must formulate some plan. The corn-byres and the inflammable roof of the farmer's dwelling caught his eye. In a moment he came to a decision: he called his *sous-officier* to him, and gave him a paper upon which he had scrawled a rough map, and written his notes during their mid-day halt. His orders were as follows: "We will set fire to these stacks and to the roof of the house; as soon as they are making a good blaze and smoke you will climb over the roof, through the flames if necessary, while we throw open the doors and endeavour to escape, by that means engaging and attracting the enemy. You will get away as best you can with those papers, and deliver them to the colonel before daybreak to-morrow. Trust in the Emperor to help you."

The *sous-officier* looked at him steadily a moment, and saluting said, "But you, Excellency, will be killed. How can I leave you? We will distract the enemy while your Excellency escapes with the papers."

The subaltern replied, "Brave man, I appreciate your motive; but you have my orders; my orders you cannot disobey."

"But——!"

"My orders you cannot disobey; you have my orders."

The *sous-officier* was reduced to silence: he saluted, and then secreted the papers in his vest.

It was now dark enough, and the *sous-officier* crept back into the opium-den and collected

two of the smokers' lamps. With these they set fire to the stable and the corn-ricks. Owing to the wet, for some time the ricks refused to burn; but the troopers pulled out great armfuls of straw from the centre, and in ten minutes the whole of one side of the courtyard was a great roaring sheet of flame. The sparks flew upwards, and the wind, fanning the flames, carried them to the roof of the dwelling. Beneath the tiles the dressing was dry and inflammable; the paper windows and the wooden lattices crackled and burnt like tinder. There was just one point where the *sous-officier* could break through. As soon as he was in position, the subaltern called his remaining four men, and lining them up faced the gateway.

Already they heard the jeering shouts of the Cossacks outside; the wretched Chinese inhabitants, from the men's and the women's quarters alike, were bolting out like driven hares and seeking shelter behind the inner wall. The men were silent, but the women were wailing as they saw their home gutted before their eyes. War is cruel and horrible—it knows no mercy.

The subaltern gave the word, the bolts were pulled back, the bars thrown over, and the gates clanged open. With the national battle-cry on their lips the handful of devoted little men dashed through the opening. A semicircle of flashes broke the wall of outer darkness; for perhaps one min-

ute the rifles crackled, and then all was over. . . .

The *sous-officier* delivered the papers at daybreak. It is common history how the Jap-

anese flank-attack marched by way of the Fu-chou road and wrecked Stackelburg's army at Telitz. What does one officer's patrol more or less matter?

THE NAVAL SUB-LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

The restless energy which Makaroff displayed inspired the whole fleet with new hope and new energy, more especially so in the destroyer flotilla. We on the *Plotva* were determined that if we could once get on even terms with the yellow boats, we would render a good account of ourselves. When I joined her she was tied up alongside a collier. Kertoh was in the cabin of the collier drinking whisky with the captain, who was a countryman of yours. Kertch had only just returned from patrol duty off Talien Bay. He was telling the captain how he had been chased by four Japs, and how he could steam two knots to their one. He received me with delight, and we stayed with your countryman for quite an hour. I do not forget that hour; it was the last really peaceful time I have had until I came here, and it is a matter of six months now since I first joined the *Plotva*. We went off from the collier, and were running into the basin when the *Petropavlovsk* made our number, and we had orders to go back on patrol duty to Talien Bay.

This at last was business, and my heart was full of joy and hope when we ran out under the stern of the *Askold*.

She was doing guard-ship outside that night. It was a smooth sea; although there was still a bite in the air, the weather had improved wonderfully. Outside the guard-ship we picked up the three other boats which formed our division, and we steamed away down the coast for Dalny. The crew were busy cleaning up and polishing the tubes. Kertoh and I were on the bridge; as we slipped through the water we talked of home, of the Naval College, and of all our mutual friends far away. I remember I took my talisman out of my breast-pocket to polish it up a bit. Great heavens! I have no use for a talisman now. We made South Sanshan-tau just after dark, and then the commander of the division gave a signal with the stern-lamp that we were to run in under the signal-station and lie to till morning.

It was on the morrow that the real thing opened for me: hitherto I had been confined to the *Retvisan*, and although I had heard the Japanese big shells hurtling overhead, and had seen the torpedo-boats fighting against the Japanese in the entrance to the harbour, still I knew nothing of war. Before sunrise we were joined by two

more destroyers from Dalny. We had orders to patrol thirty miles south, and to return to Port Arthur by sundown. After midnight the wind had sprung up a little, and day broke to a dull leaden sky and choppy sea. The land was just disappearing under our stern when the commander signalled from the left—we were line abreast—that he could make out smoke to the south-west, and that we were to go ahead and reconnoitre. This meant business. I had never heard a more cheering sound than that telegraph, "Full steam ahead!" Away we slid through the water, raising a great wave that came squelching over our whale-back. We, too, made out the smoke; and as soon as we shortened the interval, it developed into four little black balloons with a speck below, which indicated boats of our own class. We knew that they must be Japanese, because at the moment we were the outside patrol of the whole fleet. Kertch and I had our glasses fixed on them, and we made out that it was a Japanese division coming our way. Kertch stood steadily on: he knew his turn of speed, and was satisfied that there was nothing in the Japanese that could come near us when it came to quick moving. He had not yet called the men to quarters, and it was interesting to watch their eager faces as they leaned over the rail and shaded their eyes to get a view of this enemy with whom they were longing to come to terms. Fine fellows!

I wonder how many of that crew are alive to-day? We stood on until we were within three thousand metres of them, until Kertch was certain that he could make out the dingy red of their hateful flag. Then we put about, and in making the sweep lost a little way. The Japanese meant business, and they were cramming in the coal: we could only hope that your English manufacturers had cheated them in their wares, and that their engines would prove a fair sample of British trade duplicity; but they seemed to hold, for as we raced back to our own flotilla their 12-pounder projectiles splashed and ricocheted all round us. But we easily drew away from them, made our signals, and rejoined our own division, taking up our place on the left of the line abreast.

The flotilla was now in the hands of Commander Brieleff, the senior officer in our division. He made the signal to attack in echelon, our centre to endeavour to break through the enemy's centre and thus divide him in two, so that the fire of three of our boats might be concentrated on two of his. We stood on at half-speed until only 2000 metres separated us. The Japanese had opened out a little. It was a fine spectacle, our six boats in line, a cable's distance apart, bearing down on the four lean Japs, who, to prevent us from overlapping, had opened out to about a cable and a half. Like ourselves, our enemy had reduced his speed. We were all now standing to quarters.

Kertch was on the bridge, I was down with the 6-pounder forward. The men were joking and congratulating each other on the opportunity we should now have of paying off old scores. Brieleff made a special number. It was the *Stereguchi*, the boat next her in the line. The flags read, "Conform to my movements." Before the signal to the rest of his flotilla was made, the Japanese opened fire with their 12-pounders. They carried 12-pounders, we only 6-pounders. Then came the flotilla signal, "Echelon from the centre, full steam ahead, engage." Merrily chimed the telegraph-bells, and, when our turn came, we felt the *Plotva*, like a racehorse to the spur, bound forward underneath us. All the rest is a tangle of disjointed memories. We were on the extreme left of the line abreast. I can only tell you the confused threads as I recollect them. I remember glancing to starboard, and noticing the five parallel wakes of our flotilla, which seethed up above the breeze ripple. Then the smack of the 6-pounder and the whirr of the maxims brought me to my duties. "That's a hit," shouted the No. 1 of my crew, and at the same moment a shell exploded on our rail. A splinter hit the hopper of the gun, glanced, and then the ear, moustache, and cheek of the No. 1 were gone. He stood a moment, drenching the lever in his hand with blood, then sank to the deck, while another seized the slimy handle and shoulder grip. I noticed that the men at our boat-rail

were firing with rifles. The new No. 1 swung the gun round, and I could see that we had changed our course, and now had a Japanese destroyer abreast on the port side. My eye caught the blood-red radiations on its smoke-fouled bunting. Its funnels were belching flame, while it was so close that the incessant flash from its quick-firers hurt the eye. Projectiles swished above us, but at the moment I did not realise that we were the target. My gun had stopped firing. "Ammunition!" I shouted, and then realised for the first time that I alone of all my gun-crew was standing. My fellows were a heap of hideously mutilated flesh. As I sprang to the gun, I recognised amidst the streaks of crimson remainder a handleless forearm. On it was the cherished tattooed *geisha* of my servant Alexis. Men from the boat came to aid me, and then the vessel heeled as if she had collided. The wreck of the maxim from the bridge was swept along the deck, and imbedded itself steaming and hissing in the pile of human offal at my feet. Again the vessel heeled, and I felt myself seized by the hand.

"Excellency, Excellency, the commander is killed. Come quickly to the bridge. We are alone—the other boats have fled."

How I got to the bridge I cannot say: I remember that the hand-rail was twisted like a corkscrew. What a scene! Save for the wheel, steersman, and binnacle, the bridge was swept clean. Maxim mount-

ing, commander, rail, were a tangled mass trailing alongside. As I clung to a funnel-stay, I was actually looking down the smoking throat of a Japanese 12 - pounder not six fathoms distant. Black, hissing, and battered, the boat was closing on us like some hideous sea-monster. A dozen of her ruffian crew with short swords in their hands were gathered forward to spring upon us. There was not time to give an order. The men were now jumping. But my steersman had put over his helm. There was a grinding jar, and we slithered past them, carrying away their rails and forward hamper, and grinding to pulp, against our plates, such of their boarders as had jumped short. As we shook clear our 6-pounder belched into her vitals, and a great geyser of steam shrieked out between her smoke-stacks amidships. I remember seeing my men pitchfork the four little devils who had boarded us over the side with their bayonets, and then I pitched headlong on to the *débris* of gun-crew and maxim on the deck below. A rifle-bullet had just missed my spine and perforated my right lung. The engineer brought the *Plotva* out. How we escaped I don't know, for the yellow devils seemed all round us. But our speed saved us, though they got the poor old *Stereguchi*.

What happened? You may well ask! Why, the two boats which belonged to "C" Division, not to ours, never carried

out Brieleff's orders. So we came in as a single *echelon* on a short front. Their left boat got Brieleff and the whole lot of us broadside on, and broke us up. This, in conjunction with their superiority in gun calibre, beat us. We've got 12 - pounders now, when it is too late.

* * * * *

But to continue my story. During the first week in May I was selected by the Admiral to take the *Reshitelni* on a night reconnaissance to the Elliot Group, where Togo had now based himself. We were not quite certain what part of the group he was using as his base, and if the scheme were found practicable, it was the intention of the Admiral to launch an attack against him with the three divisions of destroyers that were still sea-going. I was piloted out of the harbour by the mine-tug in the afternoon, and I lay up under Golden Hill until about eight o'clock. The sea had got up a little, but in consultation with my engineer I came to the conclusion that it was not too rough for our enterprise. We had thirty miles to cover to Talienwan, and forty miles on from there, in all about a four hours' trip if we went direct; but I had to make a considerable sweep, so it was not until past midnight that I arrived off the southern entrance to the group. Here I found at least ten merchantmen anchored. I could not go close enough to make out their escort, but we from our low position could

count their masts and funnels against the lighter sky. If I had not been alone and under special instructions to discover the anchorage of the warships, I should have attacked these transports as they lay. But as I could discover the tops of only one man-of-war, I determined to search round the island in the hope of discovering Togo's real anchorage,—then, having accomplished that, to return to have a smack at these boats. Half an hour's cautious steaming brought me round to the northern entrance. We saw nothing, so we lay to under the rocks while three Chinese spies and one able seaman went ashore in the boat. While we were lying to waiting for them to return, we made out what seemed to be a flotilla of torpedo craft leaving the entrance: they were showing stern lights, and we counted five of these. From this we calculated that it was a flotilla being piloted out by a picket-boat, since we distinctly heard one of the boats returning. I had allowed the landing-party one hour, telling them that if they were not back within that time they would run the risk of being left behind. They actually returned in an hour and a quarter, and joined us just as the picket-boat was passing back. It was a ticklish moment, and I feared for a second that the picket-boat would catch the sound of their wash. But it was not so. They brought magnificent information. According to their account, we were lying as a crow flies within two thousand metres of Togo's battle squad-

ron. My A.B. had been able to count the larger vessels, and the Chinamen, reconnoitring separately, had discovered the boom and the position of the shore coal-supply.

Having taken such bearings as were possible in the darkness, we started off again with the intention of paying our transport friends a visit. I should point out that this transport fleet, although lying at one of the anchorages at the entrance to the main bay in the group, was sufficiently screened from the Port Arthur direction by two of the largest islands. Owing to the big sweep that I had made, I had come in from the north-east, whereas the Japanese would have anticipated an attack from our direction to come from the south-west. I therefore determined to dash clean through the anchorage, torpedoing such boats as I could. My course would then be from west to east. By returning on a parallel line, I might still be able to do further damage, and slip out the same way that I had come.

I felt certain that I had eluded the patrolling flotilla by coming from the north-west, and I therefore determined to break out the same way. We crept up to our original vantage-ground unperceived. Then followed a glorious five minutes: we went through them full steam ahead, steering directly for the vessel whose fighting-tops we could make out above the skylight. We discharged two torpedoes, one against a big merchantman that looked

like a converted cruiser, the other against the vessel with the tops: it was either a coast-defence ship or a gunboat. We know the latter torpedo took effect, because we saw the phosphorescent wave caused by the explosion and heard the report. We were through them and gone before they quite realised what had happened. But we heard bo'suns' pipes, shouts, and yells. I put the boat about, with the intention of making another attack as soon as the tubes were recharged. Just as we got about, a quick-firer opened on us from about fifteen fathoms' distance. We had evidently run into the patrol-boats. I gave the order that nothing was to be fired, and went full steam ahead for the entrance, feeling that this would stop the firing. It was neck or nothing now, and any moment we might have been on the rocks. We were, however, pretty used to the darkness by this, although we had not now the sky-line to guide us. It was a choice between the rocks or fouling one of the merchantmen. We were abreast of one of them before we realised her position; it was evidently a transport, and they made out the glare from our funnels. They opened a musketry fire. It was wild and uncertain, but very effective. The bullets mostly went high, but a certain number came pretty near us, and I, as usual, was unfortunate. Hardly out of bed a fortnight, I got another shot through the chest. But I was able to keep the bridge until

we reached our original point of entry. Then, with my tunic stiff with blood, I handed over command to my sub-lieutenant, and he brought us back to Port Arthur safely by daybreak. We discharged one torpedo in our break-away, but whether it took effect it is impossible to say: however, we are certain that we torpedoed a coast-defence ship or a gunboat that night, and if you look up the records about that date, you will probably find that a Japanese ship was lost, and possibly a transport as well. Doubtless mines will be given as the cause of the disaster.

* * * * *

At the beginning of August I was relieved of my shore duties, and was appointed acting flag-lieutenant to Admiral Prince Ukhtomsky, second in command of the Pacific Squadron. I joined him on the *Peresviet*. Big business was on hand; messages had come through that it was imperative that the Pacific Squadron should leave Port Arthur, and either fight a fleet action with the Japanese fleet or make its way to Vladivostock. There was to be no middle course, no turning back. It was to be either a decisive engagement at sea, or, if we should succeed in eluding the yellow man, a dash for the shores of Japan, and then Vladivostock.

Judging from your papers, you people seemed to think that the whole *morale* of the Russian Pacific Fleet had been shattered, and that we were

worth nothing. You were quite wrong. We might not have had the same confidence which we possessed at the beginning of the year; but I assure you a grim determination had permeated all ranks to do something to wipe off the stigma of disgrace which was hanging over us. The veiled taunts which reached us from the highest authorities at home were sufficient to have made a hero of the veriest craven. We felt—that is, we juniors did—that bad luck had been with us from the very outset, and that the time would come when we should get an opportunity, and we were determined that when that opportunity came we would not be found wanting in the spirit to avail ourselves of it. The fleet was coaled to its utmost capacity, and every arrangement made in order that the passage from the inner to the outer harbour might be taken as expeditiously as possible. Orders were issued to every captain, containing strict injunctions as to the course to be pursued in the event of success, partial success, partial failure, or absolute failure; and after receiving assurances from both home and Stoessel that the moment was propitious, with a final blessing from the garrison, we made the passage of the entrance on the night of August 9th, and put to sea on the 10th.

Luck was against us from the outset. The *Bayan* damaged herself in making the passage, and we had perforce to start one vessel short. Now, I

want you to understand that when we left Port Arthur that morning, when we saw the great mass of rocks disappearing over our quarter, we, none of us, not one, from captain to coal-trimmer, ever expected to see that harbour again, unless we returned with a victory to our credit. That was the spirit which animated the whole fleet, and that was the spirit which kept us fighting throughout that day. We knew that we should have to fight, that it was impossible for us to get away, since the Japanese must have been aware of the fact that we were bringing battleships out into the outer harbour.

Nor were we mistaken, for we had barely made thirty miles before Togo's fleet appeared on our port bow. We, that is, the *Peresviet*, were the fourth ship in the battleship squadron. We were making from about twelve to fourteen knots. How anxiously we scanned the Japanese ships! There was the fleet that had brought about all our disgrace and disaster; there were the men whom we had pledged ourselves to destroy or die in the attempt. We counted the vessels—there were four line-of-battle ships and four first-class cruisers; and we were six battleships and four cruisers. The Japanese were accompanied by at least eight divisions of torpedo craft: it was to be a final arbitrament between battle fleet and battle fleet. The advantage in ships and weight of metal was ours, but they also had advantages

which overbalanced our numerical superiority. In the first place, we had to economise coal; our ships had deteriorated considerably through the stress of inactive war, by which I mean that they were not all as serviceable as they would have been if we had been able to give them proper dockyard attention. Also, the Japanese had had far more practice in gunnery than we; but we hoped that their weapons had somewhat deteriorated by use, while, alas! this could not be said of ours, at least not to the same degree. The Japanese Admiral made the best use of his superior speed. From his manoeuvres it would seem that he feared that we did not intend to give him battle. Little did he know the feeling on our decks! About mid-day he crossed our bows, and then, changing from line abreast, he manoeuvred as though he would refuse a battle. Previous to this there had been a slight exchange of shots, but this was nothing,—it was only just a little range-finding. It was not until after two that the real battle opened. Before this the Japanese Admiral had manoeuvred constantly, until he considered it time to admit of an engagement. He was now almost abreast of us, 7000 to 8000 metres on our starboard beam. Both fleets were line ahead, and in this formation the battle opened.

We were six battleships, the Japanese four and two cruisers, in line ahead. We were now the fourth vessel in the line. The flag-ship hoisted the signal

“Engage,” and immediately the firing commenced. This phase of the battle lasted for about an hour. It was severe, but not so severe as that which was to come, for our Admiral had now altered his course so as to reduce the distance between the fleets. The vessel which we had selected for our own particular target was one of the *Fuji* type; and although the sea was rising and made gunnery at the present range extremely difficult, yet we made at least three hits with our heavy guns, and at one time our target seemed to be on fire. We received no damage except to the mainmast, which was carried away by a ricochet from a shell that had exploded short of us on impact with the water; nor did the ships ahead of us seem to have received any very serious damage, though the *Retvisan* and the *Pobieda* were both hit.

There was a short respite—of perhaps half an hour—while the two fleets were converging, and then the action reopened with desperate violence. The distance had been reduced to about 6000 metres. How the general trend of the action went it is almost impossible for those who took part in it as executive officers to say; all one knows is what happened to one's own vessel and to one's target. We still continued to engage the vessel of the *Fuji* type, while she or such other of the Japanese vessels that had singled us out seemed to find their range in quick succession. Two 12-inch shells hit us amidships; one glanced upwards and

burst in the air, the other carried our foremast away and wrecked a portion of the upper bridge. The tumult was appalling, for we had now arrived at quick-firer range, and a continuous stream of 12-pounder projectiles were passing above us, exploding on our plates, or damaging our superstructure. Ever and again at intervals some great projectile would hit us, doing woeful damage; but for the main part the heavy projectiles missed, and we on the bridge were so intent in watching for signals from the flag-ship and in conforming to the fleet movements that one had little time to estimate either the damage to ourselves or the damage which we effected.

What we did notice, at least, and what appealed to us all, was the fact that one of the Japanese battleships hauled out of the firing-line just at the same moment as their fleet was reinforced by two more first-class cruisers. It seemed to us at the moment that we were getting the best of it, and when the Japanese ship hauled out of the line a cheer commenced from the deck of the *Tsarevitch* which passed all down our line. The sea also was getting up, and the sun was sinking in front of us: for the first time for many months the hope of victory grew strong within our breasts.

Our three leading ships seemed to be concentrating their fire on the *Mikasa*, which led the enemy's line. That their shells were having great effect we could see, for the

Japanese flag-ship was constantly hidden from our view by the dense smoke which the explosions on her decks had caused. Then just at this moment, when it seemed at last fortune had veered in our favour, the destiny which rules the law of chances turned against us. All we knew at the time was that our flag-ship had abruptly changed her course. She swung to port without warning and without signal, before it was realised that she was hit, and that her course had been changed, not from necessity but from the fact that she could not steer: the second vessel had followed her round so closely that a collision was narrowly avoided. As there was no signal yet from the flag-ship, we all conformed to this strange manœuvre; but the intervals having been somewhat lost in the heat of the engagement, the squadron became a mob of vessels without formation. But even this need not have been final if the flag-ship could only have made her signal. Then came a paralysing intimation that the Admiral-in-Chief had transferred the command. We knew what that meant—either that he was killed or wounded; and my own Admiral immediately ordered the fleet signal for the squadron to conform to his own movements.

And here the bitterness of our cup was filled to the absolute brim. We had lost both our masts, and we had not wherewith to hoist this signal, which was necessary to re-

suscitate order out of chaos. Nor had the Japanese been slow to realise their opportunity, and they were throwing projectiles into us with a rapidity of fire that was absolutely appalling in its results. My Admiral did all that he could do in the circumstances. He steamed ahead, flying the signal from a smoke-stack; but it was too late.

The cohesion was irrevocably lost, and the various captains, apparently interpreting the worst clause in their final instructions, saved themselves by flight. It passeth the understanding of men that the Japanese did not sink a single one of us; and this fact indorses my belief that it was sheer bad luck and not good gunnery and seamanship that beat us.

PORT ARTHUR.

Just follow our gaze to the foot of the knoll. A Japanese battery is here in action. The squat guns nestle beneath a rise. The limbers lie in a cutting behind, and the ammunition-carriers have worn just half a dozen tracks in the snow, like sheep-tracks on the face of a Highland brae. As you watch you can see each motion of the gunners. As unconcernedly as if they were firing a holiday salute in Shiba Park, they run the gun back, sponge it out, readjust the spade, and relay the piece. You are near enough to hear the click of the breech as it snaps home. You see the gun groups spring aside; Number One with his lanyard taut. You hear the quick order of the section commander, and then you strain your eyes to separate your individual burst from the score of bursting shrapnel sparkling above the target. The battery commander walks up and down behind the guns, ever and anon beating his arms against his chest to banish the numb-

ness from his chilled extremities. He stoops to pick up a fragment of a shell that exploded almost at his feet, tosses it away, and steps forward to correct a range. The Russians' guns have discovered the battery; salvoes of shrapnel burst above the Japanese gunners. Though the spiteful crackle of their rapid explosions almost deafens us, and though we can see the snow scourged up all round the battery by the vicious strike, there is no alteration or diminution in the service of the guns. Three men and a subaltern from the left section are swept to the ground. The battery commander was talking to the subaltern at the moment. He takes no notice of his fallen comrade, but moves up to the bereaved section. He leaves two hospital orderlies, who are lying in the snow behind him, to judge whether the fallen are worthy of the hospital or not. More Russian missiles have been attracted to the target. Now the canopy of bursting shrapnel above them seems

continuous. Then all sound is dwarfed by the rushing advent of a giant projectile. For a moment the battery is blotted out behind a great flash of lurid flame and pillar of smoke and snow. It drifts aside; one gun of the battery is totally destroyed, another stands solitary, while the displaced snow on every side is blurred with mangled gunners. Out of this wreck the battery commander emerges, gives the order to cease firing, and then himself sinks motionless across a trail.

* * * * *

Number "Sixty-nine's" teeth chattered as if his jaws would break. It was not from fear or excitement; there were few amongst the two hundred men standing at ease in that particular parallel who were cursed with nerves, or even, if they had once known what fear was, gave now a thought for the chances of bodily hurt or death. Six months ago they might have been recruits, now they were veterans. The men stood at ease in the slush at the bottom of the trench, and as they stood the biting wind from the north blew through them and chilled them to the bone. They were awaiting the order to assault. Half an hour ago they had taken off their greatcoats and piled them in a casemate. They carried nothing but their rifles and their ammunition. No wonder they were cold, for the wind was such that it would have cut through the thickest fur, and these men were clad

in serge alone. Some stamped their feet and others rubbed their hands; but for the most part they stood still, and betrayed no movement save of the quivering chin. The company officers shivered with the men, save for the regimental staff, who were grouped round the colonel studying a rough sketch of the ground which any moment now they might be called upon to cross.

It were hard to recognise in Sixty-nine, thin, haggard, and bearded, the same robust and sleek coolie who had so pleased us in Japan. But though he looked drawn and emaciated, and though the biting cold had changed his colour from full blood-bronze to greenish yellow, yet withal he was hard and desperate. The lustre in the little almond eyes showed that though hardship and exposure had wasted the flesh, yet it had brought no deterioration in spirit and muscle. Just look down the line to satisfy yourself on this point. There was but one wish animating that *queue* of pigmy soldiery,—it was, that the order might come speedily which would release them from inaction and the misery of its attendant cold.

Sixty-nine's eyes were glued on the little casemate in front of which he stood; it was a mere hole excavated beneath the parapet, and in it crouched two men of the Signal Corps. One of them had his ear glued to the telephone receiver. He caught Sixty-nine's gaze and nodded slightly. Sixty-nine knew

what it meant: the long-awaited-for order was coming; mechanically he shifted his rifle to his left hand, and measured the distance which separated him from the foot-purchase which the sappers had left at intervals along the parallels for the purpose of egress. The second signaller wrote down the brief message, and ran to the group of officers worrying the map. The colonel, who was squatting Japanese fashion, took the paper, rose to his feet, and deliberately divested himself of his overcoat, then running up the foot-hold, in a moment was standing alone upon the parapet.

There was no call to attention; the simple order passed down the ranks, and in a second, like ants, the men were swarming over the obstacle into the open. In moments like these memory serves one badly. You might be engaged for hours in a hand-to-hand struggle, and then perhaps at the end one or two trivial incidents alone would remain in your mind. How he got out of the trench, or what happened when once he was out, Sixty-nine never knew. He remembered racing at the head of his group behind his captain; and then his captain threw up his arm in signal, and the next moment they were all lying down in the snow. All he heard was the infernal tumult of the shells as they chased each other overhead. He remembered turning half over and feeling with his hand, uncertain whether, in

breasting the parapet, a certain little tinsel talisman had not been torn from its place round the second button of his tunic.

How long they lay there it does not matter; but presently the captain called back to the company subaltern, and the section leaders re-echoed the call, and they were all up, rushing for the slope above them. Then for the first time the proximity of the enemy was forced upon them. Like the opening of a *barrage*, the full force of a held musketry fire broke upon them. The swish and splutter of the nickel hail killed all other sounds. The whole column seemed to wither before it, and with Sixty-nine following on his heels the officer threw himself down behind some rocks that appeared black and naked through the snow, and realised that, of two hundred men, perhaps fifteen had reached the temporary haven.

There was no diminution in the high treble song of the bullets, and for the first time Sixty-nine looked back. It seemed that the whole plain was moving. Not alone from the parallel they had just left, but from all the parallels, were debouching streams of yellow men,—yellow in dress, yellow in skin, and yellow in facings. Then his officer rose up and stood erect. They had reached dead ground, and until more should also reach it, they would be passive spectators of the passage of the plain.

But although the parallels overflowed in hundreds, only

dribblets reached the dead ground. Then the company ensign unfurled the company flag, and planted it in the snow. The tiny nucleus among the rocks cheered, and as they cheered the prostrate men in the plain below re-echoed the national cry. The check was only temporary, for the gunners had discovered the works from which the flank-fire came, and half of the guns turned their energies on that point. Within fifteen minutes of gaining the dead ground the officers were able again to form up the residue of their companies.

Five minutes' respite, and the order passed down the ranks to light grenades. In a moment the men were stooping to blow the slow-matches at their waists; and it was forward and up again. The ensign seized his flag, and with the agility of an antelope carried it in the lead. Fifteen to twenty yards and they were right under the parapet with its sand-bag dressing. Sixty-nine threw his grenade over it, and as each panting man arrived at the parapet the air was filled with the hissing of these strange missiles. A moment, and then the flaxen beards appeared over the top of the sand-bags, and magazines were emptied at point-blank range into the head of the attack. The ensign fell, the captain fell, the stormers fell in sheafs. Sixty-nine tried to scale the parapet, but the snow crumbled and gave. Then some one pushed him from behind, lifted him bodily, and before he real-

ised how it happened, he had gained a foothold on the summit; he shortened his arm to strike, but there was no enemy to oppose him. Inside the trench was a spluttering fire-swept hell; the grenades were now doing their duty, and scared by this unexpected danger, the Russians were flying from the farther end. It was all over. With shouts of "Banzai!" the panting infantry hauled itself up into the position.

The first line of the defence was taken. It had cost much in the taking, but this was trifling to the cost of holding it. The Russian gunners had seen their dark-coated comrades streaming away to the second line. They had seen the cloud of smoke-puffs from the bursting grenades, and they could see the streams of yellow men entering the parallel. What the bayonets had not been able to do shrapnel quickly accomplished. The Japanese officers tried to find cover for their men, but there was no hiding from that pitiless rain of lead; and in a quarter of an hour the captured trenches were three times as full of Japanese casualties as they had held Russians. It was back to the dead ground again. And here the remnants of three regiments rallied, and wished for night.

* * * * *

Sixty-nine lay amongst this desperate medley, his hands and feet buried deep in the snow to prevent them from freezing. Then they heard the pant of climbing men beneath them; reinforcements were ar-

living. The officers along the front did their utmost to form the men; it mattered not the battalion, the regiment, the company,—as the men lay they were formed. How it began or where the order came from or who was responsible, no one knew and no one cared. All Sixty-nine remembers is, that again they were climbing upwards and thanking Providence for the movement which enabled them to get warmth again into their stiffened limbs. Up and up they went, past the trenches they had won and lost earlier in the day. There was no attempt at a surprise, no endeavour to make the effort in silence; orders were shouted up and down the line; men half crazy from the tortures they were suffering through returning circulation were either crying out in their pain or laughing and singing with the echo of lunacy in the pitch of their voices.

A dark parapet showed up in front of them. Suddenly it became as light as day; like a display of fireworks some hundred star-shells were bursting overhead, and as the magnesium flared up, the assaulters saw that the Russians were standing up upon their trenches prepared to meet them. In a moment the air was alive with the hissing of burning fuses, and a hundred petty explosions from hand-grenades singed the head of the assault. It hesitated, quivered, lacerated and broken, then pushed backwards, to be received upon the bayonets of those who were following behind.

It was but a momentary hesitation, and the little men came again with an impetus that neither rifle-

grenade, parapet, or bayonet could resist. As their ancestors had done a thousand years before, to gain a footing on the parapet the Japanese made ramps of their dead and wounded. Number Sixty-nine had been in the first rush; a bursting grenade had almost torn the coat off his back, and he had been beaten backwards with the rest. But as the reinforcement pushed up from behind, he came with it, and clutching his rifle with one hand tried to haul himself up to the parapet.

The light still held as the Russians fired salvoes of star-shell, to enable the taper bayonets in the trenches to do their killing surely. Against the white half-light the desperate defenders stood out as shadows on the crest-line; one great spectre made a downward lunge at Sixty-nine. The bayonet whizzed past the little man's ear, and the catch carried away his shoulder-strap. Dropping his rifle, he seized the firelock in both hands, and putting his feet against the rock prised the Russian from his balance and brought him toppling down. What happened to this enemy he never knew; for already the quick hands of the assailants were piling the bodies of the dead against the parapet, and joining the rush with empty hands, Sixty-nine found himself on the summit. Was it a temporary purchase? Sixty-nine was never to know,

for he had no time to calculate. Once he had reached the summit he hurled himself into the trench beneath. As far as he was concerned the rest was all obliterated. He heard the coarse curses in a foreign tongue; he heard the shrill shouts of victory from his comrades; men stamped on his face, and then bodies fell above him. As a useful ant in the great army of workers his piece was done; but he and a few mad desperate spirits like him had allowed those who came after them to make the purchase permanent.

For thirty long minutes a hand-to-hand battle continued above him. Men threw grenades in each other's faces; half-demented Samurai flung themselves upon the bayonets of the dozen Muscovites who held the traverse in the trench.

Who shall say that the day of the bayonet is past, that the brutal grips of men in war are obsolete? Could they have hovered above that trench-head and seen the shimmer of the steel as it gave back the white glare of the star-shell; could they have heard the sickening thud of bayonet driven home, the grate of steel on backbone, the despairing sob of stricken man,—they would never have

preached their fallacies to a confiding world. Although there was not a breach that had not its cartridge in the chamber, yet men roused to the limit of their animal fury overlook the mechanical appliances which make war easy. They thirsted to come to grips, and to grips they came; hardly a shot was fired. The hand grasped firm on the small of the butt, when the mind means killing, forgets its cunning, and fails to operate the trigger.

But it had to end. The old colonel had fought his way through his own men to the very point of the struggle. He stood on the parapet, and his rich voice for a second curbed the fury of the wild creatures struggling beside him.

"Throw yourselves on their bayonets, honourable comrades!" he shouted; "those who come behind will do the rest."

His men heard him, his officers heard him. Eight stalwarts dropped their rifles, held their hands above their heads, and flung themselves against the traverse. Before the Russian defenders could extricate the bayonets from their bodies, the whole pack of the war-dogs had surged over them. The trench was won. The rest was a massacre. . . .

THE MYSTICS.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

CHAPTER III.

ON a certain night in mid-January, exactly ten years after Andrew Henderson's death, any one of the multitudinous inhabitants of London whom business or pleasure carried to that division of Brompton known as Hellier Crescent would undoubtedly have been attracted to the house distinguished from its fellows as No. 8.

Outwardly this house was not remarkable. It possessed the massive portico and the imposing frontage that lend to Hellier Crescent its air of dignified repose; but there, its similarity to the surrounding dwellings ended. The basement sent forth no glow of warmth and comfort as did the neighbouring basements; the ground-floor windows permitted no ray of mellow light to slip through the chinks of shutter or curtain. From attic to cellar the house seemed in darkness,—the only suggestion of occupation coming from the occasional drawing back and forth of a small slide that guarded a monastic-looking grating set in the hall-door.

And yet towards this unlighted and unfriendly dwelling a thin stream of people—all on foot and all evidently agitated—made their way continuously

on that January night between the hours of ten and eleven. The behaviour of these people, who differed widely in outward characteristics, was marked by a peculiar fundamental similarity. They all entered the quiet precincts of the Crescent with the same air of subdued excitement; each moved softly and silently towards the darkened house, and, mounting the steps, knocked once upon the heavy door. And each in turn stood patient while the slide was drawn back and a voice from within demanded the signal that granted admittance.

This mysterious gathering of forces had continued for nearly an hour, when a cab drew up sharply at the corner where Hellier Crescent abuts upon St George's Terrace, and a lady descended from it. As she handed his fare to the cabman, her face and figure were plainly visible in the light of the street lamps. The former was pale in colouring, delicately oval in shape, and illumined by a pair of large and unusually brilliant eyes; the latter was tall, graceful, and clad in black.

Having dismissed her cab, the new-comer crossed St George's Terrace with an appearance of haste, and entering

Hellier Crescent, immediately mounted the steps of No. 8.

The last member of the strange procession had disappeared into the house as she reached the door; but, acting with apparent familiarity, she lifted the knocker and let it fall once.

For a moment there was no response; then, as in the case of the former visitors, the slide was drawn back and a beam of light came through the grating, to be immediately obscured by the shadowy suggestion of a face with two inquiring eyes.

"The Word?" demanded a solemn voice.

The new-comer lifted her head.

"He shall be Power made absolute!" she responded in a low and slightly tremulous voice; and a moment later the door opened and she stepped into the hall.

The scene inside the house was curious in the extreme. If there was quiet and darkness outside, a brilliant light and a tense contagious excitement reigned within. The large hall, lighted by colossal lamps, was covered with a thick black carpet, into which the feet sank noiselessly, and the walls and ceiling were draped in the same sombre tint; but at intervals of a few feet, columns of white marble, chiselled into curious shapes, gleamed upon the observer from shadowy niches.

On ordinary occasions there was a solemnity, a coldness in this sombre vestibule; but to-night a strange electric activity seemed to have been breathed

upon the atmosphere. Women with flushed faces and men with feverishly bright eyes hurried to and fro in an irrepressible aimless agitation. A blending of dread and hysterical anticipation was stamped upon every face. People stopped each other with nervous unstrung gesture and odd disjointed sentences.

As the last comer entered, she paused for a moment uncertain and hesitating; but almost as she did so, a remarkable-looking and massively built man who was standing in the hall disengaged himself from a group of people, and coming directly towards her, took her hand.

"Mrs Witcherley! At last!" he exclaimed in a full, emotional voice. "I looked for you amongst the Gathering, and for a moment I almost feared——"

"That I would fail? How could you?" Her voice was still tinged with agitation; the pupils of her large eyes were distended.

"No, I did not mean that. But at such a moment we burn lest even one of the Elect be missing." He continued to hold her hand, looking into her face with his prominent dark eyes, from which flashed and glowed an excitement that spread over his whole heavy face.

"The night of nights!" he exclaimed. "To have lived to witness it!" His face glowed with a sudden enthusiasm, and freeing her fingers, he lifted up his right hand. "'He shall walk into your midst—and sit above you as a King!'" he

quoted in a loud voice. Then remembering his companion, he lowered his tone.

"Everything is in readiness," he added more soberly. "The Precursor still unceasingly prophesies the Advent. Come with me into the Place. The Gathering is all but assembled." Laying his large hand on her arm, he led her forward unresistingly through the groups of men and women, and onward down a long corridor, to where a curtain hid an arched doorway.

For a moment they paused outside this door, and the man—still labouring under some strange excitement—again raised his hand.

"Come!" he cried. "And before we leave the Place, may the Hope of the Universe be fulfilled!" Lifting the curtain, he ushered her through the door.

The room—or chapel—into which they stepped was large and lofty, covered on floor and walls with sections of marble alternately black and white; overhead swung a huge octagonal symbol in jewelled and polished metal; and at the end farthest from the door a haze of incense clouded what appeared to be an altar.

A concourse of people filled every corner of this vast room, and from the crouched or upright figures rose a continuous inaudible murmuring.

Still guiding his companion, the massively built man forced a way between the closely packed figures. But half-way up the room, the woman paused and glanced at him.

"This will do," she whispered. "Not any nearer, please. Not any nearer."

His only answer was to lay his hand upon her arm, and by a persistent pressure to draw her onward up the narrow aisle. Reaching the railed-in space about which the incense hung, he paused in his own turn and motioned her towards the foremost row of seats, from which the majority of the gathering seemed to hold aloof.

With a quick nervous gesture she deprecated the suggestion. "No! no!" she murmured. "Let me sit behind. Please let me sit behind."

But his fingers tightened impressively upon her arm. "No," he whispered close to her ear. "No; I want you to be here. When the time arrives, I want the full light to shine upon you."

After this she demurred no more, but moved obediently into the appointed seat, her companion placing himself beside her.

In the first moments of agitation and nervousness she had scarcely observed her surroundings; but now, as her perturbation partially subsided, she looked back at the rows of bowed or erect figures, and forward at the space about which the incense clung like a filmy veil. At a first glance this veil seemed almost too dense to penetrate; but as her sight grew accustomed to its drifting whiteness, she was able to discern the objects that lay behind.

In place of the altar, usually prominent in every religious building, there was a wide

semicircular space, within which stood a gold chair raised upon a dais, and a heavy lectern of symbolic design, on which rested a white leather book, worn yellow at the edges. Over this book a man was poring, apparently unconscious of the active interest he evoked. He was short and thick-set, with a square jaw, a long upper lip, and keen eyes. Over a head of vividly red hair he wore a round black silk cap, and his figure was enveloped in a flowing black gown.

From time to time, as he read, he lifted one hand in rapt excitement, while his lips moved unceasingly in rapid inaudible speech. At last, with a sudden dramatic gesture, he turned from the lectern and threw out both arms towards the high gold chair.

"Oh, empty throne! Empty world!" he cried, "Be filled!"

There was something intense, something electric in the words. A startled cry broke from the people, already wrought to nervous tension. Some amongst them rose to their feet; some glanced fearfully behind them; others cowered upon the ground.

And then—in what precise manner no one present ever knew—the curtain at the doorway of the chapel was swung sharply back, and the tall straight figure of a man clad all in white moved slowly up the aisle.

He moved forward calmly and deliberately, his gaze fixed, his senses apparently unconscious of the many eyes and tongues, from which frightened

glances and frightened awe-struck words escaped as he made his solitary, impressive progress.

Reaching the railing, he paused and lifted one hand as if in benediction towards the red-haired man who still remained in solitary occupation of the Sanctuary.

At the action, a gasp went up from the crowded chapel, and even those who still crouched upon the floor ventured to raise their heads and glance at the spot where the tall figure in the white serge robe stood motionless and impressive. Then the whole concourse of devotees stirred in involuntary excitement as the red-haired man, with a cry of rapture, rushed forward and prostrated himself at the feet of the stranger.

For a space that, to the watchers, seemed interminable, the two central figures remained rigid: then at last the tall man stooped, and with great dignity raised the other.

As he gained his feet, it was obvious that the smaller man was deeply agitated. His lips were trembling with some strange emotion, and it seemed that he could scarcely command his gestures. After a protracted moment of struggle, however, he appeared to regain his self-control; for with a slightly tremulous movement he stepped forward, laid his hands on the low railing, and glanced at the assembled people.

"Mystics!" he began. "Chosen Ones! Out of the Unseen I have come to pro-

phesy to you—I, an obscure servant and follower of the Mighty. For fifteen days have I spoken — telling you that which was at hand. And now, behold I am justified!” He paused and indicated the tall white figure still standing motionless, with face averted from the congregation.

“What have I told you?” he continued, his voice rising. “Have I not quoted from the sacred Soitsym—which until this hour I have never been permitted to look upon? Have I not foretold the coming of this man? The garments he would wear—the Sign upon his person? And have I not done these things by a Power outside myself?” Again his voice rose, and the congregation thrilled in response.

“You have listened to me—you have marvelled—but in your Souls doubt has held sway. Now is the moment of justification. It is not meet that the Great One should plead for recognition; it is for you—the Watchers—to see and claim him. Master!” he cried suddenly. “Master, show them the Sign!”

A hush like the hush of night fell upon the people; and in this curious and impressive lull the white-robed man turned slowly round, facing the congregation.

His appearance was arresting and remarkable, though it possessed nothing of beauty. He had a tall and powerful figure, a strong and determined face; his bare head was covered with close-cut black hair, his hard firm lips were

clean-shaven, and his grey eyes looked across the chapel with a peculiar sombre fire.

He stood silent for a moment, surveying the faces clustered before him; then he raised his left hand.

“My People!” he began, in a deep, slow, musical voice, “we live in an age when doubt roams through the world like a beast of prey. I ask not for the faith that accepts blindly; but in this most sacred Soitsym”—he pointed to the white book upon the lectern—“it is written that by a certain secret Sign the Arch-Mystics will recognise Him for whom they have waited. I call upon the Arch-Mystics to declare whether or no I bear upon my person that secret Sign!” He paused for a moment; then with a grave calm gesture he unfastened his robe where it crossed his breast and threw it open.

There was a rustle of intense curiosity, as all involuntarily leant forward; an audible gasp of awe and shrinking, as all instinctively drew back before the sight that confronted them. Across the Prophet’s breast, in marks of a cruel laceration, ran the symbolic octagonal figure of the Mystic sect.

He stood dignified and unmoved until the tremor of emotion had subsided. Then his glance travelled over the foremost row of seats.

“Come forth!” he commanded authoritatively. “Come forth and acknowledge me!” His eyes moved slowly from seat to seat—pausing momen-

tarily on the pale, absorbed face of the woman in black. But scarcely had his glance rested upon her, than the heavily built man who sat beside her rose agitatedly and stepped forward to the Sanctuary. For a space he stood staring at the scarred skin from which the symbol of his creed stood forth as if miraculously branded; then he turned to the congregation, his prominent eyes burning, his heavy face working with emotion.

"Brethren!" he said inarticulately. "Brethren, it is indeed the Sign!"

But the Prophet remained motionless.

"Where are the other five?" he asked in a level voice.

Almost simultaneously, four men rose from the congregation and came forward. One was tall and gaunt, with a Slavonic type of face, wild eyes, and a long fair beard; another was young—scarcely more than seven-and-twenty—with the free carriage, fiery glance, and swarthy complexion of the nomadic races of south-eastern Europe; the third was a small frail man of fifty, with a nervous system painfully in advance of his physical strength; while the fourth was a true mystic—impassioned, enthusiastic, detached. One by one these men advanced, examined the scars, and turning to the people, confirmed the words of their fellow. Then amidst a tremulous hush the last of the six—the Arch-Councillor himself—was led up the aisle.

For an instant the glimmering of some new feeling crossed

the Prophet's face as his glance rested on the old man who slowly approached with feeble steps, bent back and anxious sightless eyes. But, as quickly as it had come, the expression passed, and he stepped forward for the old man's touch.

With a quivering gesture the Arch-Councillor lifted his hand and nervously passed his fingers over the scars; then, drawing the prophet down, he touched his face. For a long moment of suspense his fingers lingered over the features, then they fell again upon the scars. And an instant later he sank upon his knees.

"It is indeed made manifest!" he cried in a loud unsteady voice. "He shall sit above you as upon a Throne!"

The words were magical. The whole concourse of people swayed forward hysterically. Men pressed upward towards the railing; women wept.

And through it all the Prophet stood unmoved. He stood like a rock, against which the clamorous human sea beat wildly. With a quiet movement he drew his robe across his breast, hiding the unsightly scars, but otherwise he made no motion. At last the red-haired man, who had first claimed him, stepped forward to his side.

"Speak to them, Master!" he said.

The words roused the Prophet. With a calm gesture he raised his head, his eyes confronting the mass of strained excited faces raised to his.

"My People," he said again in his deep voice. "What will you do with me?"

The response was instant.

"The Throne! The Throne!"
The crowd surged forward in a wave, then receded as the tide recedes; and the old Arch-Councillor stepped feebly into the Sanctuary and extended his hands to the Prophet.

It was a moment of breathless awe. The tall woman, who until that moment had remained seated, involuntarily rose to her feet.

She saw the figure of the Prophet move grandly across the Sanctuary in the wake of the old blind man; she saw him halt for an infinitesimal space at the foot of the throne; she saw him calmly and decisively mount the steps of the dais and seat himself in the golden chair. Then, prompted by an overwhelming impulse, she yielded to the spirit of the moment and dropped to her knees.

CHAPTER IV.

Three hours later, when the curious rite of acknowledgment had been completed, and the concourse of zealots had departed from Hellier Crescent, the first night in his new kingdom opened for the Prophet. As the clocks of Brompton were striking two, the six Arch-Mystics—each of whom possessed rooms in a remote portion of the house—lingeringly and fearfully bade him good-night, and left him alone with the Precursor in the apartments that for nearly fifty years had been kept swept and garnished in expectation of his advent.

Apart from their suggestion of the mystical and fantastic, these rooms possessed an intrinsic interest of their own. And some consciousness of this interest appeared to be at work within the Prophet's mind; for scarcely had he and his companion been assured of privacy, than he rose from the massive ivory chair which had been apportioned to him—and from which he had made his

second and private justification of his claims—and very slowly and deliberately began a circuit of the chamber.

With engrossed attention he passed from one to another of the rare and costly objects that formed the furniture of the place; while, from the ebony table in the centre of the room, his red-haired companion watched him with vigilant eyes.

Still moving with unruffled deliberation, he completed his tour of the apartment; then a remarkable—astartling—thing took place. He wheeled round; laid his hands heavily on the Precursor's shoulders; and, looking closely into his face, broke into speech.

"Well?" he demanded intensely. "Well? Well? What have you to say?"

At first the red-haired man sat watching him, mute and motionless; then with a suddenness equal to his own, he released himself; leant forward in his chair, and silently uncorked a gold flask that

stood upon the table before him. Lifting it on high, he poured some wine into two Venetian glasses, and without a word handed one to the white-robed Prophet, and himself picked up the other.

"John," he said, "you were magnificent! Let me give you a toast? Power! Power made Absolute!"

With a grave gesture the Prophet extended his hand, and their glasses clinked.

"Power made Absolute!" he responded in a low, deep voice.

In silence they drank the toast; but, as he replaced his glass upon the table, the Prophet shook off his gravity, and turned again to his companion.

"Now!" he exclaimed, a new note sounding in his voice. "Now! out with it all! How much of this has been native adroitness, and how much unbelievable good fortune?" He gave a short, low laugh.

"Out with it! I'm hungry and thirsty for truth."

The Precursor looked at him with eyes that suddenly twinkled.

"Well," he said, "suppose we satisfy the appetite in the liquid form?" Lifting the wine afresh, he replenished his own glass. "Truth in a golden flask! But, to throw a sop to your curiosity, it was a matter of native genius engineered by Providence. I don't mind admitting that when I stood on the doorstep of this house fifteen nights ago and knocked the mystic knock, I felt like a

man embarking on a coffin ship." He stopped to drain his glass.

The Prophet took a step forward.

"And then?" he said eagerly. "Then?"

The other waved his empty glass.

"Oh, then there entered the native genius of Terence Dominick Devereaux! Under that tremendous escort I stormed the citadel——"

The Prophet smiled. "And the Mystic ears, I have no doubt."

Once more the Precursor filled his glass.

"The tongue is mightier—and a deal more portable—than either the pen or the sword," he said sagely. "Paving your way with words has been an unrecognised work of art. But how about yourself? I have my own curiosity." He wheeled round in his seat and looked into his companion's face.

The Prophet shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I had my qualms!" he said slowly. "Just for a moment the world seemed to heel over, when the old Arch-Councillor groped forward and put his hands over my face. It swept me off my feet—swept me back ten years. It was like a vision in a crystal, if such a thing could exist. I saw the whole past scene. The bare room—the old dead man—myself; the overwhelming wish to avenge my wrongs, and the sudden suggestion that turned the wish cold. I saw the long, bleak night in which I

completed the colossal task of copying the Soitsym line for line; I saw the grey morning steal in across the room as I closed the book, returned it to its safe, and replaced the key on my uncle's neck in preparation for the arrival of the Arch-Councillor. It all passed before my mind, and then in a flash was gone. I ceased to be John Henderson."

The Precursor glanced quickly towards the door.

"Ssh!" he said. "Avoid that name! Habits grow, and so do suspicions. Your probation has been too long and too hard to permit us to run risks. Now that you've stepped into your kingdom——" He made an expressive gesture.

The Prophet laughed shortly, then suddenly turned grave again.

"You are right!" he said. "Only a man with a light conscience can skate on thin ice. To return to our original subject, what about the inner workings of this odd game? It is so curious to have lived for years on theory, and suddenly to come face to face with practice. I tell you I'm starving for facts." He stepped forward quickly and dropped into a chair that faced his companion's.

"Out with it all! To begin, who is the master spirit? You know what I mean. The master spirit in the true sense. Poor old blind Arian doesn't stand for much."

The Precursor looked meditatively at his empty glass.

"No," he said thoughtfully

"You're right there! Michael Arian is the cipher; Bale-Corphew's the meaning. Bale-Corphew is an interesting man, John — I had almost said a dangerous man——"

The Prophet's lip curled slightly.

"Dangerous?" he repeated.

"Yes; in a sense. In the sense that a personality always is dangerous. Amongst the six Arch-Mystics there is, to my thinking, only one *man*, and he interests me. He interests me, does Horatio Bale-Corphew!"

The Prophet leant forward in his chair.

"I think I catch your meaning," he said. "Something of the same idea occurred to me when he rose from his seat to-night. While we spied upon them in the last six months, he always struck me as curiously un-English, with that sleek exterior and those flashing eyes of his. But in the chapel to-night he was almost aggressively alien. When he touched my arm I could literally feel him bristle."

The other nodded.

"You've said it!" he cried. "Horatio bristles. His whole queer soul is in this business—every fibre of it. He attempts no division of allegiance—except, perhaps, in the matter of the heart——"

The Prophet glanced up and smiled.

"The heart? Do my faithful Watchers permit themselves hearts? The Soitsym makes no provision for such frail organs."

The Precursor laughed again.

"Oh, we Elect are by no means free from little saving weaknesses! That's where we become dramatic. You can't have effect without contrast. Horatio, for instance, is instinctively dramatic."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Oh yes! I know what I'm saying. I've studied them all. More than once, when my Soul has been communing with your August Spirit, I have watched Horatio's dramatic contrast out of the tail of my eyes."

Again the Prophet smiled.

"The contrast frequents the chapel, then?"

"Frequents? I should say so! Horatio has literally swept her into the fold. She was here to-night to bend the knee to you."

A look of recollection crossed the Prophet's eyes, and he glanced up quickly.

"To-night?" he said. "Not the woman who sat beside him? The woman with the big eyes? She and Bale-Corphew! The idea is absurd!"

"Undeniable, nevertheless. I have deduced the story. The lady is a widow—no relations—too much money—vague aspirations after the ideal. She has sounded society and found it too shallow; sounded philosophy and found it too deep; and upon her horizon of desires and disappointments has loomed the colossal presence of Bale-Corphew—enthusiast,

mystic, leader of a fascinatingly unorthodox sect. What is the result? The lady—too feminine to be truly modern, too modern to be wholly womanly—is viewing life through new glasses, and by their medium seeing Horatio invested with a halo otherwise invisible."

For a moment the Prophet remained quiet and silent; then he rose slowly from his seat, and searching in the recesses of his white robe, drew forth a box of cigarettes.

"Devereaux," he said laconically, "have you got a match?"

With a sharp gesture the Precursor wheeled round and looked at him.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Cigarettes! Can even a latter-day prophet afford to smoke? Not one member of the congregation uses tobacco."

For a space the Prophet made no response; then, having thoughtfully selected a cigarette, he took a step forward and laid his hand impressively on his friend's shoulder.

"Devereaux," he said in a new voice—a voice that unconsciously held something of the command that had marked it in the chapel,—“the Prophet of the Mystics has come to rule. He has not come to follow the laws that others—that men like Bale-Corphew—have seen fit to make. He has come to make new laws for himself. Give me the match!"

(To be continued.)

MRS JOHN HUNTER, THE SURGEON'S WIFE.

"MRS HUNTER," says Drewry Ottley, the surgeon's biographer, "was an agreeable, clever, and handsome woman, a little of a *bas-bleu*, and rather fond of gay society, a taste which occasionally interfered with her husband's more philosophic pursuits."

A somewhat grudging tribute this, surely, to a personality very charming in its day, which has somehow been allowed to slip almost entirely out of remembrance. Anne Home, who became the surgeon's "dear and esteemed wife," was a beautiful penniless girl, the eldest daughter of a very interesting family. A sweet face and manner, a true and tender nature, a fine artistic temperament (for Anne Home, at twenty, performed on the harpsichord, painted in water-colours, wrote poetry, and composed music)—these were the attributes that won the heart of the young surgeon, the rough, pleasure-loving, studious, tempestuous "Jack Hunter." It was in the spring of 1763. Hunter had returned to London, after the siege of Belleisle, with his surgeon's half-pay in his pocket, and a large experience in gunshot wounds. He found that his brother William had provided himself with another assistant: his place in the laboratory was filled up; he was no longer to be caterer for William's dissecting-rooms, the favourite of the "resurrection-men." He

had now his own way to make as a surgeon in London; and it was just at this juncture that he made the acquaintance of the Home family in the Savoy. Mr Robert Boyne Home was a fellow-Scotsman and army-surgeon, one of a Berwickshire family. He had served as surgeon to Burgoyne's famous regiment of Light Horse, and was settled in London after 1763, as "Surgeon in the Savoy." The old Royal Hospital—now long since vanished—was then falling into decay, and had come to be used as a lock-up for deserters, men pressed for military service, and other military nondescripts. Somewhere within these gloomy precincts, with the venerable Chapel Royal close at hand, John Hunter met Anne Home. Later, after their daughter's marriage, the Homes lived in Suffolk Street, Charing Cross; and later still, when more than one of their children had risen to professional eminence, they assumed the additional "of Greenlaw Castle, Berwickshire." But in 1763 Anne Home's father was surgeon in the Savoy, a poor man, with an up-growing family. Her mother was Mary, daughter of Colonel Hutchinson. It had been a love-match, and perhaps improvident, as love-matches are apt to be; but the children were carefully brought up, and they all did well in the world. Robert, the eldest son, after studying art in Rome, and ex-

hibiting his pictures in the London Royal Academy, settled in Lucknow as painter to the King of Oude. The second son rose to the rank of colonel in the Indian army, and the youngest, Everard, was but a little fellow in the nursery when John Hunter first came courting in the Savoy. Afterwards, when Everard was at Westminster School, and used to come home for the holidays, he would listen with open ears to Jack Hunter's glorious tales of a surgeon's life in London and with the army abroad; and Hunter—loving the boy's sister—promised to make a surgeon of the boy. The two girls, Anne and Mary, were of course without fortunes; and Mr and Mrs Home, who had long since learned the penalties of an improvident marriage, did not approve of a son-in-law whose tastes were already expensive, and whose income was less than a thousand a-year. William Hunter, too, is said to have strongly disapproved of his brother John's marriage with a penniless girl. And so John Hunter and Anne Home waited for several years before they could marry; and meanwhile a more prosperous suitor appeared for Mary, the younger sister. This was Robert Mylne, the architect, the engineer of the New River Company. He was another Scotsman in London, last of the line of royal Scottish master-masons of that name. In 1763, when Hunter returned from the siege of Belleisle and set up practice in Golden Square, Mylne was already the successful archi-

tect of Blackfriars Bridge, then triumphantly building in spite of Dr Johnson's paper warfare. And it is noticeable that, though Mylne was Hunter's junior by some years, they were both elected Fellow of the Royal Society in the same year—1767. Mylne became Christopher Wren's successor, as architect to St Paul's; and there, by his own wish as near as possible to Wren, he has long since lain buried.

Robert Mylne married Mary Home the year before her sister Anne became Mrs John Hunter, and poor Anne's engagement might have dragged on even longer had it not been for a timely sum of money earned by Hunter's first publication—'A Treatise on the Teeth'—which is said to have paid the expenses of their honeymoon in the autumn of 1771. Miss Home was then twenty-nine, and Hunter forty-three—already well known in London as an anatomist, and one of the surgeons to St George's Hospital. In 1770, when William moved to Great Windmill Street, John, who was already receiving pupils at a premium of five hundred guineas apiece, took over the lease of his brother's house in Jermyn Street; and he already owned the cottage at Earl's Court, a village "about a mile in the midst of fields beyond Brompton." He had bought a couple of acres there in 1764, and built himself the famous cottage, which was afterwards from time to time enlarged. Here, gradually, he gathered together animals "of the

strangest selection in nature"; a wonderful collection of specimens living and specimens dead. Mr Merriman, in 1886, printed for private circulation an interesting account of the cottage at Earl's Court, and in it includes an even more vivid description by Frank Buckland, written in 1871, after he had himself explored John Hunter's old house and grounds, with all a naturalist's enthusiasm, before they should have vanished for ever. Here it was that Hunter kept his strange herds, grazing together in the paddock, and the wild animals in their dens. The biggest of all, the lion's den, was a great earthen mound in the park, castellated with brick and surmounted by a gun to protect the premises—had not Hunter been at the siege of Belleisle? Here was the pond where he strove to produce pearls "at least as large as my thumb," out of Scottish river-mussels; and where he froze the tails of the luckless tench and gold-fishes till they were "as hard as a board." Here were the pigsties, and the little piglings fed on madder till their bones were dyed red. In the sunk area round the house were the cellars where rabbits, guinea-pigs, hedgehogs, vipers, bats, and all the rest of the small fry lived, moved, and had their experimental being; and here also was the copper caldron, in the small room off the subterranean passage, in which Hunter boiled down the famous Irish giant. The house itself was crammed with medical

books and specimens, and "Don Salteros," as John Hunter himself called them. The conservatories were given over to the machinations of the bees, and the very trees in the park were gashed, to afford experiments on vegetable life,—a long thermometer introduced on the end of a peacock's feather, to probe their very hearts' core. Here, at Earl's Court, it was John Hunter's custom to spend as much of his time as possible during the summer and autumn months. He drove out from town, after his day's work was over, to dine and sleep at the cottage; and his one recreation seems to have been the experiments on animal and vegetable creation which he carried on there, for the benefit of the Society's 'Transactions,' and humanity at large.

The menagerie at Earl's Court was, of course, far from complete in 1771; but even then the cottage, with its grotesque ornamentations of skulls and shells and stucco lions' heads, with the real alligator's jaws gaping about the doorway, could scarcely have been an ideal retreat for a newly wedded pair. Yet it was a love-match, in spite of the thousand a-year; and Anne Home had had ample opportunity, during the years of the engagement, to study the splendid, laborious, turbulent nature she was to wed. And, whatever life with John Hunter was to mean, it could never be commonplace. What could be more romantic than a wedding-present from Captain Cook and Mr Joseph Banks, on their re-

for he had no time to calculate. Once he had reached the summit he hurled himself into the trench beneath. As far as he was concerned the rest was all obliterated. He heard the coarse curses in a foreign tongue; he heard the shrill shouts of victory from his comrades; men stamped on his face, and then bodies fell above him. As a useful ant in the great army of workers his piece was done; but he and a few mad desperate spirits like him had allowed those who came after them to make the purchase permanent.

For thirty long minutes a hand-to-hand battle continued above him. Men threw grenades in each other's faces; half-demented Samurai flung themselves upon the bayonets of the dozen Muscovites who held the traverse in the trench.

Who shall say that the day of the bayonet is past, that the brutal grips of men in war are obsolete? Could they have hovered above that trench-head and seen the shimmer of the steel as it gave back the white glare of the star-shell; could they have heard the sickening thud of bayonet driven home, the grate of steel on backbone, the despairing sob of stricken man,—they would never have

preached their fallacies to a confiding world. Although there was not a breach that had not its cartridge in the chamber, yet men roused to the limit of their animal fury overlook the mechanical appliances which make war easy. They thirsted to come to grips, and to grips they came; hardly a shot was fired. The hand grasped firm on the small of the butt, when the mind means killing, forgets its cunning, and fails to operate the trigger.

But it had to end. The old colonel had fought his way through his own men to the very point of the struggle. He stood on the parapet, and his rich voice for a second curbed the fury of the wild creatures struggling beside him.*

"Throw yourselves on their bayonets, honourable comrades!" he shouted; "those who come behind will do the rest."

His men heard him, his officers heard him. Eight stalwarts dropped their rifles, held their hands above their heads, and flung themselves against the traverse. Before the Russian defenders could extricate the bayonets from their bodies, the whole pack of the war-dogs had surged over them. The trench was won. The rest was a massacre. . . .

THE MYSTICS.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

CHAPTER III.

ON a certain night in mid-January, exactly ten years after Andrew Henderson's death, any one of the multitudinous inhabitants of London whom business or pleasure carried to that division of Brompton known as Hellier Crescent would undoubtedly have been attracted to the house distinguished from its fellows as No. 8.

Outwardly this house was not remarkable. It possessed the massive portico and the imposing frontage that lend to Hellier Crescent its air of dignified repose; but there, its similarity to the surrounding dwellings ended. The basement sent forth no glow of warmth and comfort as did the neighbouring basements; the ground-floor windows permitted no ray of mellow light to slip through the chinks of shutter or curtain. From attic to cellar the house seemed in darkness,—the only suggestion of occupation coming from the occasional drawing back and forth of a small slide that guarded a monastic-looking grating set in the hall-door.

And yet towards this unlighted and unfriendly dwelling a thin stream of people—all on foot and all evidently agitated—made their way continuously

on that January night between the hours of ten and eleven. The behaviour of these people, who differed widely in outward characteristics, was marked by a peculiar fundamental similarity. They all entered the quiet precincts of the Crescent with the same air of subdued excitement; each moved softly and silently towards the darkened house, and, mounting the steps, knocked once upon the heavy door. And each in turn stood patient while the slide was drawn back and a voice from within demanded the signal that granted admittance.

This mysterious gathering of forces had continued for nearly an hour, when a cab drew up sharply at the corner where Hellier Crescent abuts upon St George's Terrace, and a lady descended from it. As she handed his fare to the cabman, her face and figure were plainly visible in the light of the street lamps. The former was pale in colouring, delicately oval in shape, and illumined by a pair of large and unusually brilliant eyes; the latter was tall, graceful, and clad in black.

Having dismissed her cab, the new-comer crossed St George's Terrace with an appearance of haste, and entering

Hellier Crescent, immediately mounted the steps of No. 8.

The last member of the strange procession had disappeared into the house as she reached the door; but, acting with apparent familiarity, she lifted the knocker and let it fall once.

For a moment there was no response; then, as in the case of the former visitors, the slide was drawn back and a beam of light came through the grating, to be immediately obscured by the shadowy suggestion of a face with two inquiring eyes.

"The Word?" demanded a solemn voice.

The new-comer lifted her head.

"He shall be Power made absolute!" she responded in a low and slightly tremulous voice; and a moment later the door opened and she stepped into the hall.

The scene inside the house was curious in the extreme. If there was quiet and darkness outside, a brilliant light and a tense contagious excitement reigned within. The large hall, lighted by colossal lamps, was covered with a thick black carpet, into which the feet sank noiselessly, and the walls and ceiling were draped in the same sombre tint; but at intervals of a few feet, columns of white marble, chiselled into curious shapes, gleamed upon the observer from shadowy niches.

On ordinary occasions there was a solemnity, a coldness in this sombre vestibule; but to-night a strange electric activity seemed to have been breathed

upon the atmosphere. Women with flushed faces and men with feverishly bright eyes hurried to and fro in an irrepressible aimless agitation. A blending of dread and hysterical anticipation was stamped upon every face. People stopped each other with nervous unstrung gesture and odd disjointed sentences.

As the last comer entered, she paused for a moment uncertain and hesitating; but almost as she did so, a remarkable-looking and massively built man who was standing in the hall disengaged himself from a group of people, and coming directly towards her, took her hand.

"Mrs Witcherley! At last!" he exclaimed in a full, emotional voice. "I looked for you amongst the Gathering, and for a moment I almost feared——"

"That I would fail? How could you?" Her voice was still tinged with agitation; the pupils of her large eyes were distended.

"No, I did not mean that. But at such a moment we burn lest even one of the Elect be missing." He continued to hold her hand, looking into her face with his prominent dark eyes, from which flashed and glowed an excitement that spread over his whole heavy face.

"The night of nights!" he exclaimed. "To have lived to witness it!" His face glowed with a sudden enthusiasm, and freeing her fingers, he lifted up his right hand. "'He shall walk into your midst—and sit above you as a King!'" he

quoted in a loud voice. Then remembering his companion, he lowered his tone.

"Everything is in readiness," he added more soberly. "The Precursor still unceasingly prophesies the Advent. Come with me into the Place. The Gathering is all but assembled." Laying his large hand on her arm, he led her forward unresistingly through the groups of men and women, and onward down a long corridor, to where a curtain hid an arched doorway.

For a moment they paused outside this door, and the man—still labouring under some strange excitement—again raised his hand.

"Come!" he cried. "And before we leave the Place, may the Hope of the Universe be fulfilled!" Lifting the curtain, he ushered her through the door.

The room—or chapel—into which they stepped was large and lofty, covered on floor and walls with sections of marble alternately black and white; overhead swung a huge octagonal symbol in jewelled and polished metal; and at the end farthest from the door a haze of incense clouded what appeared to be an altar.

A concourse of people filled every corner of this vast room, and from the crouched or upright figures rose a continuous inaudible murmuring.

Still guiding his companion, the massively built man forced a way between the closely packed figures. But half-way up the room, the woman paused and glanced at him.

"This will do," she whispered. "Not any nearer, please. Not any nearer."

His only answer was to lay his hand upon her arm, and by a persistent pressure to draw her onward up the narrow aisle. Reaching the railed-in space about which the incense hung, he paused in his own turn and motioned her towards the foremost row of seats, from which the majority of the gathering seemed to hold aloof.

With a quick nervous gesture she deprecated the suggestion. "No! no!" she murmured. "Let me sit behind. Please let me sit behind."

But his fingers tightened impressively upon her arm. "No," he whispered close to her ear. "No; I want you to be here. When the time arrives, I want the full light to shine upon you."

After this she demurred no more, but moved obediently into the appointed seat, her companion placing himself beside her.

In the first moments of agitation and nervousness she had scarcely observed her surroundings; but now, as her perturbation partially subsided, she looked back at the rows of bowed or erect figures, and forward at the space about which the incense clung like a filmy veil. At a first glance this veil seemed almost too dense to penetrate; but as her sight grew accustomed to its drifting whiteness, she was able to discern the objects that lay behind.

In place of the altar, usually prominent in every religious building, there was a wide

semicircular space, within which stood a gold chair raised upon a dais, and a heavy lectern of symbolic design, on which rested a white leather book, worn yellow at the edges. Over this book a man was poring, apparently unconscious of the active interest he evoked. He was short and thick-set, with a square jaw, a long upper lip, and keen eyes. Over a head of vividly red hair he wore a round black silk cap, and his figure was enveloped in a flowing black gown.

From time to time, as he read, he lifted one hand in rapt excitement, while his lips moved unceasingly in rapid inaudible speech. At last, with a sudden dramatic gesture, he turned from the lectern and threw out both arms towards the high gold chair.

"Oh, empty throne! Empty world!" he cried, "Be filled!"

There was something intense, something electric in the words. A startled cry broke from the people, already wrought to nervous tension. Some amongst them rose to their feet; some glanced fearfully behind them; others cowered upon the ground.

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glances and frightened awe-struck words escaped as he made his solitary, impressive progress.

Reaching the railing, he paused and lifted one hand as if in benediction towards the red-haired man who still remained in solitary occupation of the Sanctuary.

At the action, a gasp went up from the crowded chapel, and even those who still crouched upon the floor ventured to raise their heads and glance at the spot where the tall figure in the white serge robe stood motionless and impressive. Then the whole concourse of devotees stirred in involuntary excitement as the red-haired man, with a cry of rapture, rushed forward and prostrated himself at the feet of the stranger.

For a space that, to the watchers, seemed interminable, the two central figures remained rigid: then at last the tall man stooped, and with great dignity raised the other.

As he gained his feet, it was obvious that the smaller man was deeply agitated. His lips were trembling with some strange emotion, and it seemed that he could scarcely command his gestures. After a protracted moment of struggle, however, he appeared to regain his self-control; for with a slightly tremulous movement he stepped forward, laid his hands on the low railing, and glanced at the assembled people.

"Mystics!" he began. "Chosen Ones! Out of the Unseen I have come to pro-

phesy to you—I, an obscure servant and follower of the Mighty. For fifteen days have I spoken — telling you that which was at hand. And now, behold I am justified!” He paused and indicated the tall white figure still standing motionless, with face averted from the congregation.

“What have I told you?” he continued, his voice rising. “Have I not quoted from the sacred Soitsym—which until this hour I have never been permitted to look upon? Have I not foretold the coming of this man? The garments he would wear—the Sign upon his person? And have I not done these things by a Power outside myself?” Again his voice rose, and the congregation thrilled in response.

“You have listened to me—you have marvelled—but in your Souls doubt has held sway. Now is the moment of justification. It is not meet that the Great One should plead for recognition; it is for you—the Watchers—to see and claim him. Master!” he cried suddenly. “Master, show them the Sign!”

A hush like the hush of night fell upon the people; and in this curious and impressive lull the white-robed man turned slowly round, facing the congregation.

His appearance was arresting and remarkable, though it possessed nothing of beauty. He had a tall and powerful figure, a strong and determined face; his bare head was covered with close-cut black hair, his hard firm lips were

clean-shaven, and his grey eyes looked across the chapel with a peculiar sombre fire.

He stood silent for a moment, surveying the faces clustered before him; then he raised his left hand.

“My People!” he began, in a deep, slow, musical voice, “we live in an age when doubt roams through the world like a beast of prey. I ask not for the faith that accepts blindly; but in this most sacred Soitsym”—he pointed to the white book upon the lectern—“it is written that by a certain secret Sign the Arch-Mystics will recognise Him for whom they have waited. I call upon the Arch-Mystics to declare whether or no I bear upon my person that secret Sign!” He paused for a moment; then with a grave calm gesture he unfastened his robe where it crossed his breast and threw it open.

There was a rustle of intense curiosity, as all involuntarily leant forward; an audible gasp of awe and shrinking, as all instinctively drew back before the sight that confronted them. Across the Prophet’s breast, in marks of a cruel laceration, ran the symbolic octagonal figure of the Mystic sect.

He stood dignified and unmoved until the tremor of emotion had subsided. Then his glance travelled over the foremost row of seats.

“Come forth!” he commanded authoritatively. “Come forth and acknowledge me!” His eyes moved slowly from seat to seat—pausing momen-

And after those months at Bath, Hunter was able to go back to London and to work. He was to live on for eight more brilliant, strenuous years. The big house in Leicester Square and the Cottage at Earl's Court were to be kept up. His vast collections were still to be catalogued. He had made no provision for his wife and family. He was to be subject to recurrences of these attacks—brought on at last by the least exertion or worry or excitement. He knew then how precarious his life was: he used to say that it was in the hands of any rascal who might choose to annoy him. But he worked always.

"Ah, John Hunter; what! still hard at work?" exclaimed his good easy-going friend Dr Garthshore, coming in upon him one day.

"Yes, Doctor," he replied, "still hard at work; and you'll find it difficult to meet with another John Hunter when I am gone."

At the close of the year 1790—those tumultuous weeks across the Channel when Paris was ringing with acclamations of "our little mother Mirabeau"—the musical world of London was expecting the arrival of Dr Joseph Haydn from Vienna. Prince Esterhazy was dead; and the enterprising Salomon, on hearing the news, had posted in hot haste to Vienna, and announced himself to the *Kapellmeister* as he sat at work. "My name is Salomon. I have come from London to

fetch you. We will settle terms to-morrow." And so on the first day of January 1791 Haydn arrived in London, towed by the triumphant Salomon, and bringing with him his six immortal symphonies. The musical critic of 'The St James's Chronicle' had been given a hint to announce his coming; and Dr Burney, who had already, in his *History of Music*, told London all about the "matchless Haydn," strutted ecstasically about town stringing verses of welcome which were duly to appear in 'The Monthly Review.'

It was to be a very musical season. For one thing, there was to be all the excitement about the licensing of the New Opera House in the Haymarket, in opposition to the already existing Pantheon; and feeling had run very high indeed before the Lord Chamberlain's veto obliged poor Gallini to abandon his dreams of opera and open the new "King's House" with "entertainments" of music and dancing. And Horace Walpole wrote pleasantly to Miss Berry, describing how matters had reached a climax when "Dieu et mon droit" favoured the Pantheon and "Ich dien" the Haymarket.

Then there were all the concerts. There were the "Concerts of Ancient Music," in Tottenham Street, under the special patronage of their Majesties, which meant of course Handel, and always Handel. And there were the "Professional Concerts," in particular rivalry to Salomon and Haydn,

patronised by the Prince of Wales. And there were the "Ladies' Concerts," and Earl Cholmondeley's "Private Sunday Evening Subscription Concerts for the Nobility"; and last, not least, there were the famous "Salomon Concerts" in the Hanover Square Rooms, for which Haydn had been brought over from Vienna. And to think of all the rivalries and the rehearsings, the heart-burnings and the triumphs of that season! Can one not see the hoops and feathers, the knee-buckles and dusty wigs, the audiences rising to their feet in their enthusiasm? Can one not hear the sweet discords of that musical season of 1791?

When, and how, during Haydn's brilliant first visit to London, did he find his way from his lodging in Great Pulteney Street to Mrs Hunter's drawing-room in Leicester Square? It was but a few steps, and it must have been very soon after his arrival. Those Canzonets—"the words by Mrs John Hunter, the music by Dr Joseph Haydn"—must have been composed and privately circulated and performed long before they were published. For, while the first six of Haydn's Canzonets were dedicated to Mrs Hunter herself, the second six were inscribed to Lady Charlotte Bertie; and Lady Charlotte Bertie was the fair co-hereditary Great Chamberlain of England, who married, in April

1791, Earl Cholmondeley, the patron of the Concerts for the Nobility.¹

Almost as soon as he set foot in London, and began delivering those letters of introduction he had brought with him from Vienna to Ambassadors and other great people, Prince Esterhazy's *Kapellmeister* must have been shown the pretty manuscript verses of this English *dame de salon*, and have realised that here indeed he had found better inspiration than Peter Pindar's "Storm"—here, indeed, he had found his English Muse.

Of all the Canzonets, "My Mother bids me bind my Hair" is perhaps the only one that can be called a classic:—

"My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodice blue.

For why, she cries, sit still and weep
While others dance and play?
Alas! I scarce can go or creep
While Lubin is away."

.

But there are others that, once heard well sung, are not easily forgotten. "The Mermaid's Song" is one of these, with the old-world prim seductiveness of its "Follow, follow, follow me." And "Recollection" is another:—

"The season comes when first we met,
But you return no more."

And there is the "Sympathy," "In thee I bear so dear a part," which has already been quoted. But it would be ruthless to

¹ The words of one of the Canzonets are Shakespeare's, "She never told her Love."

dribblets reached the dead ground. Then the company ensign unfurled the company flag, and planted it in the snow. The tiny nucleus among the rocks cheered, and as they cheered the prostrate men in the plain below re-echoed the national cry. The check was only temporary, for the gunners had discovered the works from which the flank-fire came, and half of the guns turned their energies on that point. Within fifteen minutes of gaining the dead ground the officers were able again to form up the residue of their companies.

Five minutes' respite, and the order passed down the ranks to light grenades. In a moment the men were stooping to blow the slow-matches at their waists; and it was forward and up again. The ensign seized his flag, and with the agility of an antelope carried it in the lead. Fifteen to twenty yards and they were right under the parapet with its sand-bag dressing. Sixty-nine threw his grenade over it, and as each panting man arrived at the parapet the air was filled with the hissing of these strange missiles. A moment, and then the flaxen beards appeared over the top of the sand-bags, and magazines were emptied at point-blank range into the head of the attack. The ensign fell, the captain fell, the stormers fell in sheafs. Sixty-nine tried to scale the parapet, but the snow crumbled and gave. Then some one pushed him from behind, lifted him bodily, and before he real-

ised how it happened, he had gained a foothold on the summit; he shortened his arm to strike, but there was no enemy to oppose him. Inside the trench was a spluttering fire-swept hell; the grenades were now doing their duty, and scared by this unexpected danger, the Russians were flying from the farther end. It was all over. With shouts of "Banzai!" the panting infantry hauled itself up into the position.

The first line of the defence was taken. It had cost much in the taking, but this was trifling to the cost of holding it. The Russian gunners had seen their dark-coated comrades streaming away to the second line. They had seen the cloud of smoke-puffs from the bursting grenades, and they could see the streams of yellow men entering the parallel. What the bayonets had not been able to do shrapnel quickly accomplished. The Japanese officers tried to find cover for their men, but there was no hiding from that pitiless rain of lead; and in a quarter of an hour the captured trenches were three times as full of Japanese casualties as they had held Russians. It was back to the dead ground again. And here the remnants of three regiments rallied, and wished for night.

* * * * *

Sixty-nine lay amongst this desperate medley, his hands and feet buried deep in the snow to prevent them from freezing. Then they heard the pant of climbing men beneath them; reinforcements were ar-

living. The officers along the front did their utmost to form the men; it mattered not the battalion, the regiment, the company,—as the men lay they were formed. How it began or where the order came from or who was responsible, no one knew and no one cared. All Sixty-nine remembers is, that again they were climbing upwards and thanking Providence for the movement which enabled them to get warmth again into their stiffened limbs. Up and up they went, past the trenches they had won and lost earlier in the day. There was no attempt at a surprise, no endeavour to make the effort in silence; orders were shouted up and down the line; men half crazy from the tortures they were suffering through returning circulation were either crying out in their pain or laughing and singing with the echo of lunacy in the pitch of their voices.

A dark parapet showed up in front of them. Suddenly it became as light as day; like a display of fireworks some hundred star-shells were bursting overhead, and as the magnesium flared up, the assaulters saw that the Russians were standing up upon their trenches prepared to meet them. In a moment the air was alive with the hissing of burning fuses, and a hundred petty explosions from hand-grenades singed the head of the assault. It hesitated, quivered, lacerated and broken, then pushed backwards, to be received upon the bayonets of those who were following behind.

It was but a momentary hesitation, and the little men came again with an impetus that neither rifle-bullet, hand-grenade, parapet, or bayonet could resist. As their ancestors had done a thousand years before, to gain a footing on the parapet the Japanese made ramps of their dead and wounded. Number Sixty-nine had been in the first rush; a bursting grenade had almost torn the coat off his back, and he had been beaten backwards with the rest. But as the reinforcement pushed up from behind, he came with it, and clutching his rifle with one hand tried to haul himself up to the parapet.

The light still held as the Russians fired salvoes of star-shell, to enable the taper bayonets in the trenches to do their killing surely. Against the white half-light the desperate defenders stood out as shadows on the crest-line; one great spectre made a downward lunge at Sixty-nine. The bayonet whizzed past the little man's ear, and the catch carried away his shoulder-strap. Dropping his rifle, he seized the firelock in both hands, and putting his feet against the rock prised the Russian from his balance and brought him toppling down. What happened to this enemy he never knew; for already the quick hands of the assailants were piling the bodies of the dead against the parapet, and joining the rush with empty hands, Sixty-nine found himself on the summit. Was it a temporary purchase? Sixty-nine was never to know,

for he had no time to calculate. Once he had reached the summit he hurled himself into the trench beneath. As far as he was concerned the rest was all obliterated. He heard the coarse curses in a foreign tongue; he heard the shrill shouts of victory from his comrades; men stamped on his face, and then bodies fell above him. As a useful ant in the great army of workers his piece was done; but he and a few mad desperate spirits like him had allowed those who came after them to make the purchase permanent.

For thirty long minutes a hand-to-hand battle continued above him. Men threw grenades in each other's faces; half-demented Samurai flung themselves upon the bayonets of the dozen Muscovites who held the traverse in the trench.

Who shall say that the day of the bayonet is past, that the brutal grips of men in war are obsolete? Could they have hovered above that trench-head and seen the shimmer of the steel as it gave back the white glare of the star-shell; could they have heard the sickening thud of bayonet driven home, the grate of steel on backbone, the despairing sob of stricken man,—they would never have

preached their fallacies to a confiding world. Although there was not a breach that had not its cartridge in the chamber, yet men roused to the limit of their animal fury overlook the mechanical appliances which make war easy. They thirsted to come to grips, and to grips they came; hardly a shot was fired. The hand grasped firm on the small of the butt, when the mind means killing, forgets its cunning, and fails to operate the trigger.

But it had to end. The old colonel had fought his way through his own men to the very point of the struggle. He stood on the parapet, and his rich voice for a second curbed the fury of the wild creatures struggling beside him.

"Throw yourselves on their bayonets, honourable comrades!" he shouted; "those who come behind will do the rest."

His men heard him, his officers heard him. Eight stalwarts dropped their rifles, held their hands above their heads, and flung themselves against the traverse. Before the Russian defenders could extricate the bayonets from their bodies, the whole pack of the war-dogs had surged over them. The trench was won. The rest was a massacre. . . .

THE MYSTICS.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

CHAPTER III.

ON a certain night in mid-January, exactly ten years after Andrew Henderson's death, any one of the multitudinous inhabitants of London whom business or pleasure carried to that division of Brompton known as Hellier Crescent would undoubtedly have been attracted to the house distinguished from its fellows as No. 8.

Outwardly this house was not remarkable. It possessed the massive portico and the imposing frontage that lend to Hellier Crescent its air of dignified repose; but there, its similarity to the surrounding dwellings ended. The basement sent forth no glow of warmth and comfort as did the neighbouring basements; the ground-floor windows permitted no ray of mellow light to slip through the chinks of shutter or curtain. From attic to cellar the house seemed in darkness,—the only suggestion of occupation coming from the occasional drawing back and forth of a small slide that guarded a monastic-looking grating set in the hall-door.

And yet towards this unlighted and unfriendly dwelling a thin stream of people—all on foot and all evidently agitated—made their way continuously

on that January night between the hours of ten and eleven. The behaviour of these people, who differed widely in outward characteristics, was marked by a peculiar fundamental similarity. They all entered the quiet precincts of the Crescent with the same air of subdued excitement; each moved softly and silently towards the darkened house, and, mounting the steps, knocked once upon the heavy door. And each in turn stood patient while the slide was drawn back and a voice from within demanded the signal that granted admittance.

This mysterious gathering of forces had continued for nearly an hour, when a cab drew up sharply at the corner where Hellier Crescent abuts upon St George's Terrace, and a lady descended from it. As she handed his fare to the cabman, her face and figure were plainly visible in the light of the street lamps. The former was pale in colouring, delicately oval in shape, and illumined by a pair of large and unusually brilliant eyes; the latter was tall, graceful, and clad in black.

Having dismissed her cab, the new-comer crossed St George's Terrace with an appearance of haste, and entering

Hellier Crescent, immediately mounted the steps of No. 8.

The last member of the strange procession had disappeared into the house as she reached the door; but, acting with apparent familiarity, she lifted the knocker and let it fall once.

For a moment there was no response; then, as in the case of the former visitors, the slide was drawn back and a beam of light came through the grating, to be immediately obscured by the shadowy suggestion of a face with two inquiring eyes.

"The Word?" demanded a solemn voice.

The new-comer lifted her head.

"He shall be Power made absolute!" she responded in a low and slightly tremulous voice; and a moment later the door opened and she stepped into the hall.

The scene inside the house was curious in the extreme. If there was quiet and darkness outside, a brilliant light and a tense contagious excitement reigned within. The large hall, lighted by colossal lamps, was covered with a thick black carpet, into which the feet sank noiselessly, and the walls and ceiling were draped in the same sombre tint; but at intervals of a few feet, columns of white marble, chiselled into curious shapes, gleamed upon the observer from shadowy niches.

On ordinary occasions there was a solemnity, a coldness in this sombre vestibule; but to-night a strange electric activity seemed to have been breathed

upon the atmosphere. Women with flushed faces and men with feverishly bright eyes hurried to and fro in an irrepressible aimless agitation. A blending of dread and hysterical anticipation was stamped upon every face. People stopped each other with nervous unstrung gesture and odd disjointed sentences.

As the last comer entered, she paused for a moment uncertain and hesitating; but almost as she did so, a remarkable-looking and massively built man who was standing in the hall disengaged himself from a group of people, and coming directly towards her, took her hand.

"Mrs Witcherley! At last!" he exclaimed in a full, emotional voice. "I looked for you amongst the Gathering, and for a moment I almost feared——"

"That I would fail? How could you?" Her voice was still tinged with agitation; the pupils of her large eyes were distended.

"No, I did not mean that. But at such a moment we burn lest even one of the Elect be missing." He continued to hold her hand, looking into her face with his prominent dark eyes, from which flashed and glowed an excitement that spread over his whole heavy face.

"The night of nights!" he exclaimed. "To have lived to witness it!" His face glowed with a sudden enthusiasm, and freeing her fingers, he lifted up his right hand. "'He shall walk into your midst—and sit above you as a King!'" he

quoted in a loud voice. Then remembering his companion, he lowered his tone.

"Everything is in readiness," he added more soberly. "The Precursor still unceasingly prophesies the Advent. Come with me into the Place. The Gathering is all but assembled." Laying his large hand on her arm, he led her forward unresistingly through the groups of men and women, and onward down a long corridor, to where a curtain hid an arched doorway.

For a moment they paused outside this door, and the man—still labouring under some strange excitement—again raised his hand.

"Come!" he cried. "And before we leave the Place, may the Hope of the Universe be fulfilled!" Lifting the curtain, he ushered her through the door.

The room—or chapel—into which they stepped was large and lofty, covered on floor and walls with sections of marble alternately black and white; overhead swung a huge octagonal symbol in jewelled and polished metal; and at the end farthest from the door a haze of incense clouded what appeared to be an altar.

A concourse of people filled every corner of this vast room, and from the crouched or upright figures rose a continuous inaudible murmuring.

Still guiding his companion, the massively built man forced a way between the closely packed figures. But half-way up the room, the woman paused and glanced at him.

"This will do," she whispered. "Not any nearer, please. Not any nearer."

His only answer was to lay his hand upon her arm, and by a persistent pressure to draw her onward up the narrow aisle. Reaching the railed-in space about which the incense hung, he paused in his own turn and motioned her towards the foremost row of seats, from which the majority of the gathering seemed to hold aloof.

With a quick nervous gesture she deprecated the suggestion. "No! no!" she murmured. "Let me sit behind. Please let me sit behind."

But his fingers tightened impressively upon her arm. "No," he whispered close to her ear. "No; I want you to be here. When the time arrives, I want the full light to shine upon you."

After this she demurred no more, but moved obediently into the appointed seat, her companion placing himself beside her.

In the first moments of agitation and nervousness she had scarcely observed her surroundings; but now, as her perturbation partially subsided, she looked back at the rows of bowed or erect figures, and forward at the space about which the incense clung like a filmy veil. At a first glance this veil seemed almost too dense to penetrate; but as her sight grew accustomed to its drifting whiteness, she was able to discern the objects that lay behind.

In place of the altar, usually prominent in every religious building, there was a wide

semicircular space, within which stood a gold chair raised upon a dais, and a heavy lectern of symbolic design, on which rested a white leather book, worn yellow at the edges. Over this book a man was poring, apparently unconscious of the active interest he evoked. He was short and thick-set, with a square jaw, a long upper lip, and keen eyes. Over a head of vividly red hair he wore a round black silk cap, and his figure was enveloped in a flowing black gown.

From time to time, as he read, he lifted one hand in rapt excitement, while his lips moved unceasingly in rapid inaudible speech. At last, with a sudden dramatic gesture, he turned from the lectern and threw out both arms towards the high gold chair.

"Oh, empty throne! Empty world!" he cried, "Be filled!"

There was something intense, something electric in the words. A startled cry broke from the people, already wrought to nervous tension. Some amongst them rose to their feet; some glanced fearfully behind them; others cowered upon the ground.

And then—in what precise manner no one present ever knew—the curtain at the doorway of the chapel was swung sharply back, and the tall straight figure of a man clad all in white moved slowly up the aisle.

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dred square yards that formed the homestead. Piet was old-fashioned in this matter. Rivers and mountain-ridges were his boundaries, and as his Kafirs knew the beacons, he held them responsible if the cattle strayed, and was quite strong and wealthy enough to fight any neighbours who objected, which they could hardly do logically, being themselves unfenced; and as nobody raised crops of any kind, there was nothing to damage.

As they rode up to a big tree branch drawn between the two posts that did duty for a gate, Wilmot noticed a stone weighing perhaps a hundred pounds lying in the centre of the roadway, and so close to the gate that, judging by the numerous tracks on each side of it, vehicles had to make a sharp and risky deviation to avoid it. He directed Hartley's attention to it, inquiring why it was not removed.

"That stone fell there when they were riding building material for the cattle-kraal six years ago. There have been a dozen serious accidents over it to my knowledge," said Hartley.

"Then why on earth isn't it removed?"

"Because Piet de Villiers is a Boer, and because it's easier to fall over or go round it than drag it away."

As they approached the farmhouse, Wilmot was able to exercise the faculty of observation for which Adam gave him credit.

Piet's farm was one of the fourhundred Rietspruits (spring with the reeds) that puzzle the

map-makers of South Africa. The house had been erected in the late 'Forties, with unburned brick and mud, and thatched with long grass. As the family increased, extra rooms had been added to the original two, wherever they would fit, and in styles varying from the pristine mud to corrugated sheet-iron, and substantial masonry,—the work of one of the nomadic English artisans, who are as famous throughout sections of the country as the pedlar and wandering minstrels of the rural districts of Great Britain. It was, of course, a low one-storeyed building, as all Transvaal farms are, with windows not more than two feet square, and doors often a tax on the long-limbed young Boers of this generation. Scattered around the house, with no apparent plan or arrangement, were Kafir-built round grass-huts, stone forage-houses, or pig-sties, a green-brick stable, used for every purpose but the shelter of horses; and on the bare space a few yards from the kitchen-door, a number of pots were boiling over a wood fire, while the bread was baking in the primitive but effective oven, scooped out of a huge ant-hill. Fifty yards from the house a few drooping posts and tangled wire failed to keep the pigs from invading what had been a small flower-garden. It contained the only tree that had been planted on the property during the fifty odd years of its uninterrupted occupancy—a straggling peach-tree.

This was the external aspect of the home of a man who owned a second valuable six-thousand-acre farm in the low veld, whither the cattle were driven to escape the bitter winter of the high ground; ten thousand pounds worth of cattle, and at least five thousand sovereigns concealed somewhere in the house, the proceeds of Piet's share in a successful gold-claim deal. It is true Piet was sufficiently progressive to keep a hundred pounds in the Netherlands Bank at Krugersdorp, and ostentatiously flourished the cheque-book he could not fill up in his own handwriting when paying small accounts. That cheque-book helped out his story that all his money was in the keeping of the bank, and doubtless freed him from much of the anxiety that was the lot of less astute farmers who had to devise a new hiding-place for their capital every time some unauthorised person got a clue to its whereabouts.

The visitors rode up to the stoep or raised verandah that surrounded three sides of the house, and as they approached, Wilmot noticed many small unkempt heads dodging behind corners of doors, and eyes peeping from beneath the bottoms of the blinds, but not a whole figure came in sight. As the men dismounted, a shrill juvenile voice from some look-out uttered the Boer danger-signal—

"Pa, two Rooineks have come!"

"On foot or on horse?" came the stereotyped inquiry

in a drowsy bass voice, the answer to which settles the question of "at home" or "not at home" to visitors.

It was evidently satisfactory, for a big, burly, sleepy Boer shuffled round from the back of the house. He recognised and shook hands with Hartley, greeting him with a guttural "Goie dag," repeated the salutation to Wilmot with drowsy indifference, and called to a Kafir youth, clad in nothing but the *moucha*, or loin-cloth, to take the horses.

"Come in," he ordered curtly, and led the way to the sitting-room, that opened on to the stoep.

Piet dropped his big body into his arm-chair at the head of the long dining-table, took his pipe and silently loaded and lighted it. The visitors did the same, and the silence remained unbroken during twenty puffs. It is not Boer etiquette for a visitor to open a conversation.

When Piet had partially recovered from the exertion of the reception, he opened with the customary catechism.

Where had they come from? where going? who was Wilmot?

Hartley spoke the Taal and supplied the answers, while Wilmot's feminine instinct for observation gratified itself over the details of the first Boer home he had seen.

The regulation questions having been put and answered, the preliminary essentials of Boer conventions were conformed to, and coffee was called for. With it came a heavy Boer woman of about forty-

five, whom Piet introduced to Wilmot as "my vrouw." Hartley already knew her. She held out a big flabby palm, which, in accordance with prior instructions, Wilmot just stroked with his own, then placed herself in a chair on the opposite side of the room, folded her fat hands, and eyed the two men from their boots to their hair.

"You are now not so much of a drunkard any longer?" she asked in English of Hartley.

There was something quite friendly in the tone of the inquiry. But for that Wilmot might have forgotten his friend's warning against showing surprise. "No, tante; am too busy making money to have time to drink," Hartley answered cheerily, as if replying to the prettiest compliment.

"You look quite clean, and have nice clothes," she went on.

What more she may have said was interrupted by suppressed feminine titterings and whisperings at the kitchen-door, and a gawky girl of nine or ten was projected into the sitting-room, apparently by a thump in the back from an unseen hand. She came awkwardly up to the visitors and shook hands in silence. Wilmot's quick eye detected the propelling force in the form of a big girl who stood partly inside the room, seized each child as she came forward to be introduced, passed a damp and dirty dish-cloth over its face, and assisted it into the presence-chamber by a vigorous push.

Wilmot lost count when

seven or eight youngsters in varying stages of playtime untidiness had been filtered through, and stolidly resigned himself to waiting his turn to have his palm stroked. Presently the output lagged, and the girls grew bigger, more shy and gawky, but a little less untidy. When ten girls and four boys had gone through the ceremony, the youngsters rushed back to the kitchen, while the half-dozen bigger girls sidled into the chairs arranged in a rigid row against the walls, folded their hands in their laps, and joined Mrs de Villiers in gazing at the visitors, Wilmot coming in for the lion's share of attention.

"Where's Clarie?" asked Piet, when the presentations had finished. For answer there came into the room a young woman, whose refined dress and grace of manner and speech stood out in wondrous contrast to the environment of slatternly coarseness around the walls. She was the elder daughter of whom Hartley had spoken, and Wilmot felt an agreeable thrill as he looked on and shook hands with a daughter of the veld, whose healthy vigorous womanhood had been toned and cultured by the refining touch of early contact with civilisation. But for a suggestion of that languid heaviness that is the ineradicable mark of the veld-bred girl, Clarie would not merely have passed muster in any assembly of middle-class English girls, but would have attracted attention. The dark-eyed comeliness of her Huguenot ancestors had not been marred

by its transition through generations of uncouth Boers; and the vitality that tradition associates with Southern blood had given place to a soft caressing gentleness of voice and manner one likes to associate with ladyhood.

The death of her mother had made Clarie the natural head of the family for the five years of her father's widowship, and her sense of duty to her brothers and sisters had impelled her to refuse the several offers of marriage that had come to her; but she had no heart-travail in rejecting them, for her five years, spent amid the refining influences of a good school, had put a gulf between her and the rugged men who now formed her limited circle of acquaintances. As often happens in Boer homes, where second marriages are more common than in most civilised communities, there was an implacable feud between the children of the first and second mother, which was kept alive by the irascible and jealous temperament of Mrs de Villiers,—late Mrs van Rooyen,—partly by way of revenge for the hostility manifested towards the marriage by Clarie and the elder children, partly as the result of a naturally shrewish disposition. But even had selfishness and self-defence impelled Clarie to abandon her motherhood, she could not, for a Boer maiden knows no home but that of her parents or husband, and the notion of an independent life is utterly foreign to her, for it implies service to others.

Hers was no uncommon lot.

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On many a lonely South African farm a woman eats out her heart in vague longings for something higher and better than the dreary round of soulless life amid unsympathetic surroundings that revolt all that is finest in her nature and make her an alien among her own kindred by reason of the repugnance the life inspires. For five weary years she had struggled, in the face of the sneering and active opposition of her step-mother, to inoculate the boorish juniors with some degree of that social elevation of which she had had a glimpse during the five happy years of her stay at the Bloemfontein school. Her own nature was of that type which is keenly receptive to religious impressions, and the seeds of a clean moral sentiment implanted by the devoted headmistress had, to an extent, been nourished, though with less warmth, by the influence of the Rev. Petrus Stegmann, a young Predikant of the Dutch Reformed Church, whose views of life and its duties were slightly more modern and catholic than the austere theology of his order tolerated. He was therefore, like Clarie, out of tune with his own people, and the intercourse the two enjoyed, on the too rare occasions of his visits to the district, helped both to feel a sympathy and mutual understanding that were appreciated the more intensely because of their rarity.

This communion of wellnigh kindred spirits had its alloy in the long prayers and drowsy readings of inapposite passages of Old Testament history by

Q

which the young Predikant salved his conscience for the unorthodoxy of the general converse. The poetic spirituality and sentiment of Christianity have little part in the religion of the rival churches of Afrikanderdom. The priest is but an authorised reader of the law, whose efficiency and worthiness is gauged by the emphasis with which he drives home by precept and precedent the necessity for the punitive provisions of the Mosaic dispensation and the jeremiads of the prophets. Clarie tolerated the prayers and readings as the price she had to pay for the intellectual treat the conversation of the young Predikant afforded; but she was always secretly glad when they were over, for her inability to feel any heart-touching or moral stimulant from the offices, sometimes made her conscious of a degree of insincerity, if not of actual hypocrisy, in consenting to endure them: though often she would lie awake after the Predikant's visit, making wild guesses at the particular original evil in her blameless youth that was being expiated by a life of dull unappreciated self-surrender and loneliness. The prayers and readings gave her no clue.

"I see no advantage in trying to make others better," she remarked to Hartley, when, half an hour afterwards, they were together, away from the turmoil of the house. "I sometimes think that what Mrs de Villiers says is true, and that I am doing wrong in teaching my sisters, for I fear that

some day they will blame me for giving them hopes and desires they can never gratify. It is, after all, educating a Kafir. You make him discontented with his own people, and a solitary creature."

"Then why do you keep it up?" Hartley asked, in his matter-of-fact way of looking at things.

"Because I think it my duty, and promised Miss Ross, the schoolmistress at Bloemfontein, I would try to be an example of unselfishness in my home. And I do want little Lisbeth and Paul—all of them—to be better than their step-sisters and brothers, and the men and women on the farms, who are only different from Kafirs in being whiter. Yet I sometimes wish that I had never been educated. It makes me a foreigner with my own people. I have to spend my life among them, and I think I should be happier if I could see and think as they do, enjoy what they enjoy, and not be pained and upset every hour by something that horrifies me and makes me feel superior, and my own flesh and blood so very far below me. It is not a right feeling to have, Dick, but I can't help it."

"Don't get melancholy; you will see over the kraal-wall again," was all that Hartley could think of by way of consolation, Clarie had spoken so very seriously. She shook her head.

"I am getting old, and I am now too necessary to the children. No; I shall never see the flowers on the other side of the mountain. I have

thought much over this, Dick. I used to cry a great deal when I first came back from school, and when *she* came; but now I cheer myself up by thinking of little Lisbeth. She will be a good woman, Dick. She is such a sweet child, and loves me;—she's the only one, though."

Hartley was silent. He, too, had often thought hard. Men who spend long lonely months with nature ponder much, and since the day some five years ago when he made the acquaintance of the bright young woman, just returned to take up her dull life at the farm, the nearest habitation to his prospecting camp, he had often thought of her, wearing out her gentle nature in that sordid uncongenial home. They had frequently met and talked, but always without hint of love or even friendship. They took the latter for granted. The talk and company of this great, bluff, manly fellow, as hungry for sympathy as herself, formed an oasis in her arid life. She admired the manly in him, the honesty and fearlessness of which he never boasted, and regarded indulgently the weaknesses he did not deny,—his occasional outbursts of foolish intemperance, his reckless abandonment of opportunity for self-advancement. If at any time there had been on her side a tenderer feeling, it was promptly repressed by the ever-present knowledge that he was an Englishman, one of an alien race, with whom she could have no closer part or lot, without outrage on the traditions

on which she had been reared by a father fiercely Afrikander in sentiment. Perhaps if she could have argued the matter out, her logical sense would have perceived the absurdity of imagining a barrier of racial inequality, but she never did. The unthought, unspoken sentiment was latent, as in the innermost hearts of all Boer maidens,—“He is not one of us,—superior maybe, but no Afrikander.” Thus their pleasant friendship had continued, unchecked by any thought that it could be more on her part; therefore she saw nothing unmaidenly in her unreserved freedom with a stranger who could for a time take her out of her grey environment. She often sighed because her own men-folk were not more like this wholesome manly Englishman, who knew and had seen so much, and never made her feel uncomfortable by jokes or cumbersome compliments, and gross talk of things better left to elders. Then, despite his bigness and his gruff manner with men, he was always so gentle with her, so deferential, almost boyishly timid at times. Her men seemed despicable when he was about, and even they tacitly confessed his superiority by giving way to him in everything.

Hartley had withdrawn Clarie from the sitting-room to the comparative privacy of the stoep at the first opportunity, by sundry nods and jerks of his head towards the door, then produced from his saddle-bags a bundle of volumes and magazines.

"Haven't forgotten you," he said apologetically. "They're all good."

Clarie could not repress a smile as she glanced through a heterogeneous collection of literature that ranged from George Eliot to the sporting novel and shilling shocker. She was genuinely grateful, however, for it was many a weary month since her little library had been augmented. She had re-read often the dozen or so volumes that had been Hartley's gift and legacy when he left the prospecting camp, and had cherished them as much for the sake of the giver as for the companionship they provided.

"Don't let that cat Mrs de Villiers get hold of them," Hartley advised.

"But she never reads."

"No, but she devours. I know she tore up some that I gave you."

Clarie made no answer. The recollection of the rancorous pettiness of her step-mother was a matter of ever-present grief, and cost her many a struggle with her better self to resist open resentment.

Hartley guessed the reason for her silence.

"Why don't you leave her?" he asked in his abrupt manner. "How much do you get out of your share of the farm?"

It was the first time he had put the question that other young men with less delicacy required an answer to on very brief acquaintance. It is quite a permissible inquiry in Boerdom.

"Next to nothing. I only ask for enough to buy clothes.

It causes unpleasantness with her if I ask father for money."

"You must get away from this. Would you if you could?" He looked inquiringly at her. Clarie kept her eyes on the distant Gatsrand.

"I could not leave little Lisbeth to her. She hates the child, and there are the others who need me. No; I am of some use here. I should be nothing away."

"But you say you have doubts as to the wisdom of educating the little pigs."

Clarie answered promptly—

"It is because I do not wish them to be pigs that I want to remain."

"And miss helping those who would be the better for your help, and thank you for it."

She did not answer, lest she might ask what he meant.

"Then what is to be the end of it?" he went on with unconsciously brutal frankness. "You are not getting younger, and you are not half as bright as you used to be. Isn't it worth making an effort to get free? If you do not, you will become one of those Boer women you don't want your sisters to be like."

"Do you really think so?" Clarie asked.

Hartley hastened to qualify his rude speech.

"You could never be a coarse woman, Clarie; you would always be a gentlewoman and a lady: but I mean you cannot go on living with Kafirs without picking up their ways."

Clarie felt what he meant, but wished he had not expressed it quite that way.

"You are wasting your life by burying yourself here."

Again she urged her love for her younger sisters, and their urgent need of some one to stand between them and their openly hostile step-mother. She dared not add what was also in her thoughts, forced by the remorseless directness of Hartley's criticism, that she knew of no other sphere; neither did Hartley suggest anything beyond the heroic burning of her boats before she had landed on firm ground.

"I should not mind my own life here so much if I could see people oftener who understand me," she went on, as if to prevent Hartley saying what she half feared he might. "And I think, as the children grow older, they will understand me better. I can't expect them to be grateful now, for after all I am as their governess, always checking them, and setting my face against things that they have been used to doing all their little lives, and which their other sisters and brothers do without any interference. It is only natural. I hated the teachers when first I went to school, except the headmistress, Miss Ross, and she was so sweet that I soon began to believe that she was truly my friend, and only wanted to benefit me. I want my sisters to feel for me what I have ever since felt towards her. I would put up with anything to be loved as Miss Ross was."

Clarie was not the only young Afrikander woman who had learned to see the tenderly human side of life from that

angelic headmistress who has left an ineradicable impress of her own pure nature upon hundreds of girls who had the privilege of her care.

Hartley was half conquered by Clarie's objections, — they were urged with such obvious sincerity; besides, had he not the evidence of five years of her heroic constancy to her ideal? He made one more effort, but rather feebly—

"You will always have to fight your step-mother."

"I don't attempt to fight her. She is not the worst thing I have to put up with. There is her cousin, Johannes Smeer. She has made up her mind that I shall marry him, to keep my share of the farm in her family; and, O Dick! he is a horrid animal!"

Hartley was startled. "Smeer? That brute? Why, he's little better than an imbecile! He's filthy, and fifty or more. God, Clarie, you can't mean it!"

She shook her head. "It's too true, Dick. He all but lives here now, and has told everybody he is going to marry me."

Hartley grasped her arm fiercely. "He shall never marry you. I'll break his neck first!"

His vehemence frightened her, for she had seen him in his bursts of anger, and in them he was terrible.

"I'm going up country. When I come back, I'll tell you why you shan't marry him," he said.

That speech was to haunt her for many a day.

Then, as he generally did after an outburst of feeling, Hartley lit his pipe, bungling and puffing over it like a boy at his first essay.

Clarie changed the subject by observing that her sister Hendrika and Wilmot had arrived on the stoep. Hendrika was the eldest daughter of the second wife, and, as Hartley well knew, the aider and abettor of her mother in the internecine warfare with the old family. She was seventeen years of age, had had a superficial schooling for two years at Pretoria, and had returned to the farm, as close an imitation of the town-bred girl as tight-lacing, town-made frocks, and a profuse use of perfumes could make her. She was by no means unprepossessing, and perhaps only an expert would have detected the Afrikander by the lisping difficulty with the letter *r* which she shared with Clarie, and the ineradicable Afrikander trick of emphasising superlatives by dwelling on the adjective in a shrill falsetto.

"Clarie, mother wants you," was her greeting.

Clarie regarded the summons

as a subterfuge to take her from Hartley.

Mrs de Villiers was perpetually wanting her, if only to scold her for the sins of the children, or to tell her she had forgotten why she had called her.

Mrs de Villiers did have an object in sending for Clarie this time. It was to tell her that the peach-pie made for the evening meal was not to be mentioned in the presence of the visitors, but would be eaten after their departure; further, that the peach-brandy had been hidden, to prevent extravagant hospitality on the part of Piet; and thirdly, and most emphatically, that Clarie was a brazen hussy—only she used an opprobrious Taal equivalent — for gallivanting with the drunken Rooinek Hartley, when Johannes Smeer might arrive at any moment, and would in consequence get sick at heart at the sight of such perfidy, and ill-treat Clarie's little sisters, or, worse, carry out his threat of crippling Tessie, Clarie's little Kafir maid, by way of vicarious punishment for the sins of the mistress.

(To be continued.)

TWO SINGERS.

PARODIES may, in their origin, be divided into two classes—the deliberate and the accidental; the thorough and the external. In the one case, they spring from a definite intention on the part of the writer to write a parody, and the subject-matter is chosen by him solely on account of its fitness towards that end. In the other case, he has something to say, and it takes shape as a parody merely because that form happens to come handy. If the parody be of the deliberate class, there must be an actual esoteric connection between the original and its, or his, humorous presentment; the forgery must be one of spirit as well as of appearance. If it be accidental, at best the likeness will be exoteric—the voice will not be the voice of the original. Of these two methods, the former was the one employed by Mr Owen Seaman in the ‘Battle of the Bays,’ and it was by his success with that method that he became widely known as a parodist. The same may be said of certain of his parodies in ‘In Cap and Bells.’ In his latest collection of verses, which bears the happily conceived title, ‘A Harvest of Chaff,’ a considerable proportion bears the outward form of parody. But that is all. With few exceptions, these pieces are parodies by accident, and probably owe their external aspect

to some casual reminiscence that floated over their author’s mind as he sat down to shape what he wanted to say. “Once a parodist, always a parodist;” it has been the custom, in dealing with Mr Seaman’s productions, to consider the parodies first, and to say comparatively little about the remainder. But such treatment applied to his ‘Harvest of Chaff’ would be ridiculously unfair; the book should be looked at as a general collection of light and humorous verse.

To the above remarks, however, one exception must be noted, and its name is “Rudyard Austin.” Mr Seaman has been accused, not perhaps without some show of reason, of an undue partiality for gibing at the Laureate. But here there is nothing of the kind, nothing that could pierce the most tender of poetic skins. He has taken the “Absent-minded Beggar,” and re-written it by Mr Austin. And the thing is Austin!—Austin in his smoothest style, and, as it is called in the proem, in his most “ultra-classical bent.” From beginning to end there is not a trace of unkindliness to be found: the poem flows on evenly, blandly, and with an ineffable agreeableness which Mr Austin himself would have no reason to disdain.

It would be a joy to quote it in full. Here is a stanza:—

"Wives he may have, our Thomas, one or more,
Whose nuptial knot the callous powers ignore;
From which unchartered wedlock—who shall say?—
Some offspring may have seen the light of day,
Who needs the warmth Prometheus first conveyed,
With solvent hearth, and Ceres' homely aid.
Doubtless are left some damosels with whom
He held high converse in the devious gloom!
Wrong? Was it wrong? I only know they grieve
To miss the pressure of his ambient sleeve,
Who to our care with careless trust assigned
The loved impediments he left behind.

Heir to an Ealdorman or kitchen-thrall—
These crust-distinctions who shall now recall?
What boots it though he left his licensed sire
"Twixt Wapping barmaids serving Bacchic fire?
With claims of life or wench 'tis Alfred's hope
To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!"

And the poem concludes:—

"Yet, by our 'flag, inflexible as fate,'
Shall it be said that we have relegate
To pauper's rations, we, his kith and kind,
Those loved impediments he left behind?

Mansion of Croesus, pastry-monger's cot,
Villa of Earl, in all a vacant spot!
Five tens of thousands in each other's train
They move athwart the ship-encumbered main!
Lo! with the wants of these, their country's hope,
I bid your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!"

This is "excellent sport, i' faith." Nobody but Mr Seaman could have written these lines, unless, possibly, it were Mr Austin.

Save for a charming little rondeau addressed to Austin Dobson, the book consists entirely of poems that have appeared in 'Punch.' To say this is to say that for a considerable proportion of the whole "O. S." appears in the rôle of critic as much as, if not more than, that of humourist; and it might have been expected, from the necessity of his dealing with matters of the moment as they arose, that in book form some at least of his work would have acquired a

certain flavour of mustiness. The selection, however, has been made with admirable discretion; and whether the theme be political or social, the poems are no less full of "point" than when they first appeared. An excellent illustration of this presents itself in one of the few political pieces that remain, "The Big Loaf's Labour Lost." This refers to the odd result of the bye-election at Barnard Castle; but it is by no means a mere chronicle of the peculiar result of that election. The story is as follows: Skinner & Pogmore, Limited, is a self-made man; he is also a Radical member of Parliament, and has

visions of a baronetcy (earned by generous offerings to the party exchequer), to which he looks forward when the "People's Party" floats back to power on the Big Loaf they have recklessly cast upon the waters. He loves "The People." He loves Them as "one of Them." He says so, writes so rather, in the peroration of a speech we find him composing "against a possible early date" :—

"Free and enlightened Electorate!
Myself a son, I may say, of the soil,
My heart goes out to the men that toil!
Burdens enough you have to bear,
But your bread should be free as the light and air!
Shall we be false to the faith of years
Bought with our fathers' blood and tears?
Shall we surrender our hard-won gain
For the charlatan bribes of a Chamberlain?
No! we will baffle his base intrigue
Under the flag of the Big Loaf League:
Firm to the mast that flag is glued;
Let us fight beneath for the People's Food."

This accomplished, he turns serenely to his favourite print,

"Grateful in tone and green in tint,"

where he reads of the defeat of

the Radical candidate at the Barnard Castle bye-election by —not a Tory, but a "Labour fellow"!

And he cries, aghast at the "People's" ingratitude—

"This Labour fellow that heads the list
Comes of a class whom men like me,
Promising loaves that are large and free,
Flatter and pamper and stroke and pet,
And here is the kind of thanks we get.
Do they imagine, when all is said,
That the pains we spend on the People's Bread
Are just for their pleasure—to take and use
And drop and be done with when they choose,
With never a care for the sport they spoil?
To h—l, I say, with your Sons of Toil!"

Any one with an eye to possibilities in the future will see at a glance that the application of this poem is likely to gain, rather than to lose, point as the Labour party emerges from the chrysalis.

In "Paradise and the Snake" he turns his attention to the Irish members, and, taking as his text some words of Mr Redmond's, together with Mr

Pott's morning welcome to Mr Winkle,— "Serpent, sir," &c.,—deplores the utter hopelessness of expecting gratitude or decency from the Nationalist party. We thought we had made Ireland a paradise—

"Where rents were paid with punctual
joy,
Accompanied by festal jigs,
And bailiffs lost their late employ,
And every green was bare of wigs ;

Where, as before the primal curse,
The lambkin loafed beside the lion,
And Wyndham, in a kilt of Erse,
Embraced a fully breeched O'Brien."

But no—

"Though Eden renovates her youth
In yonder green and billow-swept
Isle,
There still the Serpent whets a tooth
Characteristically reptile."

And he concludes, with a
thought with which many will
agree—

"O Isle of Erin, could the star
That smiled upon your earlier lot
Restore, by way of Avatar,
St Patrick, that illustrious Scot!
For snakes he had a drastic bane
That took, I hear, a deal of beating;
Ah, might he give them once again
A course of more than earthly
Keating!"

But though his political Harvest is necessarily scanty in bulk, Mr Seaman gives us an abundance of social Chaff. Indeed, it is hardly chaff—there is a coldness, a glitter about his satire which make that term relatively weak. He knows exactly what he wants to say; he makes his point with unerring accuracy; and he does it with a chiselled elegance that certainly does nothing to hide the sting, while its effect upon the reader is hardly to raise mirth at the victim's expense so much as an acute consciousness of the weak points exposed. "The Restaurant De Luxe" may be taken as a type. Here he takes for a theme the vulgar ostentation that leads the plutocrat to dine at enormous expense at the most extravagant cafés in town, not be-

cause he appreciates the art of the chef,—

"But to invite the world to note
That they can pay as much as that."

"Chateau Larose's ruddy bloom
May melt the cognoscente's lip,
But has it, right across the room,
An air of eighteenpence a sip?

That is the test. Your actual fare
Is but a means toward an end,
Which is to prove you do not care
One paltry fiver what you spend."

And the diner, musing on
the Fiscal Question, is inclined
to favour Mr Chamberlain's
policy, in the lofty aspiration
that it may increase the price
of food, and thereby

"Raise the standard, far too low,
Of restaurant society."

"Why should the perfect millionaire
Brush feet upon the self-same mats,
Or breathe at meals a common air
With struggling demi-plutocrats?"

The plutocrat supplies Mr Seaman with matter for a couple of monologues, written in Browning blank verse. They are curious pieces. They can hardly be regarded as parody, for parody requires a certain humorous treatment of the author's style. Here there is nothing of the kind attempted. Nor are they imitations; the term suggests weakness. They are reproductions of Browning in his sanest mood, done with such astonishing plausibility that, were an ordinary reader of poetry confronted with excerpts from one or both of these pieces and from Browning's wilder work, it would be odds on his taking the real for the false.

"You offer me
 Its dozen noisy years with not a chance
 That wedding an Arch-Duchess, wearing lace,
 And getting called by divers new-coined names,
 Will drive off ugly thoughts and let me dine,
 Sleep, read and chat in quiet as I like !
 Therefore I will not.

You have a sign o' th' times who runs may read ;
 Our ancient orders, visibly corrupt—
 How says the Laureate?—yielding place to new !
 Alchemy's trick of good red blood infused
 In old nobility's veins ; fresh Phoenix-flights
 Of fowl revived—the Eastern fable serves—
 By breath o' th' spirit of commerce blown on ash."

Are the above fragments both by Browning? Did he write either of them? If so, which is his, and which Mr Seaman's?

It must not be thought that "O. S." is invariably sharp in his comments on men and matters. His chaff of Sir Thomas Lipton is entirely genial; and in several of his critical pieces—notably one that deals with Augustus and his new watch, which is made of a thinness so exquisite that it does not damage the fit of his waistcoat—he sticks wholly to the humorous point of view. Indeed, he has a kindly eye enough for folly so long as it is harmless; it requires a touch of offensiveness to bring out his more frosty qualities; and the general impression left by a study of his social pieces is one of unflinching common-sense.

And if, in a considerable portion of the book, he is content to raise a smile, he gives us quite a pleasant collection of pieces whose only intention is one of amusement. A "Wagner Dialogue," for instance, might draw a laugh from an undertaker: it does not lend itself to quotation,

and must be left with a passing recommendation. At the beginning of the volume will be found a series of poems dealing with the adventures (mostly disastrous) of some "Muscular Women," which are all amusing. Lucy Gray may be taken as a type. She is a golfer, and goes forth resolved to

"do the Pit to-day in two,
 Or die in the attempt,"—

with the melancholy result that, as she heroically pounds away at the eighteenth hole, she is caught in a blizzard, and never comes back. To heighten the tragedy, her ball is found

"against the hole ;
 It was the final shot but one
 Had freed the panting soul."

Poor Lucy, herself, was discovered up to the eyes in sand—a "corse"—and bunkered!

There is also a batch of *Studies of Blighted Lives*; of these the tale of Andrea del Resarto Smithers seems the best. He had

"A front like Phidias (ancient Greek),
 A mouth the very mate of Titian's,
 A Watteau chin, a Whistler's cheek,
 A Chantrey's eye for exhibitions ;"

but he was blighted. As the poet sings:—

“O frost that nips the nascent rose!
O bloom that prematurely blithers!
How could we then forecast the close
Of Andrea del Resarto Smithers?”

“Looks on the Imagination,” also, is capital fooling. A Birmingham barber has been robbed of the implements of his calling; he is consoled by the highwaymen having left behind his most treasured relics—looks from the heads of Mr Chamberlain and Mr Collings, on whom he operates.

There are many other pieces of a purely humorous nature which deserve a notice that must be denied to them here. One piece, and only one, may be selected for quotation in full. It is shorter than most of its fellows, and, slight as it is, affords a useful example of Mr Seaman’s method; indeed, the material is too trifling altogether to stand by itself; the poem depends solely on the manner of the writer.

It is called “A Relic of the Terrace.”

“I sat upon the river’s bastioned carge;
A solemn peace possessed the torpid air,
Save where a few strange oaths from off a barge
Lifted my hair.

Sweet haven from the Chamber’s human hum,
Here to this spot, with light refreshment spread,
The heated legislator loves to come
And cool his head.

‘Breathless with adoration’—ay, to me
The phrase applied as well as Wordsworth’s nun—
I watched them on the Terrace, taking tea
And toasted bun!

Oft had I pictured their heroic make
Who keep Britannia going on the blue;
And now I saw them, eating currant cake,
Like me and you!

Think, if a mortal brushed against a god
Under Olympus, how his heart would glow!
But if the gracious presence even trod
Upon his toe!—

It was a Minister who stood on mine!
Mere joy, for all mine anguish, held me mute;
And now I worship, in a Trilby shrine,
That shattered boot.

My burning heart supplies its vestal flame!
Calverley, when he viewed with venial pride
His Prince’s cherry-stones, had much the same
Feeling inside!”

Before considering Mr Seaman’s method, it should be said that, in addition to the critical and humorous pieces of which his book is mainly composed, it contains, as an appendix, the

few brief In Memoriam poems which from time to time it has fallen to his lot to write. It is unnecessary to mention them in detail; enough, perhaps, to say that they are wholly worthy of their subjects, and that his lines on the death of her late Majesty are among the best that were written.

Something has already been said of Mr Seaman's critical methods; it remains to consider briefly his style as a versifier. And it is worth study, for in the matter of technique he has attained to a perfection of detail which no previous writer of verse has taken the trouble to attempt. Others before him have written brilliant humorous verses. They have been felicitous in phrase, accurate or daring in rhyme, and ingenious in metre; but for flawless and complete workmanship he stands alone. To the laws of correctness of rhyme he has added a rider that no line must be unrhymed: the greatest of his predecessors was content at times with four rhymed-terminals to an eight-line stanza. In his treatment both of phrase and metre he has deliberately discarded all those little adventitious liberties that may be grouped under that most convenient of terms—poetical licence. Perhaps the most general instance, applied to the ordering of phrases, is the reversed position of noun and adjective: it is sanctioned by every precedent; but Mr Seaman will have none of it. In metre, again, he varies his metrical "feet" for effect, not to save trouble. This is easily

seen from his neglect of the anacrusis, or the addition of unaccented syllables to the beginning of the line. Save in parody, where his form is supplied to him ready-made, and in some exceptional cases where the metre demands such freedom, he scorns that most useful of assistances. And yet, despite the shackles he forges for his Muse, a carven accuracy is the only mechanical part of Mr Seaman's work. His phrases are almost pedantically neat, his epithets inevitable, and his sentences perfectly clear; and we have in him a singer whose Pegasus never shifts his "feet" without cause, who oars his shallop over blue water, not over "waters blue," and who, rather than prove his love in the most compelling of groves, would, from principle, prefer to remain a bachelor.

For obvious reasons, the columns of 'Maga' are hardly the place for a detailed review of 'Poems, by Alfred Noyes'; at the same time, the book is too notable a production to be allowed to pass wholly without comment. The present condition of British poetry has been food for our pessimists of late. It is true that we have many poets of a sort,—

" Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed,"—

and if we remain blind—deaf, rather—to their virtues, it is not always from any fault of their own; true, also, that the makers of our Imperial songs have produced much that can

worthily be set beside anything of their kind in the language; but for the rest, even if their work be read with respect, nay, with esteem, it does not command affection. With their great predecessors, to read is to re-read, and to re-read often to learn by heart. With most of the output of the present day, to read once is too often to have done with it. Something is lacking — just that indefinable something that is called charm. But in Mr Noyes' present book there is evidence not only of the possession of poetic attainments of the highest order, but also of the crowning grace of charm — charm in abundance, — just the old and rare charm that makes poetry a delight instead of a more or less severe exercise.

Among the poets of the present day there seems to be a certain ruling tendency towards specialism. One will show a preference for drama; another inclines to the sonnet form; a third has a fondness for the ode; and of course we have the very exceptional school of Imperial singer, mention of which has already been made. Here, also, Mr Noyes stands apart from his fellows. His metres and methods are as diverse as his subjects; and the scope of the latter is extraordinarily wide. He gives us narrative poems of some length,

cast in a curious and curiously diversified ballad-form that will be familiar to readers of 'Maga.' His patriotic poems are few, but the "Phantom Fleet" is a superb piece of writing: his description of the great sailors of the past, coming forth with their old ships and their old crews from their graves in Britain's hour of need, is the very pageantry of Song.

His treatment of love is, in its essence, less remarkable. "The Progress of Love," a poem in several cantos, with which he concludes his book, is indeed curiously vague in the telling, and so far fails to satisfy; but it is full of beautiful writing. In the same way, though there is nothing shallow about his views on the higher aspects of life, — there are many fine thoughts to be found in such poems as "The Paradox," — he, like Tennyson before him, still awaits the ripening influence of experience. But his treatment of Nature is absolutely delightful. Turn where you will, there is hardly a reference to Nature in her moods and aspects throughout the book which is not pure and exquisite poetry, while he sings of Spring as if no one had ever touched the subject before him.

Here are two of the five songs that make up "The World's May Queen":—

"When Spring comes back to England
And crowns her brows with May,
Round the merry moonlit world
She goes the greenwood way:
She throws a rose to Italy,
A fleur-de-lys to France;
But round her legal morris-ring
The seas of England dance.

When Spring comes back to England
 And dons her robe of green,
 There's many a nation garlanded,
 But England is the Queen ;
 She's Queen, she's Queen of all the world
 Beneath the laughing sky,
 For the nations go a-Maying.
 When they hear the New Year cry—

'Come over the water to England,
 My old love ; my new love ;
 Come over the water to England,
 In showers of flowery rain ;
 Come over the water to England,
 April, my true love ;
 And tell the heart of England
 The Spring is here again !'

And it's whither away is the Spring to-day ?
 To England, to England !
 In France you'll hear the South wind say,
 'She's off on a quest for a Queen o' the May,
 So she's over the hills and far away,
 To England !'

She's flown with the swallows across the sea
 To England, to England !
 For there's many a land of the brave and free
 But never a home o' the hawthorn-tree,
 And never a Queen o' the May for me
 But England !

She is here, she is here with her eyes of blue,
 In England, in England !
 She has brought us the rainbows with her, too,
 And a heaven of quivering scent and hue,
 And a glory of shimmering glimmering dew,
 And a lily for me and a rose for you,
 To England.

And round the fairy revels whirl
 In England, in England !
 And the buds outbreak and the leaves unfurl,
 And where the crisp white cloudlets curl
 The Dawn comes up like a primrose girl
 With a crowd of flowers in a basket of pearl
 For England !"

But those that would find it has a sudden brief switch-off, so to speak, into high-spirited and delicious nonsense which makes it a joy to read. But it must be read as a whole ; to give excerpts would convey nothing of its peculiar charm.

Mr Noyes at his very best must be counselled to read a longer poem, "The Barrel Organ." It is filled with the very spirit of Spring, it contains some of the best of those happy changes of rhythm that Mr Noyes loves to employ, and Throughout the book Mr

Noyes shows himself to be possessed of apparently every gift that a poet could desire. He has the magic of words, whether it be for the simple needs of a Spring song or for the most exotic poetical imagery. His metres are admirable, both in form and clearness. In his moods he is always sane, and he handles his material with a decision, a confidence, and a certainty that are quite refreshing. On one point, and one alone, a word of counsel may not be out of season. He should encourage the discipline of self-criticism. Some of the poems in his book are too long; some might well have been omitted altogether. And, though there was never a book of poetry produced yet that was wholly free from technical irregularities, it is a fact that Mr Noyes' metres are so good that "allowable" rhymes like 'creature' and 'nature' do far more damage to his verses than they do in average cases. One illustration will support both these

contentions. "A Song of England" is admirable in metre, and, except for the sixth stanza, in writing; but that one verse is packed with incorrect rhymes in total contradistinction to the manner of the rest of the poem, and could perfectly well be spared without injuring the sequence of the poem as a whole. Mr Noyes will remember Tennyson's continual striving towards condensation. Fluency is a splendid gift when kept under control; but for lack of restraint, it is all too likely to spread, and to end by swamping all the flowers in the garden. And it is because Mr Noyes is so richly endowed in all that makes for poetry that he may, as a compliment, be urged to keep himself in hand,—not to write too much, and not to write too often: for his life is all before him; he has plenty of time; and he may of right look forward to a future, the limitations of which it would be difficult to forecast.

THE MARRIAGE BOND.

AMONG those whose names appear in the obituary lists of 1904 was a man who had been affectionately known for two generations by a large and yet rather close circle of friends. Of a retiring disposition, which became more and more marked as he grew older, he had nevertheless a perfect genius for society, as was shown as often as he appeared in it. Nor was there much difficulty in discovering what worked the charm. Gentle manners and bright and ready wits were less than half the explanation. An extremely sympathetic temperament brings us nearer to the secret: which is fully revealed when we learn that, instructed by sympathy, he brought all earthly righteousness into the simple formula, Social loyalty, social rectitude. To him, everything was fortunate or unfortunate, right or wrong, according as it tended to strengthen, purify, and adorn the relations of society, or to deharmonise and degrade them. All the little obligations, courtesies, kindnesses that thread the social class to which he belonged were matters of moment to him. Much more therefore was he concerned with the stronger bonds that should run throughout the community as a whole, like the ties in the frame of a ship, and, above all, the elementary principles—fewer than the Ten Commandments, wherein most of them are embodied—upon which

every social organism is built, if built to last. Christian or pagan, village or kingdom, they are its necessary foundation.

As we see every day, views like these may be held where they have but small effect on the character and conduct of the person who holds them. But Mr ——'s friends would say (we must give him a name, but are only allowed to do so by an alias)—the friends of Mr Peters would say that in his case we have to speak of instincts rather than views. Reading and reflection only confirmed what was implanted in his nature. And these instincts being singularly capable of working into all the affairs and relations of life, from the least to the greatest, they were kept in constant operation. There was the same call upon them at the dinner-table as in the council-room, and from George Peters the same ever-ready response. Yet for all this, and the helpfulness in great and little things that was the consequence, it is likely enough that he would have been less "popular" without a certain eccentricity which was always amusing, though sometimes puzzling for a kind of daring innocence.

This last-named characteristic is not very uncommon, but it seldom endures beyond middle age. It remained a Peters characteristic to the last. In the same month in which he died—he being then near his

eightieth year, though he did not look it—his innocent daring planned and carried out a little adventure odd in itself, and yet more odd for having never been heard of. For it had to do with certain literary and social developments which are never long out of public discussion, and though quietly managed was yet no secret.

Mr Peters, it seemed, had acquaintances among the members of two or three of the Ladies' Clubs established in London lately, and whether through these or after a round of visits to the club secretaries, he was furnished with the names of members who were likely to accept an invitation to meet at his house one afternoon for the discussion of "a matter of urgent public interest." Though this urgent subject-matter was not explicitly stated, it was not beyond inference from the terms of the invitation, if we may judge by a draft of it among Mr Peters's papers. We may also infer that the invitation was addressed to fewer than a dozen ladies—two or three in this club, two or three in that—all known as taking an active interest in the improvement of the race by extending the liberties and enlarging the opportunities of Woman. No one, indeed, seems to have been asked to confer without evidence that she had gone somewhat deeply into the subject—socially, analytically, psychologically, and otherwise; from which it may be gathered that a considerable proportion of the *invitées* were novelists, or

endowed with the genius which so often shows itself a maturing quality. None of these ladies had the least difficulty in making out Mr Peters's credentials, of course, or in ascertaining that a conference might be as properly attended at his house as at any bishop's.

And, apparently, there were no refusals, no abstentions, even nothing that could have been called unpunctuality. On a summer afternoon all who were invited met in Mr Peters's library—as large an apartment as his drawing-room, and more fit for the occasion. There were no introductions. Mr Peters had even instructed his butler to avoid the presentation of cards as much as possible, so that when our aged friend entered the room—which, taking advantage of his ancientry, he deferred till most of his guests were assembled—he could not have named any one of them with certitude. His idea seems to have been that there should be only the least acknowledgment of personality at this little meeting. He had to introduce himself, however; and so, making them a beautiful bow at his first step into the room, he told them that he was the temerarious person who had trespassed on their leisure upon no better warrant than some fears—idle fears, perhaps—of a public mischief.

The meeting noticed that Mr Peters brought into the room with him a small book, which would have looked quite unlike anything on his library shelves even if it had not borne one

of Mr Mudie's yellow labels. This book was still held firmly in hand while Mr Peters assisted his butler in redispensing chairs at convenient distances from a table upon which a regale of choice fruits was set out. If the rather common-looking little book had been laid down but for three seconds, an intense curiosity, which, as Mr Peters afterwards said, "spoke through the silence that veiled it," would have satisfied itself. "What novel? Whose?" This was the question in every eye—a question presently answered.

Opening the book and running a somewhat disrespectful thumb across the edges of the leaves, Mr Peters began by venturing the presumption "that a novel so warmly praised and so much in demand as —," here he named the book in question, "must be known more or less to them all." (Murmurs of "Oh yes!") He understood that although it was customary for ladies to write under the names of men, in this case the novelist was to be accepted as really a man. Was it not so?

Affirmative answers came from all sides, but with a noticeable hesitation. Mr Peters, it seems, looked up rather questioningly at this, whereupon a writer whose own works are more philosophical than romantic explained. She said that although some plausible reasons might be adduced for doubting whether the book was written by a woman or a man, the authorship had been described correctly . . .

("Up to a certain point," a sweet young voice said modestly.)

"Described correctly," the other voice repeated. "It happens, however, that the remarkable production which you hold in your hand is itself additional evidence that there is no such thing as sex in literature. It has been triumphantly shown of late that all that is at the same time masculine and admirable in the imaginative works of men can appear as naturally and as strikingly in the similar work of women. And if yet more recently a real George or John or Richard" —here the lady pointed to the Mudie book—"can write of the inner mysteries and experiences of human nature as a woman might, evidence the more that literature, like art, knows no sex."

This little speech was received with warm applause, though not quite unanimous.

"Then, if that be so," said Mr Peters, "one of the questions that I wished to put to you is already answered. This novel, as you know, is little else than an exposition of the inner mysteries and experiences of human nature in its least-known half. At any rate, that is its pretension; and every review of the book that has fallen in my way congratulates the author on his astonishing acquaintance with the heart and thought of woman, as expanded in these more free and generous times. Of course I could see that he wrote with all the confidence of perfect intimacy; and yet, to confess, I doubted

whether the reviewers were any more competent to judge of his superiority in this line than I myself. Indeed, I thought it not unlikely that a jury of women, themselves students of human nature, might reject this gentleman's pretensions as an expositor. That seems to have been a mistake. I now understand that the reviewers have done him no more than justice. When he writes of women—or perhaps I should say of ladies, to be quite fair—he does so as an intelligent and honest woman might.”

(Movement.)

Mr Peters then went on to say that had the answer been different he should have troubled them with nothing more than a petition; a petition that to the utmost of their opportunities—great as they were for all who wielded the magic of the pen—they would make known their want of sympathy with much that Mr — had an unmasculine kindness for. As it was, he hoped he might be allowed to speak a few words on a matter of delicacy but of great importance.

(Permission indicated by a gentle rustling into easier attitudes.)

“Chapter one hundred and fifty-three,” said Mr Peters, opening the Mudie book. “Chapter one hundred and fifty-three and a few preceding pages.” But observing about him a startled movement of uneasiness—for this was the great chapter—he closed the book and flung it aside.

He had no intention, he said, of reading a word of it, and

only named that chapter to call to mind the assumption which the whole story hung upon. At the same time, he was sure they would understand that it was not because this assumption vitiated a particular novel that he gave importance to it, but because its apparently delicious poison ran through so many of the most attractive novels of the day. And not in the most attractive novels alone. It animated innumerable fireside tales. It was the basis of large quantities of essay on the miseries of stifled soul and the sacred duty of living one's own life. Far be it from him (Mr Peters) to deny that such miseries were often real, or to insist overmuch on the sacredness of the duty depending a good deal on the sort of life proposed. But as for the assumption that ran through all this literature, they must agree with him that it was utterly, inexcusably, even stupidly false.

Now arose some pretty, petulant cries of “But *what* assumption, Mr Peters?”

“What assumption? That marriage is not bondage!” he answered warmly; a reply which at once provoked laughing exclamations of “Why! don't we assume that it is?” “I think not,” said Mr Peters, at which there was an end, *pro tem.*, of all decorum. Every variety of surprise had expression in the laughter that circled round the Chair, as Mr Peters might be called, and in the clatter of amused comment which the ladies shared among themselves.

These pleasant sounds were still rippling out into the infinite when they were chilled and checked by, "I think I know what Mr Peters means. He means that we give a bond a bad name and break it."

Spoken in the same innocent voice that had been heard a few minutes before, this was said by the youngest of the bevy to a friend near her. But the voice was such, so fine and clear it was, that everybody heard; with the consequence that nine pairs of coldly scrutinising eyes were turned, not upon the young lady, but on the delighted convener of the meeting.

With a bow in the right direction, Mr Peters declared that, left to himself, he could not have expressed his meaning in ten times as many words: his meaning so far, that was to say. They would now, perhaps, allow him to go a little farther in explanation.

"I say that marriage is bondage. You reply that you say so too. In so saying you appear to think of this bondage as do the new-fashioned novel-writers; of whom I complain that they represent the marriage bond not as it is but as very positively it is not. The novel which I have recalled to your minds as an example of the new but by no means the good, could never have been written——"

"Not the work of a woman," interjected the lady who had already testified to that effect.

"Nor of a man," the younger one continued, simply and sweetly.

"My own ambiguous opinion, Miss Armida," Mr Peters added, giving the young lady a name. "Could not have been written, I say, upon any other view of marriage than as a bond that does not bind. The author of this story" (tapping the Mudie book with a paper-knife) "would probably answer that he does not choose to recognise a relationship which has no existence unless as a superstition or an outrage."

("So obvious!")

"The idea is, in short, that there can be no such bond in reality because there ought not to be; that, as construed by the laws of liberty, the claims of human dignity, the inalienable heritage of the Me in Myself, and various other postulates no less sacred, the marriage bond is nothing but a conditional obligation."

("Certainly.")

"Further, that only the Individual can be the judge of how far obligation may change its obligatory character at any particular time or in any special circumstances. For no one else is able or has any right, for example, to appraise the misery of discovering that the obligation was from the first a 'dreadful mistake.' No one else is capable of hearing the call from soul to soul which awakens all the torment of the tie to dulness, commonness, unappreciation. Or perhaps the husband may be suspected, may be guilty, of making love where he should not. Then arises the Natural Equality question; which, however, is only advanced to justify

one failing, one gratification—infraction of the marriage bond. So far as my reading in this kind of literature goes, when the husband takes to drink the wife may possibly do so too; but never in assertion of the rights conferred upon her by an equal endowment of human nature. The same remark holds good of all other derelictions but one. That one affects the bond. The husband being grievously suspect (guilt enough in some cases, apparently), the wife takes up her freedom as a matter of course, and makes a midnight assignation with a man who has informed her with his eyes that he intends to add her to his conquests. Or—but need I go on?”

“What do you think, Mrs Alpha Beta?” This was Miss Armida’s question. “We know it all. It is all in our books and our bosoms.”

Without so much as looking at her questioner, the lady so addressed said, “It would be convenient, perhaps, to know whether the observations we have just listened to are to be considered as a criticism or as an exordium. If criticism——”

“Both,” was the reply. “My desire is—I wish I could say hope—to impress upon your influential minds this: that the ideas of the marriage bond which have been slightly but sufficiently touched upon are the precise opposites of what they seem to be taken for. They are understood by the pupils of the circulating library, I believe, to be civilised, progressive: quite a mistake. They

are retrograde and decivilising. Return with them much farther, and the original monkey will come into view.”

“The marriage bond, you would say” (this was a new and very gentle voice), “is or should be a bond indeed. The right view of marriage is that it is literally and properly a state of bondage.”

“Certainly; but with the ignorant and vulgar expression of enslavement wiped from the word. It is an unfortunate word, which, being ill-used, becomes unfortunate for those who wrong it. It was no more likely to be misconstrued when first applied to marriage contract than when used in other affairs. But now a meaning has been imported into the word which gives to the marriage relation a false and dissolute character: marriage being in pure and simple fact a bargain.”

“Bargain? And not degrading?”

“More it may be if more is brought to it; and there is hardly a nameable virtue—say, sweetness, goodness, or blessing in any form except such as derives from worldly prosperity—that may not be brought to the marriage bond, or that is not in innumerable cases. But, though marriage may be much more than a bargain, it cannot be less; and that, I beg of you to observe, is the point I would urge upon popular novelists like this gentleman, and like some ladies whose names are unconcealed though they cannot be answered to here. But even here—I hope you will pardon

these indispensable freedoms—even here, a moment ago, the exclamation was heard, ‘Bargain, and not degrading?’ The ‘tyranny of words’ is a favourite saying; the ‘treachery of words’ would be a useful variant. The marriage bargain degrading? Not till it becomes a fraud.”

“But a bargain is barter,” Mrs Alpha objected; “and is there no degradation in bartering the most sacred affections?”

“With great respect,” Mr Peters said, “I fancy I see in such questions how a fallacy creeps in which is being nursed into something very much worse. The truth is, I believe, that these more sacred affections are sometimes capable of transference, in which case they suffer little injury. But in no case *can* they be bartered, being what they are, and barter being what Mrs Alpha means. Where such affections existed before marriage, they may exist still. Where they come into existence after marriage, they may be either combated or cherished in uncontrolled and unvisited seclusion; and though the bond may then become afflicting, like many and many another of different kinds, it remains unbroken. Not the existence of these affections but their gratification violates a bond which is of equal sanctity, and of infinitely greater obligation than any that can arise from them. And now, be it remembered, we are speaking of the more sacred affections only.”

These observations failed to give universal satisfaction, it

appears. Mr Peters’s insistence on “bargain” was still warmly objected to as sordid, as dehumanising, even as introducing commercialism into the domain of soul; and Miss Armida herself (who during these moments devoted her attention to a little selection of grapes in a plate on her knees)—Miss Armida came in for some very angry glances when he said in reply to these representations, “Ladies, honesty allows me but one answer, which I earnestly beg of you to ponder: Give a bond a bad name and break it. They might also remember, while on that ground, that all marriages were made on both sides upon an expectation of advantage. The purest love-match was made on that expectation; and if the gain in such cases was fulfilment of joy, all that could be said was that advantage was a very mild name for it. They need not be reminded, however, that, love-match or not, other advantages were rarely out of contemplation, or at any rate out of the bond. He had heard more than once that afternoon, and did not complain of it, that he regarded the marriage-bargain with the man’s bias in favour of the husband. It might be so. In any case, the literature which was entirely reforming the popular idea of marriage took no account of the great, inalienable, life-lasting obligations which the one partner undertook, mainly in reliance that on the other hand a single condition would be faithfully observed. What he (Mr Peters)

"Wives he may have, our Thomas, one or more,
Whose nuptial knot the callous powers ignore;
From which unchartered wedlock—who shall say?—
Some offspring may have seen the light of day,
Who needs the warmth Prometheus first conveyed,
With solvent hearth, and Ceres' homely aid.
Doubtless are left some damosels with whom
He held high converse in the devious gloom!
Wrong? Was it wrong? I only know they grieve
To miss the pressure of his ambient sleeve,
Who to our care with careless trust assigned
The loved impediments he left behind.

Heir to an Ealdorman or kitchen-thrall—
These crust-distinctions who shall now recall?
What boots it though he left his licensed sire
'Twixt Wapping barmaids serving Bacchic fire?
With claims of life or wench 'tis Alfred's hope
To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!"

And the poem concludes:—

"Yet, by our 'flag, inflexible as fate,'
Shall it be said that we have relegate
To pauper's rations, we, his kith and kind,
Those loved impediments he left behind?

Mansion of Croesus, pastry-monger's cot,
Villa of Earl, in all a vacant spot!
Five tens of thousands in each other's train
They move athwart the ship-encumbered main!
Lo! with the wants of these, their country's hope,
I bid your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!"

This is "excellent sport, i' faith." Nobody but Mr Seaman could have written these lines, unless, possibly, it were Mr Austin.

Save for a charming little rondeau addressed to Austin Dobson, the book consists entirely of poems that have appeared in 'Punch.' To say this is to say that for a considerable proportion of the whole "O. S." appears in the rôle of critic as much as, if not more than, that of humourist; and it might have been expected, from the necessity of his dealing with matters of the moment as they arose, that in book form some at least of his work would have acquired a

certain flavour of mustiness. The selection, however, has been made with admirable discretion; and whether the theme be political or social, the poems are no less full of "point" than when they first appeared. An excellent illustration of this presents itself in one of the few political pieces that remain, "The Big Loaf's Labour Lost." This refers to the odd result of the bye-election at Barnard Castle; but it is by no means a mere chronicle of the peculiar result of that election. The story is as follows: Skinner & Pogmore, Limited, is a self-made man; he is also a Radical member of Parliament, and has

visions of a baronetcy (earned the waters. He loves "The by generous offerings to the People." He loves Them as party exchequer), to which he "one of Them." He says so, looks forward when the writes so rather, in the peroration of a speech we find him "People's Party" floats back to power on the Big Loaf composing "against a possible they have recklessly cast upon early date":—

"Free and enlightened Electorate!
Myself a son, I may say, of the soil,
My heart goes out to the men that toil!
Burdens enough you have to bear,
But your bread should be free as the light and air!
Shall we be false to the faith of years
Bought with our fathers' blood and tears?
Shall we surrender our hard-won gain
For the charlatan bribes of a Chamberlain?
No! we will baffle his base intrigue
Under the flag of the Big Loaf League:
Firm to the mast that flag is glued;
Let us fight beneath for the People's Food."

This accomplished, he turns the Radical candidate at the serenely to his favourite Barnard Castle bye-election by print, —not a Tory, but a "Labour fellow"!

"Grateful in tone and green in tint," And he cries, aghast at the where he reads of the defeat of "People's" ingratitude—

"This Labour fellow that heads the list
Comes of a class whom men like me,
Promising loaves that are large and free,
Flatter and pamper and stroke and pet,
And here is the kind of thanks we get.

Do they imagine, when all is said,
That the pains we spend on the People's Bread
Are just for their pleasure—to take and use
And drop and be done with when they choose,
With never a care for the sport they spoil?
To h—l, I say, with your Sons of Toil!"

Any one with an eye to possibilities in the future will see at a glance that the application of this poem is likely to gain, rather than to lose, point as the Labour party emerges from the chrysalis.

In "Paradise and the Snake" he turns his attention to the Irish members, and, taking as his text some words of Mr Redmond's, together with Mr

Pott's morning welcome to Mr Winkle,— "Serpent, sir," &c.,—deplores the utter hopelessness of expecting gratitude or decency from the Nationalist party. We thought we had made Ireland a paradise—

"Where rents were paid with punctual joy,
Accompanied by festal jigs,
And bailiffs lost their late employ,
And every green was bare of wigs ;

Where, as before the primal curse,
The lambkin loafed beside the lion,
And Wyndham, in a kilt of Erse,
Embraced a fully breeched O'Brien."

But no—

"Though Eden renovates her youth
In yonder green and billow-swept
Isle,
There still the Serpent whets a tooth
Characteristically reptile."

And he concludes, with a
thought with which many will
agree—

"O Isle of Erin, could the star
That smiled upon your earlier lot
Restore, by way of Avatar,
St Patrick, that illustrious Scot!
For snakes he had a drastic bane
That took, I hear, a deal of beating;
Ah, might he give them once again
A course of more than earthly
Keating!"

But though his political Harvest is necessarily scanty in bulk, Mr Seaman gives us an abundance of social Chaff. Indeed, it is hardly chaff—there is a coldness, a glitter about his satire which make that term relatively weak. He knows exactly what he wants to say; he makes his point with unerring accuracy; and he does it with a chiselled elegance that certainly does nothing to hide the sting, while its effect upon the reader is hardly to raise mirth at the victim's expense so much as an acute consciousness of the weak points exposed. "The Restaurant De Luxe" may be taken as a type. Here he takes for a theme the vulgar ostentation that leads the plutocrat to dine at enormous expense at the most extravagant cafés in town, not be-

cause he appreciates the art of the chef,—

"But to invite the world to note
That they can pay as much as that."

"Chateau Larose's ruddy bloom
May melt the cognoscente's lip,
But has it, right across the room,
An air of eighteenpence a sip?

That is the test. Your actual fare
Is but a means toward an end,
Which is to prove you do not care
One paltry fiver what you spend."

And the diner, musing on
the Fiscal Question, is inclined
to favour Mr Chamberlain's
policy, in the lofty aspiration
that it may increase the price
of food, and thereby

"Raise the standard, far too low,
Of restaurant society."

"Why should the perfect millionaire
Brush feet upon the self-same mats,
Or breathe at meals a common air
With struggling demi-plutocrats?"

The plutocrat supplies Mr Seaman with matter for a couple of monologues, written in Browning blank verse. They are curious pieces. They can hardly be regarded as parody, for parody requires a certain humorous treatment of the author's style. Here there is nothing of the kind attempted. Nor are they imitations; the term suggests weakness. They are reproductions of Browning in his sanest mood, done with such astonishing plausibility that, were an ordinary reader of poetry confronted with excerpts from one or both of these pieces and from Browning's wilder work, it would be odds on his taking the real for the false.

"You offer me
 Its dozen noisy years with not a chance
 That wedding an Arch-Duchess, wearing lace,
 And getting called by divers new-coined names,
 Will drive off ugly thoughts and let me dine,
 Sleep, read and chat in quiet as I like !
 Therefore I will not.

You have a sign o' th' times who runs may read ;
 Our ancient orders, visibly corrupt—
 How says the Laureate?—yielding place to new !
 Alchemy's trick of good red blood infused
 In old nobility's veins ; fresh Phoenix-flights
 Of fowl revived—the Eastern fable serves—
 By breath o' th' spirit of commerce blown on ash."

Are the above fragments both by Browning? Did he write either of them? If so, which is his, and which Mr Seaman's?

It must not be thought that "O. S." is invariably sharp in his comments on men and matters. His chaff of Sir Thomas Lipton is entirely genial; and in several of his critical pieces—notably one that deals with Augustus and his new watch, which is made of a thinness so exquisite that it does not damage the fit of his waistcoat—he sticks wholly to the humorous point of view. Indeed, he has a kindly eye enough for folly so long as it is harmless; it requires a touch of offensiveness to bring out his more frosty qualities; and the general impression left by a study of his social pieces is one of unfailing common-sense.

And if, in a considerable portion of the book, he is content to raise a smile, he gives us quite a pleasant collection of pieces whose only intention is one of amusement. A "Wagner Dialogue," for instance, might draw a laugh from an undertaker: it does not lend itself to quotation,

and must be left with a passing recommendation. At the beginning of the volume will be found a series of poems dealing with the adventures (mostly disastrous) of some "Muscular Women," which are all amusing. Lucy Gray may be taken as a type. She is a golfer, and goes forth resolved to

"do the Pit to-day in two,
 Or die in the attempt,"—

with the melancholy result that, as she heroically pounds away at the eighteenth hole, she is caught in a blizzard, and never comes back. To heighten the tragedy, her ball is found

"against the hole ;
 It was the final shot but one
 Had freed the panting soul."

Poor Lucy, herself, was discovered up to the eyes in sand—a "corse"—and bunkered!

There is also a batch of Studies of Blighted Lives; of these the tale of Andrea del Resarto Smithers seems the best. He had

"A front like Phidias (ancient Greek),
 A mouth the very mate of Titian's,
 A Watteau chin, a Whistler's cheek,
 A Chantrey's eye for exhibitions ;"

but he was blighted. As the poet sings:—

“O frost that nips the nascent rose!
O bloom that prematurely blithers!
How could we then forecast the close
Of Andrea del Resarto Smithers?”

“Looks on the Imagination,” also, is capital fooling. A Birmingham barber has been robbed of the implements of his calling; he is consoled by the highwaymen having left behind his most treasured relics—looks from the heads of Mr Chamberlain and Mr Collings, on whom he operates.

There are many other pieces of a purely humorous nature which deserve a notice that must be denied to them here. One piece, and only one, may be selected for quotation in full. It is shorter than most of its fellows, and, slight as it is, affords a useful example of Mr Seaman’s method; indeed, the material is too trifling altogether to stand by itself; the poem depends solely on the manner of the writer.

It is called “A Relic of the Terrace.”

“I sat upon the river’s bastioned carge;
A solemn peace possessed the torpid air,
Save where a few strange oaths from off a barge
Lifted my hair.

Sweet haven from the Chamber’s human hum,
Here to this spot, with light refreshment spread,
The heated legislator loves to come
And cool his head.

‘Breathless with adoration’—ay, to me
The phrase applied as well as Wordsworth’s nun—
I watched them on the Terrace, taking tea
And toasted bun!

Oft had I pictured their heroic make
Who keep Britannia going on the blue;
And now I saw them, eating currant cake,
Like me and you!

Think, if a mortal brushed against a god
Under Olympus, how his heart would glow!
But if the gracious presence even trod
Upon his toe!—

It was a Minister who stood on mine!
Mere joy, for all mine anguish, held me mute;
And now I worship, in a Trilby shrine,
That shattered boot.

My burning heart supplies its vestal flame!
Calverley, when he viewed with venial pride
His Prince’s cherry-stones, had much the same
Feeling inside!”

Before considering Mr Seaman’s method, it should be said that, in addition to the critical and humorous pieces of which his book is mainly composed, it contains, as an appendix, the

few brief In Memoriam poems which from time to time it has fallen to his lot to write. It is unnecessary to mention them in detail; enough, perhaps, to say that they are wholly worthy of their subjects, and that his lines on the death of her late Majesty are among the best that were written.

Something has already been said of Mr Seaman's critical methods; it remains to consider briefly his style as a versifier. And it is worth study, for in the matter of technique he has attained to a perfection of detail which no previous writer of verse has taken the trouble to attempt. Others before him have written brilliant humorous verses. They have been felicitous in phrase, accurate or daring in rhyme, and ingenious in metre; but for flawless and complete workmanship he stands alone. To the laws of correctness of rhyme he has added a rider that no line must be unrhymed: the greatest of his predecessors was content at times with four rhymed-terminals to an eight-line stanza. In his treatment both of phrase and metre he has deliberately discarded all those little adventitious liberties that may be grouped under that most convenient of terms—poetical licence. Perhaps the most general instance, applied to the ordering of phrases, is the reversed position of noun and adjective: it is sanctioned by every precedent; but Mr Seaman will have none of it. In metre, again, he varies his metrical "feet" for effect, not to save trouble. This is easily

seen from his neglect of the anacrusis, or the addition of unaccented syllables to the beginning of the line. Save in parody, where his form is supplied to him ready-made, and in some exceptional cases where the metre demands such freedom, he scorns that most useful of assistances. And yet, despite the shackles he forges for his Muse, a carven accuracy is the only mechanical part of Mr Seaman's work. His phrases are almost pedantically neat, his epithets inevitable, and his sentences perfectly clear; and we have in him a singer whose Pegasus never shifts his "feet" without cause, who oars his shallop over blue water, not over "waters blue," and who, rather than prove his love in the most compelling of groves, would, from principle, prefer to remain a bachelor.

For obvious reasons, the columns of 'Maga' are hardly the place for a detailed review of 'Poems, by Alfred Noyes'; at the same time, the book is too notable a production to be allowed to pass wholly without comment. The present condition of British poetry has been food for our pessimists of late. It is true that we have many poets of a sort,—

" Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed,"—

and if we remain blind—deaf, rather—to their virtues, it is not always from any fault of their own; true, also, that the makers of our Imperial songs have produced much that can

worthily be set beside anything of their kind in the language; but for the rest, even if their work be read with respect, nay, with esteem, it does not command affection. With their great predecessors, to read is to re-read, and to re-read often to learn by heart. With most of the output of the present day, to read once is too often to have done with it. Something is lacking — just that indefinable something that is called charm. But in Mr Noyes' present book there is evidence not only of the possession of poetic attainments of the highest order, but also of the crowning grace of charm — charm in abundance, — just the old and rare charm that makes poetry a delight instead of a more or less severe exercise.

Among the poets of the present day there seems to be a certain ruling tendency towards specialism. One will show a preference for drama; another inclines to the sonnet form; a third has a fondness for the ode; and of course we have the very exceptional school of Imperial singer, mention of which has already been made. Here, also, Mr Noyes stands apart from his fellows. His metres and methods are as diverse as his subjects; and the scope of the latter is extraordinarily wide. He gives us narrative poems of some length,

cast in a curious and curiously diversified ballad-form that will be familiar to readers of 'Maga.' His patriotic poems are few, but the "Phantom Fleet" is a superb piece of writing: his description of the great sailors of the past, coming forth with their old ships and their old crews from their graves in Britain's hour of need, is the very pageantry of Song.

His treatment of love is, in its essence, less remarkable. "The Progress of Love," a poem in several cantos, with which he concludes his book, is indeed curiously vague in the telling, and so far fails to satisfy; but it is full of beautiful writing. In the same way, though there is nothing shallow about his views on the higher aspects of life, — there are many fine thoughts to be found in such poems as "The Paradox," — he, like Tennyson before him, still awaits the ripening influence of experience. But his treatment of Nature is absolutely delightful. Turn where you will, there is hardly a reference to Nature in her moods and aspects throughout the book which is not pure and exquisite poetry, while he sings of Spring as if no one had ever touched the subject before him.

Here are two of the five songs that make up "The World's May Queen":—

"When Spring comes back to England
And crowns her brows with May,
Round the merry moonlit world
She goes the greenwood way:
She throws a rose to Italy,
A fleur-de-lys to France;
But round her legal morris-ring
The seas of England dance.



When Spring comes back to England
 And dons her robe of green,
 There's many a nation garlanded,
 But England is the Queen ;
 She's Queen, she's Queen of all the world
 Beneath the laughing sky,
 For the nations go a-Maying
 When they hear the New Year cry—

' Come over the water to England,
 My old love ; my new love ;
 Come over the water to England,
 In showers of flowery rain ;
 Come over the water to England,
 April, my true love ;
 And tell the heart of England
 The Spring is here again ! '

And it's whither away is the Spring to-day ?
 To England, to England !
 In France you'll hear the South wind say,
 ' She's off on a quest for a Queen o' the May,
 So she's over the hills and far away,
 To England ! '

She's flown with the swallows across the sea
 To England, to England !
 For there's many a land of the brave and free
 But never a home o' the hawthorn-tree,
 And never a Queen o' the May for me
 But England !

She is here, she is here with her eyes of blue,
 In England, in England !
 She has brought us the rainbows with her, too,
 And a heaven of quivering scent and hue,
 And a glory of shimmering glimmering dew,
 And a lily for me and a rose for you,
 To England.

And round the fairy revels whirl
 In England, in England !
 And the buds outbreak and the leaves unfurl,
 And where the crisp white cloudlets curl
 The Dawn comes up like a primrose girl
 With a crowd of flowers in a basket of pearl
 For England ! "

But those that would find it has a sudden brief switch-
 Mr Noyes at his very best off, so to speak, into high-
 must be counselled to read a spirited and delicious nonsense
 longer poem, "The Barrel Or- which makes it a joy to read.
 gan." It is filled with the But it must be read as a
 very spirit of Spring, it con- whole ; to give excerpts would
 tains some of the best of those convey nothing of its peculiar
 happy changes of rhythm that charm.
 Mr Noyes loves to employ, and Throughout the book Mr

Noyes shows himself to be possessed of apparently every gift that a poet could desire. He has the magic of words, whether it be for the simple needs of a Spring song or for the most exotic poetical imagery. His metres are admirable, both in form and clearness. In his moods he is always sane, and he handles his material with a decision, a confidence, and a certainty that are quite refreshing. On one point, and one alone, a word of counsel may not be out of season. He should encourage the discipline of self-criticism. Some of the poems in his book are too long; some might well have been omitted altogether. And, though there was never a book of poetry produced yet that was wholly free from technical irregularities, it is a fact that Mr Noyes' metres are so good that "allowable" rhymes like 'creature' and 'nature' do far more damage to his verses than they do in average cases. One illustration will support both these

contentions. "A Song of England" is admirable in metre, and, except for the sixth stanza, in writing; but that one verse is packed with incorrect rhymes in total contradistinction to the manner of the rest of the poem, and could perfectly well be spared without injuring the sequence of the poem as a whole. Mr Noyes will remember Tennyson's continual striving towards condensation. Fluency is a splendid gift when kept under control; but for lack of restraint, it is all too likely to spread, and to end by swamping all the flowers in the garden. And it is because Mr Noyes is so richly endowed in all that makes for poetry that he may, as a compliment, be urged to keep himself in hand,—not to write too much, and not to write too often: for his life is all before him; he has plenty of time; and he may of right look forward to a future, the limitations of which it would be difficult to forecast.

THE MARRIAGE BOND.

AMONG those whose names appear in the obituary lists of 1904 was a man who had been affectionately known for two generations by a large and yet rather close circle of friends. Of a retiring disposition, which became more and more marked as he grew older, he had nevertheless a perfect genius for society, as was shown as often as he appeared in it. Nor was there much difficulty in discovering what worked the charm. Gentle manners and bright and ready wits were less than half the explanation. An extremely sympathetic temperament brings us nearer to the secret: which is fully revealed when we learn that, instructed by sympathy, he brought all earthly righteousness into the simple formula, Social loyalty, social rectitude. To him, everything was fortunate or unfortunate, right or wrong, according as it tended to strengthen, purify, and adorn the relations of society, or to deharmonise and degrade them. All the little obligations, courtesies, kindnesses that thread the social class to which he belonged were matters of moment to him. Much more therefore was he concerned with the stronger bonds that should run throughout the community as a whole, like the ties in the frame of a ship, and, above all, the elementary principles—fewer than the Ten Commandments, wherein most of them are embodied—upon which

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every social organism is built, if built to last. Christian or pagan, village or kingdom, they are its necessary foundation.

As we see every day, views like these may be held where they have but small effect on the character and conduct of the person who holds them. But Mr ——'s friends would say (we must give him a name, but are only allowed to do so by an alias)—the friends of Mr Peters would say that in his case we have to speak of instincts rather than views. Reading and reflection only confirmed what was implanted in his nature. And these instincts being singularly capable of working into all the affairs and relations of life, from the least to the greatest, they were kept in constant operation. There was the same call upon them at the dinner-table as in the council-room, and from George Peters the same ever-ready response. Yet for all this, and the helpfulness in great and little things that was the consequence, it is likely enough that he would have been less "popular" without a certain eccentricity which was always amusing, though sometimes puzzling for a kind of daring innocence.

This last-named characteristic is not very uncommon, but it seldom endures beyond middle age. It remained a Peters characteristic to the last. In the same month in which he died—he being then near his

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THE CRISIS IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.

PARIS, 16th January 1905.

A CRISIS in the Government of any civilised country should interest all those who live under similar institutions. And, *a fortiori*, it should enlist the attention of Britons, whose constitution has been the model upon which Europe and the United States have formed their several systems of government. But I doubt whether the recent crisis in the Government of France has been observed in Great Britain so closely as it deserves to be. It may be because the majority of our countrymen, being men of business, either go far afield for their markets or stop at home altogether, and so overlook the vital affairs of their next-door neighbours. It may be because France is geographically almost one with ourselves, and we consider her as little as the ordinary Londoner considers the British Museum or Westminster Abbey. Yet it may be also that the majority of us are not attracted to the affairs of other people when those affairs are presented to us in the abstract light of a telegraphic summary in our daily newspaper. We need some pictorial link to bind their emotions to our own,—some attempt to capture the attention of the mind by the assistance of the eye, and of those other human sympathies which are popularly supposed to reside in "the heart."

To those, then, who find a genuine difficulty in taking an ordinary interest in the daily political life of France, let me endeavour to present, but not to criticise, the picture of a crisis in that life—with the preliminary observation that, owing to the present agreeable relations subsisting between our two countries, we have almost an obligation to feel solicitude for our friends and for their public health.

The opening of the present session of the French Chamber brought a peck of troubles to the Prime Minister. Recent events had caused a serious split amongst his followers, and secessions from the "bloc" were both numerous and important. The first shock was experienced when, by secret voting, the Government candidate for the Speaker's office was defeated. The next blow came upon Saturday the 14th January, when the Government majority fell to 14, then to 8, and then to 6. This was the first public demonstration of the growing hostility to the Government of the day; the first-fruits of the violent antipathies aroused by the closing of the religious schools, the promised separation of Church and State, the new system of private detection, which is alleged to have been set up by the Government in nearly every household of France, to spy upon those who hold any kind of position in public or private trust. It is

with this second onslaught that my paper will concern itself. The battle was fought on a "motion for adjournment," which was in reality a vote of censure upon the Government generally, and upon M. Combes in particular. The outposts had met on the previous evening, and one damaging assault was delivered by M. Deschanel (an ex-Speaker) against his former colleagues; but on this famous Saturday it was a case of continuous fighting at close range from two o'clock in the afternoon until past midnight.

Picture the scene. Outside, a seething mass of people who are unable to gain admittance to the Chamber, waiting patiently for every scrap of news that can be conveyed to them from within—for the fate of the Government rests upon the issue of to-day. Inside, lobbies full of strangers with cards of admission, not one member to be seen amongst them. These are all seated in the historic horse-shoe Chamber: Conservatives and Clericals on the right, Moderates in the centre, Radicals and Socialists upon the left; above twelve tiers of members' benches rise two lines of boxes, overflowing already with an eager and anxious audience of strangers. Facing the excited and expectant house, stands the orator; and behind and above him sits the Speaker, surrounded by officials of the House of Commons. M. Doumer, poor man, is new to the chair: he has only had four days of it, and a historic

crisis is already upon him. He was elected by a surprise majority of Conservatives and malcontent Radicals, who are expected before midnight to turn out the Government. He is pale and nervous; his voice is weak; and the dignity of his position is not enhanced by the constant banging of his desk with a small wooden paper-knife and the ringing of a hand-bell, which are his only instruments for keeping order during the speeches. The sitting opens peacefully enough, comparatively speaking, with an essay from a Socialist member upon the merits of the poor and the demerits of the Code Napoléon which protects the rich! Nobody pays any great attention to him, for all eyes are fixed upon the Prime Minister, a small white-haired old gentleman, hook-nosed and bearded, who crouches on the front bench in the centre of the horse-shoe. He springs to the vacant Tribune, which looks suspiciously like the "dock" on this occasion, and faces the house. . . . Then the noise began, which never ceased for two consecutive minutes until the small hours of the morning. And when I say "noise" I do not mean the ordinary clamour of the British House of Commons, which can be bad enough at times; it is something far more intense than that. The lids of desks are banged incessantly; shrill hoots, like the sound of fog-horns in the Mersey on a murky night, rend the air; volleys of derisive laughter, salvoes of frenzied cheering,

arms waving, fists shaking, exchange of violent expressions between various sections of the excited House,—this was the atmosphere in which the Prime Minister proceeded to defend the Government of France. It was an uneven performance: he has but one tone in his voice; but one gesture, and that with the right arm. Contemptuous in substance, almost apologetic in presentation, and full of apprehension for its effect, the speaker continued for nearly three hours his long-expected oration. It cannot be said of these French speeches that they are either conceived in a spirit of conciliation or delivered in the hope of allaying excitement; indeed, such an effect would be considered wearisome to the last degree by our neighbours across the Channel; and, inasmuch as “boring” people is the one unpardonable crime in all countries nowadays, the “soft word” is not wasted upon the wrath that would far rather not be turned away.

After M. Combes’ speech, which lasted two hours and forty minutes (in fulfilment of his opening promise to be “brief and to the point”), there was a short *entr’acte* of twenty minutes granted by the President, during which all parties rested from their arduous labours. But, on the resumption of hostilities, it was seen that the ferocity of the attack had not abated. First a private member, then an ex-Secretary for War, charged the Government in unmistakable language with the worst

of public crimes, instigated by the lowest political motives. Everything came under review: the condition of the army, the Dreyfus case, the espionage system, the closing of religious establishments, the income-tax proposals, and the management of the Legion of Honour. This last question roused the greatest excitement, for nobody could extract any explanation of certain recent events concerning that honourable body out of M. Combes. He merely said it was a question for the fountain of honour, the President of the Republic, and not for him: so far as he was concerned the incident was over. So surprising a reply brought old M. Ribot to his feet: he bounded to the Tribune, mounting the steps two at a time in his passion of opposition. A splendid old figure is this ex-Prime Minister. In face very like the late Lord Morris, and in his resonant voice and noble bearing not less so. He has a perfect parliamentary manner, that polishes many of the shafts which he launches at the luckless head of his successor with telling effect. His speech was the best so far, and rallied the Opposition, both ancient and modern, to even greater efforts in the way of novel interruption. Indeed, at this point some occupants of the various galleries, strangers or senators, took their share in the general demonstration, and illustrated the objection to a number of enthusiastic persons “thinking aloud” at the same time. It was obvious that M.

Ribot's speech had made a great effect, and must be immediately answered. M. Jaurès was the next to "catch the Speaker's eye," but he gave way at once to the present Secretary for War, whose intervention met with undeniable success. He is a tall powerful man, with strong gestures and an incisive voice. His speech was short, courageous, and independent; it was somewhat autobiographical, introducing the personal note which is popular in all assemblies, and cheered up the Government supporters, whom Ribot had considerably depressed. He referred, modestly enough, to his own reputation for bravery and independent thought, which two months of office-bearing had not destroyed; and then proceeded to ask for time to go into the Legion of Honour question, which he promised to examine without bias or favour. It was a manly little speech, delivered at exactly the right moment, and M. Berteaux must have been well satisfied with his work when he saw the serried ranks on the Government benches rise in their places, shouting with delight, upon the conclusion of his speech, and when he grasped in swift succession the score of hands held out to greet him as he returned to his seat. All eyes were once more fixed on Ribot, who, by a direct challenge, had elicited this telling reply: what would he do? There was no uncertainty in his mind, however: the old war-horse reveling in the joy of battle showed no hesitation, felt no fear.

Once more he mounted to the Speaker's platform; and, with increasing violence of language and wealth of gesture, hurled once more his charges of tyranny, weakness, dishonesty, and treachery at his opponents' heads. The temperature was fast rising; the atmosphere was charged to its fullest with the electricity of party passion; the impression was reminiscent of a panic in the Wheat Pit at Chicago; anything might happen. This was the opportunity for Jaurès, the stormy petrel of the Assembly. He fills a place somewhat similar to that occupied by Mr Chamberlain in our Parliament. He is a past-master in the arts of electioneering, a brilliant orator, a man of the strongest political convictions, the possessor of many enemies and many friends. Let it but be whispered that "Jaurès is going to speak to-day," and the benches and galleries will be filled full early in the afternoon. Short, thick-set, full-bearded, and lynx-eyed, he possesses a matchless voice, which he modulates with the skill of a consummate actor: the mobility of his face, the freedom of his movements, the beauty of his language, combine to secure for him the first place amongst French orators of the present day, and to assure him of the attention which genius must command. To this appreciation of Jaurès every deputy would subscribe in *theory*; but upon Saturday night genius had to stand aside for party exigency, and Jaurès had a difficult audience

THE RAWHIDE.—CONCLUSION.

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

CHAPTER XL.—THE CAPTURE.

ALTHOUGH he had left the room so suddenly, Señor Johnson did not at once open the gate of the adobe wall. His demeanour was gay, for he was a westerner, but his heart was black. Hardly did he see beyond the convexity of his eyeballs.

The pony, warmed up by its little run, pawed the ground, impatient to be off. It was a fine animal, clean built, deep-chested, one of the mustang stock descended from the Arabs brought over by Pizarro. Sang watched fearfully from the slant of the kitchen-window. Jed Parker, even, listened for the beat of horse's hoofs.

But Señor Johnson stood stock-still, his brain absolutely numb and empty. His hand brushed against something which fell to the ground. He brought his dull gaze to bear on it. The object proved to be a black wrinkled spheroid baked hard as iron in the sun,—one of Estrella's toys, a potato squeezed to dryness by the constricting power of the rawhide. In a row along the fence were others. To Señor Johnson it seemed that thus his heart was being squeezed in the fire of suffering.

But the slight movement of the falling object roused him. He swung open the gate. The pony bowed his head

delightedly. He was not tied, but his reins depended straight to the ground, and it was a point of honour with him to stand. At the saddle-horn, in its sling, hung the *riata*, the "rope" without which no cow-man ever stirs abroad, but which Señor Johnson had rarely used of late. Señor Johnson threw the reins over, seized the pony's mane in his left hand, held the stirrup with his right, and so swung easily aboard, the pony's jump helping him to the saddle. Wheel-tracks led down the trail. He followed them.

Truth to tell, Señor Johnson had very little idea of what he was going to do. His action was entirely instinctive. The wheel-tracks held to the south-west, so he held to the south-west too.

The pony hit his stride. The miles slipped by. After seven of them the animal slowed to a walk. Señor Johnson allowed him to get his wind, then spurred him on again. He did not even take the ordinary precautions of a pursuer. He did not even glance to the horizon in search.

About supper-time he came to the first ranch-house. There he took a bite to eat and exchanged his horse for another. The two men asked no questions.

"See Mrs Johnson go

through?" asked the señor from the saddle.

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The night was very still and very dark, the stars very bright in their steady candle-like glow. The man, loping steadily on through the blackness, recalled that other night, equally still, equally dark, equally starry, when he had driven out from his accustomed life into the unknown, with a woman by his side, the sight of whom asleep had made him feel "almost holy." He uttered a short laugh.

The pony was a good one, well equal to twice the distance he would be called upon to cover this night. Señor Johnson managed him well. By long experience and a natural instinct he knew just how hard to push his mount, just how to keep inside the point where too rapid exhaustion of vitality begins.

Toward the hour of sunrise he drew rein to look about him. The desert, till now lapped in the thousand little noises that make night silence, drew breath in preparation for the awe of the daily wonder. It lay across the world heavy as a sea of lead, and as lifeless, deeply unconscious, like an exhausted sleeper. The sky bent above, the stars paling. Far away the mountains seemed to wait. And then imperceptibly those in the east became blacker and sharper, while those in the west became faintly lucent and lost the distinctness of their outline. The change was nothing, yet everything. And suddenly a desert bird sprang into the air and began to sing.

Señor Johnson caught the wonder of it. The wonder of it seemed to him wasted, useless, cruel in its effect. He sighed impatiently and drew his hand across his eyes.

The desert became grey with first light before the glory. In the illusory revealment of it Señor Johnson's sharp frontiersman's eyes made out an object moving away from him in the middle distance. In a moment the object rose for a second against the skyline, then disappeared. He knew it to be the buckboard, and that the vehicle had just plunged into the dry bed of arroyo.

Immediately life surged through him like an electric shock. He unfastened the riata from its sling, shook loose the noose, and moved forward in the direction in which he had last seen the buckboard.

THE RAWHIDE.—CONCLUSION.

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

CHAPTER XI.—THE CAPTURE.

ALTHOUGH he had left the room so suddenly, Señor Johnson did not at once open the gate of the adobe wall. His demeanour was gay, for he was a westerner, but his heart was black. Hardly did he see beyond the convexity of his eyeballs.

The pony, warmed up by its little run, pawed the ground, impatient to be off. It was a fine animal, clean built, deep-chested, one of the mustang stock descended from the Arabs brought over by Pizarro. Sang watched fearfully from the slant of the kitchen-window. Jed Parker, even, listened for the beat of horse's hoofs.

But Señor Johnson stood stock-still, his brain absolutely numb and empty. His hand brushed against something which fell to the ground. He brought his dull gaze to bear on it. The object proved to be a black wrinkled spheroid baked hard as iron in the sun, —one of Estrella's toys, a potato squeezed to dryness by the constricting power of the rawhide. In a row along the fence were others. To Señor Johnson it seemed that thus his heart was being squeezed in the fire of suffering.

But the slight movement of the falling object roused him. He swung open the gate. The pony bowed his head

delightedly. He was not tied, but his reins depended straight to the ground, and it was a point of honour with him to stand. At the saddle-horn, in its sling, hung the *riata*, the "rope" without which no cow-man ever stirs abroad, but which Señor Johnson had rarely used of late. Señor Johnson threw the reins over, seized the pony's mane in his left hand, held the stirrup with his right, and so swung easily aboard, the pony's jump helping him to the saddle. Wheel-tracks led down the trail. He followed them.

Truth to tell, Señor Johnson had very little idea of what he was going to do. His action was entirely instinctive. The wheel-tracks held to the southwest, so he held to the southwest too.

The pony hit his stride. The miles slipped by. After seven of them the animal slowed to a walk. Señor Johnson allowed him to get his wind, then spurred him on again. He did not even take the ordinary precautions of a pursuer. He did not even glance to the horizon in search.

About supper-time he came to the first ranch-house. There he took a bite to eat and exchanged his horse for another. The two men asked no questions.

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Worse still, it was said that the general, to whom all Europe bowed the knee, had been lamentably deficient in discipline. "Many of the military officers were useless," writes one correspondent in his crude fashion, "applying for leave on days when there were attacks, and leaving the command to sergeants. The naval officers were useless, and were generally drunk." Nor is this the end of the indictment. It is even hinted that Stössel's surrender was vigorously opposed by his colleagues, and that the other generals would never have deserted the stronghold had they been permitted to keep the flag flying. And, indeed, there seems no reason why the Russians should not have withstood the attack of their enemies for many weeks longer. We are assured by the correspondents that the food-supply was sufficient for three months, and that as yet no private stores were commandeered. The Russians, moreover, were well supplied with ammunition: there still remained to them more than eighty thousand shells and some two millions of rifle cartridges. But the greatest surprise of all was reserved for the moment when the Russian army marched out with all the honours of war. The eyes of the whole civilised world were upon them, and the sympathetic imagination pictured a few maimed and wounded heroes crawling out against their will from a fortress which their great hearts were still resolute to defend.

And there came forth from Port Arthur not only a band of disabled stragglers, but an army of more than 20,000 men, who had lacked nothing but vegetables, and whose worst suffering had been caused by scurvy. Would it be possible to find in history a more complete contradiction? On the one hand we hear the lofty boast, "Port Arthur shall be my grave"; on the other we see with our mind's eye the surrendered officers "happy and cheerful," delighting in the amiability of their enemies, and praying that their compatriots on the Shaho may soon share with them the inestimable privileges of an enforced peace.

Such is the fashion in which history is composed by eye-witnesses, and while we gladly suspend our own judgment, we cannot but marvel at the misguided dogmatism which persuades the correspondents to assume a knowledge of passing events which they cannot possibly possess. After all, it is no easier for a journalist to discover what is happening in Port Arthur, if he happens to be living at Chifu, than if he stayed at home in his back office. Few men are able to recognise facts, even if they lie beneath their eyes, and the seat of war is not uncommonly a mere factory of gossip. But the standard of truth set up by our journals is not high; the correspondents must find news at any cost, and their messages are faithfully printed as though they bore the impress of the gospel. And even if a correspondent be permitted

to discover the truth, he tricks it out in all the coloured rags of a false picturesqueness, until it becomes unintelligible. He resembles the historian condemned by Lucian. This artist's "description of the Emperor's shield," we are told, "takes up a whole book. He makes a Gorgon's head swell out of the middle of it, with horrible staring snakes about it, instead of a head of hair. His belt he compares to the rainbow. What an inundation of words to describe Vologesus' coat and bridle, and Osroës' head, when he swam over the Tigris! Thence he carries him into a cave, so thickly shaded with laurels, myrtle, and ivy, that the sunbeams cannot penetrate them." How well we know this vain endeavour to write finely, and how sincerely we may ask with Lucian, What impertinent circumstances are these? However, impertinent or not, it is these circumstances upon which we depend for our knowledge of contemporary history, and though we know how little we may believe the words of "eye-witnesses," in a century their reports may have taken on the dignity of age, and may even appear credible to our great-great-grandchildren.

But one fact emerges from the many contradictions of the newspapers: Port Arthur is in the hands of the Japanese, who after ten years have taken an ample revenge upon those who robbed them of the fruits of victory. And the achievement affects others besides themselves. Henceforth a new Power will take part in the

councils of the world, a Power which can be neither patronised nor neglected. Nowhere in history can you match this sudden rise to greatness. Some fifty years ago Japan was despised as a mere horde of savages by the Western nations, which she rigidly excluded from her ports. To-day she has not only struck a blow at Russia's power in the East: she has proclaimed herself the rival of Germany and England. If it be true that the Pacific will be the battlefield of the future, then we shall all have to reckon with the new-risen empire of the Mikado. For ourselves we have no fear of the yellow peril; but nevertheless it is clear that a new factor is introduced into politics, and that Japan will never again be carelessly set aside by a conspiracy of three interested Powers. When once peace is declared, there are many questions which will demand solution. At present Japanese emigrants are excluded from some of our Colonies, as though they belonged to an inferior and undesirable race. But if they come off victorious in their struggle with Russia, they can hardly submit to an affront which is not offered to other civilised peoples. Moreover, they will doubtless prove an active competitor in the trade and empire of the East, and there is no nation which they can injure more effectually than England. But, apart from the fact that they are bound to us by the chain of an equal alliance, we need not dread their hostility. There is no reason

why the interests of England should conflict with the interests of Japan. And even if a long peace were not necessary to her recuperation, it is against Germany and not against us that Japan would direct her arms. However, whatever happens, the future is doubtful and obscure, and it is no small satisfaction to think that we shall witness in the next few years the opening of a new and unexpected chapter in the world's history.

Meanwhile, Russia has found an even fiercer foe at home than that which confronts her in Manchuria. The Czar's courage has once more failed him at the critical moment, and he has missed an opportunity of gaining popularity, which has fallen to the lot of few autocrats. Had he faced the mob, which demanded an audience, he would have won, by a single gesture, a new army of adherents. The hatred which a costly war has inspired in the minds of an impoverished people might have been forgotten in an instant. Had he had the generous thought which flashed into the brain of Richard II., himself not a miracle of courage; had he said to his subjects, "I will be your leader," and offered redress for their grievances, he would have assured the loyalty of his people, and established his throne upon the rock of enthusiastic gratitude. But he did none of these things. Like many another weak man, he chose what may have appeared for the moment the stronger course. He hid himself in a

palace, and had the crowd of strikers shot down as though they had been caught red-handed in rebellion. The result is that we may discern in Russia all the signs of a revolution. The brutal ferocity which, towards the end of the eighteenth century, deluged France in blood had a smaller beginning, and less excuse, than the massacre which has taken place in St Petersburg. Even in a season of profound peace, so thoughtless a massacre might mean the ruin of a dynasty. But its consequences cannot but be grave; and the Czar needs all the support that he can get to prosecute the war in Manchuria, when not merely his empire in the Far East, but his very throne itself, is in danger. Not even the most patient people in the world can be massacred into obedience by an autocrat's artillery, nor dragooned into silence by Imperial Guards. To make a wilderness and call it peace is the policy of a madman, and yet the Czar had no other argument to give the workmen of St Petersburg than gunpowder.

So far, it must be admitted that the people has behaved with dignity and moderation. Led by Father Gapon, a zealous priest, and Maxim Gorky, after Tolstoi the most distinguished of Russian novelists, it asked no more than permission to submit its grievances to the Czar. The leaders did their utmost to secure a quiet hearing; but the official barrier was not to be crossed, and the workmen marched upon the palace not knowing what their recep-

tion was to be. Their doubts, however, were soon set at rest. The Cossacks and Uhlans met them first with the knout and then with bullets. Hundreds perished for their temerity, and we are probably now merely on the threshold of disaster. Meanwhile, Father Gapon has told the working men of Russia that there is no Czar, and that it is time for them to begin without their sovereign to carry on the struggle for national freedom. We are no advocates of bloodshed and revolution. We do not believe that assassination has ever furthered a good cause. But the Russians of to-day have a far deeper grievance than that which urged the French of 1789 to revolt. Moreover, the policy of carnage was not theirs. They asked no more than disoussion and redress, and it would have been well if the Czar had remembered Bacon's wise remedy for sedition. "To give moderate liberty for griefs and discontentments to evaporate," said the philosopher, "is a safe way. For he that turneth the humours back, and maketh the wound bleed inwards, endangereth malign ulcers, and pernicious impostumations." The Czar has turned the humours back, and who shall say how malign the ulcers will prove which he has endangered?

To-day, then, the eyes of all are turned to the East—to Russia in revolt and to the rising sun of Japan, to the East which held the interest and inflamed the imagination of

Benjamin Disraeli. And there is some reason, even in the political situation, why we should again regard the achievements of the most original, and, in some respects, the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century. That there has been a revival of admiration for Disraeli is indisputable. The world has even discovered the brilliant merits of his novels, which were decried for many years as wildly extravagant. New editions of these entertaining works are being published on all hands—the surest sign of a living popularity. And of these editions none is better than 'Vivian Grey,' published at the De la More Press, and prefaced by Mr Lucian Wolf. Written when its author was little more than twenty years of age, this romance has defied extinction, even though its author would have been glad to suppress it. That it has the faults of inexperience is obvious. "Books written by boys," said Disraeli, "which pretend to give a picture of manners, and to deal in knowledge of human nature, must be affected." And 'Vivian Grey' is affected in style, in plot, and in character. Nevertheless, it possesses the quality of sincerity—a sincerity to youth and high spirits. The author was so splendidly convinced of his own omniscience, that there was no project, either active or literary, which he would not have essayed. Of course, he wrote in the fashion of the time, and if you had patience to compare 'Vivian Grey' with its forgotten con-

temporaries, you would see that it echoed the poplar catch-words, and reflected the popular interests with some accuracy. It is Byronic, it is lackadaisical, it is fantastic. Its hero cares not for dinner so long as he is in time for the guava and liqueurs. But under the velvet glove of æstheticism there is the iron hand of action, and Vivian Grey, when he is not displaying his eloquence, is ready to manage mankind "by studying their tempers, and humouring their weaknesses." In other words, he has always "a smile for a friend, and a sneer for the world." But to whatever page you turn in this romance you find traces of the life and energy which were characteristic of its author. He tried many things in his life, and save in poetry he always succeeded. And if 'Vivian Grey' is puerile, as Disraeli called it, it still bears upon it the mark of genius. The mark of genius, indeed, is visible upon all that Disraeli ever wrote, save only the 'Revolutionary Epic'; and a brief year after the second part of 'Vivian Grey' was written, he published a veritable masterpiece in 'Popanilla,' which can be compared only with the works of Lucian, and which loses nothing in the comparison. Born in a library, as he said, he was always a master of his craft, and though bred upon books, he always wrote and thought like a man. Read, for instance, the earliest speeches printed in Mr Keibel's admirable collection, and you will find, even in

their wild exaggerations, a maturity of thought, and a lucidity of utterance, which escape the most of politicians to the end.

Moreover, when Benjamin Disraeli wrote 'Vivian Grey,' he was not wholly without knowledge of the world. He had had one unique experience. Readers of Mr Smiles' 'History of the House of Murray' will remember that he was concerned with a speculator named Bowles in establishing that hapless journal, 'The Representative.' As Murray's friend, the young Disraeli had been on a mission to Chiefswood. He had talked to Sir Walter and Lockhart with the utmost temerity, and had been treated by them "in a manner the most confidential that you can possibly conceive." With all the courage of twenty years, he had offered Lockhart the director-generalship of an immense organ, and had suggested that he should be placed "at the head of a band of high-bred gentlemen and important interests." The project failed, and Disraeli was left in Murray's debt. But the debt was presently repaid, and Disraeli was the richer by an experience which he could never forget, and from which he might infer whatever he did not know of life.

Mr Wolf suffers in his introduction, as all those must suffer who attempt to make bricks without straw. He has neglected none of the few sources of information which are open to us. He has analysed whatever Mr Smiles and Sir Henry Layard have to tell us; and he

has discovered that Disraeli wrote 'Vivian Grey' to pay a sum of money which he owed to John Murray. His discovery, we think, is too ingenious. It might well be argued that all works have been inspired by poverty. Maybe Shakespeare would not have written 'Hamlet' had he been a multi-millionaire. But though an honourable sense of the duty we owe to our creditors is one of the mainsprings of human endeavour, genius is a surer guide to literary excellence than debt. Moreover, even if an obligation incurred to Murray urged the young Disraeli to work, it did not dictate what form that work should take, and Disraeli wrote 'Vivian Grey' because he could not help it. He could not help being a man of letters any more than he could refrain from statesmanship, for he was born with the twin faculty of literature and politics. In brief, necessity is no more the cause of a book than a pot of ink and a quill pen. They are all three useful adjuncts, and that is all that can be said by the most hardened dogmatist.

When Disraeli's first novel was published the critics complained that it owed its success to Colburn's audacious puffing. The fragment of Lord Beaconsfield's unfinished novel has been ushered into the world under similar auspices. It has been advertised like a popular encyclopædia or a patent candle, and it might well have dispensed with this preliminary adulation. For it is a genuine fragment of the master, composed by the same hand which

wrote 'Sybil' and 'Lothair.' What would we not give were it complete! In almost every line there are touches of the old irony and the familiar humour. The sketch of Clapham Common, with its "schools and hymns and Bible-classes and tract distributions and industrial homes," could only have been drawn by one hand. And then there is the man of mystery who makes but a furtive appearance, and who might, had the work been finished, have been another Sidonia. Above all, there is Joseph Toplady Falconet, the young statesman with more eloquence than humour, who would have been the most lifelike portrait of Disraeli's most determined opponent, W. E. Gladstone. Nor did Disraeli's skill in making phrases desert him in this last fragment. How excellent is his observation that there is a freemasonry among prigs, and that all prigs spoke of Falconet as of the coming man! Admirable, too, is Lord Bertram's advice to the young politician to leave "the Red Sea alone," as "it was a miracle that saved us from being drowned in it before." In brief, the very excellence of the fragment makes us regret the more deeply that we shall never know the fate of Joseph Toplady Falconet. Wellnigh seventy years separate the juvenility of 'Vivian Grey' from the assured irony of these unfinished chapters. But the hand that wrote them is the same, and of few novelists may it be said, as of Disraeli, that he kept his talents undimmed unto the last.

A STUDY OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

BY CHASSEUR.

II. THE LAND CAMPAIGN TO THE PASSAGE OF THE YALU.

WE have shown in a previous article the considerations which prompted the Naval Department of Japan to throw down the gauntlet to the Russian Pacific Squadron. It was prepared to carry out to the letter all it promised to the Cabinet. The past year has proved that it did not underestimate the task which stood in front of it. It is now our intention to make a brief and cursory study of the land operations as conducted by the Japanese War Department. Considering the high estimate which the Western world placed upon Russia's military organisation, it was not so much the fact that the Japanese were prepared to face the Russians on the water that impressed Europe, as that they should also contemplate land operations on a large scale. As far as we can judge, it was the Japanese navy that was the less confident of the two services. The War Department in Tokio entertained little apprehension with regard to the success of their land operations, provided the navy could carry out its share in the general scheme. We will presently show the reason for this confidence. Meanwhile we will study the Russian military attitude towards Japan.

Not unnaturally the Russian

military attitude was based upon political assurances, and, as was shown in the previous article, the political interests prevailing in the Far East were naval, and the Russian navy was optimistic to an extent wholly unjustified except by its paper value. As a consequence of this optimism, Russia suddenly found herself confronted with a situation for which her preparation was practically nil. We in the West do not understand this; but there was not a single Russian weakness in the Far East hidden from the knowledge of the Japanese Intelligence Department.

Politically, Russia did not believe that Japan would ever dare make the venture: navally, Russia classed a conflict with Japan as a picnic; and, militarily, Russia never gave the matter serious consideration. It is difficult to understand how Russia could have been so misinformed as to the genuine character of the Japanese attitude throughout the negotiations. It is almost impossible for the essayist to wrestle with all the conflicting reasons which underlay Russia's foreign policy. But we feel sure that to some degree Russia's disaster may be traced to their representative in Tokio. Baron Rosen, the Russian Minister,

had been in Japan during the early days of his service. Since his return, after a lapse of years, as Minister to the reformed capital, he had never been able to disassociate from the Japanese character impressions which he had formed when the people were swaying in the throes of a national reformation. In those days it was almost impossible to take the nation seriously, and Baron Rosen as Minister never emancipated himself from the views which he formed when a junior secretary. Consequently we may surmise that the Foreign Office in St Petersburg read their naval and military attachés' estimate of preparation and progress through the Minister's spectacles.

On the 1st of February 1904 the Japanese Government were determined to take the fateful step. The Japanese War Office was prepared, as soon as the navy should have succeeded in obtaining reasonable command of the seas, to throw into Manchuria an army of 220,000. Although on this date this force was not already mobilised, yet the mobilisation warnings were in circulation, and every preparation was ready to allow of an instant embarkation. In Russian Manchuria there existed a very different state of affairs. We have seen no published estimate of the Russian garrison in their trans-Amur province that has

not been 50 per cent above the estimate existing in the Japanese Intelligence Department. We were told by some authorities that, on the outbreak of war, Russia had 200,000 men east of the Amur; by others that she had 150,000; and by all that 200,000 was the full limit which the carrying capacity of the trans-Siberian Railway could maintain. It may therefore come as a shock to the majority of military experts in this country to learn that the Japanese estimate of the Russian forces east of the Amur, on the 1st of February last year, was under 100,000 men. These numbers included railway-guard troops—11,000 infantry, 8400 cavalry, and 1200 gunners. Of the whole force 26,000, inclusive of railway-guards, were south of Mukden, 15,000 between Te-ling, Kirin, and Harbin inclusive, 11,000 scattered between Nikolak and Bukhatu, 16,000 between Posiet Bay and Khabarovsk; of the rest of the total 1000 were at Blagoveschensk, perhaps 10,000 in outlying posts, and just over 10,000 on the line of the Amur.¹ These figures, in conjunction with the poor estimate which European experts had made of the carrying capabilities of the trans-Siberian railway, are sufficient to explain the optimism of the Japanese War Department. They will further, to a very considerable degree, explain

¹ Mr Greener, in his book, 'A Secret Agent in Port Arthur' (Constable), states that there were 202,150 men east of Baikal. We prefer to believe the Japanese War Department, of whose estimate we have documentary evidence, as to the force south of the line of the Amur.

the phenomena of the Japanese initial successes.

We will now turn to the Japanese plan of campaign. Although it is impossible for any one at this period to make an authoritative statement, yet in view of the sequence in which events have followed each other in Manchuria during the past year, it is possible to arrive at a very accurate surmise. Three main objectives stand out in the Japanese campaign. The first and essential is the command of the sea. The second the occupation of Mukden; and the third the isolation, and incidentally the reduction, of Port Arthur. It was without doubt the intention of the Japanese, when they so rapidly gained a working command of the sea, to isolate Port Arthur, drive the Russians out of the rest of the Liao-tung peninsula, and to occupy Mukden before the severity of a Manchurian winter should paralyse military movements on a large scale. The impression also remains that, once this end had been accomplished, the Japanese would have been willing that diplomacy should end the struggle.

We now turn to the Russian plan of campaign. At the period the present paper covers we can almost dismiss it in a line, for until General Kuropatkin arrived to infuse some cohesion into the nerveless mili-

tary organisation no plan existed beyond a feeble endeavour to reinforce the threatened area of invasion, and a fevered haste to pour a garrison into Port Arthur. The Japanese opened their campaign with every component part of their armies in working order, while the similar organisation of Russia was in a state of chaos.

Before entering into the web of the land campaign, it may be as well, with the aid of the war-books¹ which are still under review, to make some small study of the material which both belligerents employed to hew out their destinies in this fight for national expansion. We readily turn to Mr Palmer for his pen-sketches both of the Japanese officer and private. Mr Palmer is an enthusiast, and though his descriptions, perhaps, point to exuberance, yet we can forgive that in the pen of a man who has written his essays in the camp of a victorious army. But with this slight discount his pictures seem to us lifelike. Take, for instance, his estimate of a Japanese general:—

“The general whom we see in paintings—the general of the old days of shock tactics—used to swing his sword and charge. The brigade Commander, Okasawa, was at this time watching the fight from the conical hill. Across the space of the valley was the white tower, where no doubt the Russian general in command looked on. And by the work of the armies that lay between

¹ The Russo-Japanese War, by T. Cowen (Arnold). With Kuroki in Manchuria, by Frederick Palmer (Methuen). The Campaign with Kuropatkin, by Douglas Story (T. Werner Laurie). Additional since 1st of January: A Secret Agent in Port Arthur, by William Greener (Constable). A Modern Campaign, by David Fraser (Methuen) (advance sheets).

them, you may know the two. Our Japanese generals know their ground and their men; and instead of becoming intent on any one piece, they follow the game as a whole. They make generalship as simple as a good approach from the green. Not until you see the sweaty effort of wasted energy on the part of a bad player do you realise the skill of the good one. Let dashing heroes who place themselves with their point take note; let general staffs whose machine is not ready sue for peace before war begins."

We will now turn and take another view. It has been fashionable in this country to jeer at the Russian senior officers. We have also had the reports of several special correspondents, who, chafing under the restrictions which the Russian Staff placed upon their movements, and anxious to pander to the most profitable market, returned to this country to paint their late hosts in desperate colours. It would be well for the unprejudiced student of this campaign to discount to a considerable degree these ill-natured reports concerning the Russian officer, as well as much of the eulogistic vapouring in which lick-spittlers have qualified the excellence of all things Japanese. From Mr Palmer's writings we judge him to be a man of the world as well as an artist. He sees the best in everything about him. It is because his eulogies of the Japanese are tempered with some restraint that we accept him as the best witness among those who have hitherto testified from personal knowledge of the character of the Japanese soldier. We will now turn

to Mr Douglas Story, and present his view of the Russian officer. Not because we altogether agree with the thesis of his work, not because we admire the selfish motives which threw him into the Russian camp, but because we think that he feels that many of his *confrères* with the Russian Army have been untruthful, not to say vicious, in the seed of abuse which they have sown in the ready soil awaiting them in this country. Between these two authorities, and with our own observation, we may help the reader to arrive at a fairer estimate than at the present moment would appear to exist. Mr Story says:—

"As a student the Russian staff officer is a gentleman and a soldier of rare intellectual attainment. He has been allowed to follow his bent, has been stimulated in the study of tongues, has been encouraged to investigate the psychology of the people dwelling upon the borders of the Czar's dominions.

"A born linguist, among the French he is a Frenchman, among the Germans he is a German, even among the Chinese a Chinaman. . . .

"The adaptability of the Russian is amazing; the result of a wide humanity and ready sympathy. The Russian is as devout as was ever any commandant of Boers, as scrupulous in the observances of his religion. His nearness to nature is at all times apparent; his faults and his virtues are those of a strong race, of a man whose blood runs warm in his veins. . . . As a soldier, the Russian officer is a strangely nervous fighter, a thoroughbred pawing at the starting-point. His nerves are all a-tingle, his face flushed, his speech quick and voluble. There is none of the steady calm of the British company officer; but there is courage

to address. No sooner had he begun his speech than a cry of "Don't let us hear him!" rose from the Opposition benches, and a Kentish fire from two hundred desk-lids, accompanied by a hooting as if from all the motor-cars in Europe, was the result. This was too much for the Socialists, to whom Jaurès is the ideal of all that is worth living for; and their reprisal was swift and effective. A little band of thirty young men marched across the floor of the House in Indian file, amid the enthusiastic cheers of their friends, and made their way to those benches on the right where the noise was loudest. Naturally, the Opposition resented this incursion, and from the preliminary scuffles a free fight seemed inevitable. In vain did the harassed Speaker thump his desk with the inadequate paper-knife, and ring his hand-bell until his wrist ached. Nobody paid the faintest attention; everybody seemed powerless to avail or to avert. So he took advantage of a rule which enables the Speaker, under such conditions, to suspend the sitting until a calmer atmosphere shall supervene. By this time it was nearly 10 o'clock; nobody had dined; everybody was hungry, and consequently cross. Downstairs in the lobbies the excitement was intense: the "manœuvre" was canvassed with great heat between groups of perfect strangers, and the result of the approaching division was the source of endless discussion. Upstairs the ladies in the strangers' gallery were

partially refreshed by sandwiches and "sirops" considerably sent to them by their member friends.

Soon a bell rang through the corridors, announcing that the sitting was resumed; and there, in his place, stood Jaurès, calm and collected, ready to continue where he left off. And so he did resume, in a somewhat less noisy Chamber, and in a strain of wonderful eloquence, his impassioned defence of a Government whose days were being numbered by hours. After a powerful peroration, he swept from the rostrum back into the bosom of the party which worships him, and the debate was closed. The Prime Minister then informed the House that the Government would stand or fall by the result of the division, and made the usual urgent appeal for support from his party. As a result he got a majority of 14 votes, which seemed small enough in all conscience, but which satisfied him. Then a curious scene took place, after the announcement of the figures by the Speaker: an ancient and respectable-looking deputy (very like Mr Samuel Smith, M.P.) approached the Prime Minister in rather an excited manner, and from the folds of a voluminous overcoat produced a large copper saucepan, with which (it was anticipated) he proposed to assault M. Combes. Such a project was mercifully frustrated by some stalwart men in livery, who wrenched the offending instrument from the old man's hand, and dragged

him somewhat forcibly away. Once again the sound of rage and fury filled the Chamber: some were for protecting Baudry d'Asson, who managed to throw an old spoon and a toy necklace (made of miniature medals and saucepans) at his opponent before he was got out of reach; others formed a body-guard round the person of the Prime Minister. In various parts of the Chamber lesser brawls were going on, which were temporarily suspended whilst M. Combes made a dignified appeal for protection from bodily injury to the Speaker. A vote of censure was next passed upon the aged humourist of the occasion, who had prematurely introduced the methods of Carnival-time into a parliamentary debate. And here the significance of the saucepan (*casseroles*) must be explained. It transpires that years ago the chief Government spy was an individual bearing the name of Casserole; and now every detective engaged in the eavesdropping profession is

immediately named after him. It is much more respectful to refer to persons in the service of Government as "saucepans" than as "spies." Two other divisions followed, being votes of confidence moved by Government "bonnets." Down went the majority to 8, and then to 6, by which time the fate of the Ministry was sealed, and with it the career of M. Combes was brought to a dramatic close. The tumult never abated one jot during the last few hours of the debate, and M. Doumer must have reflected as he left the Speaker's chair that night on the unwisdom of exchanging the silence of Indo-China for the civilisation of the Palais Bourbon.

And so the piece ended in uproar; the audience seemed tired of its title, of the costumes, of the actors. These will no doubt be changed in accordance with the public taste; then the play will be renewed, but the plot will remain the same.

IAN MALCOLM.

their hours of ease Muscovite and Manchurian stroll arm in arm through the streets of the villages. There is no brutality on the part of the one and no distrust on the part of the other. The Chinaman is intellectually the Russian peasant's superior, and he uses his intelligence to curb the muscularity of Ivan the good tempered. . . . The Russians possessed magnificent fighting material—great strong sons of the soil, who wasted no time in asking questions, who troubled not about comment or criticism, but who lacked the fierce fanaticism or the scientific direction which made their enemy irresistible."

There is little fault to be found with either of these summaries; but although on the surface they seem to differ widely, yet those of your readers who are soldiers will realise that, as food for powder, their opposite qualities bring them both to a very similar level. The Japanese is a fine fighting-man on account of his inherent discipline and patriotism. The Russian on account of his want of intelligence. Therefore, as both these critics agree that both armies possess the same military quality of dependence upon their immediate superiors, and as we have already allowed that the Japanese regimental officer possesses many points which are superior to the similar rank in the army of his enemies, we may safely venture the opinion that in the raw material necessary for war-making the Japanese had other advantages besides numbers. But in the finer instruments necessary to delicately mould this raw material after the regimental officer has shaped it, we have not yet had convincing proof that our

allies possess any striking advantage.

On February 9 the Japanese opened the land campaign by throwing a division into Korea. Twelve days later, General Kuropatkin was appointed to supreme military command in Russian Manchuria. As it was at least three weeks before he could arrive in the Far East to take up his appointment, we cannot consider that any military arrangements existing on the Russian side participated in any definite plan to counter this invasion of Korea. The only very sincere military undertaking was the frenzied endeavour to make Port Arthur, in the matter of works and garrison, impregnable, and a reinforcement of the weak garrison existing at Feng-hwang-cheng.

As the first two months of the land campaign only concern the first army corps of the Japanese army, we will, for the time being, confine our examination to the operations of this force. The first rôle of this army corps, which consisted in round numbers of 40,000 men commanded by General Kuroki, was to secure Korea against Russian invasion. It was composed of three divisions—the 2nd, the 12th, and the Guards. The 12th division landed at Chemulpo on February 8, under the protection of Admiral Uriu's squadron. At the same time one company landed in the vicinity of Haiju, with the special object of making a forced march to Ping Yang, which was the first main strategic point that the Japanese

wished to hold in Northern Korea. It was judged that, if they could reach this point before the Russians, its possession would enable Kuroki to consolidate his strength in the northern area of the Hermit Kingdom. This would answer the dual purpose of strengthening Japan's political hold over the Korean Court, and of guarding the land approaches of the advanced base which had been selected by the Navy.

At this period the winter had barely broken in Northern Korea, and the march to Ping Yang by the advance company was made in the teeth of almost arctic weather. The case of the rest of the division was not so strenuous. They immediately seized the railway and telegraphic communications of the whole peninsula. They established themselves in the capital, and, cantoning there for a few days, ensured sufficient political ascendancy to enable Mr Hayashi, the Japanese Minister, to render a final and crushing blow to Russian prestige and influence by the expulsion of Mr Pavloff, the Tzar's Plenipotentiary. This end effected, the division pushed up by brigades to Ping Yang, and established itself upon the northern strategic line. Climatic considerations necessitated a temporary halt at Ping Yang. Chemulpo was not destined to be the sea base of Kuroki's army. Chinampo, a treaty port, 120 miles north-west of Chemulpo, and 40 miles from Ping Yang, had been selected for this purpose; but,

unlike Chemulpo, Chinampo is an ice-bound port, and the Japanese therefore had to await the breaking up of the ice in the Ping Yang inlet. But for the time being the object desired had been attained, and Japan had ample time to complete the more intricate arrangements for the general invasion of Manchuria. Although we have found Mr Cowen so inaccurate that he is often ludicrous, yet we think that in matters which deal with Japan itself and of the China coast treaty ports he is worthy of attention. We may, therefore, safely quote him for the detail of the military movements which were taking place in Japan during the brief interval in the land operations, after the first dash for Ping Yang. He says:—

"The soldiers of Japan were all on the move, some already crossing the water to Korea, others coming down by train to the point of embarkation. The ships had been in readiness for days, some for weeks, to take troops on board. The railway companies throughout the land had been notified, and in the flash of a single simultaneous telegram, the ordinary running of trains was changed wherever necessary, and steady streams of armed men began to gravitate towards Sasebo, Nagasaki, Moji, Ujina, as if they had been so many streams of lava pouring simultaneously down the furrowed hillside of some mighty volcano which had slumbered for centuries and then suddenly began to pour out fire and molten metal."

From the above it will be seen that the Japanese machine was working perfectly from the central lever in Tokio. What a terrible parallel we find at this period in the ranks of the

Russians. A fevered effort to pour every available man and all available stores into Port Arthur, that fatal siren of the Pacific Fleet. A crude and almost purposeless attempt to counterbalance the loss of prestige in Korea by a hasty reinforcement of the miserable force at Feng-hwang-cheng, the latter reinforcement to be followed by a tepid excursion by timorous Cossack patrols south of the Yalu river. On February 28 a force of these Cossacks, more enterprising than their fellows, arrived within range of Ping Yang, to be hustled back by the Japanese force which had already been in occupation of that town over a fortnight. On the same day that the Cossacks reached the most southern point in their Korean expedition the ice in the Ping Yang inlet showed signs of disintegration, and three days later the entrance channel to the treaty port became navigable. Already the Japanese transports were at hand, and on March 4 the advance guards of the two remaining divisions commenced to disembark.

There are few appliances in the dangerous roadsteads of the inlet calculated to facilitate disembarkation either of troops or stores. The Japanese brought everything with them: they erected landing-piers of bamboo, the better to negotiate the mud-flats; they brought a flotilla of tugs and lighters from Japan; and in one week they had converted the wretched little Korean town which fringes the mud-flats into a veritable

military emporium, complete in every department, with godowns, repository works, and even a light railway.

Mr Palmer gives a further illustration of the Japanese genius in mastering detail. Writing of Chinampo as a military sea-base, he says:—

“From the steamer we could see the new unpainted barracks and storehouses, which rose with the magic that forethought and preparedness command, soon after the first transports dropped anchor. Beyond the piled stores, beyond the artillerymen scattered in the streets or taking their horses for exercise, there is nothing of the commotion to be expected of a great military debarkation.”

Each unit, as it landed, pushed forward to Ping Yang or in the direction of Anju, as the case might be. This army had its particular function to carry out. The hand on the lever in Tokio was still waiting on the climate. Although the ice had drifted down from the Ping Yang river, yet for a matter of three weeks or more the sea-entrance to the river Yalu would still be frozen. Kuroki's army, therefore, was detailed to push forward, and so establish itself within striking distance of the river Yalu, there to remain passive until its mouth should become practicable. For the time being everything that Kuroki's army required was landed at Chinampo, even to the pontoons, which were forwarded from Japan in sufficient numbers to enable the Yalu, if necessary, to be spanned in at least twelve places.

The student cannot fail to

notice the similitude which existed between the Japanese first move and the strategy they employed in their campaign against China in 1894. The Russians pushed down a force which they, doubtless, considered adequate in their present undermanned condition to delay the blow which was threatening from Korea. A certain number of elementary works, in spite of assurances to the opposite, had been commenced on the right bank of the Yalu before the outbreak of war. These were hastily improved, and for reasons which the officer commanding on the spot alone could give: these works were constructed to dispute a passage of the Yalu between the town of Chiu-lien-cheng and the sea. Observation posts of Cossacks still remained south of the Yalu; but they fell back immediately the advancing Japanese gained touch with them. The first recorded skirmish of any importance between these Russian observation groups and the Japanese advance screen took place at Teishu on March 27. On April 3, as the Japanese approached, the Russians evacuated Wiju, a more important village on the south bank of the Yalu, and by April 10, when the entrance of the river became practicable for navigation, General Kuroki was in possession of every approach which separated him from the Russians' selected position, and was prepared, as soon as the lever in Tokio should be turned, to attempt a passage at any of the

selected points. Before entering upon a study of the first actual decisive shock which took place between the rival armies, it will be as well to record a second step in the Japanese scheme. As soon as the Yalu became practicable, the whole of the northern coast-line of the Yellow Sea was free of ice. On April 13, true to his guarantee, Admiral Togo delivered the crushing blow to the Russian Pacific Squadron which lost them Makaroff and a first-class line-of-battle ship, and so destroyed their *morale* that the Japanese admiral was able to inform Tokio that his supremacy was sufficient to warrant the military department in proceeding with its operations. On this assurance, between April 15 and 20, a second great fleet of transports sailed from the Inland Sea and conveyed to the roadstead of Chinampo the *personnel* and material of the second army corps. This force was to remain at anchor within the friendly shelter of Kuroki's base until the passage of the Yalu had been attempted. In this wise it served a double purpose: in the event of the first army being checked, a portion of the second army could be landed to reinforce it; if, however, the operations of Kuroki's force proved successful, the second army would then be free to carry out the second step in the Japanese offensive campaign. Shortly after the Yalu became ice-free a portion of the fourth squadron—i.e., the gunboat squadron of the Japanese fleet—steamed up

towards Antung and took possession of Yongampo on the left bank of the river, and established it as an auxiliary base for the 1st army. The rival land forces were now in such juxtaposition that there was daily skirmishing. The Japanese general manoeuvred so as to confirm the Russians in their false impression that the passage would be attempted between Chiu-lien-cheng and the sea.

The threatened battle on the Yalu had a wider significance than attaches to a mere preliminary clash of arms in the beginning of a great campaign. For the first time in the history of the world the Occidental had been defeated by the pure Oriental on the element which had secured the Occidental supremacy in the East. An Oriental Power, throwing aside the trammels of Asiatic traditions, had usurped the secrets responsible for Western superiority in arms: had moulded them to its own uses, and entered the arena as the fully-diplomaed disciple. On sea the results had been disastrous to the Occidental. Would the working of Oriental evolution be crowned with similar results on land?

The West watched the issues with breathless expectation. They realised the far-reaching possibilities that were becoming unmasked in this remote corner of the globe. The Russian had never held a character as a sailor; but the West could remember a hundred incidents

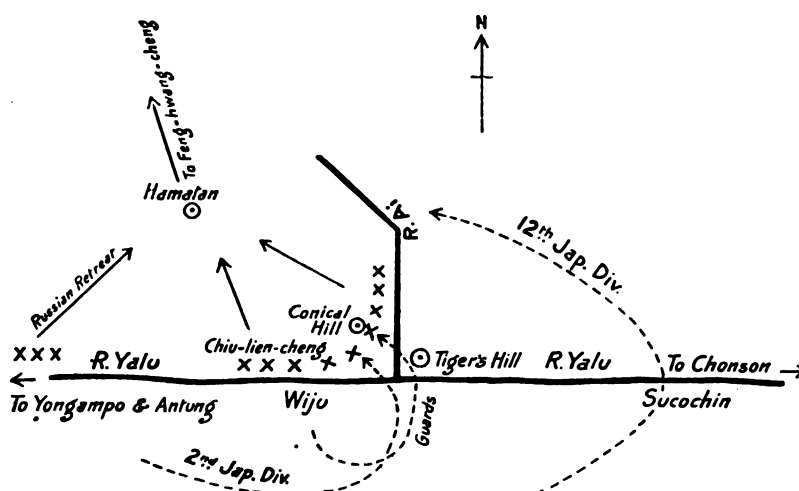
in evidence of his peculiar attributes as a soldier. His energies were not those of a vigorous foe; but the past had shown him to possess a quality of stubborn resistance, by which, in effect, he had attained results similar to those others gained by an exercise of military *elan*. A sympathetic Europe pinned its hopes upon Russian infantry. They had miscalculated the excellence of the similar arm in the Oriental metamorphosis. Sentimentally the battle of the Yalu was perhaps the most important incident in the first campaign. As a military incident it was far less noteworthy.

We cannot hope to do more than give an outline of the battle, and in passing correct many of the existing misconceptions concerning it. We will dispel the first, which is the estimate of the Russian numbers. On the outbreak of war the Russians had at Feng-hwang - cheng 1000 Siberian Rifles and some Cossacks. General Sassulitch was given the command of this threatened area, and during the next two months his command reached the total of 15,000 men with four batteries of field artillery.¹ As has been suggested, he had surmised that the Japanese would attempt to cross between Wiju and Yongampo, and he distributed his force between Antung and Chiu-lien-cheng, protecting in all a front of about twelve miles. Now the main strategical feature in the Russian position was the

¹ Thirty-two guns.

juncture of the river Ai, with the many streams which furnished the delta of the Yalu. Roughly speaking, the Ai comes into the Yalu almost at right angles, its final westerly loop enclosing the cluster of rock which furnished the Russian main position. The angles thus formed contain, on the left, Conical Hill, the position just above Chiu-lien-

cheng, and on the right, Tiger Hill, a great bluff which commands the whole theatre. Sassulitch, firm in his conviction that Kuroki intended to cross the Yalu lower down, rather than face a double passage of rivers, heavily prepared Conical Hill both as an artillery and infantry position, and only held the commanding bluff in the angle between the



ROUGH LINE DELINEATION OF YALU BATTLE.

xxx, Russian positions.

Hamatan to Conical Hill = 6 miles (approx.)

Ai and main stream as an outpost. The only rational interpretation that one can put upon Sassulitch's dispositions is that he had orders to make as brave a show as possible, in positions from which he could easily withdraw at the eleventh hour, with a force that was recognised to be numerically inferior both in men and artillery. Otherwise his dispositions are unintel-

ligible. If he had intended seriously to dispute the passage of the Yalu, he could not have failed to have intrenched Tiger Hill. But we can understand that as the commander of a delaying force he would not care to jeopardise a large portion of his command across the Ai. This view is strengthened by the knowledge that on April 25th General Kuropatkin personally in-

spected the Russian positions. Thus when Kuroki was prepared to strike, the Russians simply reinforced their outposts on Tiger Hill with a weak battalion of infantry and half a battery of artillery. Mr Fraser, an eyewitness, whose battle accounts it is a pleasure to quote, writes: "On 29th of April, however, it appeared as if the Russians began to suspect something. . . . Their outposts on Tiger Hill were reinforced by a battalion of infantry, two squadrons of Cossacks, and several guns." The bulk of their force remaining in the prepared position of Chiu-lien-cheng, consisting of about 8000 rifles, two and a half batteries of artillery. Against this Kuroki was able to operate with a complete army corps.

A study of the handling of Kuroki's force shows very clearly that the great General Staff intended that he should carry out his operations much after the manner in which the passage of the Yalu was accomplished in the Chinese War, also that they calculated for Chiu-lien-cheng and its given outpost Tiger Hill being held in greater strength than ultimately proved to be the case. Before arriving at the Yalu the army divided into three columns, the 2nd division deflected to the left, the Guards division advanced upon Wiju, and the 12th division upon Sucochin, six miles up-stream from Wiju; the latter division also detached a battalion which

went to Chonson on the Yalu, forty miles above Wiju. This brought the centre of the Japanese force practically opposite Chiu-lien-cheng, a trifle below the point of the right angle Sassulitch had chosen as his main defence. For nearly three weeks Kuroki coquetted with the Russians while he developed the Tokio plan. He made play with the 2nd division, which had sent a detachment to Yongampo in order to confirm Sassulitch in his conviction that the passage would be attempted from this flank. The whole movements of this wing were disclosed to the Russians across the river, while the Guards division was kept secreted as far as possible behind the town of Wiju. In front of the Russian main position—in fact, all along the Yalu at this point—are the delta islands. By dint of clever skirmishing between the 20th and 29th, Kuroki possessed himself of the majority of these essentials to his plan. The Russians showed very little tenacity in holding the islands as advanced posts, and fell back as soon as the Japanese moved in any force. There is one island¹ which lies almost due north of Wiju, and consequently faces Conical Hill, the backbone of the Russian resistance. This island is covered with a certain amount of brush and foliage. As soon as the Japanese occupied it, they constructed, under cover of darkness, a series of gun-pits. The approaches to

¹ Kintei.

these earth-works were carefully hidden amongst the trees, and in such cases where a clear line of vision was possible, false cover was fashioned from boughs and bamboos, in order to mask the movement from the Russians. The bulk of Kuroki's artillery, to which was added several batteries of howitzers, brought by sea to Yongampo, were massed behind Wiju, a certain proportion being masked in battery, the others held in readiness to cross over to the works prepared on Kintei.

Here you have the whole of the cut-and-dry Tokio plan. The defences on Conical and Tiger hills were to be overwhelmed by a terrific concentration of the artillery fire from the direction of Wiju. Under cover of this, two divisions were to cross in the vicinity, while the 12th division made the crossing higher up the Yalu, at the same spot as the Japanese had crossed in the Chinese campaign. As a plan there is no fault to find with its military arrangement. But competent European observers have expressed their opinion that when the Japanese found the Russians in such small force and only holding Tiger Hill as an outpost, the cumbrous and elaborate march from the flank might well have been modified. On the night of the 29th, the 12th division, withdrawing its detachment from Chonson, concentrated at Suochin, and threw itself across the Yalu by means of a pontoon-bridge. The same evening there crossed over to the

island of Kintei the necessary armament for filling the prepared gun-pits—namely, twenty howitzers and twenty-six field-guns—while the Guards and the 2nd division concentrated behind Wiju, with the intention of forcing a passage of the Yalu beneath Tiger Hill. Hitherto the guns on Conical Hill had erratically shelled such movement as they had been able to discern in the vicinity of Wiju. This artillery practice had called forth no reply. But on the 30th all was to be changed; and suddenly, without warning, the Japanese gunners opened fire on the wretched Russian outpost on Tiger Hill, and having quickly silenced the few guns posted there, turned their attentions to the batteries in position on Conical Hill. This terrible onslaught absolutely pulverised any illusions that the Russians may have entertained as to their rôle of a detaining force. The gunners were swept from their pieces: the guns themselves were wrecked, and, what was even more effective, indirect fire found their horse-lines and destroyed or stampeded the teams. Practically without resistance both divisions were able to effect the passage.

Seeing that his little game of bluff had been overpowered by the first serious initiative that the Japanese undertook, Sassulitch commenced to withdraw his forces upon his reserves, which were concentrated at Hamatan, six miles in rear on the road to Feng-hwang-cheng, leaving about 4000 rifles on Conical Hill, and such

of his guns as the day's misadventures had made it impossible to horse. Under the first fire the Russian outpost had evacuated Tiger Hill, and it was duly occupied when the three Japanese divisions concentrated in order to attack on the first of May. They had now only the river Ai, which is generally fordable, separating them from the Russian position. The howitzers were left in their pits in front of Wiju, while the field artillery was brought over into the plain east of the Ai to support the coming infantry attack. During the early hours of May 1 the two Japanese divisions crossed from Oeski Island to Tiger Hill, and then forded the eastern branch of the Ai. This brought them on to the elongated island of Ransuto. In this ground they deployed, so that the 2nd division faced Chiu-lien-cheng on the left, the Guards Conical Hill in the centre, while simultaneously the 12th division appeared on the right, and debouched into the flats of the river Ai. The whole force was then committed to the attack, supported by the full blast of the corps' concentrated artillery fire. It was just a direct frontal attack all along the line. There was no cover. The blue winter uniforms of the infantrymen stood out in the sunlight against the yellow stretch of sands. The Ai was forded in full view, within eight hundred yards of the 4000 rifles which Sassulitch had left behind to detain an army corps. There could only be one result. The Japanese suffered severely until

it was time for the Russians to retire. The latter then fell back rapidly on their reserves stationed at Hamatan, while the Japanese walked into possession of the Conical Hill position. At nine o'clock in the morning the Japanese standard was waving over Chiu-lien-cheng.

A portion of the 12th Japanese division had been detached to strike the Russian communication with Feng-hwang-cheng. One gallant company of this force had pushed forward more rapidly than the others, and alone it tried to stem the tide of the retreating Russians. It lost two-thirds of its numbers, and just at the moment when the retreating Russians were about to overwhelm and destroy it, its own reinforcement arrived and in turn isolated the last of the Russian rearguard on the small hill above Hamatan. This rearguard is the force which surrendered to the Japanese. The rest of Sassulitch's army fell back on Feng-hwang-cheng. Half of his force—namely, those posted in the vicinity of Antung and the defences joining up that point with Chiu-lien-cheng—fell back without having fired a single shot. Thus, in outline, you have the facts about the first Japanese victory on shore. As a feat of arms there was nothing extraordinary about it. The Japanese possibly caused the Russians to carry out their plan of retreat a little more precipitately than the latter had intended. That is about all that can be said. For the most casual observer must

perceive that Kuroki put into force a far more elaborate design than the strength and condition of his enemy warranted, and, as a consequence, he was unable to pursue. But, as we endeavoured to point out earlier in the paper, the significance of the Yalu does not rest with the military issue. It proved to the world that the Oriental was as prepared and organised to meet the Occidental on land as he had been on sea. For this reason, and for the sentimental reasons which we have already deplored, the importance of the initial success of the Yalu was contorted and exaggerated by Western admirers out of all proportion.

We have had occasion to take Mr Cowen to task on this subject already: we will quote him once again as an instance of the fanciful fiction which has been served up as authoritative material with regard to the battle of the Yalu, and then we will shelve him as a writer calculated to waste the military historian's time, except as an example of the extraordinary lengths to which sentiment may stimulate imagination in the discussion of international struggles. Mr Cowen poses as an experienced war correspondent, and as a witness of this very battle—at least, this is what we would have gathered from a perusal of his narrative, if we had not chanced upon superior authorities. We have shown the reader that the Russians only held Tiger Hill as an outpost. At the most, up to mid-day on the 29th, they had

three battalions and a half battery on that hill. There were no prepared entrenchments, or earth-works; also, we have shown that Tiger Hill is separated from Conical Hill and the works in front of Chiu-lien-cheng by the river Ai in double stream. Mr Cowen refers to this position as follows: "The principal Russian position was close to the river above Chiu-lien-cheng. At the junction of the Ai with the Yalu there is a bold promontory called Tiger Heads Hill. . . . This place the Russians had fortified with two earth redoubts, each having four batteries of eight guns, making sixty-four altogether. One of these forts was on a spur immediately overlooking the river, and the other on a higher hill farther back towards Chiu-lien-cheng." The reader will see at once that Mr Cowen has made an unfortified hill, whose position in the map he does not even know, to be a prepared position of extraordinary strength, with an armament just twice as heavy as the Russians had with their whole army on the Yalu at that period. But that is nothing. A few pages farther on Mr Cowen, with much of that verbosity which, we believe, is called word-painting, describes how against this very hill, which the Japanese occupied practically without opposition on the 30th, the same troops on the 1st launched a magnificent attack. He describes in detail how the sweating and panting soldiers of the Mikado arrived at the

summit, to show mercy to the hundreds of Russians who surrendered to them. It may be fine prose, but it is not history, and it does not convince us of the sincerity animating the views and sentiments of the writer, when we find that he has rolled the fortifications of Conical Hill, the gallant assault of that position, and the bloody fight at Hamatan all on to one canvas, and placed them upon a fictitious fortress on the opposite bank of the river, a mile from the one fight and seven miles from the other. Moreover, the hill which he thus immortalises had been in the hands of the Japanese for over twenty-four hours before the various events he has saddled upon it took place. Further comment is hardly necessary: all we can say is that if Mr Cowen were, as the publisher's note leads us to believe, "in the thick of the struggle since the outbreak of hostilities," he

has but small title to be taken seriously as a war correspondent. If he were not present, it would have been far better if he had confined himself to fiction than to have ruined his graphic diction by a ludicrous distortion of facts.

Having effected the passage of the Yalu, Kuroki pushed on to Feng-hwang-cheng, which the Russians had evacuated before him. Here he remained for weeks, changing his sea-base from Yongampo to Antung. The transports that were waiting at Chinampo were convoyed by the 4th Naval Squadron to the points selected for invasion, and the plan of the major land operations began to unroll. These operations will be dealt with in a subsequent paper, when we hope that our hand may be strengthened and our view enlarged by a further supply of books from the pens of eye-witnesses and others.

Every commission agent had his vizier-partner, who recommended that particular agent and his goods, and shared the profits. There was no one, actually no one, who could make his voice heard in the surroundings of intrigue and—"education."

Had the men who influenced him pressed him to stop buying instead of to buy, he would have done so, but such was not their object. They kept back from him the state of the country—it is doubtful even if he knows it to-day—and made little of the rebellion which was smouldering all around him. The one man who realised more than the rest how badly things were going was the only man of energy at the Moorish Court, Sid Mehdi el Menebhi, who had been a special ambassador at London and Berlin. He ventured once or twice to speak seriously, but the mass of intrigue against him was too great. I remember one incident so well, I doubt if I shall ever forget it. It was in December 1902. I was leaving Fez in the course of a few days for Tangier, when I received from an unknown country Moor news that the Pretender's forces, which, my informant said, were very numerous, would attack the camp of the huge disorderly army which Mulai Abdul Aziz had sent out of Fez a day's march to the eastward. I had reason to believe this news, and I have reason to believe to-day that it was sent me in order that I might leave Fez, for the Pretender at that time

intended to follow his attack on the camp with a march on the capital. My informant, an uneducated countryman, mentioned, as a guarantee of good faith, an incident which had happened some years before at Mequinez, in which I had apparently been able to render some small service to a Moor whose name at that time I did not know. It was Jilali Zarhuni, the Pretender himself, who four years afterwards, mindful of my little act, warned me to leave Fez.

I reported the whole matter to the Sultan, whom I saw alone that night, but I could make no impression upon his Majesty. He laughed at the rebellion, and at my fears for his troops; at the Pretender and his reputed forces. "Go," he said, "to Menebhi, and tell him from me to give you a good dinner, with musicians and 'kooskoosoo,' and don't worry yourself. Your fears are groundless." Menebhi gave me the good dinner, but he knew my fears were not groundless. We sat late into the night talking—he was Minister of War at the time—and I think he was persuaded that some steps must be taken. Before we parted we had further evidence of how serious things were becoming, for a shereef, who had relations at Teza, had received news which confirmed my estimate of the Pretender's forces, though not his proposed attempt to attack the Government troops.

The next day I bade farewell to Mulai Abdul Aziz. It was the last time I have seen him.

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THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN PRIVATE LIFE.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.

UNTIL the autumn of 1901 I had never known Mulai Abdul Aziz personally. I had seen him once or twice, for I had accompanied Sir Arthur Nicolson's special Mission to Marakesh in 1896, but at that time the Sultan had not emerged from his shell of reserve. He was still a young boy, evidently very shy, and entirely under the thumb of Sid Ahmed, the famous grand vizier. One audience that we had with him on that occasion was not without interest. We had ridden far into the depths of the great Agdal gardens to the summer-house, where his Shereefian Majesty was waiting to receive the British Minister. A tangled jungle of orange-trees, vines climbing over broken trellis and clinging in festoons to

great cypresses; here and there a broken marble fountain or a tiny stream—such were our surroundings. With our escort of white-robed Moorish cavalry, led by the Master of the Ceremonies, we rode through the great garden to dismount before a kiosque of arches and pillars, of green-glazed tiles and red geometric frescoes on a yellow wall. Everywhere the tangle of vegetation had overgrown its borders. The cypresses shot up, pillars of dark green, above the building, while vine, jasmine, and geranium strove for the supremacy below. Outside the building, and out of sight of its occupant, sat a row of Moorish officers, the Sultan's attendants. At the door of the one room that the kiosque

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contained—for it seemed all arches and pillars without—stood Sid Ahmed, the vizier, a dark, stout, short man, showing his black origin in every feature.

Within, opposite the doorway, on a Louis Seize settee, was Mulai Abdul Aziz. He was seated cross-legged, with his hands folded in his lap and half hidden in his soft white raiment. I remember being particularly struck with his pale complexion and his evident shyness. At the side of the divan was a chair, where the British Minister was invited to be seated, while we who were in attendance stood around the door. The Sultan himself said little, and that little was addressed to his vizier in almost a whisper, and repeated by him to the British Minister. In a few minutes Mulai Abdul Aziz had largely recovered his self-possession, and was busy taking in every item of the uniforms worn by the Minister's suite. He could scarcely keep his eyes off one man—the present Lord Loch—whose six feet five, capped by an enormous busby, was of evidently entrancing interest to his Majesty. Four years later, talking to Mulai Abdul Aziz in the intimacy of personal friendship, I reminded him of this episode. He laughingly replied that he had certainly been more struck with Loch's height and uniform than anything else on that Mission, and requested me to ask the British Minister whether it would not be possible for Lord Loch to accompany a second Embassy that was to start a

few months later. This message duly reached the authorities at home, and in January 1902 Mulai Abdul Aziz, no longer shy, had the pleasure—and it was an evident pleasure—of once more welcoming Lord Loch at his Court. I little thought at their first meeting, when I watched the young Sultan's shy interest in the big Guardsman, that a few years later I should witness the same Guardsman instructing the same Sultan in the mysteries of "tip-and-run" in an enclosure of the Shereefian Palace.

The Sultan of Morocco is now some twenty-five years of age, some five feet ten inches in height, and strongly, even stoutly, built. He is no darker in colour than a southern European,—not as dark, in fact, as many. His features are large and not very regular, their fineness marred by the marks, by no means very apparent, of smallpox. His eyes are good and very attractive, full of life, and at times inexpressibly sad. The upper part of his face is preferable to the lower, for a long upper lip, a rather large mouth, and a receding chin give him an appearance of weakness of character which he undoubtedly possesses. In public he moves and behaves with great dignity, though in private life he throws aside all formality, and at times, until quite lately, was not averse to "rag." He is by no means a bad tennis-player, and is particularly fond of all athletic exercises.

But unfortunately these characteristics, which appeal so

strongly to Englishmen, have just the opposite effect upon the Moors. They prefer their Sultan to be harsh, even cruel,—to show his power, in fact,—and to spend his private hours in more national ways, for instance in his harem, or in sitting upon divans extorting money from unwilling subjects. A Sultan who doesn't exert to the full the autocratic powers with which God has invested him is, in the eyes of the people of Morocco, no good. Benevolence to them is merely a sign of weakness, and Mulai Abdul Aziz's good intentions have done him much harm in the eyes of his subjects.

I first came to know the Sultan personally in the autumn of 1901. A fluent knowledge of his native language helped, no doubt, to bring about an intimacy of which I have the pleasantest recollections, though throughout the many months that I spent at the Moorish Court I always felt that a catastrophe must eventually happen. The Sultan was evidently being led upon the road to ruin, and near him as I was, all my efforts to persuade him of the fact were in vain. On more than one occasion, particularly towards the end of 1902, I implored him, in language which he smilingly told me no one had ever ventured to address to him before, to pull himself up in time. He was kind, thanked me for being so outspoken, and continued his pro-European proclivities and his extravagances. Had he at that time dismissed the greater number of his European em-

ployees, leaving only such as had been in his father's employ, and ceased spending his money, the whole future of Morocco might have been changed.

In the autumn of 1901 I passed many pleasant hours in his company in Marakesh, the southern capital, and accompanied him on his march to Rabat, a journey that occupied some twenty days. It was a most interesting time, for his Majesty was surrounded by his army and a host of followers, numbering occasionally, when the tribal contingents joined him on the road, over 30,000 people. It seems impossible that only three years have passed since then, and that in that time the great army has dwindled away, and the Minister of War through whose untiring efforts it had been collected—Sid Mehdi el Menebhi—is fallen from power and disgraced. The tribes that came to meet their young Sultan, and bow down to him, now ridicule him, and openly refuse to obey his commands. The mighty have, indeed, fallen!

No one who has known the young Sultan could be anything but charmed with him, for there is a naïve freshness in his ideas and thought that is most sympathetic. His voice is a particularly soft and pleasing one, and the manner in which he gives his whole attention to any one who may be addressing him cannot prove anything but flattering.

His afternoons in Marakesh were given up to play. More than once, always accompanied by Menebhi and some of his

European employees, we rode in the immense wilderness of gardens of the Agdal Palace. At the edge of a great square tank we would dismount, and sometimes went for a row in one of the various boats that he kept there. On one occasion his Majesty and Menebhi rowed—very badly indeed—while I, the only other occupant of the boat, steered. The Sultan, who rowed bow, caught several crabs, and splashed poor Menebhi all over with his usual energy. The Minister of War rowed about one hundred short strokes to the minute, whilst the Sultan, struggling with his oars, rowed about ten extremely long ones. But both were hugely delighted with the performance, and our spirits were of the highest.

"There are no Sultans and Viziers here," said his Majesty to me; "we are both boatmen, and you are the passenger. We are crossing a Moorish ferry."

Entering into the Sultan's little joke, I replied "that they were the worst ferrymen I had ever seen, and that on landing I should complain to the authorities of their incapacity."

"Oh, you will, will you?" replied Mulai Abdul Aziz. "Then all I can say is, we won't put you ashore until you pay us."

"Then I'll stop here."

"All right," replied the Sultan; and he promptly began to splash me with all his might and main, though poor Menebhi was getting as wet as I was.

"Will you pay?" asked his Majesty.

"Willingly," I laughed. "How much?"

"Half a peseta each" (about 4d.), answered the Sultan—and they duly pocketed their fee. It was the first time in my life I had tipped a Sultan and a Minister of War.

On one occasion, while visiting Mequinez with the Sultan, I took the opportunity to go to the Jews' quarter of the town, to call on an Israelite family who had often hospitably entertained me at a feast on previous visits. The lady of the house was an extremely portly dame, one might almost say of gigantic proportions, but as kind-hearted as she was large. I was received with open arms by my host and hostess, their children and grandchildren, and after the usual salutations they began to pour out their woes. The Jews' quarter had been raided by Berber tribesmen, and my friends' house and stables had been broken into and robbed. Could I obtain justice for them? Now, in spite of the Sultan's good intentions, justice was about the only thing in the world unobtainable in Morocco. The Sultan, I knew, would order the damages to be repaid by the responsible authorities, but my friends would certainly receive only a very small portion of what they had lost; the rest would disappear *en route*. I therefore determined to obtain justice from the Sultan by a little ruse. I told the portly lady that his Majesty would make his state entry into the town the following day, and bade

her climb on to the pedestal of one of the great marble pillars of the famous gateway of Mansour-el-Alj, and there to await his passage. Immediately she saw the Sultan appear from under the gateway she was to cry, "Will my Lord the Sultan allow me to die in misery? Will my Lord the Sultan not protect me?" I told her to look as fascinating as possible—she was well on for sixty years of age—and to put on all the finery of gold lace and velvet to which the Israelite ladies of the Morocco towns are so partial, and which forms their national gala dress.

She promised to carry out my instructions, and I laid my plans accordingly. An hour or two later I was received by the Sultan, and ventured to remark that I had experienced a curious dream the night before. The Sultan asked me to relate it, and I replied that I had dreamed that I was accompanying his Majesty on his state entry into the town, and that just as we passed under the famous gateway an enormously fat Jewess, in gala attire, clinging to one of the marble columns, cried out, "Will my Lord the Sultan allow me to die in misery? Will my Lord the Sultan not protect me?"

The Sultan is by nature superstitious, and wondered what my dream could mean. Needless to say I didn't inform him.

Everything occurred as I had planned it, with one ludicrous addition. The Sultan emerged from the gate, and there, on the high pedestal of the column,

embracing the marble pillar, was my stout friend, shouting out her petition. The Sultan, struck by the coincidence, turned to see if he could catch my eye, and I naturally looked as astonished as he did. But the lady's anxiety to be heard led her to lean too far forward, her hold on the marble pillar was relaxed, and the last I saw of her was taking a header into the midst of scarlet and blue soldiers who lined the gateway. An hour later messengers hurried me into the Sultan's presence. I found his Majesty all excitement at the incident, and I explained that no doubt my extraordinary dream was a revelation in order that the woman might receive justice. The Sultan asked me if I knew who she was.

"I have seen her more than once," I replied.

"Go immediately," said his Majesty, "and find out what she wants."

The delight of my friends can be imagined when I entered their house, and, on behalf of the Sultan, asked for a "statement of claim." I fully reported the matter, and Mulai Abdul Aziz sent for one of his own relations, Amrani Shereef, and ordered him to see that the family were immediately refunded for what they had lost, and that their house should be guarded in future. In this manner I knew they would get their money, which they certainly would not have done had the matter passed, in the usual course, through the hands of the viziers. The next

day they were paid, and the day after I confessed my plot to the amused Sultan. The great fault, or misfortune perhaps, of Mulai Abdul Aziz has been his extravagance. He has never been able to realise the value of money. He has spent, in the few years since he emerged from the seclusion of his palace to take up the reins of government, not only the whole revenue of his country, but also the savings of his predecessors. And what has he got for it all?—a lot of rubbish, bought at fabulous prices, which is lying rotting and rusting in the gloomy cavernous stores of his various palaces! He is to blame for this extravagance, no doubt, but others are to blame still more. Those to whom he looked for advice left no stone unturned to exploit him. They have made their fortunes, and have left a broken unhappy Sultan, whose whole country is in rebellion, whose treasury is exhausted, to bear the brunt of their sins. Four years ago Mulai Abdul Aziz, full of the vigour of youth, anxious to learn, anxious to reform his country, anxious to do what was right, had a future before him of much useful work. His advisers took his education in hand,—and his education has cost him dear, for his fortune, his influence with his subjects, and his reputation have all gone. He was weak and young, and sometimes stubborn, but no man ever lived whose intentions were better; but these intentions were warped and frustrated by his advisers. The Sultan had no disinterested

person about him; no disinterested advice was given him. He was told, when he spent his money in ordering useless goods from the various European countries, that it gave satisfaction to the Governments of those respective countries that he made his purchases in their markets.

Few of the things he bought gave him any pleasure. Photography amused him for a time; but even this was made a means of exploiting him. A camera of gold at £2000 came from London; 10,000 francs worth of photographic paper arrived in one day from Paris. His Majesty once informed me that his materials for one year cost him between £6000 and £7000! He naturally did not know what was required, and left it to his commission agents to purchase the "necessary" materials. They did, with a vengeance!

It forms an unpleasant page in Moorish history—this period of commerce—for it has done much to ruin the reputation of all Europeans in the eyes of the natives, who not unnaturally judge all European commercial standards from what they have seen under their own eyes; and the result is felt on every side. Formerly, one could travel all over Morocco in perfect safety; now, even the very environs of the towns are unsafe. There was no one in a position to advise the Sultan; and those one or two who did so were soon overpowered by the intrigue of the majority. Perhaps the recollection of the

Moorish Court, which will be the last to fade from my memory, will be the sad young Sultan surrounded by broken and rusty motor-cars, amidst stores full of every sort of useless and extravagant article that money and the ingenuity of the "wholesale providers" could supply him with.

Yet even this sad picture had its humorous side. One day a state-carriage arrived. It was soon after King Edward's Coronation, and this ceremony had given a new lease of life to the "exploiteurs." They had persuaded the Sultan to buy a crown — which of course he could never wear, as it is contrary to his religion to put gold or jewels on his head. They had supplied him with cinematograph films of a grotesque parody of the ceremony in Westminster Abbey, which his Majesty believed to be genuine, and paid for accordingly; and then the state-coach arrived! There are no roads in Morocco, and no possibility of using a state-coach: it was only another means of obtaining another commission.

It was a gorgeous concern, built by a well-known London coachmaker. Its scarlet lacquer, its green silk lining, its red hammer-cloth covered with the gilt Arms of Morocco, — which exist, of course, nowhere else, as Morocco has no Arms, — its purple leather harness and silver-gilt fittings, were all of their kind excellent, and no doubt very expensive. At length the great packing-cases

were opened, for, there being no roads, the coach had been sent up to Fez in pieces, and the magnificent equipage was put together.

I was with the Sultan when his Majesty was informed that the work was complete. Passing through a courtyard we entered a great enclosure, surrounded by high walls, where roamed a number of deer, Hindu cattle, emus, zebras, and other semi-tame beasts. There in front of us was the coach in all its glory, forming the strangest contrast to its half-ruined marshy surroundings. The Sultan as usual said little, but he was evidently satisfied with his latest purchase. He called to one of his officers and ordered horses to be harnessed to it, but unfortunately there were no horses in the palace that had ever been in harness before. In fact there were none in all Morocco, for there are neither roads nor vehicles. But his Majesty was not to be done out of the pleasure of seeing his new coach move. Men were summoned and told to drag it along. Slowly the lumbering, useless carriage began to move.

"We must ride in it," said the Sultan, and forthwith he summoned two of his guests, the consul at Fez and myself, to share the honour of accompanying him in his first experience of a state-carriage. But his Majesty had vague ideas about the seating of his companions. He invited the consul to get up behind, while he himself agilely climbed on to the box, calling to me to get inside. When we were seated the equip-

age started on its first and only journey. I have had many experiences in many lands, but I doubt if ever I shall have another opportunity of riding inside an imperial state-coach with the ruling sovereign on the box and the consul of a great Power doing lacquey behind, while the rear of the procession was taken up by a string of strange deer, cattle, zebras, emus, and cranes, which followed at a respectful distance gazing in wonderment at this extraordinary scarlet coach.

The next day it rained, and on arriving at the palace I saw the beautiful crimson leather harness lying in a pool of water, which had become almost as red as the leather from the escaping dye.

But it must not be thought that the Sultan lived no other life except this. His frivolity was of short duration, an hour or two perhaps every day; but at other times affairs of state took up his attention, though scarcely as much as ought to have been the case. He could, too, on occasions be remarkably serious in his conversation; and as he possessed a quick intelligent mind, much prone to speculation, his talk was often exceedingly interesting, and there were many occasions when, alone with him for an hour or two at a time, he let his words flow on from subject to subject. On the question of religion he was by no means a fanatic, though in every way a strict and orthodox Moslem, in spite of many stories to the contrary. His faults have been against the traditions of his

predecessors, and never against his religion, though the two are so indissolubly mixed in the minds of the people that they are incapable of distinguishing one from the other, and so the untrue rumours which are spread broadcast all over Morocco appeared as based on fact. He would never have attracted attention and suspicion had he been a little better advised. The men who brought him European boots and European saddles, to their own profit, were almost guilty of high treason. The men who ordered fancy European uniforms for him in the European capitals, as well as the men who photographed him in them, and allowed the photograph to appear in the illustrated papers of Europe, could almost have been tried for attempted regicide. From the newspaper to the picture post-card, and the "Commander of the Faithful," the religious head of Islam in North-west Africa, was exhibited in a variety of costumes in the Tangier shop-windows and sold for a halfpenny—and this in a country where pictures are considered as contrary to religion. That Mulai Abdul Aziz was weak there is no doubt; but how easy it is to be weak in such circumstances, for every one was pushing him on, helping him day by day to become more and more unpopular, seeing his authority and his country slipping away from him—"educating" him, in fact, for so they called it—until in the end they left him with an empty treasury to bear the brunt of the coming crisis.

Every commission agent had his vizier-partner, who recommended that particular agent and his goods, and shared the profits. There was no one, actually no one, who could make his voice heard in the surroundings of intrigue and—"education."

Had the men who influenced him pressed him to stop buying instead of to buy, he would have done so, but such was not their object. They kept back from him the state of the country—it is doubtful even if he knows it to-day—and made little of the rebellion which was smouldering all around him. The one man who realised more than the rest how badly things were going was the only man of energy at the Moorish Court, Sid Mehdi el Menebhi, who had been a special ambassador at London and Berlin. He ventured once or twice to speak seriously, but the mass of intrigue against him was too great. I remember one incident so well, I doubt if I shall ever forget it. It was in December 1902. I was leaving Fez in the course of a few days for Tangier, when I received from an unknown country Moor news that the Pretender's forces, which, my informant said, were very numerous, would attack the camp of the huge disorderly army which Mulai Abdul Aziz had sent out of Fez a day's march to the eastward. I had reason to believe this news, and I have reason to believe to-day that it was sent me in order that I might leave Fez, for the Pretender at that time

intended to follow his attack on the camp with a march on the capital. My informant, an uneducated countryman, mentioned, as a guarantee of good faith, an incident which had happened some years before at Mequinez, in which I had apparently been able to render some small service to a Moor whose name at that time I did not know. It was Jilali Zarhuni, the Pretender himself, who four years afterwards, mindful of my little act, warned me to leave Fez.

I reported the whole matter to the Sultan, whom I saw alone that night, but I could make no impression upon his Majesty. He laughed at the rebellion, and at my fears for his troops; at the Pretender and his reputed forces. "Go," he said, "to Menebhi, and tell him from me to give you a good dinner, with musicians and 'kooskoosoo,' and don't worry yourself. Your fears are groundless." Menebhi gave me the good dinner, but he knew my fears were not groundless. We sat late into the night talking—he was Minister of War at the time—and I think he was persuaded that some steps must be taken. Before we parted we had further evidence of how serious things were becoming, for a shereef, who had relations at Teza, had received news which confirmed my estimate of the Pretender's forces, though not his proposed attempt to attack the Government troops.

The next day I bade farewell to Mulai Abdul Aziz. It was the last time I have seen him.

He was standing under a great archway in the palace. He tried to persuade me to stay, but for many reasons I had to be back in Tangier in eight or ten days' time. We stood there a while talking, and nothing could have been more kind than he was.

"I shall miss you much," he said, "good-bye," and with a shake of the hand he left me. I turned and watched his tall figure, draped in white, until he disappeared into the palace through a gate in the garden wall. It was Monday, December 22, 1902. That very evening, some forty miles away, his whole army fled in a panic before the Pretender's forces, leaving their entire camp, artillery, stores, ammunition, money, and transport in the hands of Bu Hamara.

The life which the Sultan lives is a very simple one. He rises early, and after prayers at dawn, leaves the privacy of his palace for the buildings in which he holds his Court. Here he takes his seat, generally upon a settee or divan, in a private room, a little way removed from the big courtyard in which his viziers carry on their business. This court is surrounded by a colonnade on to which open a number of small rooms. In these are seated the various viziers and their secretaries, while without in the shade of the colonnade sit those who seek interviews with the various secretaries of State. A gateway, guarded always by gate-keepers, leads from this great courtyard to the Sultan's private offices, and

messages and letters pass to and fro. From time to time he summons one or other of the viziers to his presence on affairs of State, and discusses with them what course it may be best to pursue. It can be understood from this slight intercourse that his Majesty holds with the outside world, for he seldom has more than this, how easy it is for the people of the court to withhold from him all reliable information, and to paint the existing state of affairs in the colours that may suit their own views, or, more often, their own pockets.

Court, which commences in the early morning, is finished by noon, and the Sultan retires into the palace, where he dines. He eats always alone, and, as is the custom all over Morocco, with his fingers. This habit, which seems almost revolting to Europeans, is by no means an unclean one, for the hands are washed in scented warm water both before and after the meal, and the food is always cooked in such a way that it can easily be broken. A habit of our own, which we consider far more cleanly than eating with our fingers, is looked upon by the Moors as filthy—that is, washing our hands or face in a basin, and still more, taking a bath where the water is not running. The cleaner we become, they say, the dirtier the water we are washing with must necessarily become, and eventually we step forth as cleansed from water which is no longer clean. A Moor to wash his hands has the water

poured from a vessel over them, and never by any chance dips them into the dirty water. The same way in their baths, the water is thrown over their bodies out of bright brass bowls, and flows away through holes in the marble or tile floor.

His midday meal over, the Sultan rests for a while, generally issuing from the palace about three o'clock. There is no afternoon Court, and on this account Mulai Abdul Aziz was free to spend the rest of the day as he pleased, and generally did so in the company of his European employees and friends. Bicycle, polo, cricket, and tennis were the order of the day.

One evening, after a longer game of tennis than usual, we commenced to take in the net, as rain seemed probable. His Majesty had just retired into the palace, but had left his pocket-handkerchief tied to the top of the net, where he had fixed it, as the light was waning, and it was difficult to distinguish the net's height. I unfastened the handkerchief, but feeling something large tied up in a corner of it, I examined it more carefully. It was a cut diamond, about the size of a small walnut, which his Majesty had lately purchased. Carefully secreting the handkerchief and its valuable contents in my pocket, for there is no means of getting at the Sultan once he enters the recesses of the palace, where women only are allowed, I proceeded to leave the precincts by the usual exit. I had crossed one courtyard and was

near the outer gate when I became aware that some one was pursuing me. I took in the situation and ran, but I was no match for the Sultan, who, stirred to more than usual activity by the loss of his valuable jewel, came down upon me like a whirlwind. Almost before I realised that I was caught, I was lifted off my feet and thrown to the ground, while Mulai Abdul Aziz, his knees pinning down my elbows, was rifling my pockets. He soon discovered his diamond, still tied in the handkerchief; but, not content with that, he deprived me of a pocket-book, a ring I was wearing on my watch-chain, a necktie pin, and a cigarette-case. He let me go at last, laughing at the adventure, but I never saw my property again.

On another occasion I was present when one of the Court officials came to offer his respects to the Sultan on receiving a high appointment. This man was the now famous, or notorious, Haj Omar Tazzi, who, recommended by Menebhi to the Sultan, later on used his influence with his Majesty to ruin the man who had brought him into favour. Haj Omar Tazzi is a short, fat, fair man, of vulgar appearance and unpleasant manner; but at this his first interview with the Sultan he was, of course, on his best behaviour.

I was standing talking to his Majesty alone in a courtyard along one side of which are situated the cages of the Sultan's wild beasts when Haj

Omar entered. Prostrating himself barefoot on the marble floor, he touched the ground with his forehead. The Sultan, scarcely heeding him, made a few formal remarks, and then turning to me, asked abruptly, "Do you know this man?"

I scarcely did, but aware of his Majesty's love of humour, I thought I saw the opportunity for a practical joke upon Haj Omar, who, being a Féz town Moor, I rightly guessed to be a coward.

"I know him well," I replied. "Only to-day he was at my house begging me to ask a favour of your Majesty on his account."

Haj Omar, who was still prostrate on the ground, looked uneasily in my direction, not understanding what was passing.

"His favour is granted," replied the Sultan, to whom I had made a slight signal to allow me to continue.

"He asked," I went on, "that this afternoon, when summoned to your Majesty's presence for the first time in his new position, he might be allowed to give some proof of his fidelity."

"Certainly," replied Mulai Abdul Aziz.

"He proposed," I continued, "with your Majesty's permission, in order that his fidelity and courage might be put to the test, to spend half an hour in the lions' cage."

Haj Omar, still prostrate before the Sultan, squirmed uneasily, and lifted a fat pasty face toward the Sultan and myself.

"Certainly," replied the Sultan.

"If your Majesty bids me die, I am ready to do so," came a feeble voice from the ground, trembling with emotion.

"Call the slave who has the keys of the lions' cage," replied the Sultan, and at the same time he moved in the direction of the wild beasts, Haj Omar following him on all-fours.

The slave arrived, but Haj Omar's terror was now so evident that the joke could no longer be kept up. Seizing me by the hand, the Sultan led me away, and Haj Omar fled.

We played another joke on poor Haj Omar before I left Féz, and on this occasion Menebhi was my accomplice, if not my instigator. Haj Omar was pointing out to the Sultan the arrangement of a new flower-garden then in course of construction. His Majesty stood somewhat in advance, and the fat pompous little courtier a little behind him on his right. Menebhi and I, who had wandered a short distance in another direction, soon made a discovery—a pump and a long hose! Standing the pump in a water-tank, I proceeded with the hose till I reached Haj Omar, and just as I put the nozzle down the back of his neck, Menebhi began to pump. The rich Moors never wash with cold water, and the voluminous stream which began to flow down Haj Omar's back nearly caused him to have a fit. The water poured out of his baggy trousers into his yellow slippers, but he daren't say a word, for his Majesty was

addressing him. "It shall be done as your Majesty commands," he replied, when the Sultan had ceased speaking; but his voice was so trembling, so truly pitiful, that Mulai Abdul Aziz turned hurriedly to see what had happened. It was a sad object that met his view—Haj Omar Tazzi standing shivering and dripping in a pool of water. Etiquette forbids the Sultan to laugh in public, but etiquette couldn't help him covering his face with the long sleeve of his *jelab* to hide his merriment, and walking hurriedly in another direction.

The mention of etiquette recalls to my mind one or two of the "traditions" of the Moorish Court. In comparison with the barbaric splendour of the Sultan's state appearances in public, when, in the shade of the crimson-and-green velvet umbrella, he receives his tribesmen, his private life is simple. There is perhaps no more picturesque sight in the world than one of these Morocco processions. The ragged troops in blue and red, who, with a background of crumbling yellow walls, line the palace squares; the blue sky above; the led horses in their gorgeous trappings of coloured silks, the white-robed court officials on foot; the splendour of gold-embroidered banners, and in the centre of it all the Sultan himself, swathed in flowing white robes, the only figure on horseback,—all help to form a picture that, once seen, can never be forgotten. Then suddenly a great cry rends

the air, "May God bless the life of our Lord the Sultan!" and the motley company bow low as his Majesty, still shaded by the great umbrella of state, rides into their midst. Compared in picturesqueness to this gorgeous pageant, European state ceremonies are poor indeed. But in his private life the Sultan is simple enough. No man, of course, crosses the precincts of the inner palace, where women only are allowed to enter; but Mulai Abdul Aziz on several occasions spoke to me of the boredom of his domestic life. He recounted one or two facts that show that, autocratic monarch as he is, his actions are much restricted by precedent. One of these referred to his bedroom, which must be furnished in the greatest simplicity, and one colour alone must be used, a deep beautiful indigo blue. The silk hangings are made and dyed in Morocco, and no European material must be employed. Curtains, bed-covers, carpets, and wall-hangings must all be of this one colour and manufacture. Again, when out in camp his sleeping tent must contain but three carpets, and he must sleep on a mattress on the ground, and not on a bedstead. His viziers and courtiers cover the floors of their tents with straw, over which they lay matting and piles of rich carpets; but the Sultan may have nothing but the bare earth and the traditional three small carpets. In wet weather he is obliged to wade ankle-deep in mud, while slaves wait

to wash his feet as he steps on to the rug on which his mattress is spread. No doubt this simple sleeping-tent owes its origin to days when constant dangers threatened the Sultans on their camping expeditions, and when they were liable to be called up at night to lead their troops into battle; but however it may have originated, the custom—a particularly uncomfortable one—remains intact to-day. During the daytime the Sultan may spend his time in other tents, where no restrictions are placed upon his luxuries and comforts.

There is a certain room in the palace at Fez to which a recognised tradition pertains. The construction dates from a remote time, and there is supposed to exist, somewhere built into its walls, a certain charm. The purport of this charm is that as long as this particular chamber in the palace remains intact, no Sultan will die in Fez—and curiously enough no Sultan has died in Fez since the room was built. His Majesty described the chamber to me, for it is situated in the interior of the palace, where no men may enter. It is a large hall, richly furnished with its original rugs and divans, and every night special slaves, whose duty it is, light the hundreds of candles that are supported in the chandeliers. Two huge candles, brought from Mecca once a-year, are the only ones that are lit more than once; all the others are replaced nightly. Nor may European candles be used—they must be of Fez manufacture.

The ceiling, rich in carving, still exists, but the roof above has been replaced again and again, one layer above another, without ever removing the underneath ones, lest the charm should be destroyed. In the same way the walls have been strengthened from the outside, until their thickness is immense. So exactly has this room been left in its original state that in one corner of it stands a ladder, which has never been removed, while skins for holding water are still hanging upon the walls, little left of them but their gold spouts and pendent cups.

The Sultan is an expert bicyclist, and there were often great games of bicycle polo of an afternoon in one of the courtyards of the palace. The only other Moor who played was Menebhi—then at the height of his power and influence. The Sultan was a plucky but careful rider, seldom coming to grief, and handling his machine with the most perfect judgment. Menebhi was equally plucky, but much more excitable, and I have seen him, in pursuit of the ball, charge at full speed into the palace-wall, to be rescued from what looked like a lot of broken umbrellas a minute later, as he shouted wildly for a new bicycle. As the Sultan was always supplied with the most expensive articles that could be purchased, most of his bicycles were of aluminium, and therefore not suited to bicycle polo; but the more that were broken the more were required, and his commission agents reaped their

harvest. The record, I think, was taken by a young secretary of the British Legation, who successfully smashed six in one afternoon! But it was not at polo alone that Mulai Abdul Aziz was a skilful bicyclist, for he could perform a number of tricks that would almost have done honour to a professional. I have seen him myself ride up a steep plank laid against a packing-case, then along another plank forming a bridge to another packing-case, and down an incline at the end again. On one of these occasions he fell, and lodged on his head; but after being stunned for a minute or two, remounted his bicycle and successfully accomplished his object.

Some three years ago a travelling Spanish circus arrived at Marakesh, and Mulai Abdul Aziz commanded a performance in the palace courtyard, to which some of his European friends were invited. He gave particular instructions that none of the circus people were to be admitted into his presence except those who actually took part in the performance. On this account a very portly and by no means young lady, the proprietress of the circus, was obliged to remain in an adjacent courtyard. Now in this open square some building operations were being carried on, and a great heap of stone and mortar lay against the high wall which separated the court from that in which the Sultan was seated. Nor was the heap of stone and mortar the only thing there, for a large number of gazelle

and mufion — Barbary wild-sheep—were allowed to roam at will.

The circus commenced, and it was not for some little while that his Majesty perceived a large and scarlet face peering at him over the wall. He ordered one of his European officers to bid the owner retire, but there was no answer except a wild puffing and blowing. Then two fat hands seized the edge of the wall, a foot appeared, and a minute later the enormous body of the lady. The wall was a very wide one, and provided ample space for the very ample form that wriggled into view. No orders would make the lady retire from her perilous position, for the wall was certainly twenty feet high; nor was any answer forthcoming from her.

At last the reason of her exploit appeared — the large horns of a mufion, which gently dug the lady in the body, causing her to cling on to the wall for dear life. Then the mufion's head and neck rose into view, and eventually its whole body. They were both on the top of the wall now, and the mufion was evidently intent upon the fat lady making the circuit of the courtyard, for every now and again he butted the poor creature, who was crawling along on her stomach as fast as she could go. It was only after some trouble that the mufion was driven away and the lady rescued. It appears she had remained in the courtyard alone, and had been suddenly attacked by the mufion. Not

knowing its climbing capabilities, she mounted the pile of stone and rubbish that lay against the wall. Nothing could have suited the mufion better, and he immediately began to aid the lady in her ascent until the summit was reached. The Sultan's amusement was naturally immense when he understood that it was quite unwillingly that his commands had been disobeyed.

I only once saw the Sultan annoyed, and it was with myself. We were standing on the summit of an old outer wall of the palace. Immediately beneath us, in the shadow of the wall, were a dozen or so ill-clothed, half-starved members of what is inappropriately called the Moorish army. Many of the little group were evidently suffering from fever, very prevalent in Fez in summer, and altogether they formed a pitiful sight.

I spoke, perhaps, too warmly of the neglect with which the soldiers were treated, of their stolen pay, of their abject misery, and I failed to notice

that the Sultan was not in a mood at that moment to listen to my complaint.

"It isn't my fault," he said pettishly.

"It is," I replied. "Your Majesty doesn't take the trouble to see that your orders are carried out."

The blood rushed to the Sultan's face, and he drew himself up. "Remember," he said, "you are speaking to '*The Commander of the Faithful*'"—referring to his most coveted title.

"I do," I replied, "remember it. It is your Majesty who forgets that these men are '*The Faithful*.'"

Alas! as far as he is concerned, but few of them are any longer faithful.

He bore me no grudge for what I said, and his look of anger passed into one of great sadness. For a little while he stood looking over the great plain that lay before us, then turned and said very gently—"You don't know how weary I am of being Sultan," and tears stood in his eyes.

THE MYSTICS.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

CHAPTER V.

IT is astonishing in how short a space of time a man of vigorous character can make his personality felt. On the night of his mysterious advent the Prophet had found his people in a condition of mental chaos—as liable to repudiate as to accept the seeker for their confidence; but before one month had passed he had, by domination of will, so moulded this neurotic mass of humanity that his own position had gradually and insensibly merged from suppliant into that of autocrat. Without a murmur of doubt or dissension the Mystics had proclaimed him their King.

On the last day of the thirty he sat alone in his room—the room in which he and the red-haired Precursor had held their private council on the night of his coming. The heavy purple curtains that shielded the windows were partly drawn, throwing a subdued, almost a devotional, light over the wide imposing apartment and across the ebony table, on which rested the sacred Scitsym surrounded by an array of smaller and more ancient books, several rolls of parchment, a number of quill pens, and a dish of ink. It was at this table that the Prophet sat; he wore the monastic white robe that he always

affected in presence of his people, his arms were folded, and his face looked calm and grave, as though he appreciated the moment's solitude.

The solitude, however, was not destined to endure. The soft booming of a gong presently roused him to attention, and a moment later the door of the apartment opened and an ascetic-looking man, whose duty and privilege it was to wait upon him, entered deferentially.

He stood for a moment in an attitude of profound abasement, then he stepped forward and stood beside the table.

"Master," he said in a low voice, "the newest amongst us would speak with you!"

The Prophet raised his head, and a gleam of interest crossed his eyes; but almost immediately he subdued the look.

"I am willing," he replied unemotionally in the usual formula. Then he glanced at his attendant. "After this, the Audiences for the day are over," he added.

The man bowed, and with awestruck deference moved silently from the room. Almost immediately he reappeared, ushering in the devotee; and with the same conscious air of mystery retired and closed the heavy door.

For a moment the newcomer stood just inside the threshold. As on the night of the Prophet's coming, she wore a long black dress that accentuated her height and grace, and brought into prominence the clear pallor of her skin and the remarkable luminous brilliance of her eyes. A struggle between superstitious dread and human curiosity was distinctly visible in her expression as she stood uncertain of her position, doubtful as to her first move.

The Prophet glanced at her, and the shadow of a smile touched his lips.

"Have no fear," he said. "Come forward!"

The strong steady voice gave her courage. With slightly agitated haste she stepped towards the table.

The Prophet gravely motioned her to a seat, and assumed an attitude of attention. Upon each of the thirty mornings he had sat in this same position in his ivory chair, while, one after another, the members of the sect had claimed audience with him. Morning after morning he had exhibited the same grave, aloof interest—his hands clasped, his eyes upon the Scitsym—while the fearful, the fanatical, the hysterical had poured forth their tales of struggle or aspiration. But now, on this last morning, he was conscious of a new suggestion, a new impression in what had grown to be routine. This last aspirant for spiritual light was neither fanatical nor hysterical, was scarcely even

imbued with fear. Something within his brain responded to the idea, to the reassuring human curiosity that gleamed in her eyes. He found himself waiting for her first words with an impatience that no other member of the congregation had aroused.

But the wait was long—disconcertingly long. The aspirant glanced uncertainly about the room, as if unwilling or unable to break into speech. At last she raised her head and, with an effort, met the Prophet's eyes.

"I'm horribly nervous!" she said quickly, in an irresistibly natural feminine voice.

The effect on the Prophet was instantaneous. The distant and spiritual aloofness, so easy to assume in the presence of the credulous, became suddenly a matter of impossibility. With a quiet dignity that had more of masculine protectiveness than of mystical inspiration he turned to her afresh.

"Have no fear!" he said gently. "My only desire is to help you. Tell me everything that is in your mind."

She leant forward quickly. "You—you are most kind——" she began. Then again she halted.

But he took no notice of her embarrassment.

"Why have you never come before?" he asked. "Had you no doubts to be set at rest?" He spoke so quietly that her nervousness forsook her.

With a swift impulse she glanced up at him.

"I—I think I was afraid," she said candidly. "You see,

I am not exactly one of the others——”

“You did not quite believe that the One you had waited for had really come?” His voice was low and tinged with some inscrutable meaning.

“Oh no!” she said hurriedly. “No; it was not that. Before you came, I confess I was sceptical; I confess I did not believe that any one would come, that there was any truth—any real meaning—in the sect. But then—when you did come——”

The Prophet lifted his head.

“When I did come?” he asked sharply.

“The whole thing was different——”

“The whole thing was different?” he repeated slowly and meditatively. By a curious process of suggestion and recollection something of his own experiences in the realm of mental upheaval rose with her words. He studied the pale face and brilliant eyes with a fresh and more intimate interest.

“The whole thing was different?” he said once more in his slow deep voice.

The warm colour flooded her face. “Yes,” she admitted. “Yes. You seemed the one real person—the one sane thing in the whole ceremony. I felt—I knew that you were—strong.” She paused, alarmed at her own timidity; and again their eyes met.

“And why have you never come to me?” he asked. He had no particular meaning in the question; he was only conscious of an inexplicable wish to prolong the interview.

“Oh, I don’t know—I scarce-

ly know.” Again she spoke quickly and nervously. “I have come every night to hear you speak—I have loved to hear you speak. But—but to be alone with you——” She paused expressively. “You see, it’s all so strange—so extraordinary. It doesn’t seem to belong to the present day——” She looked up at him in appealing perplexity.

“And why did you come now?”

“Why? Oh, because—because I could not stay away.”

For the first time the Prophet was conscious of a tremor of discomfiture; for the first time the spectacle of his fraud, as seen from a point of view other than his own, touched him unpleasantly. He moved slightly in the massive ivory chair.

“In this life,” he said, with a sudden, almost incontinent assumption of his Prophetic manner, “we must be ever careful to distinguish the Wine from the Vessel that contains it. I endeavour, with all the Power I am possessed of, to impress upon my People that I have come, not to *be* the Way, but to *show* the Way! To teach you all that what you seek in me is in each one of you. Every man is his own Prophet, if he but knew it!” As he spoke he turned his eyes upon the Scitsym, and the hard inscrutable look that so dominated his followers descended upon his face. As he reached the last words, he looked again at his companion, but as his glance rested on her face, he paused disconcerted. She was gazing at

him with a candid spontaneous admiration, infinitely more human and infinitely more irresistible than the neurotic adoration that was daily lavished on him. With an odd inexplicable sense of guilt he rose quickly from his seat.

"Do not forget — do not allow yourself to forget that this is my teaching," he said. "That you have each within yourselves the thing you demand in me. Look for it within yourselves! Rely upon yourselves!"

As he ceased, she also rose. She was pale, and trembled slightly.

"But if one cannot follow that teaching?" she asked. "If one longs to rely upon some one else? If one cannot rely upon oneself?"

The Prophet made no answer. He stood with one hand resting on the table, his gaze fixed upon the Book.

Emboldened by his silence, she approached him by a step.

"I think I could believe——" she murmured. "I think I

could believe—anything, if I might learn it from you." She paused pleadingly; then, as he still stood unresponsive, the colour rushed again into her face.

"I—I have been presumptuous," she said. "I have offended you."

Something in her tone, in her charming unaffected humility, stung him. For the first time in his career as Prophet, the blood surged hotly and uncomfortably into his face.

"Do not say that!" he began impulsively; then he checked himself. "I am here to teach my People," he added. "All my People — without exception."

For one moment she studied his face half doubtfully; then at last her own emotions conquered her doubt.

"Then I may come again?" she asked, almost inaudibly.

He did not reply at once, and when he did, his voice came unusually irresolute and low.

"You may come — at any time," he said, without meeting her eyes.

CHAPTER VI.

So it came about that the serpent of misgiving entered into the Prophet's paradise. With Enid Witcherley's words, the realisation of his true position had been unpleasantly suggested to him; and the grain of doubt had been scattered over the banquet he had set himself to enjoy. It was one thing to fool men who yearned to be fooled—even to

fool women whose peculiarities set them apart from their sex; but it was indisputably another matter to dupe a young and confiding aspirant, who came with all the fascination of modern doubt, counterbalanced by the charm of feminine credulity.

Long after she left him, he had paced up and down the room in perplexity of spirit,

until at last with a sudden contempt for his own weakness he had turned to where the white binding of the *Scitsym* caught the subdued light. The sight of the book had nerved him, as it never failed to do; but for all his regained firmness the sense of uneasy shame had remained with him during the day, and that night, when he addressed his people, he had instinctively guarded his glance from resting on the seats that fronted the Sanctuary.

But now that first interview was past by some three weeks, and Enid's daily visits to the great room where he gave Audience to the congregation had become one of the recognised events of the twenty-four hours. The sense of shame returned periodically; but on each renewal of the feeling he salved his conscience more and more successfully with the assurance that to her, as to himself, the Mystics were in reality nothing but the products of a neurotic age—mere hysterical dabblers in the truths of the universe. She was too delicately feminine, he told himself with growing conviction, too intelligent and self-controlled, to be more than temporarily attracted to any such exotic creed. She might toy with it for a while, but the day must inevitably dawn when common-sense and the need of surer things would send her back into the broad channel of simple satisfying Christianity. For a space this unnatural state of things would last; for a space their curious

companionship would continue—their long intimate talks would make life something new and wonderful; then— But there, for some unexplained reason, speculation invariably stopped.

So things stood on the fiftieth morning after her first coming. The stream of suppliants for his favour was all but exhausted, and he awaited to give the last Audience of the day.

After the moment of quiet and solitude that always separated the interviews, the sonorous gong announced the last visitor; the silent ascetic attendant threw open the door—and Enid entered.

This time she displayed none of the hesitancy that had marked her early manner. She came towards the table with quick assured steps, her face bright with anticipation.

As she approached, the Prophet rose. It was remarkable that he no longer retained his sitting position when she entered the room, as was his custom with the other members of the sect. Involuntarily and almost unconsciously, he extended to her the ordinary courtesies that man instinctively offers to woman.

As she reached the table, she glanced up at him, and something of the pleasure died out of her face.

"You look tired," she said softly.

He smiled.

"Does that disappoint you?"

His tone confused her.

"Oh no!" she said quickly.

"No." Then she coloured slightly and glanced at him

again. "Why do you ask?" she added.

"Because it is the way of humanity to refuse any common weakness to its leaders—spiritual or temporal."

Again a wave of colour crossed her clear skin. "But surely——" she began.

"Surely what?"

She glanced away; then, seeming to gather up her courage, she looked back at him.

"I mean," she said slowly, "that some people are so strong that they may be allowed to have anything——"

"Even weaknesses——"

Once more he smiled. It was significant how, gradually and indisputably, the tone of teacher had dropped out of his conversations with her. Neither could he have told the date on which the change occurred—perhaps neither was conscious that it had even taken place. But the fact remained that, with her, he no longer felt compelled to hold aloof; that, with her, he had discarded the allegorical manner of speech, and had begun to show himself as he naturally was.

"Even weaknesses?" he said again, as she made no attempt to answer.

At the words she raised her head and her eyes met his.

"Yes," she said with new resolution, "yes, even weaknesses. I often think that it is because you are so—so human that you hold us as you do. It seems right that a Prophet should belong to the people he has come to teach. All the prophets of the world have essentially belonged to

their own times. If you had sat upon the Throne all day and communed with your Soul, I should have been very much afraid of you; but I should never have believed in you as I do now, when you talk to me, and advise me, and help me, like—like a friend." Her voice trembled slightly with the force of her words.

A peculiar expression crossed the Prophet's face.

"So I seem a—friend?"

"More than a friend. I can never tell you what you have been to me—what you have done for me. I have never been so happy and so satisfied in my life as in these last three weeks. Every disappointment and dissatisfaction seems to have slipped away; I seem to have been living in some calm, beautiful, restful atmosphere——" She paused, her face as well as her voice tinged with a subtle excitement.

"It may be very selfish," she went on, "but I wish that these days could go on for ever. I know that, for you, they are only a probation; that you must crave for the moment when, having taught us everything, you will go out into the world and teach the Unbelievers. I know all that, and I know it is only right, but—but I hate to think of it!" A sudden break sounded in her voice.

"You hate to think that all this must have an end?" he repeated.

Again their eyes met; but, as though the contact of glances embarrassed her, Enid looked away.

"Yes," she said hastily. "I

do hate it. Do you despise me for being so selfish—so jealous of those other people who will take our place?”

For a moment the Prophet made no reply. In the dim light of the room the muscles of his hard face looked set; his strong hands were clasped.

“Do you despise me?” she asked again.

“It is not for me to judge any one—you least of all,” he answered, without looking at her.

At the subdued tone, the unexpected words, she turned to him apprehensively.

“You are angry with me?”

“Indeed no.”

“Then what is it? What have I done—or said?”

He remained silent.

In her sudden distress she leant forward in her chair, looking into his face with new solicitude.

“I know—I feel that I have displeased you. Won’t you tell me what I have done?”

As she put the question, she laid one gloved hand upon the table; and though the Prophet’s eyes were fixed upon the Scitsym, he was conscious in every fibre of the appeal the unstudied gesture made—as he was poignantly conscious of her clear eyes, her soft dark hair, the questioning, upturned face.

For an interminable time the silence remained unbroken; at last, with a little sound of fresh distress, Enid bent still nearer.

“Oh, I understand!” she exclaimed. “I understand! You think I have taken advantage of your goodness. You think

I have imagined that, because you are kind and patient and tolerant, I might look upon you as a friend—as a man.” As she said the word she paused, frightened by her own timidity, and with a nervous movement drew back into her chair.

But as she did so, the Prophet wheeled round suddenly and laid his fingers over hers. The pressure of his hand was like steel; the expression of his face was altered and disturbed.

“If you only knew——” he said sharply, “if you only knew how I have longed to hear you say just that one word *man!*” He paused almost triumphantly, his eyes searching her frightened face, his fingers gripping hers.

For an instant she sat petrified and fascinated; then a faint sound of alarm escaped her, and she turned towards the door.

Without the formality of the announcing gong, two men had entered the room, and stood silent spectators of the tableau. One was Devereaux the Precursor; the other was Horatio Bale-Corphew.

For one embarrassed moment all four looked at each other; then the Precursor hastened to save the situation. He made a long profound obeisance, and stepped deferentially to the table.

“Your pardon, Master!” he murmured. “We knew not that the immutable Soul was speaking from within you, calling one amongst us towards the Light!” He glanced quickly over his shoulder to where the massive form and agitated face

of Bale-Corphew were framed in the doorway.

At his peremptory look the Arch-Mystic seemed to gather himself together. Stepping forward, he made a slightly tardy reverence.

"Master," he said huskily, "what the Precursor tells you is the truth. Seeing the threshold unguarded, we concluded that the Audiences for the day were over." His prominent brown eyes were filled with conflicting expressions as he turned them on the Prophet.

But the Prophet remained unmoved. The hard look had returned to his face, the stern rigidity to his figure. Very slowly he released the hand that still trembled under his own.

"The time of the Prophet

belongs to his People," he said with dignity. "He holds Audience whenever, wherever, and *however* it is expedient. Speak, my son! In what can I serve you?"

Bale-Corphew looked at him in silence. Whatever he had come to say appeared to have escaped his mind. For a while inaction reigned in the room; then, with a pale face and nervous manner, Enid rose, bowed to the Prophet, and moved noiselessly to the door.

All three watched her until she had disappeared; then Bale-Corphew found voice again.

"Master," he murmured hurriedly, "with your permission, I also would leave the Presence." And with a perturbed gesture he too bowed and passed out of the room.

CHAPTER VII.

On a crisp, cold afternoon, one week after her interview with the Prophet, Enid Witcherley sat in the drawing-room of her London flat. The early portion of the day had been pleasantly warmed and brightened by the pale March sunshine, but at three o'clock a searching wind had begun to blow across the city from the east; and now, as the small gold clock on her bureau chimed the hour of five, Enid rose from the couch where she had been sitting and, crossing the room with a little shiver, drew a chair to the fire and pressed the electric bell.

As the maid appeared, in answer to her summons, she

gave her order without looking round.

"Tea, Norris!" she said, in an unusually curt and laconic voice.

For a considerable time after the maid's departure she sat motionless, her hands stretched out towards the blazing logs, her pale face absorbed and thoughtful, her large eyes absently watching the firelight on her many and beautiful rings. When the woman reappeared and, noiselessly arranging the tea-table, moved it to her side, she scarcely glanced up. It was obvious that her own thoughts and speculations fully absorbed her mind.

She had retained her contemplative attitude for nearly ten minutes when the unexpected sound of the hall-door bell caused her to sit up with a little exclamation of surprise and impatience; and, almost simultaneously, the door of the drawing-room opened, and Norris again appeared. After a second's hesitation she crossed to her mistress.

"There's a gentleman at the door, ma'am," she said deprecatingly.

Enid looked up, a frown still puckering her forehead.

"A gentleman? Who is it? I told you I was not at home."

"I know, ma'am, but——" Norris hesitated.

"But what? I won't see any one. I told you I was not to be disturbed. I *won't* be disturbed." With a gesture that hinted at nervous irritability, Enid turned to the table and poured herself out a cup of tea.

The maid glanced behind her towards the door. "But the gentleman won't go, ma'am——"

"Won't go!" In her surprise Enid laid down the cup she had been about to raise to her lips, and looked at the servant. "Who is he?" she added quickly. "What is he?"

Norris looked down. "I don't know, ma'am. I told him you were not at home, but he won't go. He's the sort of gentleman as won't take no for an answer."

"Won't take no for an answer! What do you mean? Who is he? What is he like?" Unconsciously and involuntarily Enid's tone quickened.

Something in the woman's words—something undefined and yet suggestive—roused her curiosity.

"Well, ma'am," Norris answered slowly, "he's very tall—and not like any other gentleman that comes here. He has a long black coat—and he holds his head very high. He seems used to having his own way——"

As she halted, uncertain how to choose her words, Enid rose nervously. She could not have defined her emotions, but some feeling at once vague and portentous was working in her mind.

"Did he give no name?" she asked in a slightly sharp and tremulous voice.

"No, ma'am. I was to say that he was some one that must be seen. He'd give no name."

For a further instant Enid was silent, conscious of nothing but her own unsteady pulses; then suddenly she turned almost angrily upon the maid.

"Show him in!" she cried. "Show him in at once! Don't leave him standing at the door."

In some confusion Norris turned and moved across the room. At the doorway she paused and looked back.

"Will you have the lights on, ma'am?"

Enid started. .

"No. No; the fire makes light enough. I like twilight and a fire. Don't stand waiting!"

The maid departed; and for a space that seemed to her interminable, Enid stood beside the fireplace, motionless with

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hope, dread, and an almost uncontrollable nervousness. At last, as in a dream, she saw the door open and the tall commanding figure of the Prophet move into the room.

She was vaguely aware that he halted for a moment, as if undecided as to his action, while Norris retired, softly closing the door. Then, with a sudden leap of the heart, she was conscious that he was coming towards her across the shadowed room.

He moved straight forward until he was close beside her; and, with one of his decisive, imperious gestures, he put out both hands and caught hers.

"It was a case of Mohammed and the mountain!" he said, in his grave, musical voice. "You wouldn't come to me; I *had* to come to you."

No sound escaped her. She stood before him mutely, her face paling and flushing, her hands fluttering in his.

There was a slight pause; and again he bent towards her.

"Why have you stayed away?"

She hesitated for a moment longer, spellbound by her emotion; then, making a sudden effort, she looked up. "I—I think I was frightened," she said, so low, that the words were a mere whisper.

Her tone affected him. He drew away from her.

"Frightened?" he asked quickly. "Frightened of what?"

She made no answer.

"Of what?" he repeated. "Of Bale-Corphew?" He gave a slight, sarcastic laugh.

As though the sound alarmed her, she raised her head.

"No!" she said hastily. "Oh, no!"

"Then of what? Of me?" His grave voice suddenly sank, and the pressure of his fingers tightened.

"No! no! Oh, I don't know! I don't know!" With a tremulous gesture she tried to withdraw her hands.

At the movement, he suddenly drew her towards him. "Tell me!" he said. "I want to know. I must know."

Dominated by his voice, she lifted her head once more; and, for the first time since he had entered the room, her glance rested fully on his face. The light in the room was uncertain, but as her gaze concentrated itself, a new look—a look of wonder and alarm—sprang across her eyes. In the seven days since they had spoken together, a change had fallen on the Prophet. Some alteration she could not define had grown into his expression. The cold mastery of himself and others was still visible; but a new emotion had insensibly been created—something powerful and even dominant—for which she could find no name. With a sharp, instinctive alarm, her lips parted.

"What is it?" she said quickly. "Why are you here? The time for you to leave Helier Crescent has not come?"

A faintly ironic smile flitted across his lips.

"Surely if one is a Prophet, one can alter even prophecies."

He said the words deliber-

ately, looking down into her face.

Something in the tone—in the intentional flippancy of the words—came to her with a shock. It was as if, by considered action, he had set about jeopardising his own dignity. A chill of undefined apprehension seemed to blow across her mind like a cold wind.

"I—I don't understand," she stammered. "How did you get here? How did you get away?"

Again his keen eyes searched hers.

"As for getting away," he said slowly, "when a Prophet has a Precursor, he generally manages these things. Five o'clock is a dull hour at Hellier Crescent. The Arch-Mystics are perusing the *Soitsym*; the Precursor is guarding the sacred threshold of the Prophet; the Prophet is—presumably—communing with his Soul. The routine of this evening differs in no way from the routine of any other evening—except that the Precursor is rather more than usually vigilant in his watch." Again the forced flippancy was apparent in his voice; and to Enid, staring at him with wide, perplexed eyes, there was something inexplicable and alarming in this new and unfamiliar attitude. With a curious tremor of foreboding, her glance travelled again over his face.

"Has anything happened?" she asked. "Have the People done wrong? Have you—have you been called elsewhere?" At the last dread possibility her voice faltered.

But the Prophet stood cold, almost rigid, still looking at her. At last, by an immense effort, he seemed to gather himself together for some tremendous end.

"Enid," he said gravely, "I don't know how much you know of life, but I presume you know very little. I presume that, and shall act on the presumption. I shall not expect—even ask—any leniency of you.

"I came here this evening to tell you something that will alter your opinion of me so effectually that nothing hereafter can reinstate me in your mind." He spoke slowly and deliberately, without tremor or falter. Whatever of struggle lay behind his words, it lay with the past. It was evident as he stood there in the pretty, luxurious room, that he possessed a purpose, and that he held to it without thought of a retrograde step.

"I have come to make a confession," he said quietly. "Not because I believe in the habit of unburdening one's conscience, but because there is something you have a right to know——"

"I——? A right to know?" Her lips paled.

"Yes. A right to know." With a sudden access of feeling he dropped her hands and turned towards the window, where the last glimmer of the wintry twilight showed through the soft silk curtains.

"I am putting myself in your hands," he said steadily. "I am jeopardising myself utterly by what I am going to say; but it seems to me

the only way by which I can make—well, can patch up some poor amends——

"I may be presumptuous, but I believe—I think—that I have stood for something in your eyes." He turned and looked at her. But in the mingled dusk and firelight only the pale outline of her face was visible.

"Enid!" he cried with sudden resolution, "it must be faced. It must be said. I'm not what you think me. I'm a fraud—a lie—an impostor. No more a Prophet—no more inspired than you—or Bale-Corphe!" He stopped abruptly and drew a slow, deep breath.

The pause that followed was long and strained. In the grip of strong emotions, each stood rigid, striving vainly to read the other's face. At last, goaded by the silence, the Prophet spoke again.

"You have done this," he said. "You have compelled me to tell you. I came to these people; I duped them—and gloried in duping them. I despised them, understood them, traded on them without a scruple. Then you came. You came—and the scheme was shattered. The whole thing, that had bubbled and sparkled, became suddenly like flat champagne. That is a common simile, but it is strong. The acting of an actor depends upon his audience. While my audience was composed of fools, I fooled them; but when you came—you with your scepticism, your curiosity, your feminine dependency—I lost my cue. I became conscious

of the footlights and the make-up." Again he paused; and again he endeavoured to read her face. His manner was still restrained, but below his calm were the stirrings of a deep agitation. There was tense anxiety in the set of his lips, an inordinate anticipation in the keenness of his eyes. For a space he stood waiting, then, as she made no effort towards response, he stepped closer to her side.

"Say something!" he exclaimed. "Speak to me! I am waiting for you to speak."

With a low, frightened murmur she drew back, extending her hands, as if to ward him off.

The sound and the movement stung him to action. With a speed that might have been construed into fear, he took a fresh step forward.

"Enid!" he said. "Enid!"

But again she retreated involuntarily.

"Oh, why did you do it?" she exclaimed suddenly in a faint, shaken voice. "Oh, why did you do it? Why did you do it?"

For an instant her tone and her manner daunted him; then recklessly rallying his determination, he straightened his body and raised his head.

"I did it for what is reckoned the most sordid motive in the world," he said in a level voice. "I did it for money!"

"For money?" With a scared movement she turned upon him, and for the first time since he had made his revelation, he saw her pale,

alarmed, incredulous face in the full light of the fire.

"I was wronged!" he said sharply. "These people had defrauded me. I wanted what was justly mine."

"Wanted?" The word formed itself almost inarticulately.

"Yes; wanted. Wanted with all my might. I have worked, schemed, suffered for this in ways you could never imagine. I thought myself invincible; I believed that if the devil himself stood in my way it would not deter me. And now you—one frail girl—have wrecked the scheme!" In his intensity he paused again, leaning towards her in sudden unconscious appeal for comprehension.

"I won't say it hasn't been a struggle," he exclaimed. "It has. My conscience and I have been struggling night and day. I have held out to the last. It was only to-day—this very day—when I woke to face the crisis of my plans, that I knew I was beaten—knew the fight was over.

"And do you understand why this has happened? Do you know why I am going away as empty-handed as I came? It is because I have seen you—because your good opinion is worth more than anything in the world—because I love you——"

He put out his hands. But on the instant that his fingers touched her she thrust him away, freeing herself with a gesture of fierce resentment.

"Don't! don't! don't!" she cried. "You call yourself an

impostor—you are worse than that. Much worse. You are a thief!"

He stepped back suddenly as though she had struck him, and his hands dropped to his sides.

"You are a thief!" she said again hysterically; "a thief!"

The repetition of the word nerved him.

"Wait!" he cried. "Wait! Let me defend myself!"

But with a broken sound of protest she flung her hands over her ears.

"No! no! no!" she cried vehemently. "There is no defence to make. There is no defence. You may leave the money of the sect, but you have stolen things that can never be replaced. Faith—hopes—ideals——" Her voice failed her.

"Mistaken faith—mistaken ideals——" He caught her wrists, drawing her hands downwards.

But again she freed herself and confronted him with blazing eyes and a face marred by tears and emotion.

"Nothing is mistaken that lifts one up—that helps one to live," she cried. "Oh, you don't know what you have done! You don't know! I thought you so noble—so great—and now——"

"Now I am condemned unheard."

"Unheard? Do you think that words could mend matters? There is only one thing you can do now—and that is to go. To go as quickly as you can, and never—never—never to let me see you again." With each

word her voice rose, and on the last broke with an excited sob.

While she had been speaking the Prophet's face had become very pale. He turned to her now with a manner that was preternaturally quiet.

"Very well!" he said. "I understand! But there is no need for you to trouble. All our arrangements are made—have been made for months. We attend the Gathering to-night; and afterwards, when Hellier Crescent is quiet, we go—as unobtrusively as we came. You see I give you the key to our plans; you are free to frustrate them, if you think fit. I don't believe I had any real hope of merciful judgment when I came here—women are not merciful when they are robbed of their illusions. But I confess I did hope for justice. I thought that you might hate me, but——"

With an excited gesture she raised her head.

"Hate you?" she cried. "Hate you? We only hate

what we respect. I don't hate you. I only—only despise you with all my heart. Oh, I despise you! I despise you! I want you to go before I despise myself as well!" Her own cruel disillusioning—her own unbearable sense of loss—swept over her afresh; her voice rose again, and again broke hysterically. With a sudden movement of grief and mortification she turned away from him and threw herself upon the couch, burying her face in the pillows.

For several minutes she cried tempestuously; then through the storm of her angry tears she caught the sound of a closing door. With a start she sat up and looked about her.

The faint relic of daylight still showed through the curtains of the window; the fire-light still played pleasantly on the untouched tea-table and the pretty furniture; but the room was empty. The Prophet was gone.

(To be continued.)

PEREUNT ET IMPUTANTUR.

WHETHER or not General Buonaparte actually poisoned his wounded at Acre and Mount Carmel, lest they should fall into the hands of their ruthless enemies, is one of the controversies of history. An equally moot point is his right, or that of any man, thus to anticipate the workings of Providence.

The following tragedy involves the same controversy; while of its truth there are but two vouchers, the grey hairs in the head of the officer concerned, and the memory of Dip Bahadur Gurung, the orderly—but he saw nothing unusual in the incident.

Away up above the Third Defile of the great Irrawaddi in the province of Upper Burma, a small cloud had appeared on the peaceful horizon, at a time when the melting of the snows had so blocked that defile that the Government launches could not ply between the larger military posts and the small detached garrisons up the river. The *Freebooter*, the *Scout*, and the *Pirate* dare not breast the rush of water in the gorges, where the *Buccaneer* already lay at the bottom from an over-rash attempt to get through the defile last fall with medical stores. So from the month of May, when the waters rose, to late in the autumn after the rains, the troops up-river were quite isolated, and it was a season in which the

Government and all reasonable tribes abstained from hostile acts.

It was no wonder, then, that the authorities were much concerned, when news arrived that a pretender to the throne of Burma had crossed the frontier of China, and was making war against the British. A prince of the blood, forsooth, had appeared, with proclamation and peacock banner, with forty Chinese black flags, and a score or so of Burman wolves' heads harboured in the State of Sansi. Now, a prince of the blood was no new thing in Burma, or a princess and maid of honour either, for that matter, since the blood of Thebaw ran in as many channels as that of the Stuarts and the Bourbons, and of titular claimants there was no end; but Burman Perkin Warbecks, on the Upper Defile, with the river swollen and the rains approaching, called for immediate action, lest a real rebellion should follow. Since an army at that time of year could not be sent to grapple with the pretender, the subaltern in charge of the nearest Military Police post would have to go instead, and if he fail, why then something else must be done; but in those days there was much confidence in the capacities of police subalterns to deal with minor crises.

The following telegram, therefore, arrived one May

morning at the Military Police post of Tāli from the civil Commissioner of the division :—

"To the Officer Commanding at Tāli.

"The Shwedon prince, with Boh Htee, and Boh Wasaw, and twenty Chinese, armed with Remingtons, were at Waimone two days ago, endeavouring to stir up the Shans [stop]. The Wuntho Tsawbwa, with two elephants, is reported coming south to join him [stop]. Try to capture the prince before he gets a following [stop]. You will be reinforced to-night by Lieutenant Reeve and thirty men of the Tsenbo Battalion in the launch Pathfinder."

Clear instructions, and simple enough in all conscience, putting the burden of failure on the subaltern, and leaving plenty of bricks to be made without any mention of straw; a perfectly satisfactory arrangement, however, to the officer concerned, who, coming from a smart native regiment to seek retrenchment and a district where the Queen's writ ran but slowly, had developed a craving for responsibility, and a love and much aptitude for the rough-and-tumble soldiering in the Burmese jungles.

To our subaltern, James of the Levy, late of Harsey's Horse, and better known in Hindostan as "Jimjams," the proximity of the filibustering prince was already known, and his interpreter and a couple of Jharua scouts had been despatched the previous night to get ken of him. Pending their return, the only thing was to take stock of and mobilise the available garrison. Fifty-seven

Goorkha and Jharua rifles of the Levy, ten Sikh mounted infantrymen, with a hospital assistant, two signallers of a Madras infantry regiment, and a telegraph babu, comprised the sum-total of the force, to which might be added five pack-mules and a couple of muleteers—not much to engineer a Cullogen on, even with the expected reinforcements on the *Pathfinder* thrown in!

The total force available when the launch had arrived would not be more than seventy rifles, since the post, the usual sapling stockade, with fringe of bamboo *pangies*¹ and shallow ditch, had five months' rations stored, and could not well be deserted. Three only of the five mules were fit to be saddled, and these would carry a pair of 80-lb. flour-sacks—two scant half-rations per man—two boxes of reserve rifle-ammunition, and the third would just take one waterproof sheet between two men, and a couple of blankets for the white officers—a slight concession to the value not only of the white man because of his colour, but to the necessity of nursing the headpiece: a necessity sometimes overlooked in excess of zeal. Every man would have to carry his cloak *en banderole*, and sixty rounds of Snider ammunition, a wound from which meant a real business wound, and not a ten days' imitation, allowing the victim to return to take part in the next fight.

At noon the *Pathfinder* hove

¹ *Pangies* = spikes.

in sight round a bend in the river, chunking hard against the swollen current, the soldiery squatting on her decks, and her tripod Nordenfelt, the pride of her Mugh *seraing*,¹ glinting in her bows. Full four hundred yards above the Tāli landing-ghaut she struggled upstream, and then swept down on the flood to the steep bank, deftly avoiding two huge snags, and cleverly sidling alongside at the exact spot, much to the admiration of a row of Shan girls, who, squatting above, smoking the inevitable cheroot, were thoroughly enjoying the proceedings. On the tiny bridge stood Reeve, and by nature reiver, clad, after the fashion of the Irrawaddi, in short loose breeches of blue Shan silk, and khaki jacket atop, and by him a Pathan native officer. "Hulloa, old man, Jimjams!" shouted he; "what's up now?" "You come ashore, young feller," returns James, "and I'll tell you. Big thing this. Biggest thing in Upper Burma." And the two leaders then held a conference full of sound ideas lightened with the chaff that is inseparable from the British subaltern, even in the gravest crisis. Soon after the conference the two scouts came back with fairly ample news; twenty miles and more had they been to the Shan Talok village of Sadon Pa, under the peak of Kumpi Pum, where they had found much to do, for the Shwedon prince had

passed through the night previous, and had carried off six maids of the village. The Thugyi (headman) had objected, and now hung crucified for his pains; and the mother of one of the girls who had dared protest had been hung up by the hair to a tree, sprinkled with kerosene, and then set alight, amid the jeers of the pretender's army. The poor Shan Taloks, the most peaceful and industrious of our new subjects, had asked pitifully if the great English Queen allowed such doings, and the interpreter had taken on himself in the *Sahib's* name to promise full vengeance. Further and most vital information was to this effect, that the prince and his followers, who numbered about two hundred, had moved to another Shan Talok village, some seven miles on, named Namli, and were said to be waiting there till the Yawyin tribes had joined them, and that a dozen maids of that village had been requisitioned by them, which no man dared resist, therefore they prayed the Thakins to come quickly to their rescue.

Now Namli village lay a good three-and-twenty English miles to the south-east of Tāli, through the steep gorge of the Karee Chaung and over the ridge of the sister Pums, as hard a track as man could wish to climb; but still within reach before the next morning to troops as hard and fit as the men of the Levy, provided they lost no time in getting away.

¹ *Seraing* = skipper.

James was a man of action, and Reeve was eager as a terrier, so in an hour's time the little force was paraded outside the stockade—fifty men of the Levy, twenty Sikhs of Reeve's lot, three mules, and the doctor babu, who was to ride the mules by turns atop of their actual loads, every man with his cloak and as much rice and chapaties as his haversack would hold.

As they were parading, a telegram arrived from the Commissioner, to say, "The General hopes you will be very careful; no reinforcements can be sent you for some weeks." "Silly old bird," remarks the irrepressible Reeve; "nice of him to cheer us up." The more tactful James, however, despatched a reassuring message to say that he would observe the greatest caution, remarking that it was high time the enemy cut the wires. Not the first commander by any means to utter such a wish, nor the first to have ready agents to "rid me of this turbulent—telegraph."

At the last moment, on the suggestion of a native officer, the route is changed, and the men are packed into three large *talaungs* with Shan rowers, by which some six miles of the road might be accomplished without fatigue to the footmen, by rowing three miles down-stream and four up the Karee Chaung, the ten mounted men and the mules going by road to meet them. By this means, too, the villagers of Tāli would not know the route taken till the column was some miles on the road.

As they were starting another telegram arrived, this time from an officer commanding a police battalion up-river, and calculated entirely to counteract the effect of the General's message. And it ran thus: "Good old Jimjama, ride straight at him; am coming after you as soon as I can raise some men; send *Path-finder* up here."

By three in the afternoon the boats were dropping down-stream at a good five mile an hour, the Goorkhas and Sikhs in the best of spirits, the officers in the leading *talaung* busy examining the very meagre maps of the districts and cross-questioning guides. Fortunately, a native officer had been to Namli by that route a couple of years before with a boundary survey, what time the Chinese had overrun the frontier and blown up our boundary pillars. After half an hour's run down-stream, the flotilla swung round a bend by a big reed-grown sandbank into the mouth of the Karee Chaung, and at once commenced to pole up-stream, past piled village and fertile rice-flats, feeding ibis and fighting wild-duck, till some four miles from the Irrawaddi the leading boat stuck on the sand, and they saw the mounted infantry, ten bearded Sikhs, waiting for them on the bank. Five minutes sufficed to disembark the expedition, and five more to get it under weigh, the mounted infantry in advance till dark. Seventeen miles had to be covered, seventeen remarkably stiff miles, too, for the road was

already ascending, and nothing but a goat-track at that. James intended to push along for some ten miles till he reached the second crossing of the Karee stream, somewhere about 8 P.M., and there to halt for a few hours till the moon rose, ere he ventured into the tangled paths in the bamboo jungle that fringed the lower slopes of the eastern hills above the stream.

Away trotted the ten Sikh horsemen, to gain two or three hundred yards' start; after them trudged the sturdy stuggy Goorkha footmen, eternally chaffing the solemn long-legged Sikhs of Reeve's party, who brought up the rear in dignified silence, till the white officers bade the chattering Mongolians cease their clavers also. Behind followed the three mules, with the unhappy doctor babu jogging and jolting on the leader.

Through bamboo-thicket and teak-forest the road took them, ever in single file, past cool silver streams and sour acrid marsh, to the chagrin of the huge coulon in their evening feed; up into rocky defiles, where the orchids hung on the trees in glorious pendants; through wattle villages, where the villagers yelled delight; and on over the wooded col, till again the path dropped as the sun went down, towards the grey shade and the cobalt mist of the Karee valley, to the flighting teal and the shrill whistling of the bamboo partridge.

Shortly before eight o'clock, as the last streak of day was disappearing in the haze of the

valley, the little column reached the Shan village of Heylon, and as it swung into the hamlet it shied visibly at three ominous shapes that stood out clear against the sky.

Three St Andrew's crosses were silhouetted in the night air, and on them hung three dead Shan Taloks, of whom one was the Thugyi (head) of the village, and another was a wretched old woman, some poor scolding old body who had dared raise a quivering voice against the prince's raiding dacoits. Accustomed as is the native mind to ideas of tyranny and bloodshed, even the Goorkhas cursed to see the sight, and the two English wardens of the frontier swore silently into their beards that the Shwedon prince should pay a fair and true reckoning for his piracy.

In the village, whose inhabitants had fled to the jungles, and small wonder, it was decided to halt in the company of the poor victims till the moon rose; and these poys munch their chapaties and rice, and have the last sleep they were likely to get for many a weary hour. The party dozed in a sort of a square round two isolated houses at the far end of the village, well removed from the three gruesome crosses, and the most defensible point, at which also a Cossack post was established, covering the approach from the east.

At midnight it was proposed to start again and try to cover the seven miles to Namli by 4 A.M.; dawn would not be till five.

At 11 P.M. the moon rose over the jagged tops of the bamboo jungle covering the hillside opposite, waning, but still strong and powerful; and James, peering round his bivouac, could see the round cap of his sentry sharp against it as it rose, standing out from the shadow of the long log-house that concealed him.

Hardly had the moon cleared the tops of the bamboos, when the light swish of a pair of grass-shoes could be heard coming down the rocky path opposite and splashing through the stream. James slipped across to his sentry and roused the two men of the relief: as he did so a Shan, haggard and drawn in the moonlight, dragged himself up the rise from the ford, stretching out before him a bleeding arm from which the hand had been lopped. No need for the levelled bayonet of the sentry, or a spring by the rest of the picquet; the poor wretch's murmur of relief on seeing the British showed clearly enough whence he had come, and while the doctor babu dressed his stump, his tale was unfolded to the two officers. A right valuable tale it was, too, as ever came to a leader seeking intelligence of his adversary, for the Shan was son to the Thugyi of Namli, and had been sent forth the last evening by a bypath to fetch such aid as he could from any village that dare resist the prince, and if possible warn the British. A raiding party of the intruders had come on him unexpectedly, and deeming him

a straggler from the village, had cut off his hand merely in their light-heartedness, as a warning against straying from home. After which he had struggled on to the Karee Chaung, and this was what he knew of the enemy. The main body, now some four hundred strong, for some Yawyins and three Kachin Tsawbwaw had joined them, lay in the village of Namli, occupying the houses and doing as they pleased. The prince and several of the Bohs, with their immediate following, lay, however, in the Thugyi's house, which stood apart from the village, some two hundred yards on the hither side, along the narrow spur which jutted out from the main ridge. Further, a picquet, furnished by the Kachins of the Sakong-wa, was posted a bit lower down the spur behind a stockade made by forced labour from the village that afternoon. He himself had been sent by his father in charge of the tally of villagers for the *corvée*.

A moment's reflection showed James that chance had given him an opportunity he had hardly dared hope for: could he but pass the picquet he might secure the prince and the Bohs, and get them away with the mounted infantry before he need deal with the main body or fear a rescue from them. How to surprise the picquet of Kachins was the problem, for the Shan said that the jungle round the spur was too thick to be traversed, while the noise of men passing through it would be bound to attract attention: the Kachins,

however, had looted all the village supply of *shumshu*,¹ and might well be sleeping. He himself was none too weary for revenge, and if he might sleep for half an hour would gladly guide them. The scheme of surprising the picquet was far too promising to be neglected, and the whole lie of the pretender's bivouac was more than propitious, so in half an hour the little party was ready to move off.

The ponies of the mounted infantry had been fed on the young bamboo leaves and a handful of unhusked rice from a hut hard by, and the men had had a good meal, while Reeve produces his whisky-flask and insists on James taking a pull of the wine of the country to keep the fever out. The general scheme is explained to the native officers, and some suggestions by one of the Goorkhas adopted, and the party tramps off,—no advance-guard this time, since touch might be lost,—the mounted men in rear, James, the Shan, and four Goorkhas leading, and nothing but the broken shadows in the moonlight to show that a movement was afoot. Seven miles of broken track by night is a weary march, and it was not till close on 4 A.M. that the guide indicated that they were at the bottom of the spur leading up to Namli.

Here the leader halted his party, to close up and generally get ready for the final act,—final, at any rate, for some of

them — for the Burman if caught in a trap can turn and fight, ay, and sting too, like many another folk the British army wots of, who have no stomach for a stand-up fight unless the odds are more than favourable. But it is always the lot of the junior officers, who keep watch and ward on the marches that follow the sun in its course, to have to lay the odds, and thus to tackle a calculating foe; for no nation expects more bricks for less straw than shopkeeping England, though, unlike Pharaoh of old, she gets little murmuring from her slaves. For a miserable pittance they give work that gold cannot buy, and take many a hazard that prudence and the laws of chance forbid, . . . and win, or fall to the tormentors of the half-penny press.

With some such thoughts as these, then, James of the Levy cast about in his mind how he might win the hazard: the burden of responsibility, that breaks so many gallant hearts, heavy on him, and his mind vexed with the many pros and cons that fate sends to weaken determination. It is not many men that can face desperate responsibility unmoved, as good leaders know right well, and keep their knowledge to themselves.

Round the leader squatted the Goorkhas as they straggled up, cheery and eager, like terriers round a rabbit-warren, void of imaginations, and blindly confident in their

¹ A fiery beer brewed from rice.

officer of an alien race. Behind them closed the Sikhs and the trusty Reeve, eager for blood, uncoursed with nerves, and free from any responsibility save that of loyal support, a very swashbuckler of the best class. Who could ask for better men, or not agree with gallant Henry that the fewer men the more honour? So James of the Levy took heart of grace, as he glanced at the squat, eager, almond-eyed faces of Magar and Gurung, and the steadfast impassive visages of the yeomen Jats, and reflected that, big or small, he would chew the chunk, and give his men a run for their money, come weal come woe, like the hearty John Bull he was.

Four A.M. and an hour of previous night remaining, as the raiders swung up the hill spur, and tripped and cursed as they scrambled over the rocks that had forced their way through the skin of the hillside. In the valley below a barking deer was coughing itself awake, and the village cocks had already commenced their reveille. Up the last eight hundred feet of rock and bamboo scrub struggled the British, the sharp, uncanny morning breeze caressing their faces and compressing their chests and lungs, four cat-like leaders leading, kookri in hand and then the resolute footmen. Beside the latter, a man wound his waist lest he should fall, and at the head of it another of the footmen. With a fraternal nod, the footmen marched, little by little, the unfortunate arm-

less Shan, who had already intimated that the Kachin picquet must be near by. The moon had sunk, and the waving ragged bamboos blotting out the faint indication of approaching dawn, when from the gloom ahead came a shout and a curse from the leading point, who had stumbled over the prone body of a sleeping man.

"*Bahut i dushman raste men sote hain*," came back the cry (many of the enemy are sleeping in the path), and straightway instinctively the four leading scouts rushed on the sleeping picquet, followed by James and those close behind him, tumbling over each other and throwing themselves on any of the enemy visible, as they struggled up from their beery sleep. A wild rough-and-tumble ensued, kookri and dah, bayonet and matchlock rifle-butt to Tower musket. British hands on Burman throats, scratch and bite and scuffle; stabbing knife and stunning club, while the bamboos waved against the lightening east, and the cocks crowed louder to wake a sluggish force, and all the while the file of British swarmed up the path to watch an almost silent struggle in the grass that fringed the path.

A dozen couples rolled on the ground, and it was too dark to tell friend from foe. James was atop of a powerful Kachin, whom he was trying to strangle, while the other tore at his tightly screwed eyes, till a Goorkha near him stabbed his man, and then

did the same for his leader; another had clean hacked the head from his adversary, and was wiping the blade on his victim's shirt, for a Goorkha loves his weapon; three or four more had hammered their men to silence, and were tying them up, and a few still struggled together.

In the middle of the hurley-burley a huge fat Kachin, the Boh of the party, had wrenched himself free from two men who had seized him, and in a wild frenzy was whirling himself round and round, a long keen Chinese sword in his hand, and already had severely wounded a couple of Goorkhas, while in the grey dusk it was hard to get near him. At this moment Reeve and his Sikhs came up with bayonets fixed. "A damned dangerous fellow!" quoth he, and promptly three long-armed Singhs drove their bayonets into his ample paunch, which practically finished that picquet.

Fortunately not a shot had been fired, and the struggle in the dark had been too sudden and sharp to allow of much shouting, so that as the British straightened themselves out and secured the prisoners, James hoped he might still secure the prince, whom the guide declared was in a house a hundred yards or so farther along the spur. James, with twenty or thirty men, hurried on, bidding Reeve follow with the remainder, and in five minutes more had surrounded the huge bamboo hut, hung with horns and skulls, as becomes a headman's residence.

Up the ladder and into the front room burst the raiders, and found it, as was expected, full of sleeping forms. Half were secured before they could free themselves from their blankets, several jumped from a backdoor into the arms of the British below, and four or five showed fight in a corner, like rats in a hole. The Goorkhas and Sikhs had now seen blood, and recked little of desperate men, who were soon overpowered and bayoneted; not however before, unfortunately, one of them had discharged a horse-pistol in a havildar's face, and another emptied a Belgian revolver into our ranks, so that three of our men were down, and the alarm given once and for all. In the village, a hundred yards away, the angry hum of men could be heard, and already stray shots were dropping by the headman's house.

"Take the prisoners away at once with the mounted infantry, Reeve, old man," shouts James, "while I hold the end of the village; make straight for home, and never mind me." Then, to the Pathan native officer, "Get the wounded away at once; leave the dead where they lie; use the mules, and take ten of the Sikhs with you." He then hurried to seize, if possible, the nearest house to that in which the capture had been made, whence to cover the withdrawal with the prizes. He could not hope to tackle the whole gathering without risking unduly the safety of the

prisoners, and he could not bring himself to slaughter the latter so long as there was any hope of getting them away as prisoners. Therefore it was that he and some forty men found themselves holding the two end houses of the village and firing down the street, for it was built along the crest of a narrow spur, in the endeavour to keep back the angry crowd that surged up from out the huts and from their bivouacs on the hillside. Away behind, Reeve was bustling off his prisoners,—seven notables, and the captured Kachins of the picquet as well,—and of these five were perched on captured ponies, their legs tied beneath them, and the remainder aided down the hill on foot by the moral suasion of insistent bayonet points.

Five dead rebels lay in the house, and as these might well be wolves' heads and men of note, for whose capture or certified destruction a Government reward had probably been proclaimed, it was only fair to the authorities, and the troops concerned in the capture, that there should be no doubt about the matter. Accordingly an expert Goorkha whipped off their heads, which were stowed in a sack for identification by the nearest civil officer,—a lamentable act, but one absolutely necessary where the peace and welfare of the borderside depends on the removal, beyond dispute, of the outlaws who "shoot at the strong and slash at the weak," out of pure spite for the ruling power.

When a whole corpse cannot be presented for identification by the crowner, it is good enough on the Eastern Marches to produce the head, so that, reassured at the sightless grin, the merchant, the shepherd, and the farmer may once more resume their work in peace and security; and who shall criticise the local wardens for their action? What was good enough for the gallant misguided English gentlemen who joined the Young Pretender, and whose skulls whitened for many a year on the gates of London, scarce a century and a half ago, was good enough for the pretender's following who tortured and robbed for personal gain on the shores of the Irrawaddi.

While Reeve, then, was securing prisoners and scalps, and the Pathan native officer was hiding the British dead and lifting the wounded away down the hill, James was being involved in the most desperate of rearguard imbroglios, from which the prospects of easy withdrawal grew momentarily dimmer. And all the while the east grew brighter, and the stars faded, and the cool wind played on the orchid blossoms that drooped from the trees, as if Bohs and pretenders, dacoits and soldiers, with their evil accessories of rifle and dah, headless corpse and crucified villager, had never trespassed in so fair a garden. The sun shines happily on God's earth, and the flowers bloom to the raiding insect, regardless of man's evil, yesterday, to-day, and for ever, as it shone on

Saxon and Norman by the hoar apple-tree on the bare ridge of Sussex Senlao in bright English September; on the piled heaps of red and blue in the vineyards on the Two Arapeiles; or on the horror in the plaisaunce of Hougomont in the haze of a midsummer day,—and as it must shine on many a stricken field yet in the world's history.

For half an hour the rebels had contented themselves with firing at the rearguard from the cover of the hillsides, at some two hundred yards' range, and with beating gongs to encourage each other; but now realising that the party they had to deal with was but a handful, they were closing in and moving round the lower slopes of the spur. A lighted arrow had set one of the huts on fire, and forty or fifty men with dahs were endeavouring to close with some Sikhs on James's right: a couple of men were lying dead, half a dozen had been wounded, though none seriously, and a havildar had returned to report that the prisoners and the wounded were now well on their way down the hill. Now was the moment to retire, and under cover of a rush on the enemy, who were trying to get to close quarters, the party scurried back to the headman's house, till they were joined by the handful that had made the counter-attack. After them poured the exultant enemy, slashing at the two bodies that had been abandoned, and snapping muskets and matchlocks that fired hammered iron slugs,

and now and again a whizzing Remington bullet.

A further retreat was ordered to the brow of the ridge, where the picquet had been surprised a short hour before; and here James decided to hang on for a half-hour more, to give Reeve plenty of law, and then to make his way clear away as best he could. In this further withdrawal another man presumed dead had had to be abandoned, and to his horror he saw that a man, evidently wounded as the dart back had commenced, had been left behind, and was being hauled away by four Chinamen, out of sight into the jungle, with every prospect of death by torture before him; and since the good of the greater number must ever in war be weighed against the safety of the individual, an attempt at rescue was evidently out of the question, as James had to acknowledge to himself. Now this is a point which chivalrous men are apt to forget in war, and only when a costly rescue is a necessity, for the maintenance of *morale*, should it be attempted. Medical officers, who so gallantly expose themselves to dress wounded under fire, should realise the grave folly they are committing in jeopardising the welfare of the numbers they minister to, by risking their lives for the benefit of the one.

So, with deep burning rage in his heart and a red-hot carbine in his hand, James and his remnant once more settled down in the bamboo-grass,

cuddling their war-worn Sniders, and muttering to their sharpened kookris and long triangular bayonets, ready enough for the appeal to steel when the diminishing cartridge store finally ran out, as it was bound to do ere long; and saw that the yelling, furious crowd, however so much they shirked cold metal at short quarters, were steadily working round his flanks, and that his next move back would mean running the gauntlet through an alleyway of assorted firearms. Fifteen minutes of his allotted endurance had passed, and he ordered back down the hillside half his men, who carried two badly wounded men with them, and with whom were all of the slightly wounded. They were to pull up some four hundred yards on, and wait for him to withdraw to them. Down the path they scrambled reluctantly, for their blood now reeked of little, and surged with the lust of battle; but James knew well enough that a useless waste of life was no part of a soldier's business, and that *La Gloire* had been many a man's ruin, so off they had to go,—glory to the Sirkar, and victory to the Khalsa, and every other warlike sentiment notwithstanding, howl the enemy never so derisively,—while James himself, with Ghurruck Singh, the grey-bearded old Sikh soubahdar, and a round dozen of Singhs and Thappas, kept the path behind them, as Horatius kept the bridge of old. Ghurruck Singh spat and swore deep into his beard, a dead man's

Snider in his hand; and the Sikhs stood up and fought regardless of exposure, like the stubborn, slow-witted yeomen they are, quiet in attack and dogged in defence, fighting with that majesty that Napier ascribes to the British soldier of the old line; while among their legs in the grass and between the rocks the Goorkhas crouched invisible, and fired away steadily into the jungle, though little enough of their enemy could they see. Thus slowly James drew his party off, snarling and biting, by knots and clusters, pushing his wounded on before him, and all the while the enemy buzzed round, rarely visible, constantly firing, and ever and anon rushing in to club some unfortunate who had fallen behind unseen; till at last, through much weariness, the lust for fight in the men's hearts gave place to the lust for life, as must ever happen with the best of human soldiers, and the rear party dwindled, through men slinking off to join those in front, till but six remained. With them, unfortunately, were two badly wounded men—gallant old Ghurruck Singh, who weighed fourteen stone, and a Goorkha—and an attempt to carry them a few yards had shown that, unless they were abandoned, the whole party must be cut up. Already the enemy were closing round and mustering courage for a rush in, and James had to face the alternative of leaving them to a horrible fate or sacrifice the entire party. Dip Bahadur Gurung, his orderly, spoke

softly to him, and James nodded his acquiescence.

A sharp order sent five of the survivors doubling back through the tufts of tall flowery pampas grass that covered the banks of a stream they were approaching, with orders to cross and wait on the opposite bank, so that James and Dip Bahadur, his orderly, stood alone facing the enemy beside the two sore wounded men. The old Sikh groaned, tried to rise, and fell back heavily; a partridge piped in the jungle hard by, and two Kachins peered round a fallen teak-tree and fired at the group. James looked at the orderly and nodded, placed his revolver to the native officer's head, fired, and Dip Bahadur did the same with his Snider to the wounded Goorkha. . . . The two then by one common impulse leapt towards the crouching Kachins by the tree-trunk, and shot them both ere they recovered from their surprise; and then plunged into the mass of pampas grass in the wake of the rest of the men, Dip Bahadur unconcerned enough, but James with a wild set look that he was not to lose for many a day, and which will return to him whenever his memory stirs, till he too goes to join brave old Ghurruok Singh with those who die for duty's sake.

Further it is not necessary to follow the weary homeward way, save to say that, by the village of the crucifixion, where the expedition had halted on the Karee Chaung the night before, Reeve and his party

were waiting for the rearguard, which was gradually joining him in small groups, as they struggled up with empty pouches and limping wounded, till at last James and Dip Bahadur turned up too, and reported that the pursuit had gradually died away after the last stream had been crossed. Here a halt was made for a couple of hours, and the roll called, with a resulting deficit of thirteen on the full tally; and against this seven notable prisoners, including the reiving prince who had thought to rival the Sirkar, five common Kachin villagers of the picquet, and a possible gold-mine in the sack of unidentified heads. At which result Reeve was proportionately elated, and much concerned at James's taciturnity, an attitude which to this day he cannot account for.

Late that evening, when the sun had died away below the jade-mines' hills, the British cavalcade, weary to dropping, and quietly exultant, filed into the parade-ground outside the Tali post, and there they found the *Pathfinder* with two *lounges* in tow, and men of the 'Nsentaru Battalion disembarking, to the number of two strong companies. A telegram was also waiting from the Commissioner to say, "You are not to start till Captain Crowhurst arrives from 'Nsentaru, to take command with two hundred more men—acknowledge," and Crowhurst, keenly disappointed at being too late, could only say "Good old Jimjams!"—a remark very similar to that

which arrived, framed in more official language, from the Chief Commissioner and the General at Mandalay the next morning; to be followed in due course with more substantial recognition, for in addition to the capture the whole gathering was found to have dispersed when the larger force moved out.

And now James, late Jimjams of Hearsey's Horse, and some time James of the Levy, is Major James, D.S.O., and second in command of that same incomparable regiment of Silladar horse, and as fine a soldier as ever wore the dress of the Bengal Cavalry, which is saying a good deal; but though his brother officers like and respect him, they can trace little resemblance between the

cheery rowdy Jimjams whom they sent off in their best style to Burma to save money and escape his creditors, and the serious zealot who now lives for his profession alone.

In Major James's bungalow, beside the gun-rack and the tally of polo-sticks, hangs a heavily embroidered peacock banner, "stiff with gold but stiffer with gore," and under it a photograph of a handsome old Sikh sirdar of the old school, on which is written a date, and the old dog-Latin couplet from the sun-dial in the old garden on the Ranworth broads; the epitaph of the hours that pass and the beasts that perish, not unrecorded—
". . . *Pereunt et imputantur.*
May 17th, 189 . . ."

G. F. MACMUNN.

AT THE UNIVERSITY.

I AM presuming, Cornelia, that Boy—big Boy by this time—has passed through the three preliminary stages of education, and is now duly prepared to receive the final polish of University training. It is probable, and certainly desirable, that in the last year or so of his Public School career he will have been to a certain extent a ruler as well as a subject, the head of his House, or, at any rate, a person in authority in his House at Eton or elsewhere. For, if at the age of eighteen he has not arrived at a position of some responsibility, he will have missed an opportunity of usefulness, and must be written down as either unlucky, misunderstood, or incompetent. It may be that, like the Russian private soldier, he is a good individual fighter, but has been found to lack the power of organisation or of taking the initiative. But in that case he must, I fear, be rather a poor creature, wanting in character, too apathetic or too frivolous to grasp his opportunities. For he will most certainly have had more chances of coming to the front and of making his mark than are offered to the patient and much-enduring Muscovite, and it is the aim and intention of our Public School education that the elder boys should take their part in the proper development of the system.

“As much authority as pos-

sible should be delegated to the upper boys,” wrote a gentleman who had made a conscientious study of the duties of a House Master.

“Old habits, old practices, are handed down from generation to generation, and, above all, old feelings.”

So said Dr Arnold in his sermons, and the habits, practices, and feelings are those of the boys themselves. The good name of a House directly stands or falls by the character of the upper boys in it rather than by that of the House Master, though the latter, both directly and indirectly, may have a good deal to say in the matter of the formation of the character of those who have worked their way towards the headship of the House under his supervision. Times have fortunately changed since Arnold pronounced that “Boys have learnt to regard themselves and their masters as opposites to one another, as having two distinct interests,—it being the master’s object to lay on restrictions, and abridge their liberty; while it was their business, by all sorts of means,—combination amongst themselves, concealment, trick, open falsehood, or open disobedience,—to baffle his watchfulness and escape his severity.”

“Autres temps autres mœurs” is applicable to school-life as well as to state-craft. When Jenkins, shorn of his ear, seven years after the event “recom-

dedicated his soul to God and his cause to his country," the respectable indignation of the public plunged our forefathers into war: but in a more enlightened generation the Dogger Bank incident is referred to as a fabrication. So now in school matters the "*argumentum ad baculum*," whereby Keate so promptly suppressed an incipient rebellion at Eton, is nowadays superseded by an appeal to common-sense—a quality in which, with all due respect to Aristotle, schoolboys are not wholly deficient. The modern House Master, if he is worth his salt, is careful to make friends of his upper boys, the real leaders of popular opinion, and after duly impressing upon them, by careful process of manipulation, his own views of what is right and wrong, seemly and unseemly, he leaves with all confidence in their hands the major part of the executive authority.

I prefer to imagine, then, Cornelia, that the youth in whom you are especially interested has been a person under authority in the last year of his school career, and has duly acted up to his responsibilities. From the day on which he bids farewell to his school life, his manhood may be pronounced to have begun, and with the assumption of the *toga virilis*—*Anglicè*, the undergraduate's gown—he is emancipated from many wholesome restrictions, and to a far greater extent than before has to fend for himself. On this matter of manhood, by the way, I was

forgetting that Winchester, Wellington, and probably some other schools, are rather "pre-victoria." It is not within my ken whether the word "Man" occurs in the Winchester book of "*notions*," but its absurdity as applied to a brat of thirteen is sufficiently absurd.

"Do you mind much, mother, if I ask a man to tea with us?" quoth a boy of the mature age of thirteen to his mother when she paid him a visit in his first term at Wellington. The lady professed her contentment with the arrangement, but was agreeably surprised when the guest proved to be a child rather smaller than her son.

Now, for which sort of Man do you want to exchange your Boy, Cornelia, Oxonian or Cantab? From a geographical point of view Oxford and Cambridge are not very far apart, and so far as climate goes there is nothing to choose between them. Either town is apt to be damp, fog-bound, and, therefore, presumably unhealthy in spring and autumn. But the young men of England seem to thrive indifferently well both at the one and the other. It is highly probable, Cornelia, that at the outset of Boy's school career that old family doctor, on whose opinion you set such store, warned you against sending him into the valley of the Thames, and solemnly assured you that no living boy could thrive in such a locality. Curiously enough, some of the strongest men of my acquaintance plead guilty to having spent the major part of every year of their life, be-

tween the ages of nine and twenty-three, in the said valley of the Thames, and they certainly do not seem to have suffered from it.

However, I am ready to admit that perhaps one man in ten may find the climate of either Oxford or Cambridge a bit trying at times; but, as I said before, I doubt if there is a pin to choose between the two localities. If the low-lying parts of Oxford are more relaxing, *per contra* the higher parts of the same town are more invigorating than any parts of Cambridge.

Nor, again, is there any appreciable difference of class, character, or habits that separates the undergraduate of Oxford from the undergraduate of Cambridge. I have heard it asserted, though I am by no means prepared to vouch for the correctness of the assertion, that a certain indefinable something—this is vague enough in all conscience—stamps the University man, and separates him from the man who has not resided at either University. Let this be as it may, at any rate I am prepared to guarantee that, apart from putting leading questions in cross-examination, no one shall be able to ascertain which of the twin brothers Antipholus hails from Oxford and which from Cambridge. They will both be found to be partial to striped flannel suitings, to have acquired the habit of talking learnedly on matters of which they know a mere smattering, and to be capable of drinking and apparently digesting a

glass of beer at ten o'clock in the morning.

Life at either University is not always quite such plain sailing as it looks on the surface. If there are sundry and divers incentives to work, these are coupled with manifold temptations to idleness. Your son, Cornelia, must furthermore be prepared to encounter as a freshman new and hitherto unheard-of possibilities for spending money and running into debt, and to find ample scope for pretty nearly every form of senseless extravagance. It may happen that Newmarket does not lie quite so handy to the doors of Oxford as it does to those of Cambridge; but there are not wanting at either University "sporting" tradesmen, or professional bookmakers, who reap a golden harvest from those weak-minded undergraduates whose literary tastes do not extend beyond the 'Sportsman,' by laying so-called starting-prices, or something a good deal more than a shade under the market odds, in any and every race. In a good many of our country villages it is the habit, as you may know, Cornelia, of the local butcher and baker to get the name of every new-comer upon their books with all convenient speed. The poor are proverbially improvident, and, running into debt by insensible degrees, remain to the end of the chapter at the mercy of the astute creditor, who, provided that he retains the debtor's custom, and from time to time gets something on account, is careful not to

put on the screw too tightly. Bad debts and occasional midnight flittings are amply provided for by extortionate charges. Much the same sort of thing goes on at a University. There are many honest tradesmen both at Oxford and Cambridge; but there are also those who regard the easy-going undergraduate as a pigeon to be plucked, and leave no stone unturned to get his name upon their books. True, to a certain extent the Vice-Chancellor's Court protects the interests of the victim. But it is only in rare cases that the latter has the moral courage to accept the assistance of this institution, publicity of his indebtedness, as leading to other complications, being the one thing above all others that he wishes to avoid. It is much more probable that, like the country parson in the grip of a money-lender, he will attempt to stave off the immediate difficulty by paying a little on account, and trust to the chapter of accidents to pull him through at last. Possibly these things are better managed at Cambridge than at Oxford. For at Cambridge there is, I believe, at any rate a theory that the undergraduate's bills pass through his tutor's hands. There is a theory, too, at Oxford that certain notorious offenders are inhibited from supplying goods to undergraduates. But I am afraid that in practice methods of evasion are not hard to find. Far more difficult to discover is a middle path between the due preservation of the

liberty of the subject and a hard-and-fast law that no money shall be recoverable from an undergraduate unless a terminal account has been rendered to the College authorities. To any outsider, who is not conversant with the innate conservatism and suspicion of anything in the nature of a new departure which dog the course of our Universities, it may seem well-nigh incomprehensible why co-operative stores, conducted on the same principles as the Army and Navy and the Civil Service Stores in London, are not directly run by either University. The poverty of the Universities and the extravagance of undergraduates—this, by the way, has within late years sensibly diminished—are things that have been dinned into our ears from time immemorial. But an obvious remedy for both the one and the other has never been seriously suggested. University stores, conducted on a cash or deposit account system, would do much to remove one of the stumbling-blocks that beset the way of the undergraduate, and at the same time to fill the coffers of the University. I am not losing sight of the fact that individual Colleges do on a small scale run stores for their own collegians, and I presume that they are not losers by the transaction. It stands to reason, surely, that a larger combination would produce more material results. If, on the one hand, it may be said that a University would be derogating from the dignity

of its intention by partially resolving itself into a trading community, it may, on the other hand, be urged that an ounce of practice is worth a full pound of theory, and that it is vain work to teach the principles of political economy unless we occasionally employ them. I fear, however, Cornelia, that a remark made by the writer of "Musings without Method," *apropos* of Oxford, is almost equally applicable to Cambridge, and that either University is likely to remain "quixotic in her ideals and intolerant of change."

Talking of change, I do not suppose that you take a very deep interest in the question of the abolition or retention of Greek as a compulsory subject at the Universities. I have neither time nor inclination to discuss the question in this paper, but I may remark that if the argument of a Cambridge Don, who shall be nameless, in favour of the retention of Greek has been correctly reported, it is at once original and far-fetched: "The ordinary modern chemist cannot express himself in intelligent language because he has not even a modicum of Greek." I will own that personally I regard it as a matter of small importance whether my chemist "speaks with the tongues of men and of angels," or whether he is ignorant of the most elementary rules either of grammar or of rhetoric, provided always that he can be trusted to make up a prescription properly. A conversational chemist might become as great

a nuisance as a conversational barber.

On the subject, however, of an undergraduate's temptations, one word more, Cornelia, though I feel that I am by way of trespassing upon delicate ground. Not long ago I happened to read this statement in the 'Spectator,' a periodical which commonly speaks with a delicious assumption of superiority:—

"The vast majority of undergraduates are healthily impervious to the attractions of their fellow-undergraduates' sisters and cousins, though nearly all the writers on University life would give you the opposite impression."

May I suggest that it is only on rare occasions that an undergraduate during term-time is favoured with even a glimpse of his fellow-undergraduate's sister or cousin, and that, except perhaps at Commemoration Balls or the May races, opportunities for flirtation are few and far between. Indeed it would be safe to hazard a conjecture that "the vast majority of undergraduates," except on those abnormal occasions,—a majority perhaps not even then,—seldom get the opportunity of even passing the time of day to a fellow-undergraduate's female relations from one end of the term to the other. The 'Spectator's' conclusion, then, to my mind, is based on an entirely false hypothesis—the hypothesis, that is, of recurrent opportunities for love-making. It so happens that I could put my finger upon a good many

graduates who eventually married sisters of men who at some time were their fellow-undergraduates. But marriage while a young man is still *in statu pupillari* is to be regarded as a future contingency, and Hartley Coleridge's observation that "there must always be something defective in the moral feelings of a man, or very unfortunate in his circumstances, who makes the Public his confidant," is certainly applicable to love-making. I am afraid it will be found that a minority of weak-kneed undergraduates are not quite so impervious to the attractions of the fair sex as might be desirable, and that the pictures presented in 'Tom Brown at Oxford' and 'Frank Fairleigh' of flirtations with pretty barmaids, shop-girls, &c., are more or less true to life. The University authorities put down this sort of thing with a strong hand, but the most vigilant and conscientious of proctors is not wholly infallible. These hard-worked officials might sleep more soundly if the undergraduate held the same views on the subject of English beauty as did a once notorious Eastern potentate. "So you only let your ugly women be seen!" remarked Shere Ali to Lord Mayo at Umballah.

I have put these things before you, Cornelia, not with the view of deterring you from sending your son to a University, but rather that you may see how necessary it is that he should proceed on this final stage of his education duly equipped with a sensible amount

of self-control. This he will have if he has profited by the training of a Public School, and has in the later months of his stay there taken his due part in regulating and controlling the impulses of his school-fellows. At the University, though still nominally under tutors and governors, he will be practically master of most of his own time, living therefore in an atmosphere of greater freedom than either the young soldier, sailor, land agent, or city clerk. Roughly speaking, it amounts to this—a lad who has been what is called a "rotter" at school has at a University more abundant opportunity for continuing to be a "rotter" than would probably be granted to him if he went straight from school into any profession. A commanding-officer, whether colonel or post-captain or the head of a firm, is apt to give a short shrift to the ne'er-do-well. But Alma Mater in her dealings with her alumni illustrates the truth of the proverb about the horse and the water. For while she offers to the student an excellent quality of education, and holds out certain inducements to work, there is an absence of compulsion, a more conspicuous absence in the case of the clever "slacker," who finds himself capable of obtaining a pass or a low-class degree without having to exert himself. It is true that some Colleges look after their undergraduates more sharply than others, and even insist upon the fact that every student shall in one School or another

be a candidate for Honours; but, as Mr Wells remarks in his account of Oxford life, it is equally true that, "so far as his degree is concerned, a man need not have attended a single lecture." There is no doubt that the undergraduate, no longer as at school Smith or Brown, but even to the Head of his College Mr Smith or Mr Brown, resents almost as keenly as does the rustic the idea of "bein' druv'," and the successful Headmaster, theoretically the best possible Head of a College, has seldom been found to be so in practice.

"*Capax imperii nisi imperasset*" might be written of more than one College Head, who has been translated from the Headmastership of a Public School. Accustomed to discover that a certain irrational part of a boy's complex nature is in extreme cases more or less "amenable to reason," the late schoolmaster is prone to lose sight of the fact that in the case of young men the last appeal must be to the rational part. There was, by the way, a story current in Oxford some years ago that a certain learned Fellow of a College, a gentleman we may presume more cultured than obsequious, and favouring direct rather than euphemistic forms of speech, went on a mission in the company of another Fellow to interview a successful Headmaster with a view to offering him the vacant Headship of the College.

"I really don't think, Mr —, that I have got a single qualification for the

office," pleaded the Headmaster, speaking perhaps with Aristotelian "irony" or "desire to avoid parade."

"We were quite aware of that," was the answer, and subsequent events — for the Headmaster was shortly translated — verified the judgment of both parties.

Your son, however, Cornelia, was not a "rotter" at school. You may send him, then, to the University in all confidence that he will not sensibly deteriorate. There must come a time when he will have to stand upon his own legs; and in life at a University he will have every opportunity of learning many useful lessons, resolving sundry doubts, forming new convictions, and passing the intermediate stage between school-life and busy manhood in an intellectual and pleasant atmosphere. Of him, as of the traveller, one thing at all events may be predicted with certainty: "He may go out a fool and he may come back a fool, but he won't come back the *same* fool."

But which University is it to be, Oxford or Cambridge? The answer to this question must depend a good deal upon the style of education that is required. The Cambridge curriculum is, I venture to believe, the sounder and more practical, but Oxford imparts more culture. I also fancy that Cambridge gets more continuous work out of the ordinary undergraduate, but that he who requires no pressure to induce him to work is in the way of acquiring more

general information at Oxford. The Long Vacation "Term," if I may use the phrase, is a distinct advantage to the young Cantab. Only last year a young gentleman of some intellectual powers found himself invited to play in the University XI; and though athleticism kept in due bounds is in no way antagonistic to intellectual pursuits, a series of three-day matches during term-time must interfere with a course of study. The young man's tutor, on being consulted, took the following line: "Play by all means; but the College expects other things of you besides cricket. Make up for lost time, then, by coming up to read in the Long."

There is no such fourth term at Oxford, and a reading party in the Long Vacation must be regarded rather in the light of a stop-gap than an efficient substitute. There is a story current that an eminent Head of a House once found it necessary to check the incipient desire of some zealous students to institute a Vacation Term by a judicious course of prayer and fasting—in other words, by increasing the number of compulsory chapels and curtailing the food-supplies. But rumour is apt to attribute strange doings to celebrities.

It is, however, your son's ambition, you tell me, Cornelia, to become a barrister. In that case he does not require either a scientific or a mechanical education, or yet a plethora of mathematics, so much as a knowledge of law and, generally speaking, a healthy in-

tellectual life. Well, then, I am inclined to think that at Oxford rather than at Cambridge "the same individual," if he takes life seriously, has a better chance of "proving himself qualified for the most various kinds of action, and with the most graceful versatility."

But, again, to what College shall he go? For most decidedly, unless poverty compels, you will not send him up as an unattached student, any more than you sent him to a Public School as a day-boy. The non-collegiate, as Mr Wells's book so truly says, "in most cases lives entirely outside the ordinary life of the University," and the Utländer's position at Oxford is hardly more satisfactory than it was found to be in Pretoria. True, he is not taxed quite so heavily, but he is by way of being considered Mr Nobody of Nowhere.

In the matter of a choice of College, Cornelia, you must be prepared to pay a little extra for "fashion." You have been so accustomed to do this in the case of your dressmaker that the intelligence will not come to you in the light of a shock. Fashion, as you know, varies from time to time, and the word itself is rather ambiguous. From one point of view Christ Church still is, and is likely to continue to be, the most fashionable College in Oxford. It is possibly not quite so fashionable to-day as it was during stately Dean Liddell's long tenure of office. But old traditions and family associations in

some cases, in others the same desire to see his son in the smart set which prompts the "infernal manufacturer" to send that youth to Eton, will, unless the advent of the Rhodes scholars changes the whole tone of Oxford life, continue to fill "The House" to overcrowding.

"Every man of the middle class," said Thackeray, "likes to know persons of rank. If he says he don't, don't believe him."

So long then as "the public school boy who is born to the purple" continues to wend his way to Christ Church, so long will he find followers. But Christ Church is so essentially a house divided against itself and so much split up into cliques that it misses the intention of a College. The Westminster student has about as much in common with the member of Lodgers as the notorious crab-catcher in the St Catherine's Torpid may be said to have with the stroke of the 'Varsity Eight.

There used, I may tell you, Cornelia, to be a tradition that the cook at Christ Church was a capitalist on a large scale. Do not, therefore, send your son to "The House" unless you can afford to give him an ample allowance. For where the purveyor amasses a fortune the undergraduate is likely to be heavily taxed.

Putting aside Christ Church, which, apart from the reasons I have mentioned, has vindicated its claim to be considered fashionable by providing England with three Premiers within the last thirty years, it is a

curious fact, Cornelia, that "fashion," albeit in the opinion of a distinct majority of the undergraduate world dependent upon aquatic successes, has of late years proved a singularly correct guide to those of maturer age who rank distinctions in the Schools above distinctions on the river. Is this merely a coincidence, or was Mr Pemberton in his literal rights, when in his chapter upon social life in Oxford he spoke of rowing as being "really compatible with and ancillary to more serious pursuits"? On the one hand, it is not in my memory that the Eton oarsmen, who from time immemorial have formed the backbone of the University crews, have as a class made very great show in the Schools. "Eyes in the boat" is an old coaching maxim, and—for the rowing man takes his work on the river very seriously—throughout some months in the year the minds also of the University oarsmen are likely to be more or less in the boat. On the other hand, one and the same system of training, which of course involves among other things abstinence from certain starchy foods, alcoholic drinks, late hours, and inordinate use of tobacco, is calculated to keep the mind as well as the body in a thoroughly healthy and vigorous condition. To many of us the intellectual power exhibited by men who apparently allow themselves no leisure for active exercise might be classified among the wonders of the world.

Probably, however, it will be

found in Oxford College life that the continuous or chronic headship of the river, as evidencing the presence of that *esprit de corps* with which the wellbeing of the community is so intimately connected, in the first instance makes a College fashionable, and, later on, attracts to it good men—other than rowing men—of all sorts and conditions. It stands to reason that the reigning authorities in a College, which by virtue of its popularity has once earned the right to pick and choose its alumni, are not likely to enter upon the books the name of any young man unless they are satisfied that on one ground or another he is seriously worth his salt. Men though we call them, undergraduates retain many of the characteristic features of boyhood, and boys again in certain matters are very sheep-like, easily infected by the atmosphere of the place they live in, and blind followers of fashion in thought and word, if not in deed. At this moment I have by my side a letter from a highly artistic and singularly unathletic boy, who has lately gone to an essentially philathletic house at a Public School. Though I have good reason to doubt whether he will ever kick a football during his school career, and every reason for believing that much of his spare time is devoted to drawing, the letter teems with the football successes of his house and of individual players, while he omits all mention of his own favourite occupation. I may add that his school, in

every way so far as I know an excellent school, and full to overcrowding, in the first instance made its mark by successes in the cricket-field rather than by scholarship.

All this is by way of parenthesis, Cornelia, and to a lady—for I rather hope that you were not at Somerville or any other Oxford College for women—the “undemonstrated fact” about Oxford life will be more interesting than the “reason why.” You may, then, take it as a starting-point that the four most fashionable Colleges in the Oxford of to-day are—Christ Church always excluded—Balliol, New College, University, and Magdalen. Between them these four Colleges seem to have practically farmed the headship of the river and to have supplied the majority of successive ‘Varsity Eights for many years past, and furthermore to have justified Mr Pemberton’s conclusion that “rowing is compatible with more serious pursuits,” by winning more than their fair share of Classes in the Honours Schools. Treading closely on their heels in the matter of fashion come Trinity, Brasenose, and Oriel, the last-named fashionable in the first instance by virtue of cricket and football rather than rowing. Before taking these Colleges in detail, let me repeat, Cornelia, that you must be prepared to pay a little extra for fashion. I note that Mr Wells, who speaks from the point of view of the Bursar of Wadham, tells us that “a man who wishes to live like other people but is

willing to be careful may be at College for about £160 a-year," and he adds that "a bursar of great experience at another College would consider £150 nearer the mark." Later on he says that "Oxford expenses have increased, and are increasing." This—to take the latter statement first—we all of us know to our cost is by no means peculiar to Oxford. In these days of County Council, District Council, and so forth, rates and taxes are increasing by leaps and bounds, and the tradesman's natural remedy is to increase his charges. But about that £160 a-year? A man may live no doubt at Wadham with tolerable comfort on that sum, but it does not at all follow that he will live with equal comfort on the same allowance at Magdalen. I have selected Magdalen simply and solely on this ground. Not long ago a personal friend, neither illiberal nor yet prodigal in his ideas, having it in his mind to send his son to Magdalen, made careful inquiries from people who knew the ins and outs of the place, and eventually fixed his son's allowance at £250. Doubtless, like a wise man, he left a margin for contingencies, and you will be well advised to adopt the same precaution, Cornelia. In any case, I should not recommend you to go below the figure of £200. I do not say that life is impossible at a lower cost, but it will not be comfortable. I have heard of a boy at Eton whose expenses were kept under £180, but his life could hardly

be called the life of an Etonian. At a smaller College, where there is less scope or less necessity for entertaining, a somewhat smaller allowance may suffice for all purposes; and I can think of no better small College than Corpus, which may in the matter of the Honour Schools be said to hold the same relative position to Balliol that some twenty years ago the "Bard" did to "Ormonde" on the racecourse. The Bard, I perhaps ought to tell you, Cornelia, was a compact and good little horse, and was never beaten till he encountered in the Derby a more loose-jointed and equally good big horse.

Balliol is, at the same time, the most cosmopolitan and the most exclusive of Colleges—cosmopolitan because able men from all parts of the Empire congregate there; exclusive because the matriculation papers require a distinctly high standard of knowledge. While a good many commoners of Balliol could, if they had the will, win scholarships at nearly any other College in Oxford, the Balliol scholar may *ipso facto* be written down amongst the ablest young men of the day. There was, it is true, a suspicion, perhaps an unworthy suspicion, that during Jowett's reign the "schoolboy born in the purple" was allowed a certain amount of latitude in the ordinary Entrance Examination, and that a false concord was not accounted such a capital offence in his Latin prose as in that of the lad who hailed from Manchester Grammar School. But Balliol

prospered under Jowett all the same, and he will always be remembered as a great Head of a great College.

New College, with a formidable array of Winchester Scholars, fairly holds its own with Balliol in the Moderations Honour lists; but in the final Schools of Literæ Humaniores, where a good deal more than pure scholarship is required, Balliol until quite recently has easily retained the pride of place. The enlarged New College of to-day owes no little of its prestige to the annual influx of a contingent of the best class of Etonians, who have done yeoman service on the river, on the cricket and football fields, and occasionally in the Schools. So long as New College could be described as being populated by a great many old Winchester boys and a few others, it was in danger of lapsing into a state of stagnation. But the "open door," by introducing new blood and new ideas, has brought an access of vitality. "Rowing," to quote Mr Pemberton, "has acted, and still seems to act, as a bond between the different sets and types of men who come from public schools or elsewhere; . . . cricket tends rather to form and foster more or less exclusive sets." Forty years ago I am not sure that New College had an Eight, certainly not a Torpid, at all; but for the last twenty years it has, by virtue of the Eton element, held its own with the best upon the river. Winchester and Eton, by the way, have always been on the most pleasant

terms with each other, and the annual encounter on the cricket-field, though keenly contested, has been rather a friendly trial of skill than war to the knife like the Harrow fixture. If your boy was at Eton, Cornelia, you cannot do better than send him to New College, which for many years past has been well to the front in every department of Oxford life.

University, if no longer, as in the 'Sixties and early 'Seventies, the natural home of the Eton oarsman, is again in a thoroughly sound and healthy condition. That to-day it owes its position on the river to Radley rather than to Eton exertions, may be partially accounted for by the circumstance that the energetic gentleman who coaches the Radley boat on occasion dons a College blazer, made in the consulship of Planus. Wise counsels and judicious management have extricated the College from the slough of despond into which it bade fair to sink in the early 'Eighties, when there was seething discontentment, if not open warfare, between the undergraduates and the common-room, foolish outbreaks against discipline on the part of the former provoking equally foolish methods of repression from the latter.

Magdalen, fair to see and admirable on many other grounds, is the more especially to be recommended for having in late years taken a new departure by creating a new official to whose lot it falls among other things to promote due harmony between

the Senior and Junior common-rooms, by keeping in touch with the undergraduates, and forestalling possible occasions of friction by appealing to their common-sense. Other men in other Colleges have doubtless done much the same form of good and useful work, which in the last few years has been done by successive Deans of Divinity at Magdalen; but to the best of my knowledge there has not elsewhere been any serious attempt to give to this "protector of the poor" an official position. If Magdalen is not quite so successful as its three great rivals in the Honour Schools, what Mr Brabant says about the summer term will be found to hold good of this genial College—namely, "that under the frivolous-seeming surface much solid work has been going on." A slight drawback to a College situated among very beautiful surroundings is that the Magdalen walks and the adjacent region of Mesopotamia, so attractive to visitors in the May term, are at certain seasons of the year highly suggestive of damp fogs and river-hatched miasmata.

Having sketched roughly and in outline some features of what I choose to regard as the four most fashionable Colleges, Cornelia, I will dismiss some of the many others very shortly. Brasenose was a great rowing College in the past, and for a year or two some decades back was capable of beating the rest of the combined University at cricket. From Oriel came Cecil Rhodes, whose benefac-

tions to the University promise fair to leave as indelible an impression upon Oxford life as his career did upon the map of the Empire. Whether the far-reaching schemes of Cecil Rhodes were an unmixed blessing to England is a matter for the future historian to decide; but of the intrinsic greatness of the man, of his love for his country, and loyal devotion to his College and his University, there can be no manner of doubt. Worcester, St John's, and Wadham have very beautiful gardens; but beyond this fact I know nothing that is particularly interesting about any one of the trio. Exeter attracts to its portals a good many Devonians; and Jesus, on the opposite side of Turl Street, is the house of the Welshmen,—not the *élite* of Wales by any means, for the aristocracy of the Principality seem to prefer to go to any other place than the College where the native dialect is predominant. In bygone days there was a lively animosity between Exeter and Jesus, and a student of the former College was credited with having summed up the history of the latter in doggerel rhyme—

"This college was built
By Morgan ap Rhys,
In the time of Queen Liss,
For a pack of Welsh geese,
What like toasted cheese
One great big piece,
Here it iss."

As a rule, Cornelia, setting aside the question of close scholarships, I cannot see that there is anything to be gained

by sending your son to a particular College, because he may chance to have been born or brought up in a particular locality. Whatever tends to make a young man cliquish or groovy is opposed to the purpose of University life, which aims at the acquisition of new ideas and the enlargement of the circle of acquaintances.

Apart from the Eton Club, to which your son if he hails from Eton will naturally belong, there are two prominent social clubs, either or both of which he will be well advised in joining, though at one certainly I am not prepared to guarantee his election. These are Vincents, limited and exclusive, and the Union, for which, I believe, membership of the University is the sole necessary qualification. While it is true that the majority of 'Varsity oarsmen and cricketers, provided always that they have been from other points of view acceptable members of society, have been at one time or another members of Vincents Club, it would be unfair to speak of it as a society of athletes pure and simple. About a quarter of a century ago, within a period of four years, Vincents numbered among its members the late Cecil Rhodes; a now well-known ex-Postmaster of Merton, reputed at Oxford, justly so, I believe, to be the cleverest man of his day; the present Viceroy of India; the present First Lord of the Admiralty, and one or more less prominent members of the present Administration.

Not one of the four celebrities I have mentioned possessed any claim to be called a great athlete; but my recollection is that the last trio raked in at least six first classes in one School or another. Rhodes, even in those days, had too many irons in the fire to bestow much attention upon scholarship. Membership of Vincents, Cornelia, is accounted in Oxford circles as a diploma of respectability.

The Union, wholly apart from its being a pleasant trysting-place, is a valuable training-ground for him who, like your son, is a future barrister, and may be said to be—

“*Fortia verbosi natus ad arma fori.*”

He will have to go elsewhere, it is true, to obtain his legal knowledge, but the debates at the Union will give him the opportunity of airing his youthful eloquence before a highly critical audience. The much-enduring Ulysses, whose astuteness might have made him a very potent advocate had he lived in this twentieth century, would most assuredly have joined the Union and availed himself of a golden opportunity of studying the ways and methods of the many-sided humanity which congregates there, though as a member of the Council of Chiefs he would also have “put up” for Vincents, evolving some crafty scheme of cooking the votes to secure his election. Agamemnon, with his more exclusive tendencies, might have accepted the Presidency of Vincents, and from that high

elevation regarded the Union with indifference or pitiful contempt. Of the pair, Cornelia, Ulysses was the better man to follow. Let me, however, add this warning note. Before now, a young man, to whom a First in the Schools was a matter of vital importance, has wrecked his chances by allowing forthcoming debates at the Union to engross too much of his time and attention. It is well enough, with all due respect to Aristotle, that an undergraduate should be a student of politics; well, too, that if he intends to embrace one of the learned professions he should practise the art of oratory: but, after all, a debate at the Union about some burning question of the day is a little suggestive of children playing with tin soldiers.

The Gridiron, an institution of comparatively modern growth, has done good work by solving the problem of giving the undergraduate a respectable dinner at a moderate cost. Dinner in Hall is, commonly speaking, a comfortable meal, eaten in an atmosphere of noisy conversation. But it has sensibly improved since the disappearance of the "Meat Commons"—a truly barbaric form of entertainment. The Meat Commons, Cornelia, was a sort of Benjamin's mess, a quantum of beef or mutton or any other meat, not larger perhaps than a very hungry man would eat, but larger certainly than any respectable Christian would care to see on one plate. I find myself wondering to-day, as I used to wonder as a child,

whether Benjamin rose to the occasion and over-ate himself or his brothers were starved; and whether Benjamin had five helpings to their one, or received his quintuple portion all told upon a single plate. In the latter case he would have felt quite at home in a College hall where the Commons system was in vogue. Generally speaking, the "Commons" system—apart from the question of a Meat Commons—may be described as a nasty compromise between economy and extravagance, whereby the undergraduate is mulcted in the interests of the scout. For instance, if I lunch at my Stores I pay a penny for my bread, and though I generally find a pennyworth sufficient for my requirements, I know that I can get more by paying another penny. At my luncheon in College many years ago the extra allowance of bread, much more than I was likely to eat, was produced and charged for as a matter of course, my scout pouching the overplus. The Oxford scout, I may tell you, Cornelia, has many sources of revenue, more even than a railway porter; but the undergraduate who gets a good article for his money will do well to pay up and ask no questions. The whole principle of legalised plunder is doubtless immoral, but you yourself probably connive at a similar form of immorality when you tip your hosts' servants. If your son is a wise man he will not tamper with the traditions of the past or openly object to paying for more than he con-

sumes. But, on the other hand, he will not be studying the interests of the community if he fails to report to the Bursar any act of palpable dishonesty on the part of the scout, who is not his own private servant, but the servant of every man on the same staircase.

One word in conclusion. It is to be hoped, Cornelia, that your son is not possessed by that all-absorbing love of athletics which will divert his mind from the serious work of University life and cause him to regard the late delivery of the 'Sportsman' in the light of a calamity. Short—far short—of this, it is expedient and almost necessary that he should in some form or other be a game-player, and even a

successful game-player. With the young man who takes his exercise in the form of what we call a "constitutional walk," or even in golf, that game which has been said "to irritate the temper without opening the pores," I confess that I have little sympathy, still less with the habitual loafer, whose ulterior motives it is my nature to suspect. Athleticism—in moderation always—is part and parcel of University life, and he will be best following the Preacher's advice to "rejoice in his youth, and let his heart cheer him in the days of his youth," who keeps his eye clear and his mind and body alike vigorous by taking his relaxation in the form of games which for the time being bring all his energies into play.

THE VROUW GROBELAAR'S LEADING CASES.—VI.

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON.

THE PERUVIAN.

FROM her pocket Katje produced stealthily a clean-scoured wish-bone. The Vrouw Grobelaar was sleeping in her chair with tight-shut eyes. So I took one end of the bone, and we broke it, and the wish remained with Katje.

"Wish quick," I said.

She puckered her pretty brows with a charming childish thoughtfulness.

"I can't think of anything to wish for," she answered.

"Wish to be delivered from the sin of playing with witchcraft and dirty old bones!" The suggestion echoed roundly in the old lady's deep tones, and we, startled and abashed, looked up to find her wide awake, and in her didactic mood. The Vrouw Grobelaar never slept to any real purpose. One might have remembered that.

"Yes, witchcraft," she pursued. "For if bones are not witchcraft, tell me what is? When a Hottentot wants to find a strayed ox, he makes magic with bones, doesn't he? And the bones of a dead baboon are dangerous things too. Katje, throw that bone away."

Katje, who hated to be found out, threw it over the rail of the stoep into the kraal. When the good Vrouw had kept her steady eye on me for a few

seconds, I threw my half after Katje's.

"I thought so," said the Vrouw Grobelaar, with a twitch of the lips like a smile still-born.

"It's only a game," said Katje, plaintively. "There's no harm in it."

The old lady shook her head.

"There's harm in things you don't understand," she pronounced. "There's harm in falling in love, for instance, if you don't know what you are doing. But witchcraft is worse than anything. You've seen how hard it is to make a Kaffir doctor show his tricks. That's because he's never certain which is master, he or the devil. I knew a man once, a Peruvian, who burnt his fingers badly."

A Peruvian, for the Vrouw Grobelaar, was any one for whose nationality she had no name. In Johannesburg it means a Polish Jew; in this instance I believe the man was a Greek.

"He was a smouser" (pedlar), she went on, "a little cowering man, with a black beard and a white face, who spoke Kaffir better than he spoke the Taal. He sold thimbles and pills and hymn-books to the wives and daughters of Burghers, and grand watches and cheap diamonds to the Kaffirs. It was

a dirty little trade, and there was nothing about the man that streaked it with nobility. I remember a Scotch smouser, who was called Peter Piper, who sold pills like a chemist, and everybody liked him and respected him, till he had his great dispute with the Predikant at Dopfontein. But this little man was like a slimy thing made to crawl on its belly; and many is the time he would have been sjamboked from a door, were it not for—well, I don't know. But he was such a mean helpless thing, that, when he shrank away and looked up, with his white eyes staring and his lips parted, not the most wrathful Burgher could lift a whip.

"And even as he seemed to fear everything, the Kaffirs certainly feared him. Kaffirs, you know, go naked to all the little winds, and the breezes that will not hurt a thatch carry death to them. They are deaf to God, but the devil has but to whisper, and they hear. They bought shameful watches and sleepy diamonds from the Peruvian, as they kill a goat at the flowering of the crops—to appease something that might else visit them in the night. It was a thing much spoken of, and since even among the Burghers there are folks who dirty their fingers with magic and wish-bones—ay, you may well pout!—perhaps this had something to do with the fact that he was never flogged to the beacons and kicked across.

"In fact, there grew up about him a something of

mystery, uncanny and not respectable. The little plodding man who went so meekly past our gates had a shadow one feared to tread on.

"You won't remember, but you will have heard of, the terrible to-do there was when Freda van der Byl disappeared. She was a most ordinary girl, perhaps eighteen years old, with a fine appetite, and nothing whatsoever about her that was strange or extraordinary: and yet one night she was missing, and it has never been set past doubt who saw her last. She was on the stoep in the afternoon, ate well at supper, went out then in the usual way to the hut where the tobacco-sacks were, and never came in again. She disappeared like a flame blown out, with never a spoor to give direction to those that sought her, without a shred of clothing on a thorn-bush to hint at a tale. She seemed to have fled clean out of the world—a big ten-stone girl with red hair melted like a bubble.

"And how they hunted for her! Old Johannes van der Byl and his sons went through the country like locusts, and with them were a mob of relations and friends, and some prospectors from the Hangklip who betted about it. Every kloof was scoured, every Kaffir stad and kraal turned inside out, and the half of them burned. Their ponies streaked the long grass of the veld for miles; the men, their loaded rifles in hand, were abroad late and early; and yet they never found even a shoe-sole or a

shred of hair to give them a clue. The witch-doctors would have been glad enough to find her, for they were flogged from morning to night, and Barend van der Byl beat the life out of one who did not seem to be doing his best. If Freda had been anywhere in the veld she would have been found, so fervently did the Kaffirs hunt her in order to get a little peace and security.

"But nothing availed; no trace of her came to light, and even the women of her family grew tired of weeping. But one hot dusty afternoon, when her brothers Jacobus and Piet were riding home from the fruitless search, they came upon the Peruvian sitting under a bush smoking his yellow cigarettes. He glanced up at them as they went past, slavish as ever, yet still with that subtle significance of mien that made him noteworthy, and suddenly Jacobus reined up.

"'Piet,' he called, pointing with his sjambok. 'Look—our last chance!'

"Piet did not understand.

"'We have been cutting the Kaffir doctors into ribbons,' explained Jacobus, 'and they were no good. But here is a wizard, and a white one, who won't wait to be flogged. If he can do nothing, then there is nothing to do. Let us bring him along, Piet.'

"Piet was a fat youth, deadly strong, who never spoke while there was work to do. He merely dropped from his saddle and caught the Peruvian deftly by the back of the neck. The smouser, of course, whined and

squirmed, but Piet was the man who broke the bullock's neck at Botha's kraal, and he made no difficulty of tying the little man's wrists to his off stirrup. All his trinkets and fallals they left behind, and riding at a walk, talking calmly between themselves of the buck with wide horns that the Predikant's cousin missed, they dragged the little smouser to the homestead.

"Several of the men had already come back, and when they heard Jacobus's plan, some were openly afraid, and wished to have the Peruvian set loose. But Oom Johannes cursed at them and smacked Jacobus on the back.

"'My daughter is lost, and evil tongues are active about her,' he roared. 'I want her back, and I don't care how she comes. Come to supper, Jacobus; and afterwards you shall take your smouser into a hut and persuade him.'

"It was not an easy thing to make the Peruvian understand what was wanted of him. But by-and-by, when he had been argued with in Dutch and Kaffir, and shown a skull that was found in a kloof, and the *dol oss*, and a picture in the Bible of the Witch of Endor, he suddenly grasped the idea, and grinned. Piet spat on the ground as the white teeth gleamed through the greasy black beard.

"'Yes, perhaps I can do that,' said the Peruvian, in the Taal. 'Perhaps, but one cannot be sure. You will pay, eh?'

"Jacobus wanted to threaten,

but Oom Johannes would not have it.

“‘Find my girl,’ he said, ‘and you shall be paid. Fifty pounds for any news of her, more if she is alive and well.’

“But the smouser explained that he could only find her if she were dead.

“‘I can get her to speak, perhaps,’ he said. ‘More? No!’

“At last Jacobus and Piet took him into one of the big huts and gave him the little lamp that he demanded. He set it in the middle of the floor, and when they pulled to the door behind them the big domed hut was still almost dark, save for the ring of quiet light in the centre that flickered a little.

“‘I wish he could do this kind of thing when I’m not there,’ grumbled Jacobus, who hated creepy things.

“‘Hush! be quiet!’ commanded the Peruvian, and the two young men sat down, very close together, with their backs to the door.

“The first thing that the Peruvian did was to take off all his clothes, and then he came into the dim circle of light mother naked. He was a little man at best, but Piet said afterwards the muscles stood out under his swarthy skin in knots and ridges. And there he stood, facing them across the lamp, with his arms stretched forwards and his hands just fluttering loosely. Nothing more. His eyes were upturned and his face lifted, so that a streak of shadow rose across it, and the black beard

against his neck rose and fell with his breathing. But for the gentle flutter of his hands and the heave of his chest he was still as stone—so still that for those who watched him all relation to human kind seemed to leave him, and he was a being alone in a twilight world of his own, a creature as remote and as little to be understood as the spirits of the dead.

“Have you ever, when wakeful in a hot night, with darkness all about you, called yourself by name again and again? It was a trick we dared sometimes when I was a girl. After a while it is something else that is calling, something of you but not in you, to which your soul answers at last; and if you go on till the will to call is no longer your own, the soul goes forth in response to it, and you are dead. And even so, gaunt in the beam of the lamp, the Peruvian seemed to insist upon himself, till the eyes of the watchers were for him only, till that which they saw was less the mean body of the smouser than the vehicle of the potent soul within.

“Piet was a youth as solid in mind as in body, and ere the scene grasped him against his will he says he saw with an angry impatience the flicker of a leer on the darkened face of the Peruvian. But it did not last. In a few minutes the two young Burghers were not the only ones whom the spell had subdued—the wizard was netted too. And then, as he stood, his hands still fluttering, they heard him drone a string of words, a dull chant, level

like an incantation, inevitably apt to the hour and the event.

"They did not know how long they crouched, watching unwinkingly till their eyes grew sore; but at last it seemed that the posturing and the words had made something due. Jacobus started as though from sleep, and Piet, who was not till then frightened, looked up quickly. He caught sight of something—a shadow, a hint, a presence in the darkness behind the naked man, and knew, somehow, with a coldness of alarm, that it had arrived. He barely realised this knowledge when the power of the quietness and the jugglery were rudely sundered, and the Peruvian, shrieking and clucking in his throat, dived towards them and tried to hide. He plunged frantically against the door, which gave and let him fall through, and in a moment, with the cold sweat of horror upon them, Piet and Jacobus struggled through after him and ran with still hearts for the house.

"But in that moment that he was jammed in the narrow doorway with his brother, Piet saw into the hut, and there was something there. There was another with them.

"They came fast to the lighted room upon the heels of the naked Peruvian, who fell on his face and writhed, weeping in sheer terror. There was alarm, and chairs overturned, and screaming of women, and it was long before they could get the smouser to

his feet and bring him to speech. And then he would not go a foot away from them.

"‘It came; it came!’ he babbled, quivering under the tablecloth they had cast over his nakedness. ‘It came—behind me!’ and forthwith he began to stammer in his own strange tongue.

"‘What was it?’ demanded Oom Johannes, who was beginning to feel nervous.

"‘There was a ghost!’ was all that Piet could tell him. ‘It frightened the smouser. It frightened all of us.’

"And by this time the smouser was babbling again, turning from one to the other, like one who excuses himself.

"‘I did not bring it,’ he wailed. ‘I did nothing—only tricks. Just tricks to get money—and it came behind me. Mother of God! It came behind me!’

"Not one of them ventured beyond the door that night. They had not even the heart to turn the smouser out, though he expected nothing less, and clung howling to Piet’s knees when the lad rose to bolt the door. But in the morning he was gone, and"—here the *Vrouw Grobelaar* became truly impressive—"he had not even fetched his clothes from the hut.

"So you see, Katje, what comes of messing your fingers with wish-bones."

"Pooh!" sneered Katje, "I'm not afraid of the ghost of the fowl."

CLAVERHOUSE IN LITERATURE.

THE celebrated *mot* representing the ballads of a nation as more influential than its laws, suggests an analysis of the varying effects on men's minds of truth and of romance. The natural conclusion is that no picture of Claverhouse can be complete without an attempt to estimate his place in literature, for he has become as much a character of fiction as though he had never existed in the realm of solid fact.

"For all his fame," says a recent writer, "he is somewhat an ambiguous figure; it is difficult to determine his real qualities. . . . His crimes in the West, persistently asserted, have been as persistently denied. The master-hand of Scott combined both aspects of the man."¹

That the Claverhouse of modern literature is "somewhat an ambiguous figure" is indubitably true; but the actual Claverhouse, on the contrary, was one of the few consistent men of his time, and would not be difficult to understand if it were possible to free one's mind of prejudices imbibed from the perusal of certain delightful works of fiction, such as 'Old Mortality' and, Mr Ruskin would add, Macaulay's 'History.'

The danger of a little knowledge has more often been proved in the case of Claverhouse than of any other famous man, for there are few characters who can be regarded

with such diametrically opposed feelings, and still fewer who in the initial stages of acquaintance seem more perplexing to that spirit of sober criticism which equally distrusts vigorous denunciation and fervent eulogy. The fact that he is often judged less as a man among men than as the incarnation of certain monarchic principles, does not tend to simplify the critic's task.

There is of late a growing disposition to realise that even Claverhouse, despite all that has been said, was a man and not an abstraction, either demoniacal or otherwise; yet he seems to have so consistently subordinated his private life to his public career that one searches in vain for those familiar details, those personal touches, which by their sheer human interest rouse sympathy for the man when his opinions no longer call forth approbation. Sir Walter Raleigh, for instance, though decried in his lifetime, is now one of the most popular of English heroes, and no one blames him for having maintained that bad kings as well as good must be endured and obeyed by their subjects; but this same conviction when exemplified by Claverhouse is allowed to overshadow all the other aspects of his career. One of the most painstaking of his biographers dubs him "the Despot's Champion," and though the title may be pic-

¹ Edinburgh Review, Jan. 1904 (article on Jacobite Songs).

turesque, it certainly tends to unduly accentuate a principle which was by no means peculiar to Claverhouse.

"Speaking of the supreme power of Laws," writes Raleigh, "simply then is the Prince so much above the Laws, as the Soul and Body united is above a dead and senseless carcass." This Tudor doctrine was, it need scarcely be remarked, upheld by the Stuarts. It was no part of a subject's business to discover that the monarch when in trouble had possibly brought his misfortunes upon his own head; it was for a good Royalist to serve and to obey, and to sacrifice his private interests to the welfare of his king and country. That the welfare of the king and of the country were not always identical would not readily have occurred to him. It is, perhaps, something of an effort to disassociate one's mind from modern political notions sufficiently to sympathise with an ideal so contrary to present-day standards. We may smile at Jacobitism as a romantic folly, and scoff at the divine right of kings, but to our ancestors it was a grave and sacred reality; and, with regard to the Revolution of 1688, we should not forget that there were a great many sane and unsentimental men who believed that having once taken an oath of allegiance it was obligatory to keep it.

If the faculty of intellectual metamorphosis is, as some maintain, the first indispensable faculty of a critic—and if, without it, "he is not apt at

understanding other minds, and ought, therefore, if he loves truth, to hold his peace"¹—it is not surprising that Claverhouse's reputation is still severely handled by those who are not in sympathy with his political creed. That, for truth's sake, they should observe a discreet reticence, is too much to expect from human nature, and, moreover, it brings us round to the eternal question, "What is truth?" "Every man seeks the truth," wrote Chesterfield, "but God alone knows who finds it"; and Stevenson also has complained that he could never get any two people to agree as to the meaning of the word *facts*. If a man can only understand that of which he already has the beginnings in himself, it is probable that Claverhouse, in death as in life, will remain a sealed book to the multitude. What the student evolves from the evidence at his disposal must depend on himself; the most convincing evidence in the world will not influence the type of man who is ready to prove anything he likes, simply by excluding, as irrelevant, every instance that contradicts his theory. In the case of Claverhouse especially, no Scotsman can fail to inherit a bias one way or another. "Convictions," says Meredith, "are first impressions sealed with later prejudices"; to retain the notions imbibed in childhood is easier than to investigate history, hence the average modern Presbyterian's opinion of Claverhouse recalls

¹ Amiel, *Journal Intime*.

the wise courtier's statement that most people say things because others have said them, and then adhere to them because they have said them themselves.¹ Although Macaulay's rhetorical flourishes, thrilling fictions, and still more misleading half-truths, have long since been exposed by Aytoun and Napier, they are so vigorous and picturesque that the reader almost unconsciously retains them in his memory, and echoes them afterwards, forgetful of their source: even Sir Herbert Maxwell writes of the "high-spirited people lashed into rebellion by their rulers," and repeats the time-honoured phrase about the insurgents only claiming a right "to worship God in their own fashion."² That their fashion of worship in Claverhouse's day entailed practices which no government could possibly have tolerated, is entirely ignored, though it is nowhere more clearly shown than in their own declarations and sermons.

It is remarkable that one of the most distinguished of our historians is obviously much less shocked at the slaying of innocent and inoffensive Catholics for supposed participation in Titus Oates' imaginary

"Popish Plot" than at the execution of armed fanatics who had in their own proclamations announced their intention of killing all those who differed from them in theological tenets.

There has been a surprising amount of sympathy expended on the Covenanters by those who have omitted to read the contemporary writings of the sect they extol, and who know them only through the medium of modern sentimentalists. A perusal of Wodrow, Walker, Kirkton, Russell, and Shiels will do more to destroy possible illusions as to the sylvan simplicity and gentle saintliness of the Covenanters than the most heated denunciations of their actions by Royalist writers. It will be seen that, though they constantly asserted their willingness to "seal the truth with their blood," they were equally ready to seal it with the blood of other people. They protested repeatedly that Archbishop Sharpe's death was not a crime, but the "righteous judgment" of God;³ and Russell, one of the murderers, has left a curiously detailed account of it, in which his delight at witnessing the Primate's last agonies cannot fail to be apparent. "A Hind Let Loose"⁴

¹ Chesterfield to his Son.

² History of the House of Douglas, vol. ii. p. 267.

³ Even in our own day this point of view finds occasional supporters. Mr Andrew Lang points out (Hist. of Scot., vol. iii. p. 339) that so lately as "the year of grace 1903," the Rev. Alexander Smellie wrote of the men who spent three-quarters of an hour wreaking their vengeance on the body of Archbishop Sharpe, "Who can deny that they knew the secret of our Lord?" Mr Lang very pertinently remarks that "against such a conception of 'the secret of our Lord' criticism is powerless."

⁴ This volume, of 755 pages of small print, is now seldom read, but should be of interest to all modern admirers of the Covenant. The reader who has not sufficient patience to wade through the great mass of Covenanting writings can find the latest comments thereon in vol. iii. of Mr Andrew Lang's 'History of Scotland' (Blackwood).

(a work then much in vogue amongst "the elect") refers to the assassins as "worthy gentlemen, men of courage and zeal for the cause of God."

"It is not Truth but Opinion that can travel the world without a passport"; popular fallacies die hard, and therefore it seems likely that in literature there will always be two Claverhouses: the honourable, high-minded, accomplished Royalist, whose claim to admiration, according to one of his contemporaries, could be disputed by "no gentleman, soldier, scholar, or civilised citizen,"¹ and the ruthless persecutor who revelled in gore, and lived only to torment the Lord's chosen people.

Had Claverhouse been such a monster as a certain section of latter-day popular writers still depict him, his name would merit the execration with which it has been assailed; but if on the other hand we leave modern fiction and turn to the testimony of his contemporaries—whether friends or enemies—making due allowance for the point of view, we begin to evolve something approaching a consistent character, and to see in his enemies' railings evidence of the very same qualities which with a different interpretation have been so enthusiastically lauded by his friends.

"A sure test of great men of action," says a politician of our own day,² "is the absence of lukewarmness with regard to

them. They are detested or adored." If greatness may be measured in this manner, Claverhouse's Janus-faced reputation ought to stand him in good stead, for one may say without exaggeration that there is no man who has been more fervently admired by his own friends and followers, or more uncompromisingly hated by the people to whom his principles were abhorrent. He has been depicted as a demigod and as a demon, both of which extremes have done much to obscure his character as a man, and it is an open question whether the time has yet come when it is possible to judge him impartially. From his birth to his death his life is such a mass of controversy that the casual reader either abandons the matter in despair of ever seeing clearly, or hastily pronounces sentence in some conventional phrases, the outcome of impressions created by Scott or Macaulay. It is no longer the fashion to admit that one is influenced by either of these masters of romance, but the fact remains that many of the average man's so-called opinions can be traced to no other source.

"Clearness," says Sir Leslie Stephen, "is one of the cardinal virtues of style; and nobody ever wrote more clearly than Macaulay. He sacrifices much, it is true, in order to obtain it." It says a great deal for Macaulay's art that even when he prefaces his remarkable

¹ "Presbyterian Inquisition: as it was lately practised against the Professors of the College of Edinburgh. Aug. and Sept. 1690. Licensed Nov. 12, 1691. London."

² Lord Rosebery, 'Napoleon, the Last Phase.'

statements by phrases such as "it was believed" and "it is said," the reader is carried away by the charm of his narrative, and seldom pauses to wonder who "believed" and who "said" things which obviously bear the stamp of improbability.

The often-quoted account of the death of John Brown, "a poor carrier of Lanarkshire," who was "for his singular piety commonly called the Christian carrier," is an excellent illustration of Macaulay's manner, rhetorical yet concentrated, rapid yet impressive:—

"Many years later, when Scotland enjoyed rest, prosperity, and religious freedom" [presumably at the time of the massacre of Glencoe], "old men; who remembered the evil days, described him as one versed in divine things, blameless in life, and so peaceable that the tyrants could find no offence in him except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians. On the first of May he was cutting turf when he was seized by Claverhouse's dragoons, rapidly examined, convicted of nonconformity, and sentenced to death. It is said that even among the soldiers it was not easy to find an executioner,"

for the man's wife and child were present, as is frequently the case in stories of the martyrs, no matter where they may have been run to ground; there is an affecting description of Mrs Brown, and we are assured that "even these wild and hard-hearted men, who nicknamed each other Beelzebub and Apollyon," shrank from the idea of carrying out their cruel officer's orders in her presence.

"The prisoner, meanwhile, raised above himself by the near prospect of eternity, prayed loud and fervently as one inspired, till Claverhouse, in a fury, shot him dead. It was reported by credible witnesses that the widow cried out in her agony, 'Well, sir, well; the day of reckoning will come;' and that the murderer replied, 'To man I can answer for what I have done; and as for God, I will take him into mine own hand.' Yet it was rumoured that even on his seared conscience and adamant heart the dying ejaculations of his victim made an impression which was never effaced."¹

But, alas for the pathos of this most moving tale! one finds on investigation that the "peaceable" Mr Brown—in whom even the wicked oppressors could find no fault save "nonconformity"—had fought at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and been in rebellion ever since, and that he was not seized when quietly "cutting turf," but had to be pursued "a great way through the mosses,"² having lurked in hiding for some time and carried on a treasonable correspondence. His convictions were no doubt genuine, and his actions may have been "Christian" in the fanatical acceptance of the word ("For Christ and his truths; no quarter to the active enemies of the Covenant"³), but Scotland would have been torn with anarchy had not the Government put down such "Christianity" with a firm hand. Brown refused to take the Abjuration Oath, which contained nothing against the Presbyterian religion, but only

¹ Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. i. Longmans: 1850.

² Claverhouse to Queensberry, May 3, 1685.

³ Motto on the Covenanters' banner carried at Bothwell Bridge.

required the renunciation of the principles set forth in a then recent rebellious proclamation "in so far as it declares war against his Majesty, and asserts it is lawful to kill such as serve his Majesty in Church or State, Army or Country." This oath is frequently referred to by careless writers as though it implied a desertion of the Presbyterian faith, whereas none but the most desperate fanatics need have objected to abjure murder.

The harrowing details about Brown's wife, the reluctance of the soldiers to shoot him, the fury and blasphemy of Claverhouse, and finally the impression made upon his "seared conscience and adamant heart" by his saintly victim's piety and eloquence, are—alas for melodrama!—difficult to substantiate.¹ They are not, however, the products of Macaulay's fancy, but are derived from Wodrow,² who—though only a child of six at the time of Brown's death—represents himself as "well-informed" that Claverhouse "frequently acknowledged" the prayers of the Christian carrier to have made such an impression upon him "that he could never get it altogether worn off"; then, as if conscious that this sounded somewhat improbable, Wodrow adds a ludicrous qualification, "whenever he gave himself time to think of it."

Considering Macaulay's political and personal prejudices,

and the way he "mauls poor James II."³ and all who served him, it would have been amazing had he restrained his eloquence. No student can be surprised at the brilliant invectives he lavishes on Dundee's memory; his rhetorical rage is glittering and effective, and the sincerity of his denunciations is unmistakable, but they can hardly be taken literally by any reader who has an analytical mind—still less by any one possessed of that sense of humour without which it is difficult to form a true estimate of anything under the sun. A man's perception of the ridiculous is frequently keen in proportion to his perception of the sublime, the tragic, and the infinite; Macaulay's absence of imaginative insight, and his cheerful contempt for philosophical ideals, are combined with a corresponding lack of humour. This defect is well exemplified in the following passage, referring to the proceedings in the West of Scotland in 1685:—

"Those shires in which the Covenanters were most numerous were given up to the licence of the army. With the army was mingled a militia, composed of the most violent and profligate of those who called themselves Episcopalians. Pre-eminent among the bands which oppressed and wasted these unhappy districts were the dragoons commanded by John⁴ Graham of Claverhouse. *The story ran that these wicked men used in their revels to play at the torments of hell, and to call each other by the names of devils and damned souls.*"

¹ For an able analysis of the case of John Brown, the reader should consult 'The New Examen,' by John Paget, Barrister-at-law (Blackwood).

² See also Walker's *Biographia Presbyteriana*.

³ Sir Leslie Stephen, *Hours in a Library*, 3rd series.

⁴ In the first edition Macaulay called him "*James Grahame*." This was pleasantly ridiculed by Professor Aytoun.

This picturesque paragraph to be fully appreciated must be read in conjunction with the muster-roll of the regiment in question. Claverhouse as colonel commanded the six troops, which were captained by men such as the Earl of Drumlanrig (Queensberry's eldest son), Lord Ross (whose father had commanded the troops at Glasgow at the time of the battle of Drumlog), the Earl of Airlie, who in his youth had greatly distinguished himself in Montrose's wars, and Colin Lindsay, third Earl of Balcarres, who was "passionately loved" by his friends for his genial manners, his grace, culture, and amiability, and his freedom from all economic instincts. Claverhouse himself, in addition to being colonel, was captain of the first troop, with Bruce of Earlsball as his "Captain-Lieutenant," David Grahame as cornet, and his nephew, Robert Grahame of Morphie, as aide-de-camp. Lord William Douglas was in command of the sixth troop. The Dragoons (famous at a later date as the Scots Greys) also served under Claverhouse, and were captained by Lord Livingston.

Without presupposing any remarkably exalted virtues in the Scottish nobility at this period, the most cautious critic, on learning the names of the men by whom Claverhouse's soldiers were officered, will—if he knows anything of their individual characters—acquit them of the charge of practising or encouraging burlesque demonology. Moreover, if they or their colonel had committed

even a tenth of the follies and crimes now attributed to them by fanciful analysts, they would—strange as it may seem—have run the risk of being rapidly superseded for incapacity and illegal oppression.

The pastime of feigning to be in hell is, as Professor Aytoun remarks, fortunately not a common one, and was not recommended in the 'Book of Sports,' which gave such offence to the Puritans. The idea of the Royal Regiment of Scots indulging in so extraordinary a relaxation would have been amusing if intended for a joke, but—followed as it is by a thrilling sentence descriptive of Claverhouse's infamous character—it is evidently in grim earnest. It appears to be founded on a misreading of Wodrow,—that industrious but credulous chronicler, who intersperses his history with marvellous stories of ghosts and miracles, of a horse which could cure the king's evil, and of "the meikle black devil" who used to converse secretly with Archbishop Sharpe in the small hours of the morning.

The passage in Wodrow's 'History,' however, refers to the militia under the celebrated Grierson of Lag, and does not mention Claverhouse in connection with these highly original revels:—

"Dreadful were the acts of wickedness done by the soldiers at this time, and Lag was as deep as any. They used to take to themselves in their Cabals the names of devils, and persons they supposed to be in hell, and with whips to lash one another as a jest upon hell. But I shall draw

a veil over many of their dreadful impieties I meet with in papers written at that time."¹

The manifest absurdity of all this renders it comparatively harmless. Scott is far more dangerous, for his pictures have an air of probability; yet one imagines that he would have been glad to know how Claverhouse's character was destined to be cleared, and one wishes it might have happened in his time. His own feelings, alluded to by Lockhart, shown in his correspondence,² and expressed in the spirited ballad too well known to quote, are not difficult to discover in his novels. Though public prejudice may have coerced him into making Claverhouse "stern and relentless," he still depicted him as—if I may be permitted the much-abused word—a gentleman, composed, reticent, courteous, and free from all trace of small-mindedness or meanness. It will be remembered that in *Wandering Willie's Tale*,³ when Steenie Steenson goes down to hell to get a receipt from his former master, he finds among the lost souls not only "the fierce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothes, and the crafty Lauderdale, and Dalrymple with his bald head and a beard to his girdle,"

but also Claverhouse,—and that even in hell Scott's Claverhouse stands out distinctly from other men. There he is, "as beautiful as when he lived, with his long dark curled locks streaming down over his laced buff-coat. . . . He sat apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance—while the rest hallooed, and sang, and laughed."

Popular opinion would have condemned Scott had he not included the great "persecutor" in this infernal society; yet he obviously had not the heart to make him as brutal and insensate as the other revellers. One feels as one reads that hell itself cannot vulgarise Claverhouse, nor shake his self-command.

Nevertheless, it is Scott who, despite his vivid imagination, his kindly humour, and his leaning towards lost causes, has the most to answer for with regard to the still prevalent fallacies concerning Claverhouse. This is the more surprising, inasmuch as he himself complained "that no character had been so foully traduced."⁴

"The gentleness and urbanity of that officer's general manners," he says, "the high and chivalrous sentiments of military devotion which

¹ History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland. By the Rev. Robert Wodrow. 1721.

² "I admit he [Dundee] was *tant soit peu sauvage*; but he was a noble savage; and the beastly Covenanters, against whom he acted, hardly had any claim to be called men, unless what was founded on their walking upon their hind feet. You can hardly conceive the perfidy, cruelty, and stupidity of these people, according to the accounts they have themselves preserved. But I admit I had many cavalier prejudices instilled into me, as my ancestor was a Killiecrankie man."—Scott to Southey, quoted by Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, vol. ii. p. 135.

³ Redgauntlet.

⁴ Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iv. p. 38.

he occasionally expressed, his deep and accurate insight into the human bosom, demanded at once the approbation and the wonder of those who conversed with him: while, on the other hand, his cold indifference to military violence and cruelty seemed altogether inconsistent with the social, and even admirable, qualities which he displayed.¹

One cannot but regret that the author of 'Waverley' never thought of investigating the Duke of Buccleuch's muniments, and that it therefore was not his fate to discover the letters that would have done away with the seeming inconsistencies in his hero's character.

That Claverhouse, though a strict disciplinarian, was too level-headed and reasonable to practise indiscriminate tyranny and wanton cruelty has now been proved beyond a doubt. The modern tenderness for life was quite unknown in his day, and it would be unreasonable to claim for him exaggerated philanthropy or sentimentality. But all existing evidence of a reliable nature points to his having been rather more humane than the majority of his contemporaries. For instance, when he was Constable of Dunbarton he found on the 10th of June a number of prisoners condemned to death for their anti-revolutionary offences. Instead of hanging them, he recommended the Lord so successfully that the Lords of the Privy Council commuted them all for the punishment of the galleys and changed the sentence of whipp-

ping or banishment,² according to his discretion and the nature of the offence. It was, moreover, his custom even in political offences to punish the ringleaders and pardon the multitude. Had Scott known this he would doubtless have eliminated his allusions to Claverhouse's "disregard of individual rights," and would not have represented him as reserving exclusively for men of his own class such few decent human feelings as he allows him to have possessed.

It is a strange irony of fate that of all King James's servants the man whose sense of justice was least clouded by his personal prejudices should have been singled out to bear the odium of posterity. Those of his detractors who read his letters will have their preconceived notion of his outrageous cruelty somewhat shaken by sentences like these:—

"It is unjust to desire of others what we would not do ourselves." "Great clemency has and ought to be shown to people that are sincerely resolved to be reclaimed;" "I am as sorry to see a man die, even a Whig, as any of themselves, but when one dies justly for his own faults, and may save a hundred to fall in the like, I have no scruple."

It may be remembered that in 'Old Mortality' Henry Morton compares and contrasts him with Ralfour of Burley. "You are right," says Claverhouse in reply, "you are very

¹ See the preface to the 'Tales of Waverley.'

² See also the 'Scott's Annals,' Edinburgh, Sept. 16, 1684 (quoted by Napier, *Claverhouse*, p. 100).

right—we are both fanatics; but there is some distinction between the fanaticism of honour and that of dark and sullen superstition.”

This merits comment, in so far as some of Claverhouse's irrational detractors, and almost equally irrational apologists, have seized upon it and echoed it until it seems their own. “The fanaticism of honour” is an easy phrase to remember, and sounds well to quote; but to no man of warm enthusiasms and strong principles has it been less applicable than to Claverhouse. A man of the world, an energetic and ambitious soldier, a successful courtier, with no ascetic indifference to the honours and glories obtainable by a skilled actor in the great Human Comedy, he sacrificed his fortune and his life to his principles of loyalty. Yet this loyalty, which was the guiding principle of his life, cannot reasonably be termed fanaticism. It was no foolish infatuation, but rather a great devotion to the ideal of kingship; and we must see from his letters that, having a mind too well balanced to admit of fanaticism, he was indeed remarkable for an essential sanity which never forsook him even in his moments of deepest feeling or most intense enthusiasm.

To pause to refute accusations contained in a *Waverley* novel may seem superfluous to all who know how much the author's genius was in the habit

of breaking through the restraints of historic accuracy; but as most of us have read Scott at an impressionable age, and as our minds are oftener influenced unconsciously by “truant reading” than consciously by our studies, an examination of some of the romanticist's most remarkable misrepresentations cannot be without interest.

By way of illustrating the difference between fact and fiction, it may not be amiss to recall to memory the trial of Henry Morton by Claverhouse for harbouring Balfour of Burley after the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, at which time, in reality, Claverhouse had no power either to execute or pardon. On hearing that her lover's cause is to be decided by Colonel Grahame,¹ Edith says, “Merciful heaven! you are lost ere you are tried;” and though Morton strives to reassure her by telling her that Claverhouse, “though stern and relentless, is by all accounts brave, fair, and honourable,” Edith adheres to her opinion:—

“You are lost,” she sighs, “you are lost, if you are to plead your cause with Claverhouse. Root and branch work is the mildest of his expressions. The unhappy primate was his intimate friend and early patron. ‘No excuse, no subterfuge,’ said his letter, ‘shall save either those connected with the deed, or such as have given them countenance and shelter, from the ample and bitter penalty of the law, until I have taken as many lives in vengeance of this atrocious murder as the old man had grey hairs upon his venerable head.’”

¹ Scott anticipated Claverhouse's promotion to the rank of colonel, which did not take place till three and a half years later than the date of which he writes.

It is worthy of mention that this heated letter is purely imaginary, though a casual reader might suppose otherwise: the somewhat pompous and involved phraseology bears no resemblance to Claverhouse's terse and vigorous style of writing, which, though now and then spiced with temper, is always dignified and self-restrained.

The trial (which, contrary to all probability, takes place in the presence of Edith, her grandmother Lady Margaret, and Jenny the waiting-maid) seems extraordinary to any one who comes fresh from the study of seventeenth-century Scottish history in general and Claverhouse in particular.

The excellent but unattractive Henry Morton objects to being detained "without legal warrant," and says somewhat priggishly that if Claverhouse were a civil officer he would submit to him more willingly, but that in the circumstances he must protest against the charter of his country being forfeited in his person; and, finally, he remarks that there are yet Scotsmen who dare assert the liberties of Scotland.

Claverhouse, after hearing him with surprising patience, terminates the interview somewhat suddenly by bidding him make his peace with Heaven "in five minutes' space," and ordering Bothwell to lead him down to the courtyard and draw up a firing party, that he may be shot without further loss of time.

Lady Margaret and the

Major are, very naturally, surprised and horrified, and they both protest at some length. Claverhouse listens politely, but immovably, and waves aside their objections by assuring them that he "*must* do his duty to Church and State."

At this juncture Edith shows signs of fainting, in the approved manner of fashionable heroines of that day, whereupon Lord Evandale steps forward and pleads with his commanding officer for the prisoner's life. "In that affair of the Privy Council," he says, "you considered yourself as laid under some obligation to us. . . . I will hold the debt cancelled if you will spare this young man's life."

Claverhouse declares the said young man's abilities to be such that to grant his life might endanger the king's cause: "I know mankind, Evandale; were he an insignificant, fanatical, country booby, do you think I would have refused such a trifle as his life to Lady Margaret Bellenden and this family?" However, as he "never evades a promise or refuses to return an obligation," Colonel Grahame cannot but accede to Evandale's request.

Then comes a natural touch. Lady Margaret's vanity is wounded by his having granted to another what he has denied to her; but his way of consoling her takes us back into the region of absurdity, for he promises to bring "a drove of two hundred Whigs" with him when he returns to Tillietud-

lem, and "pardon fifty head of them" for her sake. The absurdity, it is to be feared, was unconscious on Scott's part; but nowadays so much more is known about Claverhouse that even the most careless writer would hesitate to represent him as casually promising to pardon rebels wholesale simply to please a woman, or granting a man's life as a personal favour to some one who chanced to have put him under a private obligation. The improbability of condemning Henry Morton to death without any trial save what took place in the presence of the ladies of Tillietudlem is tolerably apparent; but in Scott's time the popular mind was so habituated to stories of pious shepherds butchered for reading the Bible, and shot merely to afford pistol practice to the king's soldiers, that the position passed unquestioned.

Every man more or less carried his life in his hand in Claverhouse's day, and no man more surely than Claverhouse himself: there is no reason to suppose that he had twentieth-century notions as to the sacredness of human life, but neither is there anything to show that because "careless of facing death himself" he was therefore "ruthless in inflicting it upon others."

The youthful mind, turning from 'Old Mortality' to 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' experiences a shock of surprise at the tone in which Professor Aytoun writes of Dundee:—

"Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace.
O thou lion-hearted warrior,
Reck not of the after-time!
Honour may be termed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime."

This unqualified eulogy may not be put aside as a modern ballad-writer's hyperbole, for the epitaph composed by Claverhouse's learned contemporary, Dr Archibald Pitcairn, breathes a still more ardent admiration:—

"Ultimo Scotorum, potuit quo sospite
solo
Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ:
Te moriente, novos accepit Scotia cives,
Accepitque novos, te moriente, Deos.
Illa tibi superesse negat: tu non potes
illi:
Ergo Caledoniæ nomen inane vale:
Tuque vale, gentis priæ fortissime
Ductor,
Optime Scotorum atque ultimo—Grame
vale!"

Dryden's well-known translation merits quotation, representing as it does a seventeenth-century scholar's and poet's view of "that vile tool of pre-lacy, John Grahame of Claverhouse,"¹ whose name, according to Macaulay, is destined to be for ever mentioned by his compatriots with "a peculiar energy of hatred":—

"Oh last and best of Scots! who didst
maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign
reign,
New people fill the land now thou art
gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings
the throne.
Scotland and thou didst in each other
live,
Nor wouldst thou her, nor could she
thee, survive:

¹ Annals of the Persecution. Aikman.

Farewell, who dying didst support the
State,
And could not fall but with thy
country's fate."

Pitcairn was by no means alone among Caledonian scholars in his admiration of Claverhouse, for Dr Monro of Edinburgh University and James Philip of Almericlose have left warm testimonies in his favour. Canon Murdoch points out that the very labour of composing such an epic as the 'Grameid,' "in praise of Claverhouse, by a contemporary and a neighbour, is a set-off against the volumes of abuse with which a later generation assailed the memory of that gallant Graham." Philip of Almericlose (who acted as the standard-bearer throughout the Highland campaign) saw in his hero

"a general brave and wise, patient and dashing; a cavalier chivalrous, loyal, and generous, the centre of a circle of gay youths, the mover of the Highland heart, feared yet loved by the Scotch dragoon. . . . Assuredly it would be difficult to believe that the portrait by Wodrow and Macaulay, and that by Philip, had the same subject. The 'Grameid' is entitled to an important place among contemporary witnesses to the character of Dundee, and must contribute materially in rescuing that character from the region of darkness to which polemical prejudice has doomed it in Scotland."¹

One of the last letters that Dundee received from his king contained the following testimony and promise:—

"The good and acceptable services you have done to us

at this time do confirm in us the good opinion we always had of your worth and loyalty; for which we at present return you our most hearty and royal thanks, and shall, by the assistance of God, hereafter make you and your family an instance of our royal bounty and favour to such as serve well."² Within three weeks of the date of this letter, Dundee was beyond the reach of any earthly reward. His infant son survived him only a few months; and his brother David, dying childless some years later in poverty and exile, was the last Grahame of Claverhouse.

"Fame," wrote Sir George Mackenzie, "is a revenue payable only to our ghosts"; and nothing is more open to discussion than the seemingly erratic payment of that revenue. It appears as though the reputation of a great man is determined less by his actual conduct when alive than by the interpretation put upon it in after-times. Considering the fallibility of all human judgment, it is a somewhat melancholy reflection that a hero's name must be at the mercy of a posterity which is probably ignorant of, if not antipathetic to, the ideals by which he was actuated.

One may lament that while brilliancy in a historical writer is often accompanied by a self-confidence which dispenses with laborious research and careful deliberation, the products of the painstaking and accurate

¹ Canon Murdoch's Preface to the 'Grameid.'

² King James II. to Dundee; Dublin, 7th July 1689.

scholar are frequently lacking in that charm and vitality which carry conviction. The truth awkwardly told stands a very poor chance of impressing the popular mind in comparison with a picturesque fiction.

There is, moreover, a type of historian or critic who, as Sir Leslie Stephen says, "leaves out of account nothing but the essential," and, incapable of understanding "heroic faith and overpowering enthusiasm," passes judgment on the greatest conflicts of feeling and opinion, as though weighing the liabilities of opposing parties in a lawsuit. "Few even among modern writers are capable of doing justice to both sides without first making both sides colourless."

The perfect historian should be able to temporarily sympathise even with feelings and principles foreign to his own nature and convictions, thus entering into the minds of his characters instead of treating them as puppets or judging them by himself and his own inclinations. In fiction, many an author fails because, though taking some pains with his hero, he stands aloof from his villain, and thus produces a monstrosity rather than a human being: in history it is no less necessary for the writer to put himself in touch with the motives and enthusiasms of all the chief actors in the drama, and strive to see with their eyes, before he detaches himself to pass judgment in accordance with his own superior modern enlighten-

ment. Whether it is possible for any one to so far get rid of himself as to form a true notion of the motives of others may well be doubted; "anything but history," said Sir Robert Walpole, "for that must be false." Although historic research and criticism have made great strides since Walpole's time, still a poverty of sympathetic insight and a melancholy yet laughable limitation of humorous perception are often responsible for the gravest errors no less in literature and history than in life itself.

The impartial historian is he who best succeeds in hiding his partialities. No man—though he approach a vexed question with never so open a mind—can emerge from the investigation of a controversy without some leaning to one side or the other. It may be that he will find his historic sympathies in opposition to his personal prejudices, in which case—if he be honest—he will speak up for whatsoever seems to him the truest, no matter on which side he may find it. But literary honesty is lamentably rare, and an author would often rather display his own wit than lose himself in his subject.

Yet there are some few optimists who believe that slowly but surely the true will be separated from the false; that Justice though long-delayed will come at last; and that, weighed in the scales of Time, Truth must triumph.

MICHAEL BARRINGTON.

RICHARD HARTLEY, PROSPECTOR.

BY DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.

CHAPTER VI.—IN BOERDOM (*continued*).

MRS DE VILLIERS was an ideal Boer's wife, and carried out to the full that domineering mastership which the Boer husband accepts with lazy complacency. The ascendancy of the *vrouw* has never been understood or appreciated outside Afrikanderdom. By her, St Paul's injunction to wives, to submit themselves to their husbands in all things, is taken in obverse, like many New Testament precepts; and so long as women like Mrs Villiers remain, such interpretation will never suffer from heresy. The wives of Boerdom have made its history, from the Exodus known as the Great Trek of 1834 to Majuba and Colenso. Nor has the control been altogether undeserved, for in the majority of Boer households the female intellect is the more virile and initiative. Mrs de Villiers was the best possible wife for indolent backboneless Piet, and there were few Boer mothers who would not have justified her harshness to the children of the first wife on the grounds of duty to her own, since their claims, unless kept constantly in the forefront, would have been overlooked by Piet in weak preference for those of Clarie's sisters and brothers. So Mrs de Villiers fought for justice and equality by outraging the elementary

principles of both, and sometimes earnestly prayed for strength and sustenance in her daily conflict against the attempts of Clarie to divide the household, by educating her own kin, and giving them notions of superiority over the little van Rooyens. By way of preventing the contamination of her own brood, she had strictly forbidden them to share the instruction given by the arch mischief-maker, but reserved the right to make it an indictment against Clarie that she wilfully neglected her step-sisters, and rejoiced in their exclusion from her offices.

The evening meal was soon after announced, and Wilmot had his first experience of the most trying ordeal a well-bred Englishman has to undergo when accepting Boer hospitality. He was not surprised to find that every member of the family, down to the infant toddler, had a place at the table, and having been prepared for the long-winded grace before meat, bore it without wincing, deriving genuine amusement from watching the youngsters preparing for attack on the material. They covered their faces with one hand devoutly, and peered through the open fingers at the morsel selected. As the long-awaited for "Amen" was grunted by

pa Piet, every fork flashed like a bayonet charge at the nearest dish, and a struggling contest at meat-sticking was conducted amid the exulting shouts of the victors and the whining complaints of the vanquished.

The feeding of a Boer family is not a spectacle to linger over or describe too accurately, and Wilmot saw as much to disgust as amuse him. Hartley, on the other hand, did not fail to perceive how much the influence of Clarie had toned down the young savages, by dint of gentle perseverance.

Hendrika monopolised Wilmot. He was the type of man that would appeal to this self-centred innocent. She talked town, and suppressed the bucolic in her nature so successfully that, but for the damning evidence supplied by the rest of the family, Wilmot would have been as completely deceived as many a week-end invader of Boerdom, and have gone back to enthuse over the civilisation of the veld, and to denounce the extravagant exaggeration of the writers who declare they have seen the daughters of a Boer plutocrat going barefooted. Even Mrs de Villiers surrendered to the charm of the young Englishman, and kept him half an hour in the kitchen after supper, while she told him the history of her first husband, and detailed her own prowess as the concocter of four different medicines that could be taken with equal safety and advantage by man and beast.

When the youngsters had been packed four in a bed in two rooms that had to accom-

modate fourteen, and the handsome floor-lamp—a present from Smeer to Clarie—had been lighted in the sitting-room, the adults and some of the bigger girls forgathered there. Hendrika showed off the fruits of her two years' instruction on the twangy piano that had cost as much as an instrument of the highest class. Clarie talked with Hartley while she mended socks, and old Piet dozed in his chair, awaking now and then to relight his pipe or ask some question as to whether some item of the day's farm-work had been performed, a question that set the members of the circle disclaiming responsibility for the delivery of the original order, which was traced through a long line of emissaries till it arrived at the last who had forgotten to see it acted upon. The passing on of orders appeared to form the principal work of the day. As with the hydraulic-ram pump that supplied the water to the house, only about one-seventh of the original stream reached its objective point, in consequence of the length and friction of the conducting pipe.

This sitting in the parlour of an evening was an innovation introduced by Clarie, and only tolerated by Mrs de Villiers because Hendrika approved. But she never ceased to grumble at the abandonment of the good old Boer custom of going to bed soon after sundown and the evening meal. As to Piet, his views on the matter did not count. Formal

retirement to bed was not essential to sleep on his part.

He was awakened about eight o'clock to conduct the Bible reading and prayer which prefaced final closing of the day's exertions, and that he made a comparatively prompt business of, for he knew by heart the few chapters he always drew upon, and having but one prayer, got it off with the celerity that comes of practice, although of the orthodox length in the matter of phraseology.

This inability of her man to evolve an extemporaneous prayer was a standing grievance with Mrs de Villiers, who was a believer in the utility of the final invocation as a medium for expressing in open court that serious disapproval of the sins of members of the family which called for something more than maternal and secular reproof. The process was known as "laying it before the dear Lord," and Marie's *laches* alone would have kept Piet retained as perpetual counsel for the prosecution had he possessed greater powers of advocacy. His obstinate refusal to introduce extraneous matter into his stereotyped prayer was the more irritating to Mrs de Villiers, for the reason that her husband had been compelled to confess that good results had followed the few instances in which he had sought the direct intervention of Providence. There was one case that had passed into local history. His mind had once been exercised as to the policy of buying a

span of oxen on offer by a neighbour. He was disposed to make it a bargain, but Mrs de Villiers dissented, and suggested the arbitrament of a prayer for guidance and a sign. The sign came in the shape of a heavy rainstorm that flooded the river and kept the span on the other side for several days, during which long sickness made its appearance among them, and Piet was saved a bad bargain and the probable loss of half his own herds. The late Johannes van Rooyen had been famous throughout his district for his creative and staying power on his knees, and his relict often recounted the story of his outpraying six champions of the Dopper Church at one *Nachtmaal*, thereby causing a breach in a thirty years' friendship with the beaten competitors.

The visitors were given the best bedroom, thanks to the good impression Wilmot had made upon Miss Hendrika and her mother. It is true, they would have had to share the same bed had not Hartley, with characteristic unselfishness and a tact for which few strangers would have given him credit, elected to sleep on the floor, alleging as his reason his long unfamiliarity with soft couches. Wilmot luxuriated in the big bed, a handsome modern affair of brass and steel, and the latest thing in springs. It had been the show-piece in the window of a leading Pretorian furniture shop for an entire season. Wilmot had a woman's eye for detail, the result, probably, of

the training inseparable from a life's association as the only boy in a large family, and, before composing himself for sleep, he made a tour of inspection round the first genuine Boer's bedroom he had seen.

The incongruous intermixture of coarseness and refinement, for which Hartley had prepared him, was amply manifest. The room was floored with dagga — anthill earth brought to a high stage of hardness and mahogany-like polish by frequent dressings of bullock's blood and kraal manure. The walls were of varnished match-boarding and the ceiling of canvas, that sagged low in the centre. The windows, like all such in Boer houses, were little more than hermetically sealed glass-protected apertures in the thick wall, though a woman's hand was apparent in the neat curtains of art muslin. It was also doubtless responsible for the clever manner in which the inevitable packing-case had been transformed into a showy cretonne- and muslin-draped dressing-table. Next to this stood a washstand that would have been more in place in the apartment of a duchess. It was the best that money could buy, and, like the bed, the outcome of one of the occasional outbursts of extravagance into which old Piet would be tempted when visiting Krugersdorp or Pretoria. The sloppail that belonged to the ornate washstand had been com-

mandeered for use in the dairy, and its place filled by a huge rusty Kafir cooking-pot, that had to be propped on one side with a brick. Then came a primitive gun-rack, constructed out of the omnipresent packing-case, left in all its native roughness, and by its side a beautiful Chippendale rosewood *escritoire*. The wardrobe was a row of hooks and nails draped with a curtain of cretonne. The walls were not without adornment in keeping with the general scheme of the room. An original sea-piece by Birket Foster was flanked by a gaudy lithographic advertisement of an enterprising cigarette manufacturer, while the framed certificates of proficiency earned by Clarie and Hendrika at their respective schools gave an academic tone to the gallery.

Wilmot had already been shown the bedroom of Miss Hendrika, the only member of the family who enjoyed the luxury of a separate apartment, and that exquisite young exotic had personally superintended the exhibition of her copious and variegated wardrobe, her travelling-trunk, her bottles of perfume, and the numerous articles of luxury which were sign and token of her position as the only person of taste in the family, — the favourite child of a mother who played her off against Clarie and the first family, and of a step-father who humoured her as the most effective method of conciliating his wife.

CHAPTER VII.—A BOER COURTSHIP.

There is an erroneous impression that the Boer emulates nature by going to bed with the sun and fowls and rising with it and them. On many remote farms this assumption would be correct; but the habit of undressing for sleep is growing, despite its vigorous condemnation by the older school as not only dangerous but indecent. As dressing again means exertion, disrobing, like most physical efforts in Afrikanerdom, is postponed as long as possible. This was one of the surprises that impressed Wilmot, and gradually led him to off-load much of his cargo of errors regarding the modern Boer. It is true, the younger children and Kafir servants at Rietspruit were up and about soon after sunrise; but it was well on to town time for breakfast before the heads of the family put in an appearance.

Clarie was the last to arrive, a circumstance which Hartley did not associate with indolence, but with the presence of the detested Johannes Smeer, who had made up for an entire day's absence by riding over very early. Hartley knew this unprepossessing Boer, whose farm was adjacent to Rietspruit. He was a rugged, undersized man of about fifty, with shaggy head and beard, deep-set eyes, close together and beady, and a shrill voice that much amused the Kafirs, who after their discriminating fashion had labelled him with a wonderfully descrip-

tive native name more apposite than nice.

"What did he call me?" was a query frequently on his lips when he had reason to believe that he was being discussed by the servants. The remorseless frankness of the children generally satisfied him that his suspicions were well-based, and the old man's sjambok and the native would renew old acquaintanceship.

As Clarie passed him on the way to her chair, Smeer caught her arm and pinched it playfully, making a coarse joke on her tardy entry, which set the young van Rooyens in a titter and made Hartley feel wicked. Her aversion was apparent, but not too glaringly expressed. She was careful not to irritate her Caliban by flouting him, or being more than reasonably civil to the other guests; but it required no student of physiognomy to see how much she loathed the present and prospective attentions of the man.

The conversation at table and the coarse but genially meant sallies of Smeer were in the Taal, of which Wilmot, fortunately, knew no word. Clarie would have felt less uncomfortable and humiliated had she not known that Hartley understood all. Her emollient disposition prompted her to give Smeer the answer that turneth away wrath, but painful experience had shown her that such complaisance would be taken as a licence for further excesses; so she was perforce

silent, thereby supplying her step-mother with excuse for railing at her for being *qwaai* and *qwaart* (particular and bad-tempered).

One of the young van Rooyens felt encouraged to lay a charge of overnight tyranny against Clarie, which was corroborated by Hendrika, and a family jar was only brought to an end by pa Piet thumping the table, threatening a physical intervention he dared not enforce, and commanding silence for the final grace. That over, the discordant elements dispersed into the back regions, Clarie gathered her pupils for the morning lessons, and Hartley and Piet sat down to smoke and discuss the affair of the waggon. Smeer hovered near the door of the schoolroom for a time, then, finding himself repulsed, joined Hendrika in her quest for the cow and calf she wished to exhibit to Wilmot as the nucleus of her marriage portion.

Boerlike, Piet had refrained from giving Hartley an answer to his proposal until he had discussed it with his wife, a business that had broken into a couple of hours of the night's rest, and been adjourned for reconsideration when the early coffee should be brought to their bedside. Mrs de Villiers' decision was in favour of lending a spare waggon and an inferior span of oxen, to be selected by herself, the terms to be £30 in advance, and two sovereigns a-day for the duration of the trip over the first fourteen days, with stringent conditions as to compensation

for loss, damage, and depreciation. Further, and finally, use of the waggon was to be given only when it suited the convenience of the farm-work.

Piet presented this ultimatum, being careful to let Hartley understand that the terms were not his, but Mrs de Villiers'. Hartley formally protested against certain of the provisions, but did not press his objections. He knew that the firm of Piet & Co. were unconscious imitators of the famous legal partnership of Spenlow & Jorkins; and that while Piet was always prepared to concede points, Mrs Piet was adamant. He therefore intimated his acceptance of the hard conditions, and settled himself to smoke and listen, while Piet, Boerlike, began *de novo* to review the business, setting forth his reasons pro and con, laying particular stress on the inconvenience of lending waggon and oxen at this particular season, giving hints and instructions as to the best method of handling this beast or checking the over-zeal of another, the advice being suspended at frequent intervals for a life-history of the animal under consideration.

When in the course of a weary hour the matter had been exhausted, Hartley was requested to repeat all that he had told regarding the direction, objects, and duration of his journey. He complied, making the narration commendably brief. He was going north, he said, beyond the Zoutpansberg to try for diamonds at a spot he had prospected

some years before, and the transport was needed for his valuable and heavy boring plant, — an explanation quite within the scope of the understanding of a Boer like Piet, who had seen a little of mining men and matters.

Of course Hartley had to go over the story for the benefit of Mrs Piet. Tedious iteration is no crime in Afrikanerdom, but a necessity. There, converse, custom, and the daily dree are one monotonous revolving circle, repeating itself, like the round of the seasons, and scarcely interrupted by the death of those whose lives have been spent in squandering the years in vain repetitions.

Hartley bore the wearisome infliction without sign of impatience, first because he knew it was inevitable, but principally because he wished to delay his departure till Clarie had completed her morning task, and would be free to give him a few minutes. He was also secretly hopeful that something might occur to justify him in punching Smeer, though second thoughts satisfied him that such vengeance was not calculated to smooth the path of the woman for whom his latent affection and regard had been stimulated by the sight and knowledge of her sufferings so heroically borne.

The lessons that morning were unusually short, and the opportunity for a final chat with Clarie came sooner than Hartley had hoped. Smeer joined them as soon as they were seated on the stoep, and Hartley had an opportunity for

appraising the nature of the persecution to which Clarie was subjected.

Smeer was obviously as much in love with the bright young woman as love was understood by elementary animal natures such as his. His method of showing his feelings was of a kind familiar among primitive people. He affected a juvenile boisterousness and joviality which would have been bearable but for his constant pinchings and playful punchings, while his verbal pleasantries were in the form of jests and comments known to students of the manners and customs of the contemporaries of the "Merry Wives of Windsor." At heart Smeer was a kindly simple creature, who had brought up a family, and fulfilled to his wife most of those obligations which, according to Boer standards, count for good husbandship; and as Mrs de Villiers had often truthfully observed, there were many Boer girls who would jump at the chance of "op sitting" with Johannes Smeer.

With a woman's quick perceptiveness Clarie saw how Hartley chafed under the persistent gaucheries of the man, and hastened to appease the growing wrath which she knew was not the best controlled of his weaknesses.

"Don't make it harder for me," she remarked in English, presuming on Smeer's unfamiliarity with that language.

The old man, however, was alert to any sign of understanding between the two.

"What was that? How am

I hard for you?" He also spoke English. Clarie threw over reserve.

"He makes it hard for me," she said to Hartley, "because he wants much to marry me. Yet he knows that I am poor, and he would have me keep poor, for he has nothing."

It was a bold avowal, even in view of the freedom of speech and utter absence of reticence and delicacy that characterise Afrikaner discussion of such subjects. Even the thick-skinned Smeer winced at the reflection on his unworthiness.

"I have a nice little place," he objected.

"But I have a nicer here."

"But you are not mistress."

"Better have a share in a little than be mistress of nothing."

Smeer showed that he felt cowed and humiliated in the presence of the Rooinek. Clarie saw it, and could not resist following up her advantage—

"If I were a man wanting a wife, I should first make her a nice nest to draw her: women love soft places."

"Ja; you have been spoiled by Rooineks, and are like them," Smeer answered sullenly.

"Then why do you want me? If you know that I am not like other Boer women, and really want me, make yourself so that I can like you. Get more money and oxen and—and wash oftener." She uttered the last words playfully, for Smeer was glowering.

Hartley joined in—

"That's fair, coos. Women like their men to have plenty of money now, and there's

plenty to be made in the land. It's different to the old days."

"How can I get money?"

He was still sulky.

"By riding transport," Clarie suggested.

It was quite unpremeditated, but the moment the words were out, she saw their pregnant possibilities. Might she not get this objectionable creature to fall in with her idea? It would at least free her from his importunities for a time.

"Hartley can tell you how to begin," she added, and glanced at her friend in a manner he could not mistake. "Help me," her look signalled.

Smeer's vacuous face lighted up.

"And would you marry me if I rode transport?"

He emphasised the question by grasping her arm with both hands, and putting his unwashed face close to hers, the contrast bringing out the transparent delicacy of her skin, for Clarie had preserved the bright wholesome complexion that most Boer maidens lose with girlhood. She gently put Smeer away as she answered—

"It would make me think better of you."

"Then I shall ride transport, though it's hard on an old man who only wants to rest."

"So you admit you are old?"

"Ja, but not too old to want you," and he hugged her arm again.

"No," she went on defiantly, feeling strong in her victory.

"I am not a woman who can live in a kraal. Look at this frock and these shoes"—she

spread out her well-made cloth dress and exposed her neat shoes. "This frock cost six pounds in Johannesburg, and these shoes thirty shillings. If I married you I should have to wear a Kafir blanket and go barefoot." She laughed merrily at the picture. "Is not that right, Mr Hartley?"

"Ja, coos; Clarie is right," he responded. "You want Clarie because she is nice and good to look at. She is that because she has learned how to be so from Rooineks. If you buy an ox because he is good-looking, you must feed him on the same sort of veld he has been used to."

The pastoral metaphor appealed to Smeer.

"Then must I get proper forage and veld," said he philosophically.

"That's it, coos," Clarie assented brightly, as she rose from the stoep and walked towards the ragged garden where the children were amusing themselves stolidly with a family of dolls constructed by Clarie out of mealie cobs and rags. She was proud of this evidence of encroaching civilisation, for young Boerdom knows not dolldom.

The old man would have followed, but Hartley kept him back by continuing the parable. He knew Boer nature, and was an adept in handling it.

"Clarie is a *qwaai vrouw*, coos, and you don't know how to set about inspanning her. You must make a good paddock and have plenty of sweet grass, summer and winter, for her."

"Yes; but I can say that she

will have it," Smeer answered with a sly upward glance.

"That will not be enough for Clarie. She is slim; she won't go in till she sees it. You must get more gelt, man. It's easy."

Smeer pondered, and puffed at his pipe, his eyes fixed on Clarie as she played with the children.

"You want transport, coos?" he said at last, very low.

"Ja; but I am going to hire Oom Piet's span."

"How much are you paying him?"

Hartley explained the arrangement.

Smeer's little eyes glistened as he looked furtively at Hartley and in a whisper said—

"You can *verneuk* Piet; wait till he is using the waggon, then tell him you must have it. You can have mine for half what you pay him."

Hartley's impulse was to knock the creature off the stoep, but thought of Clarie restrained him. Instead, he said he thought the idea was good, and that he would think over it.

For the sake of peace, and to satisfy Smeer, he gave him a general idea of the proposed journey, and an assurance that if anything prevented the use of Piet's span he would accept the other's offer. In any case he engaged the old man's services as conductor. When terms were arranged to mutual satisfaction, Hartley put in one stipulation.

"You must say nothing more about marriage to Clarie till you have earned some money."

Smeer expressed assent with an interrogative "Ja?"

Hartley contrived to get a few minutes with Clarie free from interruption by Smeer before saddling up for the return. He told her what had passed, that he had engaged Smeer to accompany him, and had imposed an obligation of neutrality.

Clarie's face lighted up when she heard the joyful news. Then an afterthought saddened her. "I feel very mean for deceiving the old fellow," she said, "but I think I am justified. He would never take a refusal, and Mrs de Villiers would make my life a greater burden if I definitely refused him. He would never leave the farm till I withdrew it."

"It will give you a rest, anyhow," said Hartley. "It's a sleeping-draught."

"Yes, but there will be the awakening," she answered sadly.

"Leave that to me." He put his big hand on hers for a moment, and they sat in silence that was broken by the announcement that the horses were saddled.

Wilmot proved as tardy at departure as his friend. The horses got tired of waiting,

and wandered off before he put in an appearance. He and Hendrika had been together all the morning. The vivacious girl, so oddly frank and simple, yet vain of her fancied superiority to other Boer maidens, amused and interested him; and she was equally attracted by the good-looking young man, whose knowledge of the manifold graces of the drawing-room enabled him to put this child into a new heaven and a new earth. He fed her vanity, and thrilled her by a mendacious assurance that she was a perfect English lady. The testimonial did not surprise her, for, as a passably good-looking and distinctly bright girl among very dull and mediocre schoolmates, she had, during the two years of her educational career, been the recipient of sufficient homage from young men who were not Boers to be prepared for Wilmot's confirmation of her secret belief that she was a fit subject for masculine adoration, and, sweeter still, for pedestal exaltation above all other Boer maidens. She felt for Wilmot the strong liking a simple girl has for those who flatter her, and the invitation she gave him to come over often was perfectly sincere.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR THE ABOLITION OF ALL LEARNING.

FOR many years a gross injustice has been done to the flower of our youth by the Universities, which, for the base purposes of pedantry and profit, have encouraged the study of such antiquated subjects as Greek, Latin, and Mathematics. At the very age when a boy, alert and impressionable, might be learning how to write a paragraph, or how to buy and sell, the chief duties of self-respecting mankind, he is set down to acquire languages which are never used in commerce, or to make calculations which have nothing to do with day-book or ledger. However, at last the world is waking up to the folly of education, and there is a good hope that in a few years we shall see an end put once and for always to the arrogance and ineptitude of Oxford and Cambridge.

An excellent beginning has been made. Greek is as good as abolished. How it has survived so long passes my comprehension; but in a few months it will be consigned to limbo, with all its indecent alphas and omegas. There is not an argument to be brought forward in its defence. No one has yet been able to tell us why an honest British boy should waste his time in learning a barbarous language which does not even employ civilised letters, and which (I am told) has no words for "telephone" or "syndicate." It is true that Homer and Cicero wrote their works in it. But, after all,

who are Homer and Cicero? For those who, like Mr Carnegie, must have culture at any price, there are Mr Lewis Morris and Miss Marie Corelli; and, whatever faults the supercilious don may find in these writers, no honest man can deny them the possession of genius. Greek, then, is as good as gone, and Latin must follow it,—on this point let there be no mistake. One dead language is as bad as another; and I have been told by one who sincerely repents of the time which he wasted at school that, though Latin is only half as old as Greek, it is twice as ugly. The argument that the Holy Scriptures were written in Latin is not worth answering. Some years ago a Revised Version was published at vast expense, and with this to help us we have no need of the original. It is time, then, that Greek and Latin were buried as well as dead; for they have done no real practical good in the world, unless we count the sovereigns that they have put in the musty pockets of a few idle professors.

But if Greek and Latin are a useless encumbrance to the hustler, mathematics are no better, and they too must be struck out of what schoolmasters call the "curriculum." (Isn't it like schoolmasters to use Greek where plain Anglo-Saxon would do just as well?) I never heard of a boy whose salary was raised because he

had wasted years, which might have been profitably spent in some honest business, on Euclid and Algebra. Euclid and Algebra, forsooth! Euclid, a childish picture-book, was written, I am told, by a Greek, which is quite enough to condemn it; and Algebra is the heathen name of some nigger in the East, who never saw the advantage of marking all goods in plain figures, and has made endless confusion with his *x*'s and *y*'s and *z*'s. Then there is a book called 'Conic Sections,' which I saw an anæmic youth reading in the train the other day. What it is all about, I don't know; but I should have thought that nobody ever sees a cone nowadays except the man that sells a sugar-loaf. It is clear, therefore, that in this age of competition there is no room for mathematics. Our young men must be up and doing. They must keep a hand upon our old markets and find new ones; they must show the German and the American that old England is not yet played out. But they won't do that on Euclid and Algebra; and the poor fool who reads these pagan authors, when Germany threatens our commercial supremacy, reminds me of Alcibiades, who played the flute while Rome was burning.

Once upon a time I had high hopes of Science. When I was a boy I heard Tyndall preach—I mean lecture—and I felt a kind of pride when he compared himself and me to "streaks of morning cloud, melting into the azure of the

past." I didn't understand what he meant, and his "streaks" turned my thoughts to bacon; but I was always told that there was money in science, and that atoms and protoplasms were going to make our fortunes. I know better now, and I verily believe that science is the worst of the lot. Where's the use of dissecting frogs, and cutting up the brains of pigeons, and looking for something in the air which you can't see, and grubbing for metals which you can't make into sovereigns? And that's not the worst that goes on at Oxford and Cambridge. Why, I am informed that there are grown men at both these Universities who spend their life in planting sweet-peas, not for table decoration, mind you—there might be some sense and profit in that—but merely to see what colours the flowers will take on. And they quarrel about the results, like so many stock-jobbers or politicians, with a loudness and energy worthy a better cause. But we businessmen have no use for such triflers, and though our men of science have done yeoman's service (that's a good phrase!) in attacking Greek, they must now come under the harrow of public opinion themselves.

It is with great regret that I record the misguided attempts made by the spurious friends of honest commerce to introduce what they are pleased to term "modern" studies into the Universities. These gentry advocate the learning of history and geography; they recommend French and German; and

modestly suggest that a professorship of engineering is not ridiculous. Was ever more pestilent nonsense talked? History is of no service to anybody save to the novelist, a poor foolish creature, whose existence is just tolerable because he can send us to sleep after a hard day in the city. But why should the business-men, who are the backbone of the country, fill their heads with the silly gossip and adulterous intrigues of a hundred years ago, when commerce was in its infancy, and the splendid markets of to-day were still undiscovered? The case of geography is still worse. The age of Robinson Crusoe is past. Nobody has to find his way about the world now. The bulk of our business with America is conducted by correspondence, and if we have to cross the ocean, it is perfectly easy to buy a ticket, and the steamer knows the road. And why we should trouble to learn French and German, two foolish tongues, which are spelt one way and pronounced another, I do not know. A German clerk, who understands them both, may be hired for fifty pounds a-year, and before long they will both disappear before Esperanto. As to engineering, I will say no word but this: let the young man who would study it go into a workshop, and use his hands. There he will learn more in a week than a University will teach him in a year.

There remains one foolish subject, to which that great and good man Mr Carnegie sometimes refers,—that is, literature. I am sorry to disagree, even for a moment, with the

noblest of our captains of industry, but when the King of Pittsburg talks about books I cannot follow him. It is all very well to read, write, and cipher, though many a fortune might be made with no more than a telephone and a tally-stick; and, even if you didn't care to read, the grandmotherly law steps in to compel you. But literature! Bah! Isn't the daily paper good enough for the plain man of business? Besides, it isn't at a university that literature is taught. The hard stones of Fleet Street are better than any college. I don't believe that a single one of our bright journalists, who were well described the other day in a halfpenny paper as "the Shakespeares of the twentieth century," has wasted a year at Oxford or Cambridge; and Mr Carnegie, no doubt, has his tongue in his cheek when he distributes his free libraries.

The Universities, then, are doomed beyond hope or help; and I, for one, am glad of it. They are useless, as I have proved, and, thank God! they are bankrupt. Here they are oring and fawning for subscriptions to the honest merchants, who are the pride of England; and the honest merchants, if they are wise, will button up their pockets. Some of us have thought that it might be advisable to give them a little money, on condition that we tell them what they should teach and how they should teach it. But it isn't good enough. Nothing is worth teaching, and I shall not be content until no single student wears the gown either

in Oxford or in Cambridge. The only question that remains to be answered is, What shall we do with the colleges? I went to Oxford the other day with a cheap ticket, and I soon found an answer. With some pulling down and building up, most of the colleges can be converted into excellent warehouses and factories. And in my mind's eye I see the city, which for many years has been a nest of drones, crowded with industrious working men, all making money for me and other capitalists. A little capital—that's all that's wanted. The colleges can be bought cheap, and who knows but in twenty years poor, antiquated, old Oxford may wake up, and send calicoes and hardware to America, to our Colonies, and even to the remote islands of the Pacific? After all, if you want imagination, you must go to a business man; and one thing is certain, should my plan be carried out, we shall hear little more of dead languages, mathematics, and geography.

And with Oxford the rest of England too will wake up. Freed from the tyranny of schools and academies, our young men will be strenuous and energetic. They will take Mr Carnegie's famous tip, and shun a salaried career. They will buy cheap, and sell dear; they will boss their boss, as soon as they have swept the office; and in the happy days when "the college-made" man will exist only in a corner of Germany, England, happy England, will rule the commerce of the world as to-day she rules the

waves. And when that age of gold comes, as come it must, it will bring with it true equality and fraternity. No man will be able to give himself airs because he has studied what Mr Carnegie so eloquently calls "petty and insignificant skirmishes between savages." The true test of manhood will be, as it should be always, the power to make money and rig the market. And as all men will be equal in freedom from the knowledge of senseless things, so they will be bound together in the fraternal bonds of competition. There is as much good material in England as in America, and when Oxford and Cambridge are converted to neat manufacturing towns, when the sky, which looks down on these "seats of learning" (save the mark!), is changed from a foolish blue to a healthy, profitable black, we may even hope to rival Pittsburg itself. And now nothing remains for me but to find an appropriate *nom de plume* for my article, in which I flatter myself I have proved conclusively the absurdity of all learning. I had thought of "Ne plus ultra" and "Ne sutor." Not that I know what either of them means. God forbid! But Mr Carnegie's nearest librarian assures me that both of these are a trifle hackneyed; and I readily accept his suggestion that I should reveal my business in the best Greek at his disposal. And so I sign myself, with the pleasing consciousness of a stern duty properly performed,
MERCATOR ANGLICANUS.

A STUDY OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

BY CHASSEUR.

III. THE LAND CAMPAIGN UP TO THE END OF JUNE.

THE students of modern war who have been compelled, for want of better material, into a study of the various volumes which the much-maligned war-correspondents have given us, will be unanimous in allowing that Mr Story's¹ best effort is found in his portrait of Kuropatkin. Two sentences which he attributes to the Russian general seem to furnish a keynote to the lamentable history of Kuropatkin's campaign. He is credited with having said: "At the end of the first month they will call me inactive; at the end of the second month they will call me incapable; at the end of the third month they will call me a traitor; at the end of six months — *nous verrons!*" Again: "Ce n'est pas le moment d'acheter des maisons à Liauyang, à Mukden non plus, à Harbin — oui!" Mr Story credits the Russian Commander-in-Chief with having uttered these sentiments on his first arrival in Manchuria. It is obvious from their tenor that Kuropatkin appreciated the magnitude of the task before him; that his mind was free from that blatant and aggressive optimism which characterised the Russian attitude early in 1904; that he was cognisant of the existing state of criminal inefficiency; that he was prepared, if necessary, to abandon Liauyang and even Mukden to his enemy until he had constructed a field army. "At the end of six months — *nous verrons!*" We have seen. And in spite of his many traducers we believe that Kuropatkin has proved himself the best soldier in Manchuria. His task was not to engineer a railway across a desert, taking his own time and opportunity, and then to mow down a mob of unarmed fanatics with automatic weapons. He was required to construct his army in the face of a superior, aggressive, and victorious foe. In these circumstances the military historian of the future, with the true facts and figures before him, will marvel that he escaped annihilation. The critics in this country are unanimous in the opinion that Kuropatkin should have withdrawn the garrison from Port Arthur, abandoned the whole of the

¹ With Kuroki in Manchuria, by Frederick Palmer (Methuen). The Campaign with Kuropatkin, by Douglas Story (T. Werner Laurie). A Secret Agent in Port Arthur, by William Greener (Constable). A Modern Campaign, by David Fraser (Methuen). Additional since February 1: The Yellow War, by "O" (Blackwood).

Liautung Peninsula, and, for the time being ignoring the invasion, quietly organised his field-army in Manchuria proper. It is easy to sit down and dogmatise after the event, and military critics are prone to forget that it is given to comparatively few commanders in the field to hold both the military and the political reins of a campaign. Even his most unfavourable critics confess that the veteran Kuropatkin realised the military disadvantages entailed in holding Port Arthur, but was controlled by a superior authority into its retention. If this should be the case, it is hardly just to debit this action against his military ability. Surely, in judging a man, the nature of the task allotted him should be considered. The field of criticism is translated as soon as you judge upon the character of the allotted task. But in order to be impartial, we will examine other considerations. When Kuropatkin reached Manchuria the Russians had practically lost the command of the sea. Naval considerations, therefore, however vexatious, irrespective of political prestige, sentiment, and Alexieff, could not fail to influence the Commander-in-Chief of the land forces. Another pregnant lesson of the influence of naval strategy over military co-operation. It is possible that, although during the journey between the War Bureau and Irkutsk, Kuropatkin may have counselled in his mind the evacuation of Port Arthur, yet

once he reached Mukden such a course never came within the scope of his calculations. He had to cut his cloth to suit his pattern. His pattern included the Kwantung Promontory. This pattern even had military advantages of its own. To some extent Port Arthur, if held, might prove a magnet to the Japanese in attack, as it had proved to the Russian sailors in defence. If the Russian fleet under its fighting flags could not save the army, yet its presence at Port Arthur might warp the Japanese into weakening their real striking force. Whether this was Kuropatkin's calculation it is impossible to say, but from the sentences already quoted it is evident that he realised that he would have to fall back, and that all his first dispositions were calculated to gain time,—to keep the Japanese striking at his extremities until his energy had made a staff, and the railway had given him an army. We have shown, in a previous paper, that Sassulitch's was only a delaying force on the Yalu. The garrison of Port Arthur became the same, once the Japanese decided to invest it. The series of entrenched positions which Kuropatkin prepared along the Port Arthur-Mukden railway and on the Mandarin road were all to the same end, to prevent the Japanese striking at his heart before he had found his army.

We will endeavour to keep ourselves free from journal-

istic dogmatism, for the simple reason that the naval and military strategy of this campaign have been so intimately wedded, that without the full official records an absolutely fair judgment is impossible. However, we will strive to show that there has been more far-seeing method in Kuropatkin's much-jeered-at strategy than has found credit in the vulgar estimate, and leave the reader to form his own opinion of the opposing strategy which dallied with extraneous while the heart was aching, and ultimately struck at the vitals when it was too late.

The Japanese determined to land their second army on the east coast of the Liautung peninsula. Again we have an echo of the Chinese war. As has already been shown, when the Yalu engagement was won the transports carrying Chou's army were at anchor in the Yellow Sea. The chance of a diversion by the Port Arthur fleet was remote. But to remove all chance of success to the surprise fleet on May 8, and to land the army at the Port Arthur by sea, was a bold move. It was a move that was not to be made until the Japanese were sure of the success of the Yalu campaign. It was a move that was not to be made until the Japanese were sure of the success of the Yalu campaign. It was a move that was not to be made until the Japanese were sure of the success of the Yalu campaign.

gard to these most interesting operations. The official references are bald and unilluminating, while at this period the Japanese did not suffer foreign military attachés and correspondents to be present. We had hoped that Mr Greener's book would help us, since the author claims to have been engaged in secret service in Port Arthur or Yinkow about this period. But his book, in spite of its pretentious title, is even less valuable to the historian than that of Mr Cowen. It is a light and, in patches, interesting record of indifferent war-correspondence. The author's value as a secret agent may be judged by the following sole reference to the highly interesting military developments we are now studying:—

"Then I received accounts of the landing of Japanese troops at Takushan; and at Pilsawa and acting in conjunction with the force landed at Ninchow, on the other side of the peninsula, succeeded in cutting the line and isolating Port Arthur etc. . . ."

We do not, of course, insist upon correct grammatical construction as an essential in the work of a secret agent, but we have a right to expect more accuracy than is contained in the above garbled and senseless reference to this operation, amounting as it does to a mere misstatement, and a general misrepresentation of the war movement. This is only one of the many evidences which the book contains, that

the author missed his vocation when in the Far East.

The preliminaries of the Japanese strategy declared themselves during the first twenty days of May. Oku had landed at Pitsewo and Kerr Bay, and a third army corps under Nodzu was thrown into Manchuria at Takushan, on May 19. Takushan lies practically midway between Pitsewo and the Yalu. There are three main roads in southern Manchuria, which converge upon Liauyang, the ancient capital of the Manchu conquerors. The first is the Mandarin road, from Seoul to Peking, passing through Feng-hwang-cheng and Motienling, the distance between the former place and Liauyang being about 80 miles. The next road is from Takushan, 50 miles south-west of Feng-hwang-cheng, which passes through Siuyen to Liauyang, Takushan being about 100 miles south of Liauyang. The third main road is identical with the Port Arthur-Mukden railway, and Port Adams, which was Oku's first objective, is 140 miles from the Manchu capital. Pitsewo is 70 miles from Takushan. Thus on May 20 the Japanese position was broadly as follows: Kuroki with 50,000¹ men at Feng-hwang-cheng, Nodzu with an equal force at Takushan, and Oku with 60,000 men at Port Adams. That is, an army 160,000 strong on the three main roads converging on Liauyang, and covering a front of 120 miles. To meet this in-

vasion, which obviously would develop sooner or later into a concentrated attack upon Liauyang, Kuropatkin had, by the end of May, been reinforced from Russia to a total of 170,000 men. But these numbers did not yet represent his effective striking force: 35,000—viz., the garrison of Port Arthur—were south of the Japanese front, and had already, by the occupation of Port Adams, been reduced to the defensive rôle of an isolated force. Of the remaining 135,000 nearly 20,000 were garrisoning the Pacific coast towns; at least 25,000 were either worthless or recently mobilised troops; and the whole system was disorganised. The balance of serviceable troops, such as it was, had to be employed in furnishing stops at Motienling, Siuyen, and Kaiping, the defensive positions which had been chosen upon the probable line of advance of the three invading armies. This left the Russian Commander-in-Chief with barely 30,000 reliable troops in hand, as a nucleus for the field-army he must construct if he hoped ever to be able to take the initiative. A truly parlous position for any general when the state of the Russian army at this period is considered.

We believe that at this moment the whole course of the subsequent campaign turned upon the operations which Oku was instructed to carry out. Would he, as soon as he had occupied Port Adams,

¹ Kuroki had been reinforced immediately after the Yalu by a Reserve Brigade.
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turn north, leaving the 4th army under Nogi to deal with Stössel and Port Arthur, or would he be required to prepare the way for the 4th army : to secure Dalny before he was set free? Unfortunately the strain of landing the 4th army was too great at the moment, or the magnet of Port Arthur, coupled with the attendant advantages of Talien Bay, were too powerful, for instead of turning north and striking at the heart, Oku was directed to the south. Here we have the first evidence of the limitations which mark the higher strategy of the Japanese campaign. The battle of Nanshan, magnificent example as it proved of the fighting quality of the Japanese soldiers, saved the Russian arms from that total annihilation in the field which would, in our opinion, have terminated hostilities, with the subsequent destruction of the Pacific squadron and fall of Port Arthur. Nanshan might have been just as well fought and won by Nogi's, or even at a pinch by Nodzu's, army. If it was not the magnet, but transport difficulties which ruled this decision, then the Port Arthur army could have landed before the Takushan army. The interval of time between the landing of these two forces was not great, and of the three field-armies the Takushan army had the shortest distance to cover from the point of debarkation to the main objective. This strategical suggestion is confirmed when it is remembered that when on June 27

the Takushan army occupied Fen-sui-ling, fifty or so miles from Liauyang, with two divisions, Oku was still 120 miles from the same objective. Oku was never able to recover the valuable time which his brilliant victory at Nanshan and its attendant military exhaustion cost him. It brought both Tehlitz and Tashichaou and their delaying influences into his calendar, and enabled Kuropatkin, though beaten, to ultimately show sufficient front to carry the war into its second year without having sustained a paralysing defeat.

We will now follow the fortunes of Oku's army. Its leading division landed at Pitsewo, and, as soon as the small Russian opposition was brushed aside, pushed forward a raiding party to cut the railway communications with Port Arthur. There is a direct road from Pitsewo to Port Adams. This crosses the railway at Pulientien. On May 9 the Japanese, after a short skirmish, possessed themselves of Pulientien, destroyed the railway, and on the following day occupied Port Adams, where Oku established his headquarters. This was the crucial juncture. The remainder of Oku's army was landed at Kerr Bay, which seems to point to a predesigned plan that it should deal with Stössel's command before commencing its march north. If only the Takushan army had landed at Kerr Bay, Oku, based for the time being either at Pitsewo or Port Adams, could have been at Tashichaou before

Kuropatkin had half completed the concentration of his first field-army there.

The southern extremity of the Liautung peninsula is of peculiar formation. Dalny and Port Arthur lie in a lozenge-shaped sub-peninsula, which is joined to the mainland by a thin isthmus, which at its narrowest point is barely a mile and a half across. This neck of land is almost level with the sea; but just south of the narrowest point a cluster of small conical hills command the whole of the approaches from the north. There are five or six of these hills, which, correctly speaking, are mere knolls. This position had been selected by the Russian sappers as suitable to defend against a land attack from the north. In all the reports published at the time, it was credited with being a position of incredible strength. In reality, according to a professional eyewitness, it was only strong in its natural approaches from the north, as considered with a view of an infantry assault. Otherwise it was a solitary citadel, with a circular trace containing three lines of trenches. These latter were field-works, and though the position was mounted with a large number of guns of various calibre, yet from the very nature of its isolation, shallow trenches, and circular trace, it was a veritable shrapnel-trap. Added to these disadvantages, the Japanese gunboat flotilla, on May 14, discovered its reverse to be exposed to shell-fire from the seaboard. Into this ditch-enclosed charnel-house Stössel

—or rather Kondrachenko, who commanded in the field—had crammed half his garrison, and trusting to wire entanglements and a natural slope to save them from shrapnel and naval guns, awaited the Japanese initiative to develop. Nor had he long to wait. As soon as the last troops had landed at Kerr Bay, Oku, who had steadily driven in the railway-guard cavalry, which were keeping touch with him north of the Kinchau isthmus, was ready to force the Russians from the few positions which they held, covering the walled Chinese town of Kinchau. This town stands on Kinchau Bay, in the plain which forms the northern approach to the isthmus, and is one mile from the left conical hill of the group making the Russian position.

On May 25 the Japanese gunboat flotilla again appeared in Kinchau Bay, and commenced to shell the left of the Russian position and the town of Kinchau, upon which the retreating Cossacks and railway-guards had rallied. In the meantime Oku had occupied the hills, which rise in a considerable mass, not unlike the rocky conformations of South Africa, two miles to the north-east of the isthmus on the far side of the arm of water from Talien Bay, which is responsible for the narrowness of the Kinchau neck. Once a Japanese general undertakes a tactical movement he wastes no time. His fetish is to strike his enemy as soon as he finds him. It is in the genius of

finding him in the least favourable condition that his limitations become evident. Oku closed down upon Kinohau on the 25th. He determined to carry the town by assault that night, and the position on the isthmus¹ the following day. Owing to the prevalence of fog the night attack miscarried, but early on the morning of the 26th a detachment of Japanese sappers gallantly blew in the north gate of the walled town; and after two hours' street-fighting of a particularly sanguinary character, the last live Russians were cleared out of Kinohau, and, under a final scourge from the Japanese artillery, were streaming up the Port Arthur road, which passes over the left of the Nanshan position. The story which follows is one of unparalleled bravery on the part of the Japanese infantry. After an artillery preparation of two hours' duration, in which the gunboats took a decisive part, a Japanese division was committed to the assault.

Contemporary writers on the subject of this war have shown a tendency to discount much of the theory which was put forward by Mr Bloch. We believe that insufficiency of information and misinterpretation of Japanese despatches have influenced these writers. An intimate study of Japanese tactics during the struggle leads us to believe that although Mr Bloch, in common with many other enthusiasts, may have been guilty of the

sin of over-estimation, yet in the main the principle upon which he based his deductions has been substantiated. Oku launched attack after attack against the centre and left of Nanshan. Each of these failed, and in failure the carnage was desperate. The anonymous author "O," whose "brilliant sketches" have appeared in 'Maga,' and are now republished under the title of 'The Yellow War,' gives the only realistic account of this great assault that we can find:—

"An officer seizes the emblem of the Rising Sun, and, bending low to meet the leaden blizzard, dashes for the slope. Where ten minutes ago he had had a company to follow him, he now finds ten or fifteen men. To right and left little knots of desperate infantrymen dash out into the fury of the blast—only to wither before it. . . . Then as if by magic the firing stops, and for one second the Russians jump up upon their works, and wave their caps and shout the shout of victory. The two Japanese battalions which furnished the forlorn-hope have ceased to exist."

And so it has been throughout the war. Persistency in attack, indifference to losses, night attacks and concentrated artillery fire, have given the Japanese their victories; and though we cannot find evidence that in the actual advance to the assault they exhibit an endurance in face of modern fire that sets Mr Bloch's theories at naught, yet we find that they possess a nerve-recuperative power under failure. This is perhaps the most extraordinary military trait which they exhibit. Eyewitnesses

¹ Nanshan.

from Nanshan, Tashichaou, and Liauyang submit evidence that Japanese infantry, checked and punished even more severely than was the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein, accept such punishment as the logical sequence of preliminary attack in war; and the survivors will cheerfully advance to similar failure, by day or night, time after time, steadfastly believing that the sacrifices they make are providing some benefit in another portion of the field. This is the true martial spirit. The same spirit was once the characteristic of British infantry, though recent experiences would suggest that it has been lost. But although the fierce assaults on the Nanshan citadel cost Oku close on 7000 casualties, it was not his infantry that won him the position. The Russian garrison, cooped up and overcrowded in shallow trenches, devoid of adequate head-cover, and wanting in splinter-proofs, reached the limits of their endurance when the Japanese gunboats steamed in to short range and swept the reverse slopes of the hills, to which the men, scourged from the trenches by Oku's merciless shrapnel, were clinging in thousands. Artillery fire had beaten the Russians by two o'clock in the afternoon. The retreat was general two hours later. But in spite of this, the Russian riflemen in the advanced trenches, who were so situated that they dare not retire before dark, checked each of the successive infantry assaults that were made throughout the

afternoon. At sundown the Japanese possessed themselves of the position. It was occupied but not carried. At least, that is the evidence from the shipping in the bay. To what degree it proved or disproved Mr Bloch's theory with regard to infantry assault it does not matter here; it was a decisive victory for the Japanese. From that day, unless it received outside assistance, the fate of Stössel's garrison was sealed. Of itself it was powerless except to defend the standard on a hill.

What was the effect of the victory upon the Japanese? For the time being it brought Oku almost to a standstill. He had expended a prodigious amount of ammunition, he had weakened himself by 7000 men, and he was called upon for the moment *to move south*, until a sufficient force from the Port Arthur army could be landed to set him free for his march northwards. While Japan was thus warring with his extremities, Kuropatkin was moving heaven and earth to expedite the formation of his field-army. He was organising a mobile force under Stackelberg at Tashichaou. The object of this force proved to be an attempt at counter-offensive against the invaders operating in the Liautung peninsula. All current reports at the time stated that the army with which at the beginning of June Stackelberg took the counter-offensive consisted of 40,000 men: 25,000, however, were the numbers when it marched through Kaiping on its way

south. The Japanese had adequate information both of its strength and movement, and though every effort was made, the Russians were not able to move until after the landing of the two divisions of the Port Arthur army.

In order to be in time to meet this threatened counter-stroke, it was necessary to make some slight changes in the organisation of Oku's and Nodzu's armies. Oku left one of his divisions at Port Arthur, while to bring his force up to a strength sufficient to annihilate the Russian counter-stroke, the right division of Nodzu's army was deflected from the Taku-shan line of advance, with orders to join Oku at Pulientien.

Stackelberg reached Tehlitz, twenty miles south of Kaiping, on the 13th of June. The same day Oku's army, brought up to its original strength by the arrival of Nodzu's division, bivouacked at Pulientien, the scene of its initial success. The cavalry screens of the rival forces had made contact on the 12th. Stackelberg, as soon as he found himself in touch, immediately abandoned his offensive rôle, and threw himself into the nearest position that seemed to present defensive advantages. He chose the hills which dominate as a portal the southern entrance to the valley through which the railway passes. It would be hard to imagine a worse position. At the best it furnished a front of six miles; the flanks were both vulnerable, as the walls of the valley were low and

everywhere easy of access, while the northern exit to the valley, ten miles in rear of the main position, could be converted into a cul-de-sac by a very small hostile force. Oku's dispositions were simple. In racing parlance he was a "bold fencer" on the battlefield, and had as much disinclination to act on the defensive as his inferior enemy had inclination for the offensive. His scouts had informed him on the 13th of the nature and extent of Stackelberg's front. He therefore detached one division to work round Stackelberg's right from the direction of Fuchau, while his cavalry brigade was sent round the Russian left, with orders to place itself across the line of communications, and command the northern exit of the Tehlitz valley. Satisfied that these orders would be fulfilled, Oku, on the following day, opened the operations by engaging the enemy in the centre of his position, before, in the picturesque language of our American cousins, "butting in" with his frontal infantry assault. The next day the climax came. During the night the Japanese gunners, having previously marked down the opposing batteries, had moved their own guns into a closer range. They opened the ball with a terrific artillery preparation against the Russian centre. The Russian batteries were massed on a low tableland, and eyewitnesses describe the iron onslaught which the Japanese gunners made upon them as "terrific." Inside of an hour

they were out of action—more, destroyed—and Oku, true to his precepts, committed his infantry to the assault. One division advanced west of the railway, the other east. The flank attack from the direction of Fuchau was in position as arranged, and by two in the afternoon the Japanese infantry were in possession of the position held by Stackelberg's right and centre. The Russian left, however, had stood firm, and not only repulsed the Japanese assault, but delivered a powerful counter-stroke, before which the Japanese broke, and retired with considerable confusion and casualty. The impetus of this counter-stroke was arrested by the arrival, at a most opportune moment, of the Japanese cavalry on the Russian flank. Then it was that the Russian left learnt that their right had been driven in. Their late success became their immediate ruin, for they had to retreat past the two divisions now in occupation of the positions from which their own troops had been driven. There was but one road. This lay down the valley. Practically it was annihilation. It accounts for the gruesome disparity between the number of Russian dead, reported by the Japanese as buried, and the wounded,—a disparity into which it would be profitless to inquire.

The keenest disappointment was felt at headquarters in Tokio at the result of this battle. It had been confidently anticipated that the whole of Stackelberg's force

would have been annihilated when it became known that he had elected to accept battle at the southern exit of the Tehlitz valley. But, as will have been realised from the account given above, the Japanese cavalry, though they gave timely assistance to Oku's right when it was in difficulties, were not where they should have been. In fact, they were some fifteen miles away from the northern exit to the valley. The excuse was "difficult country," an excuse with which the British reader himself has become somewhat familiar during recent years.

Kuropatkin's attempt at the counter-offensive had terminated disastrously. But Oku's success was purchased at the price of a military exhaustion which permitted him to cover only fifty miles during the ensuing month. This fact alone discounts something from the Russian disaster. Whether Kuropatkin had counted on this effect we cannot say; but that he counted on the Japanese curious post-victory inertia at a later period in the campaign will be shown in a subsequent paper. We must now turn to the other theatres of the land campaign.

On June 8, Nodzu's army, now consisting of two divisions, came into conflict with Mistchenko's 1500 Cossacks at Siuyen, and, driving them out, occupied the town. From here it made connection with Kuroki's left, and then working cautiously forward, after some desultory fighting, was able to possess itself of the im-

portant passes on the road to Liauyang at Fen-shui-ling on 27th June. It has been impossible for the closest observer to follow with any pretence of detail the operations which Kuroki undertook during the long weeks that his headquarters remained at Feng-hwang-cheng. There is, however, judging from the official reports of foreign experts that we have seen, every reason to believe that his long halt was not altogether due to the necessity of waiting on the operations taking place in the Liautung peninsula. It is certain that some comprehensive operation was attempted which had subsequently to be modified, if not altogether abandoned. We may, however, judge of the reticence which the Japanese maintained with regard to these operations in the interior by the following extract from Mr Fraser's work :—

"Early in June, however, the Russians appeared in force on the road running at right angles to the Mandarin road, and drove our parties out of Saimatse and Aiyang. After

a good deal of fighting, in which both sides suffered severely, our outposts settled down a little south of the places named. It then transpired that General Rennenkampf, with the whole or part of his division of Cossacks and a small body of infantry, was the aggressor. . . . But with regard to his strength and the nature of the fighting which took place no accurate information is obtainable. It may be concluded from the Japanese silence on the subject that they received knocks quite as hard as they delivered. This is the more probable, as Rennenkampf has the reputation of being one of the most enlightened and dashing leaders on the Russian side."

It is therefore not clear at the moment whether Kuroki out-manceuvred Keller for the possession of the Motienling positions, or whether they were abandoned to him for strategical reasons which at the present are obscure to us. But this much we do know, that on June 27 these coveted positions fell into the Japanese possession, practically without serious engagement, when the world was expecting them to be disputed by an army of at least 20,000 men.

TALES OF A FOREST.

DOWN in the low country the harvest was gathered in; the stacks stood in orderly rows, and the buzz of threshing-mills began to be heard. The stubbles were streaked here and there with brown, where the soil turned up its kindly face with the promise of another year. In orchards apples no longer weighed down the branches, but lay fragrant in dark shelves, awakening dreams of happiness in many boys and girls. The countryside was tidying for the winter, and the sharp pleasant smell of burning rubbish rose up out of many gardens and hedgerows. It was the end of the first week of October, and only a day or two of the stalking season was left.

Up on the "Lùb"¹ there was no wood to mark the coming of autumn; for miles and miles and miles no trees were to be seen. The peat was full of them; at some dim period the whole country had been densely wooded, and birch and Scots fir and hazel lay thick amongst the hags, with the bark on them so fresh that it was difficult to realise the period which had passed since sap ran up behind it in the far-away forgotten springs. Here and there—every five hundred acres maybe—the searching stalking-glass was arrested for a moment by the brilliant red or

yellow patch, which showed that in some sheltered burn or hole a tiny mountain-ash or birch—a bush rather than a tree—found its solitary livelihood among the rocks. But the mountains had put on their autumn tints; the bright summer greens of grassy hillsides were changed for all shades of yellow; the heather blossom was long withered, and deep rich browns took the place of the gorgeous early purples. Heavy hoar-frosts at night whitened everything, and hastened on the decay of late flowers. And to any one who knew a forest country, the most significant sign of coming winter was never far away, when the stags in the corries round lifted up their voices and went about their wooing.

On a mellow October afternoon a year or two ago three men were slowly travelling up one of these "lùbs" or flats in a Ross-shire forest. A stalk had been made, and after patient waiting a shot had been got, but it was a long and difficult one—so at least thought the person responsible for it—and the stag had departed scathless, wondering no doubt what the loud noise and sharp puff of wind just over his back had meant. Then the three turned their faces westwards, in the chastened spirit in which at such times men move, and

¹ "Lùb" is the Gaelic name for a flat stretch of grass, generally by a river or burn.

crossing the mile-long flat, came to a "beallach," a little pass between two steep hills. Here the gillie left them—it was a Saturday—and made for the home, some three or four miles away, where his wife, who passed six days of each week in utter solitude, was looking out for him. The others lay down on the dry sun-warmed heather above the beallach for a rest, and a final spy at the ground between them and the lodge.

The stalker, an old though still very active man, was in a meditative mood; the little disappointment, sharpest at that moment when his keen eyes realised that the jump the stag made was caused by the wind, not by the striking power of the bullet, was past. Many hundreds of times in his long life entirely given up to deer he had experienced it, and he never fretted long at the miscalculation over which he had no power, which rendered in a moment all the long patient work of hours fruitless. The other still brooded over the mistake, wishing, as men do at such times, that it might be granted him to have the chance again. To him there seemed then something melancholy in the sombre landscape around, the infinite stretches of wild country, hill fading into hill, till the farthest stood nearly on the west coast just above the sea.

There was no stag worth following in sight, but still they lingered on the warm sunny slope: the stalker became reminiscent, and inclined—a rare

thing with him—to speak of ancient days: the talk turned on the age to which deer lived. "I mind," said he—and we translate his narrative into ordinary English, though it so loses all the raciness of the original—"I mind seeing a stag which was more than fifty years old. Yes," noticing a look of astonishment, "more than fifty years old. When I was a lad I lived with my father in the forest of —. It belonged to a great nobleman whose race is all gone now. At that time very few English came up to the north for sport, and what lets for thousands a-year now was only worth maybe a few scores of pounds for grazing, and if there was no sheep there was no rent at all. But this forest had always been forest ever since the world was made, and there was no stock on it at all. There were far fewer deer on it then than there is now: I heard that the tenant there killed nearly a hundred stags last season. But what there were were much better, far finer ones; poof!"—and he made an impatient sweep with a hand,— "one stag, I tell you, was worth a dozen of what is got now. They were big beasts, fat big beasts, with strong, wild, beautiful heads, and I think they were easier to get at than the trash we go after now. *A b-a-a-d jance* a stag has to grow old now. The lord used to come up to his forest every year and spend a time at the stalking: he lived in a small housie which a gillie would hardly think good enough for himself in these days. There

was a living-room, and two bedrooms and a kitchen, and he built a larder on at the end of the house, just a strong fine larder, the best room of them all. Well, he came up one season with a friend, and for the first time he brought a lady with him too. She was a fine-looking lass, just as fine a looking lady as you will see any time even now. He went out one day with my father, and took her with him. I've heard my father say she was a grand walker on a hill, and that he carried her over the Black River and some of the big burns in his arms. I mind his once saying that he wished it had been all rivers and burns that day, and my mother was sore vexed, and asked him what sort of talk that was. He was a quiet, silent man, and ever said little of what I am telling you.

"The day after the stag was killed two of them went away in a hurry, and then my lord went away too. When my father asked what was to be done with the stag, 'Let it hang there till I come back,' his master said; 'I'll be back in two or three days.' By-and-by came a message to leave things about the lodge just as they were, and not to touch anything; and by-and-by, later, there was another word from my lord's agent, who lived in Edinburgh, to board up all the windows, and leave things alone. No doubt my father wondered at the word, but he did as he was bid. After a while there came up strong sheets of thin iron, and a letter saying he was to put these

over the places too. He had grudged sorely to leave the good venison wasting, but he knew his master was ever determined about his work being done, so he did it, and shut all light out of the house and the larder. My lord was under thirty years of age when this took place, and he lived to be seventy; but he never came back to the forest. Whiles there would be a letter saying he was coming next month or next year, but he never came. The house soon got sadly wasted, and part fell in; but the larder was new and strong, with a fine slate roof, and it stood the weather well. The place was so out of the way that few people came to it, and few kent about what had happened, and then my mother died, and after that my father never spoke about it to any one. He got his wages as forester, and now and then the agent came up and had a day or two after the deer and stopped in our house: if he said aught I never heard of it. My lord and my father died in the same year—in the spring of 1847.

"I was a lad of fifteen then, living with my sister, who was a year or two older. We had to go down into the low country to get situations, and I made up my mind before I went that I would look into the larder and see what was there. There was little in the house—a few bits of glass and china in the kitchen, and some old rusted iron pots and rotten bedding and chairs, and such-like. The larder was in wonderful good order. I mind it made

me queer to think that no sunlight had gotten into the place for forty years till I broke in a corner of the door and prised it off its hinges. And I was *feart*," said the old man with great emphasis, "when I stood inside. There was a thick heap of dust lying below the hooks on which the stag had hung; the small bones had gone to dust too, but the big ones and the skull were still whole and awful yellow. The horns were quite fresh. I gave them a bit rub, and they seemed as if they were only a year old instead of half a hundred, for I knew fine by the look of them that the stag had been an old one. It was a ten-point head with a wide span and long points, but a thin horn; the beast had been going back. There was nothing else in the place but a whetstone and a gully lying by it, just where it had been put that night after they had skinned the stag. I thought of taking away the skull, but I was feared to, and I never had another chance, for that night the place was in a blaze, and all that could be burnt went in the fire. I had lit some paper in the house to see about me, and I doubt left some sparks behind. Then my sister and I went away, and from that day to this I have never been back."

"Did you never hear anything about the lady?" asked the other man.

"Nothing, or nothing that was worth the hearing—or the telling," replied the stalker.

"You have been stalking in ——?" he asked, after a

long silence; "you will mind the Long Corrie—it's more a glen than a corrie—which runs down from the little lochans to the big one? Well, I was coming down that glen one evening with my master and a gillie. We had got a stag that afternoon by one of the little lochs, a decent beast with one strong horn. My master was tired that evening, and was walking slowly down the path. There is a good pony-path there now, but at the time I am speaking of, nearly thirty years ago, there was only a poor kind of a track, which kept near the burn all the way to the loch. The gillie and I were behind a little; suddenly, in front of us, we heard the sound of men laughing and talking. My master stopped, and we came up with him and listened. Just in front of us, but out of sight yet, was more than one man, and what they could be doing in the forest so far from any house or road at that time of evening—it was October, and nearer six than five o'clock—we could not think. The laughing and the talking came on; shrill and loud and quick it was; I never heard men laugh or talk like that, either before or since. And then they came round the corner; there were four of them; they were all in black, and seemed to have white cloths about their necks, and gey white faces as far as we could tell. Half of their faces and necks were hid from us, for the four were bearing a coffin on their shoulders: they were swaying about, and laugh-

ing as they came along. Well, sir, if it was a strange thing for four men in black clothes to be in a deer-forest with night coming on, that was a small thing compared with what they had with them.

"The track they were on went up for some three miles, to the place we had just come from, and then ended in peat-hags, and there was not a house or cottage or shelter of any kind whatever beyond it to which it was possible for them to get that night. Peter Mactavish's was the nearest house, and that was fully seventeen miles away, and across such a country as men could never bear a coffin in the day-time, let alone at night. So you may believe that we stared at the black people in front of us, and it was only because we all saw it that we believed our eyes. Then I heard my master clear his throat a little, as he often did when he was going to speak—when he was thinking what he was going to say—and the men came to a stand with their burden, and stopped their laughing and queer talk, and glowered at us. The words were long coming from my master's throat—if it was as dry as mine, I'm no wondering at that—and before he got them out they were useless. The track there lay high above the burn, maybe three hundred feet or so, and the slope down to it was not a precipice exactly, but near it, and steep and rocky, with bits of heather growing among the stones. Before a word was said the four men and the coffin lurched

off the path, and went crashing down the hillside: we saw them for a little, swaying about just as they had done before above, and then lost sight of them, and then we heard a crash like as if the wood was broken up, and stones rattling and leaping downwards. And we heard more, and the sound set my teeth on edge, and I believe made my hair stand up: we heard again that queer laughing, just when one would expect to have heard cries of pain and fear. They rolled down, down to the bottom, and then there was quiet: we went on a few yards, and there was an ill close smell in the fresh air—just where they had been standing."

"And what happened?"

"Nothing happened: we went down to look at the place. We went the next morning. My master said it was no use going then, and we thought he was right; and, sir, you may believe me or not, but there was no coffin, and no black men at the bottom of the place, and no mark on the slope of any one having ever gone down it. We could not see a stone out of its place: it took us all our time in the daylight to get down, so you may know what sort of ground it was. And there was nothing."

"Well, what happened?" asked the other again.

"Nothing. Peter Mactavish lived for twenty years after: we thought it might have been for him. There was a man lost on the west march that winter—a poor tramping body who had missed his way. I

mind, too, my cow died that Martinmas, and Christina—that's my wife's sister's child—fell into the fire, and was sorely burnt before they got her out. And that was all."

"It was unsatisfactory not to know something about those men."

"It was a deal more satisfactory to know nothing about them at all," said the old stalker briskly. "The less kent about such folk the better. And," he added reverently, "God preserve all of us from ever meeting the like of them again!"

The sun shone warm on the heather above the beallach: its mellow rays lit up the great flat which lay to the eastward, dotted and lined with brown ridges and little peaks. The listener forced his thoughts away from the unpleasant tale: just above him, at some infinitely remote period of the world's history, ice on its retreat had left a mighty cube of rock poised slantwise on another block as large. He thought of the strange eyes which must have regarded them, in times before Scotland had a name or a history, of people who must have passed by just where he was resting, and gone through that place, of strange unknown beasts to whose dens it had been a passage.

"What a sight it would be," he exclaimed, "to see all the deer which have ever gone through there, go through there now before us!"

"That would be a strange and wonderful sight," agreed the stalker; "there would be

many hundreds,—there would be many thousand millions."

"There would be some noble heads," the other said. He lay back on the sun-warmed heather and thought of the ancient days. Perhaps in five hundred centuries some being would sit here and wonder as he was wondering. Those prehistoric people found it no more strange to gaze on prehistoric creatures than he did to look at a stag now.

Suddenly his eye, carelessly wandering over the flat to the east, caught sight of movement; a closer look showed him this was caused by deer, and that they were coming upwind towards the pass. There were about fifty, and he could see by the glass they were all hinds. They came on and on. "Now," he thought, "they are not more than a mile away; when they reach that little burn they will get our wind." But the deer passed the burn and came steadily westward, until half a mile only lay between them and the beallach. It was strange that not one of a hundred nostrils should feel the taint in the air, and the watcher looked to where his companion sat, a few feet away: the old man was sitting up intently staring at them with a puzzled expression on his face.

Still the hinds came on, and now it was apparent that they were not alone, but that following into the burn that they had left—dotting its steep sides with their light brown and duns—were more deer. And behind these came yet

more : as fast as one mass filed out of the hollow it was occupied by others. The watcher turned his glass on a ridge a mile beyond the burn which had been his mark—that too was covered with them ; he looked farther east and saw still more ; he fixed it on the slope of a hill some six miles away, and plain enough on the skyline he saw them there, a ragged line. The four-mile flat below him, the great easily rising slope stretching for miles towards the south ; the broken ground to the left, were all full of deer advancing in an interminable procession towards the ridge on which the men lay.

By this time the first noticed hinds were only three or four hundred yards off the little pass, and the wind was blowing fair in their faces. This fact might not carry much significance to a townsman or low-country man, but to one who knew the ways of deer it seemed only a little less than a miracle—it *was* a miracle : here was a herd of deer, with a face hundreds of yards wide and many scores deep, advancing up-wind with no signs of nervousness or fear right in the teeth of men not a quarter of a mile away. It was a phenomenon that the most ancient and experienced of foresters could hardly have dreamt of, much less have seen.

Then it came into one of those men's minds that the lightly spoken wish of half an hour ago was going to be fulfilled ; that it was about to be given to him to see what he had asked to see, and a great fear

came upon him. To get up, to ask counsel from his companion, to speak at all, became beyond his power ; he could only lie there and look at what was to be. The deer came on in orderly ranks, with no stopping or peering or nervous examination of the ground in front of them. In a few minutes the foremost entered the neck of the bealach, and here their ranks, confined by its narrowness, became closer. It was a short gunshot only across : they came and passed below him, and went through the two or three hundred yards of passage, and out into the open country beyond, and not one of them showed the faintest sign of noticing their enemies. The first few hundred deer were all hinds and calves.

There passed then through that narrow bealach all the deer that at one time or another had passed through it when alive : hinds, not to be numbered, with their calves ; the stags of last year, the stags of ten years ago, the stags of last century or a dozen centuries ago ; the great stags of times of which history can give no account, of periods of which geologists can only guess at. With perfect silence they passed through, in order as their place had been,—the antlers of a hundred years ago dwarfed by those that followed, and these again looking small and poor in comparison with what was to come. There was no rattling of sharp hoofs on the stones, no sinking in and sudden pulling out of delicate feet in the peaty turf ; a dozen hinds of to-day

scampering by would have made a dozen times as much clamour as this great host. The myriads of dull eyes looked at the watchers, and each creature passed on in its rank, with no start or quickening of pace, with no acknowledgment or recognition of their presence. There was no confusion or hurry or jostling at the entrance to the pass; each knew its place and kept it.

On the far side of the pass was a little spring often visited by thirsty stalkers: there was a light hazy mist hanging about the spring, and at times it seemed to the watcher that he could see an indistinct form stationary beside it, and that when passing the place there was some slight movement of the deer towards it, as if they turned their heads that way. It was difficult to make out anything clearly: now he fancied he saw some outline high above the moving throng, and now that his eyes were deceived by some rock or shaded hollow of the hill. But of a sudden a puff of light wind blew through the gully and gently opened a passage through the mist, and then he saw that his first impression had been a right one. The ground here was thickly carpeted by faded asphodels, and their dull red leaves, catching the sun for an instant, shone brightly out. Here stood, as motionless as if she had been carved out of white marble, a great hind; she stood with head turned at right angles to the passage and long lines of

deer. On her back sat a stately figure: he caught sight for a little moment of a beautiful eager face, and of a body bending forwards as if examining the ranks which were passing in silent procession before her. The watcher shut his frightened eyes for a moment, and when he opened them the figure was stooping by the spring. Then the shreds of mist blew together again, and formed a dense veil, and shut out everything.

The great pageant was over: it had seemed long in passing, but as with a start and a shudder the young man stood up, he saw that the shadow of the hill had crept but a very little farther towards the east—just sufficient to cover the place where he had been lying. The stalker was asleep, with a troubled scared look on his lined face, and at the touch of the other's hand on his shoulder started as if he had been struck. He stared uneasily towards the flat, into the pass, and then got up and walked straight down to the spring. There was a tiny patch of soft silvery sand here, among the green moss where the water ran out, and on its smooth surface was a mark as if a naked foot had pressed it. With an eager exclamation the younger man pointed to it; the next moment the heavy boot of the stalker came down on the sand, and the footprint—if it was one—was obliterated for ever.

GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE OPPOSITION—A PARTY WITHOUT LEADERS—A COMPARISON OF 1846 WITH 1905—THE FISCAL QUESTION RESERVED FOR A NEW PARLIAMENT—THE MURDER OF A GRAND-DUKE—THE CRIME OF ANARCHY—THE RESURRECTION OF THE IRISH QUESTION—A MASTER-PIECE OF COMEDY.

FOR some weeks before the meeting of Parliament the Opposition assumed a threatening attitude. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr Asquith, and their friends were, like Sir Richard Strachan, "longing to be at 'em." They spoke in bold and valorous tones of what they would do when they clutched the forelock of opportunity. They exhausted the bloodthirsty metaphors of the battlefield, and if they had given a literal interpretation to their lurid fancy the House of Commons would by this time have run with human gore. With a more sternly practical intention, they bade their henchmen be ready for the strife of a general election; they boasted that the moneybags, which by a political euphemism are known as "the sinews of war," were crammed to overflowing. Nothing, indeed, seemed wanting to these valiant gentlemen, these Bob Acres of the packed meeting, these Bobadils of the platform, save opportunity. And opportunity, with a brutal cynicism, has passed them by with unravished forelock.

In the first place, they were broken by disloyalty and torn asunder by dissension. The leaders displayed the same

jealous vanity which is wont to distinguish actors upon the stage. Each of them believed that the lime-light of public attention should be concentrated upon his brow. Though the heavens fall he must inspire his followers with courage and direct the attack. Lord Spencer was the first in the field with a manifesto, ingeniously contrived to alienate all sympathies, and by this time both he and "my dear Mr Corrie Grant" are doubtless regretting a letter which gave them both an unhappy prominence. So far as the Fiscal Question is concerned, Lord Spencer spoke the views of the party to which he belongs, and which nobody leads. He condemned Mr Chamberlain, and declined to understand Mr Balfour. But, inasmuch as he discussed the subjects of Education and Chinese Labour without hysteria, he proved unacceptable to the more ardent Radicals, and in his single reference to Ireland he outraged the "patriotic feelings" of the Irish party, without whose approval no Radical Government can remain in power. "Nor can we," said he, "ever forget Ireland." Was it for these poor words that Kilmainham treaties were

signed and the existence of the Union threatened?

But Lord Spencer was not left twenty-four hours in possession of the field. His friends hastened, with varying emphasis, to disavow what he had said. The manifesto's lack of spirit depressed the bold warriors, fully armed, as they thought, for the conflict; while the paltry reference to Ireland, at once too much and too little, angered both factions. Mr Herbert Gladstone discreetly waived it aside; Mr Asquith more openly expressed his displeasure; and the last attempt to force a leader upon the free and independent Liberals was a disastrous failure. They are all leaders now. So noble is the spirit which animates them, that the meanest of all would scorn to yield allegiance to another. Neither Mr Lloyd George nor Mr Winston Churchill will be content with anything less than the Premiership, while that Jack Cade of æstheticism, Mr John Burns, must surely be rewarded with a high office. And then there are the Dilkes and the M'Kennas, the Loughs and the Macnamaras, eager to claim their payment. And, alas! the Cabinet cannot include a whole party. Even if the new men were not there to complicate the situation, there are statesmen enough of the old school to furnish half a dozen Governments. Lord Spencer and Lord Rosebery, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and Mr Asquith, Sir Edward Grey and Mr Haldane, are all ready—nay, eager—to serve their country. But they are agreed upon

nothing save the desire to supplant their opponents, and where no principle is involved there is no reason to expect loyalty.

However, this disunited party came to Westminster with well-simulated hopes of triumph. The wish being father to the thought, they affected to believe that victory was already within their grasp. They saw visions of dwindling majorities and general disaffection; but no sooner was the battle engaged than they must have realised the certainty of defeat. They had quarrelled so bitterly one with another that they had no stomach for the contest. "As they waxed hot in faction, In battle they waxed cold," and their first assault was a conspicuous failure. How should it have been otherwise? After all, he is not much of a general who begins the battle with piteous appeals for mercy; and these were the tactics of Mr Asquith. For months this energetic politician had sent up prayers for dissolution from the remoter provinces. But he had shown no reason, save a desire for place, why Parliament should be dissolved. Until the Septennial Act is repealed, the Government which is secure of a majority is perfectly justified in continuing to conduct the affairs of the country. To speak of "mandates" is to misunderstand our parliamentary institutions, and if the loss of a few seats at bye-elections were always followed by resignation, it would be as well to make our Parliaments annual, and

put an end to the hypocrisy. There has been much idle talk of custom and precedent. It has been said dogmatically that no statesman may remain in office when he has accomplished that purpose for which he was elected. It would be well if the Radicals, who believe themselves improperly excluded from their privileges, were to remember what happened in the year 1846. In that year Sir Robert Peel had been in office for five years. The country had given him a majority on condition that he should support the principle of Protection. When he resolved to introduce a measure of which many of his followers disapproved, and which could only pass successfully with the aid of his opponents, he tore his mandate to pieces, and knew perfectly well that the feeling of the country was against him. Mr Cobden himself had no doubts concerning the dishonesty of Parliament. "There are not a hundred men in the Commons," said he in April 1846, "or twenty in the Lords, who are anxious for total repeal. They are coerced by the out-of-doors opinion, and nothing but the dread of the League organisation enables Peel to persevere. But for our forty-shilling freehold bludgeons, the aristocracy would have resisted the Government measure almost to a man." There is a brutal cynicism in this confession, which is worth remembering at the present time. Peel was carrying a measure in the teeth of popular and parliamentary feeling, and he is revered by the Radicals

of to-day as a constitutional and honourable Minister. Mr Balfour does not intend to make any reforms in our fiscal policy. He has not changed the views which he held when last he appealed to the country for support; and he is assailed by the Jacobins of to-day as one who has usurped his office and insulted the constitution. But, on the other hand, Peel's timidity in 1846 was not altogether justified. Although Mr Cobden made no secret of the blackmail which the League was to exact with its forty-shilling bludgeons, he overrated his own and his League's influence. And surely if any Minister should ever have been warned by bye-elections, that Minister was Peel. At Westminster, Rous, who five years ago had successfully attacked the stronghold of Liberal opinions, was handsomely beaten by the champion of Protection, while Lord Lincoln suffered defeat both in South and North Notts. Yet more strange was the fate of Mr Gladstone, who had succeeded Lord Stanley as Secretary of State for the Colonies,—for him no seat could be found. He parted from Newark, as he said, "with deep regret"; he declined to oppose Lord Henry Bentinck in North Notts, because he would not "stand upon the basis of democratic or popular feeling against the local proprietary." And so he remained for some six months a member of the Cabinet without a seat in Parliament. Such a state of affairs could not be tolerated to-day, and would not have been tolerated

in 1846 had not Peel known perfectly well that no candidate of his choosing would have had the smallest chance at the hustings. That Peel should have dissolved Parliament must be obvious to all fair-minded historians, since he was abolishing the system of Protection which he had been elected to defend. But, as we have said, the case of Mr Balfour is wholly different. He cannot be charged with disloyalty, because he has declared with perfect candour that he will suggest to a new House of Commons a change in our fiscal policy.

However, the Radicals, who eagerly swallow the camel of 1846, strain at the gnat, if it be even a gnat, of 1905. The endeavour of the present Government, says Lord Spencer in his pompous manner, "to remain in office without an early appeal to the constituencies, strikes me as very much opposed to the best interests of the nation." He would have been more frank, perhaps, if for the "nation" he had substituted "the Liberal party." At any rate, neither he nor Mr Asquith has shown the smallest reason, save their own desire for office, why the Conservative party should be unfaithful to the trust reposed in it. They can plead neither the urgency of their own plans nor the incompetency of their opponents. They freely admit that in the conduct of foreign affairs, and in the administration of our Colonies, which after all are of the greatest import to the Empire, there is nothing which they would revise. For we do

not believe that they would ever have the courage to discuss in office the question of Chinese Labour, which has served their less scrupulous adherents so bravely in Opposition. Why, then, do they seek office with so ardent a ferocity? We do not infer from their speeches that even they believe that the change would be useful to the country; and we are perforce compelled to suppose that they are actuated by a mere selfish love of the Treasury Bench.

From one point of view the King's Speech is of a hopeful augury. The legislation proposed is unambitious; and, since it is the business of a Government to govern at least as much as to innovate and speak, we regard this parsimony with satisfaction. There is one bill, however,— "to mitigate the evils arising out of immigration into the United Kingdom,"— which is at once just and beneficial, and which is not likely to be burked a second time. But it is not for the sake of its legislation that we wish to see the present Government remain in power. A vast Empire such as ours cannot be adequately governed by the *disjecta membra* of a party which frankly prefers all other countries before its own. Happily tradition is still powerful in England, and the Liberals will no doubt continue, as far as they dare, the policy of their predecessors. Were they, indeed, true to their promises, they would restore the Transvaal to the Boers, intrust the government of India to the over-educated Baboos, and leave our

Colonies to shift for themselves. These sins they will not commit, even if they return to office, because, as we have said, the force of tradition is too great for them. But, nevertheless, the mere fact that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and his friends had formed a Government in London would be a direct incentive to disaffection all the world over. The Boers, not yet accustomed to the habit of our public life, could not do less than hail the Radical party as a friend; and if they still remember Mr Gladstone's wicked surrender, they would be justified of their enthusiasm. For the sake of the Empire, then, we may congratulate ourselves that the feeble attack of Mr Asquith and his friends has been met by Mr Balfour with assurance and success, and, though an unforeseen accident might overturn the strongest Government, we look forward to the coming session with an easy confidence. The question of Protection and Free Trade, in which the country is supremely interested, is not before the present Parliament. Mr Balfour, with a discretion which escaped Sir Robert Peel, has declared himself incompetent to deal with it, before appealing to the country. But when that appeal has been made, the situation of 1846 will be repeated with surprising exactitude. Mr Chamberlain will play the part then played by Lord George Bentinck, with not a little of that statesman's skill and persistency. He, too, will fight the battle of the manufacturers and of the Colonial farmers. He, too,

will gather his information from "the best authorities on the subject in debate." On either side the House the same speeches will be made, and the same arguments will not prevail. Once again the Free Traders will rest their case, not upon facts, but upon sentiments. Once again we shall hear an echo of Disraeli's saying: "Protection is not a principle, it is an expedient." Above all, there is one speech, delivered sixty years ago, which may be repeated to-day without the change of a syllable, and with increased force: "A scheme which admits the produce of the Colonies and Indian corn duty free, and other foreign corn at a moderate fixed duty, would place the corn trade on a basis satisfactory to the mercantile interests of the country, would bind the members of our vast Colonial Empire to us by the closest ties of interest, and would afford security to the English farmer." Thus spoke Lord John Manners on January the 27th, 1846. From the views then expressed he has never wavered, and his is the unique experience, after long fidelity, to witness the approaching triumph of a cause which has been neglected for more than half a century.

The issue, then, is clear, and when another Parliament is assembled the battle will be fought on either side with fairness (let us hope) and assiduity. That the champions of Protection will win the ultimate victory there is no doubt, and in the meantime we may con-

gratulate ourselves that the matter will be settled, with acrimony perhaps, but without bloodshed. For it is the happy fate of England to avoid, by the simple expedient of free speech, the deplorable murders which disgrace the political agitations of some less fortunate States. The assassination of the Grand-Duke Sergius, which is the people's revenge for what is now known as "Red Sunday," could not, we like to believe, have happened in England. Nevertheless, although the bomb was thrown so far off as Moscow, we cannot but feel the horror of the crime. However bitterly we may condemn the policy of the Russian Bureaucracy, we can find no excuse for the senseless crime of murder. No man that ever lived is so wise that he may be safely trusted to handle dynamite, and even if the sins of the Grand-Duke Sergius are heavy, it is not for an irresponsible Anarchist to avenge them. Moreover, though we profoundly disagree with the policy of late pursued in Russia, though we admit that there is even an excuse for revolution, assassination perpetrated by irresponsible Anarchists is at once brutal and inexpedient. More than once a promised reform has been withheld in consequence of reckless murder, and the Russian bureaucracy will hardly be intimidated into performing an act of justice. It should also be remembered that Anarchy does not reason; it seeks no adequate cause for its dark bloodthirstiness; and the history of the last forty

years is proof enough that for one tyrant that falls before the knife or bombshell, half a dozen humane rulers meet an unmerited death. Democracy has no better chance of escape than bureaucracy. America has paid the heaviest toll of all, and for no sins of her own. Lincoln, Garfield, and Mackinley all succumbed to the assassin, and but a few weeks since President Roosevelt spoke to his loyal fellow-citizens concerning what he is wont to call "good Americanism" in a hall packed with police and protected as to all its outskirts by an army of detectives. This episode, of course, would be humorous, did it not prove the universal plague of Anarchy. It is not oppression, then, which arms the Anarchist,—it is the mere hatred of prominence; and if a tyrant is cut off, it is by accident.

But while so much may be acknowledged, it is evident that the murder of the Grand-Duke Sergius has not evoked a loud cry of indignation. Europe is as little outraged as surprised. A severe strain has been put upon the people of Russia, and though the assassin in all probability was a true anarchist in his love of bloodshed, it is not easy to express sympathy for an unpopular prince. Now, the Grand-Duke Sergius has for twenty years showed an inflexible courage and an implacable temper. He was distinguished by that narrow sense of duty which is bred of fanaticism. Religion was a passion with him so long as it was of his own pattern, and his pro-

longed persecution of the Jews reminds us of the fierce animosity of Catholics and Protestants which disgraced our own sixteenth century. Moreover, if the man who threw the bomb willingly risked his life, the victim also had the virtue of courage. It is not the work of a poltroon to carry out a policy of repression in the teeth of popular opinion, and though we have no word to say in favour of the Grand-Duke's conception of his duty, though history will probably pass a harsh judgment upon him and his colleagues, let it not be forgotten that he executed the commands of his Emperor with the loyal pertinacity of a half-intelligent man, and that he did not bow his head to the storm, even when it was at its worst.

In Russia a crisis is marked by bloodshed and murder; in England an overheated debate and a few hours of too violent language are sufficient to settle the most desperate business. But the moral effect is the same, and if we take it seriously enough the Irish Debate in the House of Commons is not an episode for self-congratulation. In the tangle of personal explanations which followed Mr Moore's indictment of the Irish Secretary, Mr Redmond's amendment was entirely forgotten. Nothing was left save an impression of clandestine meetings and secret dinner-parties, at which Cabinet Ministers met to the undoing of their own country. It is not a pretty incident, and

it is none the prettier because the exact degree of culpability will never be fairly apportioned. A resignation may result—that is all; and then the same intrigue and misunderstanding will go on again.

There is surely something in the atmosphere of Ireland which befogs and perplexes the English statesman. We may call it glamour, or deception, or what we will, but the curious undefined something is there. And this glamour persuades a Unionist Chief-Secretary to appoint as his colleague a Catholic Home-Ruler, to give him vast power and a free hand, and then to wonder that his sympathies for the party agin' the Government are deep and sincere. There is no doubt of the loyalty of Mr Wyndham; there is no doubt that Sir Antony MacDonnell is not a friend of the English Government in Ireland. Yet Mr Wyndham could not regard Sir Antony as a clerk upon an office-stool. He permitted him a licence which he would not take himself without consulting his colleagues; and the result is an embroilment which is by no means creditable to the country.

Sir Antony MacDonnell has an unblemished record of faithful service faithfully performed in India. But at the present moment his service in India is not the question. He is also, we believe, a convinced Home-Ruler and a conscientious enemy of the English Government in Ireland. But, if that be so, he should either have refused to

take office under Mr Wyndham, or have suppressed his own opinions. It is so clear and simple a matter that it hardly needs discussion. The permanent officials in London must differ a score of times from their superiors, but it is not for them to assert their opinions in the teeth of Ministers; and we can find no excuse for Sir Antony MacDonnell that we would not urge in defence of a recalcitrant Treasury clerk. But the strangest part of all is that Mr Wyndham seems to have acted with his eyes open. He not only knew, but encouraged, Sir Antony's heresy, and the easiest solution of the difficulty would be to believe that the Government, as well as Mr Wyndham, was resolutely in favour of Home Rule. Which is absurd.

For Home Rule is dead. That at least emerged from an otherwise profitless debate. Lord Hugh Cecil, who made a sane and straightforward speech, because he had nothing to hide and nothing to extenuate, put this clearly enough. Sir Antony MacDonnell or anybody else may discuss Home Rule, but Home Rule will not come before the country again. In Lord Hugh Cecil's words, Home Rule, if pernicious, is not indecent. And at that we may leave it. But there is another piece of folly which Lord Hugh brushed aside with a lucid decision, and that is Irish Nationalism. If there is one separate Nationalism in Great Britain, there are four or fifty. If Ireland cannot bear the Saxon rule, why

should Scotland or Wales or Cornwall? And, if Ireland be a nation, why is it not two or four nations? The truth is that, were the principle of Nationality acknowledged, we must divide up our country into a set of small states, which would have no coherence and no strength. If you look carefully enough, you may find a Celt anywhere, even in Whitechapel. And why should a single brave untutored Celt bow the knee to the hated Sassenach, merely because he lives in unsympathetic surroundings? If we are mixed, so are all other races. There is as much difference between a Breton and a Norman as there is between an Irishman and a Cockney. Yet we do not hear of a separatist policy in France, and there is no reason why we should hear of such a policy in Great Britain and Ireland, save an invincible sentimentality. For the present, however, nothing but discipline is in danger. But we shall have a more assured confidence in the Government when we know that the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief-Secretary have still the power to dismiss an Under-Secretary who is debarred by his conscience from carrying out their wishes.

But the best comment upon the situation is to be heard not in Parliament but at the theatre, where Mr Bernard Shaw has been giving an impartial interpretation of Ireland's woes, and proving himself at the same time a master

of his craft. We have heard much of late concerning the decadence of the drama. Confiding managers whisper to the press that, if only they could discover talent, they would make the best of it. Their industry in reading the trash submitted to them is, we are told, tireless and vigilant. Should a bundle of manuscript be left at their door they leap upon it with hope and energy, only to find another adaptation of Scribe or Labiche, or another musical comedy. Broadly speaking, this is true. There is a dearth of dramatists. The immediate appeal to a vast public, the disagreeable conciliation of actors and actresses, induce most men of letters to express themselves in any other form than in drama. But the sincerity of the managers is not wholly trustworthy. For some years Mr Bernard Shaw has been writing plays, and no theatre has yet had the courage to place one of his works in its evening bill. Sometimes the delicacy of the theatres has been justified. But at last Mr Shaw has put them all in the wrong. He has written a play—"John Bull's Other Island" it is called—which, for humour, intelligence, and stagecraft, has not been rivalled in our time, and it has made no more than a furtive appearance in the afternoon.

Our admiration for Mr Shaw is not untempered. He has a keener love of autobiography than his genius warrants. It is possible to find an interest in his work without caring the

least bit about his habits and customs. But unhappily his mind is of the provincial, almost of the parochial, type. He cannot help chattering about himself. Despite his admirable sense of the stage, he still remembers that he was once a vestryman, and the taint of St Pancras is over much of his work. Again, he takes himself so very seriously that he has not allowed other people to take him seriously at all; and it is entirely his own fault if to many he appears a mere *blagueur*. Now though *blague* is a pretty adornment of youth, it is a tiresome appanage of middle-life, and it is quite time that Mr Shaw rid himself of it. Had he been born a Frenchman, he would have got over all this long ago. He would have renounced the Boulevard St Michel and its point of view, and would have discovered that his wit was not a thing to make merry over. He would have left the dullards to compare him with Shakespeare, and have been content to say his say upon the stage without clowning it in prefaces and lecture-halls.

We must say so much, because a natural misunderstanding partly explains the reception of Mr Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island." Here is a play far superior in conception, in writing, in technique, to any play which now holds the stage. And it is played, as we said, between lunch and tea-time in Sloane Square. Nor is this the worst. It is manifestly misread, even by the

intrepid spirits who have found their way to hear it. There was going on in the theatre, as a keen-sighted critic observed, a play within a play, and the reception of the satire by the audience was almost as interesting as the witty dialogue recited on the stage. The motive, of course, is Ireland, and England's treatment of the distressed country. But the motive, after all, is insignificant when we are in the presence of the true spirit of comedy. The Gladstonian Member of Parliament, well-meaning and ridiculous, is drawn without a touch of exaggeration, without a hint of spite. Excellent also is the Anglicised Irishman, the *arriviste* as they would call him in France; while the priests and peasants are seen with a keen eye and sketched with a sure hand. There is a scene in which the Irishmen choose the English tourist to be their candidate, which is as good as any scene that has been written for the stage for many generations. The arrangement is perfect; there is not a phrase that is either otiose or misplaced; and as long as we have a dramatist who can write like this, we need not despair of the theatre. And though Mr Shaw's wit is always sparkling, if it be not mordant, though he displays the impartiality of the true artist, though the politics, which are necessary to the evolution of the drama, spring from intelligence rather than feeling, what is most astonishing in his work is its admirable stagecraft. The

personages walk on and off, not because a clumsy hand drags them hither and thither, but because they are called upon to develop the fable. There is nowhere a trace of the amateur, of the zealous playgoer who has learned his craft from the gallery. Mr Bernard Shaw, in fact, is a real dramatist, and if he would forget himself, and give us more such works as this, there might be a chance of reviving the British theatre.

For actors act all the better when the words which they speak are worth speaking, and when the situations in which they are cast are easy and natural. With one exception, "John Bull's Other Island" was presented as it deserved. Mr Hallard, unfortunately, could not forgo the intensity to which a training in melodrama has accustomed him, even for a few afternoons. But Mr Calvert, as the British candidate, and Mr Barker, as a personification of Mr Yeats and Irish poetry, have never been seen to better advantage. All the lesser characters were portrayed without fuss or parade, and we saw, what is rarer even than good acting, a perfect *ensemble* on the stage. Here, then, is an opportunity for an enterprising manager. Let him give "John Bull's Other Island" a fair run, and then let him persuade Mr Shaw to write another comedy as impersonal, as witty, and as well-constructed as this one. He will gain great credit, and we are sanguine enough to believe that he will not lose money.

THE EXPEDITION TO TIBET.

DURING the past year, while two of the three great Asian Powers have been settling their differences in the Far East by the last appeal, the third has been putting to rights an old dispute in which one of the others was somewhat intimately concerned. The Tibetan question, as we shall see, had a vital bearing upon the foreign policies of two European nations, and deeds done in that remote tableland roused disturbing echoes in Calcutta, London, and St Petersburg. The political storm-centre at any given moment need not be a palace or a city; it is just as likely to be a knot of filibusters on a frontier or a half-crazy priest preaching a jihad to some savage tribesmen. But to realise the political meaning of the expedition to Lhasa needs reflection, for the romance of the thing is so strange and insistent that the imagination is fired before the reason is set to work. Probably no enterprise in our enterprising career has quite the same glamour of adventure. The last of the old theocracies has opened its gates, and what were the guesses of generations of pioneers have become the facts of the half-penny newspaper. In our prosaic modern world there remained one city among the clouds about which no tale was too strange for belief. The greatest of mountain barriers shut it off on the south, and on the north it was guarded

by leagues of waterless desert. Explorer after explorer set out upon the quest, but all were headed off before the golden roofs of the sacred city could be seen from any hill-top. And now we have gone there, not as apologetic travellers creeping by side-paths, but as an armed force marching along the highway to the very heart of the mystery, and letting loose at once upon the world a flood of accurate knowledge. For a moment we are centuries away from high politics and every modern invention, and back in the great ages of discovery,—with the Portuguese on their quest for Ophir or Prester John, or with Raleigh looking for Manoa the golden. Mr Landon has done well in putting on his title-page some famous lines from the *Odyssey*, which have not only a curious local application but embody the true spirit of the adventure:—

“Over the tides of ocean on they
pressed,
On past the great White Rock be-
side the stream,
On, till through God’s high bastions
east and west,
They reached the plains with pale-
starred iris dressed,
And found at last the folk of whom
men dream.”

But though we are very conscious of the charm of things revealed, we cannot avoid a regret for that curtain which meant so much to the imagination of mankind. The shrink-

age of the world goes on so fast, our horizon grows so painfully clear, and the old untiring wonder which cast its glow on the ways of our predecessors is vanishing—from the lives of their descendants. With the unveiling of Lhasa has fallen the last stronghold of the elder romance. The most prosaic of men will scarcely fail to admit the justice of Mr Landon's concluding words:—

"There is an account of profit and loss to be taken at the end of all things. England, the richer in security and prestige, will hereafter be the poorer by the loss of that incentive which has been her own especial boon for seven centuries; the world, the richer by the knowledge that has now displaced conjecture and uncertainty, will for ever be the poorer by what after all may be worth many Tibetan photographs and facts—the last of her great lode-stones of romance and mystery."

The expedition has been fortunate in its chroniclers, and we have now before us a mass of material, which enables us to judge fairly of its conduct and its results. To begin with, there is the final *Blue-Book*,¹ to which we shall advert later, containing the details of the Treaty and Sir Francis Younghusband's summary. Then comes Mr Edmund Candler's clear and vigorous narrative of the march,² which seems to us one of the best pieces of war correspondence which we have met with for many years. For those who

wish a graphic account of the work of the Mission in a moderate compass, with much sound information on people and politics, Mr Candler's book may be recommended. The author was severely wounded at Hot Springs, and had to retire for a little to Darjeeling; but he rejoined the others before they left Gyangste, and he witnessed the signature of the Treaty in the Potala. He writes with much grace and spirit, and he has given us many unforgettable little pictures of scenery. Mr Perceval Landon's work³ is on an altogether different scale. In effect it is the official history of the expedition, for in writing it he received the assistance of all the principal actors. It tells in full the story of the fighting and the interminable negotiations; but it is also a compendium of information on the history, ethnology, and religion of Tibet. There is no aspect of the enterprise which Mr Landon does not treat with ample knowledge. He writes as an enthusiast, sensitive to scenery and weather, with an eye for contrasts and the romance of strangeness, and with the receptive humorous outlook of the true traveler. The book is in every sense an achievement, remarkable in the breadth and variety of its information, its keen sympathy, and its pleasant and scholarly style. To read it is

¹ Further Papers relating to Tibet. No. III. (Cd. 2370).

² *The Unveiling of Lhasa*. By Edmund Candler. London: Edward Arnold.

³ *Lhasa*. By Perceval Landon, Special Correspondent of 'The Times.' 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

to live through a breathless adventure, to see marvellous mountain panoramas, and to get a glimpse into the heart of Eastern mysticism in all its squalor and magnificence. We may add that it is also a gallery of beautiful pictures—photographs by the author, and some exquisite drawings in colour by Countess Helena Gleichen.

The justification of the enterprise can be put in a nutshell. Our frontier interests were too serious to permit of a small refractory people treating us with contempt and coquetting with our most formidable neighbour. Mr Candler justly compares the situation to a big boy at school who is tormented by an impertinent youngster. He bears it for a time, and then he administers chastisement. The casual spectator calls it bullying, because he sees a strong creature punishing a weak; but most people call it justice. The Convention of 1890 and the Trade Regulations of 1893 were outraged in many of their provisions, our letters of protest were returned unopened, and, since news travels fast upon the frontier, our protected peoples began to wonder what secret weakness made the British Raj so tolerant of ill-treatment. This was bad enough for our prestige in the East; but the danger became acute when we discovered that the Dalai Lama was in treaty with Russia, and that an avowed Russian agent was in residence at his Court. This agent, Dr ~~W~~ ^W ~~me~~ of the

most interesting figures in recent history. We have no space to enter into the details of his strange career, from his birth on the Siberian steppes till he posted off last May on the road to Urga; but the curious will find them, so far as they are known, in Mr Landon's book. The two powers in Lhasa were the Dalai Lama, who speedily fell under Russian influence, and the Tsong-du or Council, composed of representatives of the great priestly caste, who suspected all innovations, and were in favour of maintaining the traditional policy of exclusion against Russia and Britain alike. China, though the nominal suzerain, was impotent, her Viceroy, the Amban, being impartially insulted by both parties. In these circumstances Britain could only make her arrangements by going direct to headquarters. At the date of the expedition Dorjief had played his cards with great skill, and seemed to be winning on all sides. The Dalai Lama was wholly with him, and had received from the Tzar a complete set of vestments of a Bishop of the Greek Church. The Russian monarch was recognised as a Bodisat incarnation, representing no less a person than Tsong-kapa, the Luther of Lamaism; and Russia was commonly believed to be a Buddhist Power, or at any rate the sworn protector of the Buddhist faith. It is difficult to overestimate the significance of these doings; but at the

same time Russian influence was rather potential than actual. The Cossacks who accompanied Sven Hedin were headed off from the Holy City as vigorously as any English explorer, and the tales of arming with Russian rifles were rather intelligent anticipations than records of fact. We had, thus, two parties in Tibet pulling against each other, but both in different ways hostile to our interests. The Dalai Lama and Dorjief favoured a departure from the traditional Tibetan policy in favour of Russia; the Tsong-du and the Lamaist hierarchy in general were all for exclusion, but in their wilfulness declined to observe treaties or behave with neighbourly honesty. This internal strife, which alone made possible the success of the expedition, also made its despatch inevitable, for neither party was prepared to listen to any argument but force. It has been assumed in some quarters that by our intrusion we were violating the sacred places of an ancient, pure, and pacific religion. But Lamaism is the grossest perversion of Buddhism in all Asia. Spiritually it has far more kinship with the aboriginal devil-worship of Tibet than the gentle creed of Gautama; practically it is a political tyranny of monks, who batten upon a mild and industrious population and dominate them with the coarsest theological terrors. Our reception by the monasteries was sufficiently gruff;

but to the common people we came rather in the guise of deliverers.

In July 1903 Colonel Young-husband, Mr White, and Captain O'Connor went to Kham-bajong.¹ There they met the Abbot of Tashi-lhunpo and certain emissaries from Lhasa, but nothing could be done; and, with the concurrence of the India Office, it was arranged that a Mission should go to Gyangste, attended by a small escorting force. While troops were being collected, the Commissioner went to Tuna, on the bleak plain above the Tang-la, where he waited through three weary winter months. Meanwhile General Macdonald took up his quarters at Chumbi, while Major Brether-ton, the chief transport and supply officer, accumulated stores in that valley and prepared the line of communications. Those were anxious months of waiting for the Mission, for the Tibetans were in force in the neighbourhood, and daily threatened to attack the small post; but nothing happened till the escort joined them in the end of March, and all things were ready for the advance. It is worth while looking back upon the road to Tuna from the plains of Bengal, surely the most wonderful of the Great North Roads of the world. Its description forms not the least attractive chapter of Mr Landon's book; and if he at times seems too prone to the use of colourman's language, we must admire his vivid impressionism, his skill in the

¹ See map at end of article.

accumulation of picturesque details, and the keen sincerity of his enjoyment. At Siliguri the little toy railway to Darjeeling runs up the hillside; but the path for the troops lay along the gorge of the Teesta, through forests of sal and gurgun, which give place in turn to teak and bamboo, till the altitude increases, and the tree-fern and rhododendron take their places, and at last the pines are reached and the fringe of the snows is near. From the glorious sub-tropical vegetation of Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim, the road runs through difficult ravines till it passes the tree-line at Lagyap, and climbs over the frozen summit of the Natu La. From this point Tibet is visible, with the majestic snows of Chumulhari hanging like a cloud in the north. Thence you descend to the Chumbi valley, the Debatable Land of Tibet, where stands Ta-Karpo, the great White Rock which recalls the Odyssey. Right under Chumulhari, and just south of the Tang La, lies Phari Jong, the first of the minor Tibetan fortalices, which seems "built in unreasoning imitation of some European model." A little farther and you are over the pass and on the great plateau of Tuna, where icy winds blow from the hills and drive the gritty soil in blizzards about the traveller. Returning home, Mr Landon went from Tuna to the Teesta valley in three days, and there are few places in the world where in so short a time so complete a climatic and scenic change can be ex-

perienced. Mr Candler took the alternative route to Chumbi by the Jelap La, and if his descriptions lack the wealth of detail which characterise Mr Landon's, they are remarkable for the delicacy of their observation and the subtlety with which his impressions are analysed. The one author writes full-heartedly in a blaze of admiration; the other asks himself the why and the wherefore, and invites the reader to adjust nicely the perspective of his mind; and each in his own way is wholly successful.

On the 31st of March the expedition left Tuna; and after an unfortunate encounter with the Tibetans, which cost the latter many lives, the enemy made a further stand at Red Idol Gorge, but nothing of importance occurred till the town of Gyangste was reached, and occupied without a shot. Very soon it became apparent that no more could be done here than at Khambajong, and the Government were obliged to sanction a farther advance to Lhasa. But for this preparations must be made; so the Commissioner with a small escort took up his quarters at Gyangste, while General Macdonald returned to Chumbi for reinforcements. The jong was found to be deserted, but unfortunately was neither held nor destroyed, the Mission taking up their residence in the plain below. At first the waiting among these iris-clad meadows was pleasant and idyllic enough: the country-people brought abundant supplies, and members of the

staff rode through the neighbourhood and took tea with various dignitaries of the Church. Mr Landon has described a visit he paid to a community of buried anchorites, which calls up one of the most ghastly pictures we can imagine. But early in May things took a turn for the worse. It was reported that the Tibetans were fortifying the Karo-la, the next pass on the Lhasa road, and, since it is the first principle of frontier warfare to strike quickly, Colonel Brander was despatched with the larger part of the garrison to disperse them. He performed the task with conspicuous success, and the incident is remarkable for one of the strangest pieces of fighting in our military history. It was necessary to enfilade a sangar in which the enemy were ensconced, and a native officer, Wassawa Singh, with twelve Gurkhas, was detached for the work. They climbed by means of cracks and chimneys up a 1500 - feet cliff,—an exploit which would have done credit to any Alpine club, even if the climbers had not been cumbered with weapons, exposed to fire, and labouring at a height of nearly 19,000 feet. During the engagement disquieting news arrived from Gyangste, that the jong had been reoccupied by the enemy, and the Mission was undergoing a continuous bombardment. Colonel Brander hurried back to find that the world had moved fast in his absence, and

that there was a new type of Tibetan army to be faced—a type possessed of both dash and persistence, with some notion of strategy, and with guns which, at short range, could do real execution. So began the investment of the Mission house, or rather, perhaps, its blockade, for the telegraph-wires remained uncut, the mail was delivered with fair regularity, and the besieged endured no special privations. "The honours," says Mr Landon, "were pretty evenly divided; neither the Tibetans nor we were able to storm the other's defences; a mutual fusillade compelled each side to protect its occupants by an elaborate system of traverses; and straying beyond the narrow tracts of the fortifications was, on either side, severely discouraged by the other." An attempt to cut our communications failed, and by the capture of Pala the garrison greatly strengthened its position. Our troops had an experience of the type of fighting which has scarcely been known since the great sackings of the Thirty Years' War. In an upland country we expect attacks on fortified hill-tops and long-range encounters such as we saw in South Africa. But in an episode like the capture of Naini it was mediæval street-fighting that we had to face. The Castle of Otranto provided no more endless labyrinths than those Tibetan monasteries. "Bands of desperate swordsmen were found in knots under trap-doors and behind sharp turnings. They would not surrender, and

had to be killed by rifle-shots fired at a distance of a few feet."

On the 26th of June General Macdonald arrived with the relieving force, and soon after came the Tongsa Penlop, the temporal ruler of Bhutan, a genial potentate in rich varicoloured robes and a Homburg hat. The Tibetan offensive had weakened, but the jong had to be taken before the Mission could advance. Down the middle of the precipitous south-eastern face of the great rock ran a deep fissure, across which walls had been built. It was decided to breach these walls by our gun-fire, and then to attack by way of the cleft. The actual assault was a brilliant and intrepid exploit, for which Lieutenant Grant of the 8th Gurkhas most deservedly received the Victoria Cross. With the guns battering at the walls above, Grant and his Gurkhas scrambled up the ravine while masses of rubble poured down on them from above, and every now and then carried off a man. The Gurkha bugles warned the guns to cease, and the last climb began up a face so steep that there was no possible shelter from the enemy's fire. By such desperate mountaineering, the invaders at last reached the wreckage of the Tibetan wall.

"Lieutenant Grant and his faithful follower were the first two men over, and the great semicircle of the watching British force held their breath for a second to see if they would be at once shot down. For the moment it was two men against all the enemy that were in the jong—for the third man slipped and carried away in his fall his immediate successor—and it

was patent enough to all of us that if the Tibetans had but reserved their fire and waited in the bastions, they might well have picked off, one by one, each man as his head appeared above the breach."

Rarely has the Victoria Cross been better earned, and it is satisfactory to know that Lieutenant Grant reaped the reward of perfect fearlessness, and received only a slight wound.

On the 14th of July the expedition moved out from Gyangste along the road to Lhasa. Grass and a profusion of flowers covered the glen which led up to the Karo-la. The serious fighting was over, and the second crossing of the pass was only remarkable for the fact that some rock platforms and caves had to be cleared by our panting troops at an altitude of over 19,000 feet. This is a record to which military annals can provide no parallel. In the rest of the story the soldier finds little place, and the interest attaches itself to the durbars of the Commissioner and the treasure-house of natural and artistic wonders which the Mission was approaching. For after Gyangste Tibetan resistance was at an end. Half-sullenly and half-couriously they permitted our advance, delaying us a little with fruitless negotiations, while in Lhasa the game of high politics which the Dalai Lama had played was turning against him, and, like another deity, he was meditating a pilgrimage. After the Karo-la came the Yam-dok, or, as some call it, the Yu-tso or Turquoise Lake, the most won-

derful natural feature of the plateau. Its curious shape, its turquoise-coloured waters, its shores of white sand fringed with dog-roses and forget-me-nots, the cloud of fable which has always brooded over it, and its august environment, make it unique among the lakes of the world. We quote a fragment of Mr Landon's description:—

"Below lie both the outer and the inner lakes, this following with counter-indentations the in-and-out windings of the other's shore-line. The mass and colour of the purple distance is Scotland at her best—Scotland, too, in the slow drift of a slant-woofed raincloud in among the hills. At one's feet the water is like that of the Lake of Geneva. But the tattered outline of the beach, with its projecting lines of needle-rocks, its wide, white, curving sandpits, its jagged islets, its precipitous spurs, and, above all, the mysterious tarns strung one beyond another into the heart of the hills, all these are the Yam-dok's own, and not another's. If you are lucky, you may see the snowy slopes of To-nang gartered by the waters, and always on the horizon are the everlasting ice-fields of the Himalayas, bitterly ringing with argent the sun and colour of the still blue lake. You will not ask for the added glories of a Tibetan sunset; the grey spin and scatter of a rain-threaded afterglow, or the tangled sweep of a thundercloud's edge against the blue, will give you all you wish, and you will have seen the finest view in all this strange land."

On the shore lies the convent of Samding, the home of the Dorje Phagmo, or pig goddess, which was jealously respected by the troops, since its abbess had nursed Chundra Dass when he fell sick in his travels. The present incarnation, a little girl of six, declined

to reveal herself. Nothing is more satisfactory in the whole tale of the expedition than the way in which any service done at any time to a British subject, white or black, met with full recognition. Such conduct cannot have failed to raise the prestige of the Power which showed itself so mindful of its servants. Prestige and reputation of a kind, indeed, we already possessed. Tibetan monasteries had a trick of sending their most valuable belongings to the nearest convent: for, they argued, the English do not enter nunneries and do not war with women.

On the 24th the expedition crossed the Kamba-la and descended to the broad green valley of the Tsang-po. The crossing of the river, a work of real difficulty, was made tragic by the death of Major Bretherton, the brilliant transport officer, to whom, perhaps, more than to any other soldier, the military success of the enterprise was due. Not the least of the mysteries of Tibet is the great stream which the traveller, after miles of bleak upland, finds flowing among English woods and meadows. In Assam and Bengal it is the Brahmaputra; but when it enters the hills it is as unknown to civilised man as Alph or the four rivers of Eden. What its middle course is like and how it breaks through the mountain barrier are questions still left to some adventurer to answer. Once on the north bank Lhasa was but a short way off, and in growing excitement the expedition covered

the stages. It was one of the great moments of life, and we can all understand and envy the last hurried miles, till through the haze the eye caught the gleam of golden roofs and white terraces. To Mr Landon the reality brought no disappointment. Though the streets were squalid, they were set in a green plain seamed with waters; trees and gardens were everywhere; while above, the huge Assisi-like citadel of the Potala typified the massive secrecy of generations; and the ring of dark hills reminded the onlooker that this garden-ground was planted on the roof of the world. Meanwhile the expedition set itself down outside the gates to abide the pleasure of the sullen and perturbed masters. The deity of the place had gone on a journey, no one quite knew whither. He had kept his moonlight flitting a secret, and gone off on the northern road with Dorjief and a small escort, to claim the hospitality of his spiritual brother of Urga. Mr Candler, who zealously inquired after his character, could get little news save that he was a middle-sized, obstinate man, with a pock-marked face and an overbearing manner,—"a pompous and puritanical dullard masquerading as a god." He played his impossible game with spirit and subtlety, and he had a pretty taste for romance in its ending.

"When one looks for mystery in Lhasa," writes Mr Candler, "one's thoughts dwell solely on the Dalai Lama and the Potala. I cannot help dwelling on the flight of the thir-

teenth incarnation. It plunges us into mediævalism. To my mind there is no picture so engrossing in modern history as that exodus, when the spiritual head of the Buddhist Church, the temporal ruler of six millions, stole out of his palace by night and was borne away on his palanquin—no one knows on what errand, or with what impotent rage in his heart."

The romance which Mr Candler saw in the Potala, Mr Landon finds, and apparently with better reason, in the Jokang. The palace is magnificent from the outside, but within it is only a warren of small rooms and broken stairways. The great cathedral, on the other hand, is hidden away among trees and streets, so that its golden roof can only be seen from a distance, but within it is the shrine of all that is mysterious and splendid. The contrast is allegorical of the difference between the temporal rule of Lamaism—gaudy, tyrannical, and hollow—and the sway of the Buddhist Church, which, by hidden ways and unseen agencies, dominates the imagination of Asia. Apparently the Amban, having a natural desire to pay back a people who had so grossly neglected him, invited certain members of the Mission to enter this Holy of Holies. Mr Landon, Mr Claude White, and Mr Wilton accepted the offer, and were the first white men to approach the innermost sanctuary of the Buddhist faith: probably the last, too, except the Commissioner, for many a day, since popular feeling seems to have run strongly against the Chinese

for their performance, and the party were stoned on leaving the building. But the sight was one worth risking much to see. In the central shrine sits the great golden Buddha, roped with jewels, crowned with turquoise and pearl, surrounded by dim rough-hewn shapes, which loom out fitfully in the glare of the butter-lamps, while the maroon-clad monks drone their eternal chant before the silver altar. And the statue is as strange as its environment:—

“For this is no ordinary presentation of the Master. The features are smooth and almost childish; beautiful they are not, but there is no need of beauty here. There is no trace of that inscrutable smile which, from Mukden to Ceylon, is inseparable from our conception of the features of the Great Teacher. Here there is nothing of the saddened smile of the Melancholia, who has known too much, and has renounced it all as vanity. Here, instead, is the quiet happiness and the quick capacity for pleasure of the boy who had never yet known either pain, or disease, or death. It is Gautama as a pure and eager prince, without a thought for the morrow, or a care for to-day.”

Mr Landon has other pictures of almost equal charm. He takes us to the famous Lingkor, the sacred road which encircles the town, worn with the feet of generations of men seeking salvation. We see the unclean abode of the Ragyabas, that strange unholy caste of beggar-scavengers: we walk in the gardens of the Lu-kang, by the willow-fringed lake and the glades of velvet turf: and, not least, we visit the temple of the Chief Wizard, where

every form of human torment is delicately portrayed in fresco and carving. But if we wish to realise the savagery at the heart of this proud theocracy, we must go with Mr Candler to the neighbouring Depung monastery on the quest for supplies, and see the tribe of inquisitors buzzing out like angry wasps and submitting only when the guns were trained on them. For these weeks of waiting in Lhasa were an anxious time for all concerned. Our own position was precarious in the extreme, and, had the Lhasans once realised it, impossible. Winter was approaching, the Government was urging the Mission to get its treaty and come home, and yet day after day had to pass without result, and the Commissioner could only wait with patience, and oppose to the obstinacy of the monks a stronger and quieter determination. At last, on September 1, when after a month's diplomacy the Tibetans had only admitted two of our demands, the time came to deliver our ultimatum. The delegates were told that if all our terms were not accepted within a week, General Macdonald would consider the question of using stronger arguments. Our patience was justified by its results, for the opposition suddenly subsided, and we gained what we asked without any coercion. It was a diplomatic triumph of a high order, obtained in the face of difficulties which seemed to put diplomacy out of the question. The final scene came on Sep-

tember 7, when in the audience-chamber of the Potala the treaty was signed by the Commissioner, and by the acting Regent, who affixed the seal of the Dalai Lama, the four Shapis, a representative of the Tsong-du, and the heads of the great monasteries. Thereafter came a lime-light photograph of the gathering, and with this very modern climax the great Asian mystery became a thing of the past. The Dalai Lama had already been formally deposed, his spiritual powers were transferred to our friend the Tashe Lama, and with a treaty in our baggage and a real prestige in our wake, we began the homeward march.

Before considering the results of the expedition, it is worth while to glance at the men who led it. The chief credit lies, of course, with the Commissioner. No man in our time has received a harder mission, or accomplished it with such unexpected success. With a long knowledge of frontier peoples, an acute political intelligence, and the intrepidity of the pioneer, Sir Francis Young-husband was almost the only man in the Empire fit for the task, and his work has shown us that we have in him another whom we can add with perfect certainty to the small list of our tried proconsuls. In the endless durbars he never lost for a moment dignity or patience; in a slippery path he did not make one false step; and obstacles which would have

deterred most men, yielded to his unwavering purpose.

"It would be impossible," says Mr Candler, "to find another man in the British Empire with a personality so calculated to impress the Tibetans. He sat through every durbar, a monument of patience and inflexibility, impassive as one of their own Buddhas. Priests and councillors found that appeals to his mercy were hopeless. He, too, had orders from his King to go to Lhasa; if he faltered, *his* life also was at stake; decapitation would await *him* on his return. That was the impression he purposely gave them. It curtailed palaver. How in the name of all those Buddhas were they to stop such a man?"

Compared with his, the work of the military commander falls into the background. General Macdonald had a distinguished record in Central Africa, and is no doubt a competent soldier; but he seems to have suffered from sickness a good deal on the march, and showed more hesitancy and less enterprise than his colleague. The expedition, indeed, saw the common rôles of soldier and civilian reversed. Usually it is the political officer who counsels caution, and the soldier who is all for advance; but in this case Lhasa was reached contrary to the advice and against the express desire of the general commanding. On the other hand, it must be said that it was only the political officer who could appreciate the overwhelming importance of advance, and that the burden of the transport and commissariat problems weighed most

heavily upon the soldier. A certain lack of enterprise, however, may be discerned in those responsible for the military side, whether at Simla or on the march, which led, for example, to the abandonment of the scheme for sending an expedition down the Tsang-po to Assam, which had the complete approval of the Commissioner. The most irreplaceable member of the expedition was the young gunner, Captain O'Connor, the only British officer who could speak Tibetan, and a man whose character and knowledge made him of infinite value in dealing with natives of all classes. He has been appointed our first commercial agent at Gyangste, and the future history of Britain in Tibet will doubtless be written around his name. He has contributed, as an appendix to Mr Landon's work, what is probably the most full and authentic account extant of the political and social condition of the country. Among the other officers, Colonel Brander, and Captains Sheppard and Ottley, did good work in the actual fighting; and of the most brilliant of them all, Major Bretherton, it can only be said that without him the force could never have moved ten miles from the plains. Of the civilians, Mr Claude White, the Resident at Sikkim, was a well-equipped adviser on frontier matters; and Mr Wilton did valuable service in our negotiations with the Chinese officials. Altogether, the *per-*

sonnel of the expedition was singularly competent and well-assorted, comprising those elements of expert knowledge, *élan*, and patient endurance which can alone ensure the success of such an adventure.

Of the results of it all, we may say that they are substantial, if scarcely, in Cromwell's words, "answerable to the simplicity and honesty of the design." Geographically, they are a little barren. The world expected much from the expedition, and, though it has learned something, we stuck too closely to the highroad to solve many of the greater geographical mysteries. One fact of cardinal importance was established, as Sir Francis Young-husband pointed out at the Royal Geographical Society last month. Our conception of Tibet has been revolutionised, and, instead of an arid plateau, we know that one-third of it is almost as fertile and well watered as Kashmir. As we shall see later, this is also a political discovery of the first order. For the rest, the two most interesting expeditions were forbidden—down the Brahmaputra to Assam, and to the mountains, nine days north of Lhasa, which formed the southern limit of Sven Hedin's explorations. How the great river forces the main chain of the Himalaya is a speculation which cannot fail to interest, and it is improbable that such a golden opportunity for solving the riddle will readily occur again. The northern journey would have taught us how far the habit-

able country extends in that direction, and would have completed our map of Central Asia at a crucial point. One valuable expedition was, however, undertaken. Western Tibet has hitherto been the best known part of the tableland, and now our knowledge of it is linked on to the Lhasan district. On October 10 Captains Ryder, Rawlings, and Wood, and Lieutenant Bailey, with six Gurkhas, left Gyangste and made their way by Shigatse up the Tsang-po. They explored the river to its source, and, passing the great Manasarowar lakes, arrived at Gartok on the Upper Indus. Thence they entered the Sutlej valley, and, crossing the Shipki pass of 18,000 odd feet, arrived at Simla in the first week of January. So far we have no record of their experiences, beyond the fact that they were everywhere well received by the Tibetans. The Mission at Khambajong, which looked upon Everest from the north, established the fact that the old reports of northern rivals to "Chomokankar" were unfounded; but Captain Ryder's expedition has surveyed the whole back of the main chain, and must add greatly to our orographical knowledge. At the same time, brilliant though the achievement undoubtedly is, this route had already been mapped by a native surveyor, and we are scarcely consoled for the abandonment of the Brahmaputra enterprise. To the mountaineer the Mission

has given little information apart from the Mount Everest question, though it has extended our knowledge of transport work at great altitudes. A new and accessible mountain has been revealed in Chumulhari (23,930 feet), which rises, so to speak, from the roadside, and might be ascended on horseback to within a reasonable distance of the summit. Other peaks of which we have learned something are—Powhunri (23,210 feet), its Sikkim neighbour, and Nichikang-sang (about 24,000 feet) above the Karo-la. If the road to Gyangste ever becomes a line of traffic, these summits should be well within the reach of the mountaineer. For many of these great heights involve little climbing; and at Khambajong Mr White and Major Iggulden rode on ponies to a height of 21,000 feet.

In estimating the political results, we should not set too much count upon the actual terms. The true achievement was not the formal Treaty, but the going to Lhasa. In his summary of results,¹ Sir Francis Younghusband considers that "incomparably the most important fact" is that "the Tibetans are better disposed to us than they have ever been before." We have taught them that their mysterious capital cannot be shut against our troops, and that Russian promises are less real than British performance. We have shown ourselves strong and, above all things, humane, and it is more

¹ Blue-Book, pp. 87-92.

than probable that our moderation and humanity will bear fruit. When the venerable Regent solemnly blessed the Commissioner and General Macdonald for their clemency, and presented each with a golden image of Buddha,—an honour rarely granted to the faithful, and never before, we understand, to an unbeliever,—he seems to have given expression to the general feeling of the people. We have earned respect, and, it may be, a kind of affection.

"In the slowly spreading influence," says Mr Landon, "which the first acquaintance with Englishmen must have among the mass of the Tibetan people—in their memory of our fair dealing—in their gratitude for sick tended and wounded made whole—perhaps even in return for the blow we have unintentionally struck at the spiritual fetters which bind them down,—in these we may perhaps find in the end a greater advantage to that vast Asian Empire for which we have made ourselves responsible, than any secured by the mere letter of the Treaty."

Next in importance comes the deposition of the Dalai Lama. The great exponent of anti-British policy has gone, and with him have fallen for the moment the schemes he worked for. The National Assembly has been reinstated in its old importance, and the spiritual hegemony has gone to another incarnation. What the next few years may bring forth in the way of Lhasan intrigue it is impossible to guess. The religious centre of gravity may shift to Shigatse, or a new Dalai Lama may be set up, or the old one may return across the deserts with diminished

prestige and a damaged divinity. The one thing clear is that the reins of power will remain for some time in the hands of the great monasteries, who, if they detest us, have always been equally hostile to Russia. It may be that a blow has been struck at the theocracy, and that Lhasa will see the secular element assert itself. But all such speculations are idle, and it is sufficient for the moment that the subtlest player has been dismissed from the stage.

The Treaty provides for the restitution of the Convention of 1890 in its integrity, which will at least settle a vexed boundary question. The fact that the Chinese have not yet signed it is of small importance, considering the regard in which that suzerain power is held in Lhasa. The Tibetans will abide by it, if they intend to: if not, China will never compel them into obedience. Too much weight, perhaps, has been attached to the trade question. Tibetan trade is desirable enough, but we did not go to war to open up markets, save as an incident in safeguarding the frontier. But the new road by Chumbi is important, and specially valuable is our commercial agency at Gyangste, which, in the hands of a man like Captain O'Connor, may well become a true British consulate, and a conning-tower from which we can follow the vagaries of Lhasan politics. The great result, however, is that Tibet is enveloped once more in its old seclusion,—a deeper seclusion, indeed, since we guarantee it. In this we are

at one with the monasteries, and there seems a good chance that this clause will be fulfilled to the letter. If we can attain this end—which is the cardinal aim of our policy—the expedition will be amply justified. The true natural frontier of India is not the snow mountains, but the deserts which lie between Lhasa and Urga. A Power which crossed these deserts and established its advanced base among the meadows of Lhasa or Gyangste would be a hard invader to repel. But a Power whose nearest base is the Siberian railway is strategically impotent. Prudence requires that the glacis of our Indian fort should be kept free of unwelcome visitors. A final result is that we have vindicated our claim to protect our subjects and those who serve us. We secured the release of the two Lachung men captured at Tashi-lhunpo in July 1903, and at the last great durbar those Tibetans who had been imprisoned for acts of goodwill to us were ceremoniously set free. Our prestige in Nepal and Bhutan, which was in real danger from our supineness, has been enormously enhanced. We have taken our Gurkhas into the forbidden land, which their native traditions had invested with miraculous power, and shown them the truth. As for Bhutan, a year ago it was as obscure as Tibet, and its people were strangers. To-day they are, in the Commissioner's

phrase, "our enthusiastic allies." Their ruler in his Homburg hat joined us on the march, and acted as master of ceremonies in introducing us to the Lhasa notables; and it is through Bhutan that the new trade-route is being surveyed.

We have gained much, but we have let slip more. To those who accept the policy which inspired the Mission there can seem little real excuse for the comparative poverty of achievement. Certainly the blame does not rest with the Commissioner. He did the work which fell to him with complete success; he put the winning cards in his superiors' hands—it is not his fault if they were foolishly cast aside. We aimed at liberty of trade, freedom of access should the need arise, and a rigid veto upon all foreign encroachment. We have gained these in the formal provisions of the Treaty: but our past experience in Tibet has taught us that promises are futile unless we have a ready means to enforce them. Have we such means to our hand? If the Tibetans play their old game, can we coerce them into honesty by any other method than a second expedition? The matter is more than doubtful. In the long and able despatch from the Viceroy of India of 30th June last,¹ the policy is advocated of establishing a British political resident in Lhasa, and retaining the Chumbi valley "for such period as may be

¹ Blue-Book, pp. 33-39.

necessary for the due protection of our treaty rights and international relations." The arguments on the other side are stated and weighed with the most scrupulous fairness, but we cannot find any of them convincing. As to the first point, the danger to the person of the Resident would probably be small. The parallel with Kabul, and Sir Louis Cavagnari, will not hold, for the Tibetans are not a fierce people like the Afghans, and the road which is projected by Chumbi would enable us to keep open communications. The conduct of China during the expedition made it clear that no difficulties need be feared from that quarter. As for the opposition of Russia, Lord Lansdowne informed Count Benckendorff on the 2nd of June that, while the Government did not intend to establish a permanent mission in Tibet, further developments in that country might force them to depart from their policy¹—a declaration which left us a diplomatic opening if we desired it. To those who argue that a British Resident means in the near future annexation, we need only quote the case of Nepal, which is as close and independent a territory as can be imagined, though for eighty years we have had an agent at Khatmandu. As for the Chumbi valley, it is our only means of access to the Tibetan Highlands. Its occupation was recommended in 1888, and was strongly urged by the Bengal Government as late as

1895. It is a wedge driven into British territory, and it was only by a foolish blunder on our part that it remained part of Tibet. Its retention till such time as the treaty obligations had been honestly fulfilled seemed the commonest political wisdom. Such was the view of Sir Francis Younghusband; such was the view of the Government of India; Mr Candler and Mr Landon argue on its behalf with convincing logic; it had the support of all who were conversant with the delicate questions of frontier policy. But the British Government refused to listen. A Resident at Lhasa, they said, might land us in fresh trouble; a prolonged occupation of Chumbi might endanger the harmony of our foreign relations. The Tibetans offered the Commissioner the right of access to Lhasa for our commercial agent at Gyangate, a proposal which he naturally accepted; but the arrangement was hastily disavowed by official pedantry. We confess ourselves unable to understand this kind of statesmanship. Our aims, as defined by Mr Brodrick, are that "British influence should be recognised at Lhasa in such a manner as to exclude that of any other Power, and that Tibet should remain in a state of isolation, from which, till recently, she has shown no intention to depart, and which has hitherto caused her presence on our frontier to be a matter of indifference to us."² We desire, that is to

¹ Blue-Book, p. 15.

² Ibid., p. 86.

say, to limit our Imperial responsibilities in that quarter so far as is consistent with our safety. It is a policy to which we can cordially assent; but he who wills the end should will the means, and the Minister who makes this declaration on one page, renounces on the next the best weapons for its enforcement. We have declared a virtual protectorate by denying any right of interference to foreign Powers. As Sir Alfred Lyall notes in his recent 'Life of Lord Dufferin,' "our true frontier is that which we are pledged to defend"; and Tibet is now in substance within our frontier, since we are bound to protect its integrity. And yet, with this new duty upon us, we decline to take fair precautions against being compelled to fight in its fulfilment. Nor is any reason given except the vague plea about not running into needless dangers—which is as if a man who went tiger-hunting should refrain from shooting lest he might irritate the beast. It is another instance of our unfortunate habit of leaving our work half-done, from a sort of nervous suspicion that if we finished it there would be more work to follow. It is the old fallacy of the "thin end of the wedge," the refusal to accept an obvious good out of a childish fear of its possible maleficent extension. The surest way to safeguard the future is to make certain that the Tibetan question cannot arise again. Mr Brodrick draws attention

to the fact "that questions of Indian frontier policy can no longer be regarded from an exclusively Indian point of view, and that the course to be pursued in that case must be laid down by his Majesty's Government alone."¹ An obvious truth: but such direction from home will become farcical and perilous unless governed by the views of those who can speak with expert knowledge. In their desire to assert themselves as against the Viceroy and emphasise a constitutional doctrine, the Government have violated the most precious of our unwritten constitutional laws. In their tenderness to Russian susceptibilities they have conceded what they never promised, and their reward will be the scanty gratitude which follows such easy gifts. In failing to conciliate a rival, they have most successfully snubbed a friend.

In this matter the Government seem to us to have committed a serious error, but it is possible to say something in favour of their attitude. The same, unfortunately, cannot be said of a far graver blunder, their treatment of Sir Francis Younghusband. The Commissioner performed a most difficult task to the admiration of the world; and as his reward he receives one step in his order of knighthood, and a great deal of niggling and thankless criticism. The facts of this discreditable business can be put very shortly. The Commissioner's final instructions as to the

¹ Blue-Book, p. 86.

provisions of the Treaty were contained in two telegrams from the Secretary of State of the 6th and 26th of July.¹ He was informed (1) that neither at Lhasa nor elsewhere was a Resident to be demanded; (2) that the sum to be demanded as an indemnity should not exceed an amount which would be within the power of the Tibetans to pay by instalments, if necessary, spread over three years; (3) that the occupation of the Chumbi valley should continue "till the payment of the indemnity shall have been completed or the marts opened effectively for the space of three years, *whichever shall be the latest.*" We call the attention of our readers to these words, especially the ones in italics. Two things were forbidden to the Commissioner—the annexation of any part of Tibetan territory, and the establishment of a Resident at Lhasa. But he was given a wide latitude as to the amount of the indemnity and the mode of its payment. It was directed that the sum should be payable within three years; but the words, "whichever shall be the latest," clearly suggest that in case of necessity the period might be extended. We may add the obvious fact that the Commissioner was the only person in the world at the moment who could judge the circumstances of the case, and that he had therefore a right to that discretion in negotiation which Britain has never denied to her responsible agents. When he reached Lhasa he came to the conclusion that seventy-five lakhs of rupees was a sum which Tibet could perfectly well pay; but that if it were exacted within three years the rich monasteries would not disgorge, but the levy would press heavily upon the common people. He argued that, in order to have due effect, a fairly large sum should be fixed, however it might be reduced later as an act of grace;² and at the same time he desired to lay no undue burden upon the peasantry. Hence, on the proposal of the Tibetans themselves, and in the belief that he was acting in accordance with his instructions, he agreed to payment by one lakh per annum over a period of seventy-five years. To have refused the proposal would have protracted negotiations endlessly, and he had urgent orders from home to come to a speedy settlement. The Tibetans also offered of their own free will to grant a right of access to Lhasa to our commercial agent at Gyangtse; and the Commissioner, considering that the prohibition against a Resident at Lhasa did not apply to permission to visit the place when voluntarily granted, accepted the offer. The Government, however, on receiving news of the terms, at once protested, in language which grew in acrimony with each succeeding

¹ Blue-Book, pp. 26 and 42.

² Ibid., p. 81.

telegram. The Commissioner was ordered to decline the Tibetan offer of access to Lhasa, to revise the seventy-five years' clause, and, if necessary, the amount of the indemnity. The treaty, however, had been signed, and to reopen the question would, with an oriental nation, have been taken as a mark of bad faith, and would doubtless have nullified all the results so laboriously obtained. Happily he did not receive the instructions of the Government in an imperative form till he had actually left Lhasa, and he therefore took no further steps in the matter, beyond pointing out that the simple method of revising the provisions objected to would be for his Majesty as an act of grace to grant a reduction of the indemnity to twenty-five lakhs, accompanied by a provision for payment within three years.

The Commissioner's suggestion has been followed, but meanwhile he has come in for a great deal of official scolding. In a telegram of 3rd October,¹ he was told by the Government that he had acted "in defiance of express instructions," which, as we have tried to show, was clear nonsense. The Government of India, to their honour be it said, stoutly defended the propriety of his conduct,² and we are wholly unable to see what answer can be made to their argument. "We trust," they concluded, "that his Majesty's Government, while recognising the full merits

of Colonel Younghusband's achievement in terminating an affair which began in so unpromising a manner and with such unfortunate incidents by more friendly relations than could possibly have been expected, will not condemn him for the one error of judgment into which he fell." But his Majesty's Government were not to be trifled with, and in his final despatch of 2nd December we find Mr Brodrick still harping on "the serious nature of his disregard of the instructions he had received."³ The Commissioner's achievement is referred to in the chilliest terms of approval, but his single shortcoming is expounded with all the eloquence of indignant officialdom. "And what, in Heaven's name, is all this pother about?" Let us grant that the Government had every right to its own opinion, and that the Commissioner's terms were, in fact, a political blunder. In the first place, it seems clear to us that they were within the scope of the instructions. In the second place, even if they were not, they were the only ones possible in the circumstances, and the choice lay between treating in one way and not treating at all. In the third place, it was obviously a mistake which could be easily remedied. In the fourth place, he had a right to demand that the best construction and not the worst should be put upon his intentions. The error, if it existed, had been committed

¹ Blue-Book, p. 69.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 72-75, 78-80.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 84-86.

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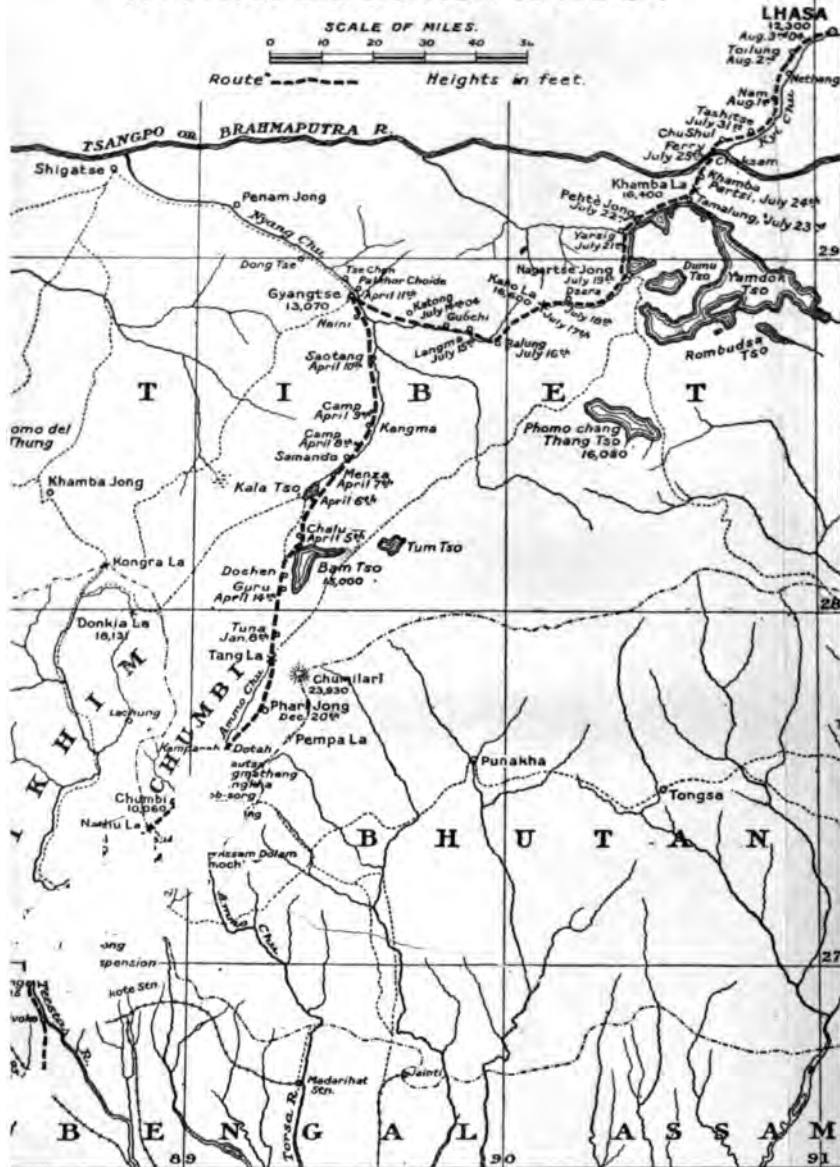


in all loyalty and under dire compulsion—so much he had a right to ask the Government to assume. Instead, the mistake is made the cardinal fact in the situation, and he is treated to an official reprimand. This would be bad enough. But there is worse to follow; for what earthly excuse had the Government in publishing this querulous correspondence? Had it remained in the India Office, their action would have been foolish and ungracious enough in all conscience; but when it is given to the world in a Blue-Book, we can only assume that they desire to put a public slight upon a brilliant and meritorious public servant.

In all this we are not greatly concerned for Sir Francis Younghusband. He will suffer no loss of reputation among his countrymen. But what effect will it have upon other men of his stamp, who may have to do similar work in the future? Will they be ready to take responsibility boldly upon them and grapple with the unknown, when they see the kind of reward they may look forward to? What effect will it have upon the amenity of those foreign relations to which the Government profess themselves so attached? And, more par-

ticularly, what effect will it have upon other frontier problems, such as those concerned in Mr Dane's Mission to Kabul? We are very ready to admit that there is something to be said in justification of the Government's policy, but we wish we could conceive some defence for their methods. They have refused to recognise the difference in the situation at the end of the expedition and at its beginning, and they have persisted in a pedantic adherence to a declaration which the progress of events, on their own showing, rendered inapplicable. In return they have received some cheap praise from the Radical newspapers, with which we trust they are satisfied. But in their treatment of their emissary they have shown not a mere blunder of policy but a grave fault of conduct. We write strongly, because it seems to us that a great principle has been violated—a principle on which the Empire was founded, and on which alone it can be maintained. A man who is sent out into the wilds to do his country's work should go with the certainty that he is trusted and that he can trust in return. He may be overruled, but he should never be discredited or disavowed.

Sketch Map to illustrate
ROUTE OF EXPEDITION TO LHASA



Reproduced from Mr Edmund Candler's "UNVEILING OF LHASA"
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HO AND WHERE ARE THE UNEMPLOYED?

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XXVII.—NO. MLXXIV.

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earnest. It will no longer be
left, as hitherto, to the hap-
hazard and precarious experi-
menting of local authorities.
From now onward it is to be
treated as a national question.
The decided lead given by his
Majesty leaves the Government
and the Legislature no choice
but to follow it.

There is also hope not only
that the problem will be treated
seriously, but that it will be
thoroughly examined in all its
bearings. So far it has been
merely nibbled at, and very
few even of those who have
come into personal contact with
it yet realise the magnitude.
The popular view is singularly
narrow

It sees only so many thousand men out of work in various parts of the country, for whom some kind of temporary employment must be found or created. It regards this as a passing incident of the winter season or a casual depression of the labour-market, which, in a few weeks or months, will disappear again.

If the proposed new authorities tackle their work in the right spirit, they will not have gone far before they discover that the popular view is not only superficial, but unduly optimistic. If they begin at the right end, and endeavour to get at the crux of this pitiful problem, they will avoid the mistake of the spasmodic philanthropists who treat the unemployed as temporary accidents in the industrial life of the country, mere casual exceptions to the general wellbeing. That is a view which can no longer be maintained by any responsible authority. The unemployed are now so numerous that they form a large percentage of the working class, and indicate some radical defect in its condition. They are to be found in so many different trades, skilled and unskilled, as to suggest some almost universal cause.

Winter after winter, with rare exceptions, the cry of the unemployed is raised amongst us. It is not, as in former days, limited to one or two exceptional industries, but it seems to affect them all more or less. Neither is it confined to one or two unfortunate localities; hardly one of our large cities

has escaped it. Very little of it can be assigned to special mishaps. During the past winter there has been no cotton famine in Lancashire, no war in South Africa, no financial trouble in the City. Even the weather has not been particularly bad. On the contrary, it has been milder than usual, and in most districts open-air work has suffered comparatively little interruption.

Under circumstances which, on the surface at least, look comparatively favourable, it is significant that his Majesty should deem it necessary to call the special attention of Parliament to "abnormal distress" among the working classes. Abnormal it certainly is, but not so much in the amount of the distress or its severity as in the large proportion of the distressed to the total industrial population. At a very moderate estimate, 10 per cent of the wage-earning class are, so to speak, *hors de combat*, most of them through no fault of their own. Owing to dull trade and a general shrinkage in the demand for British manufactures, they are for the time being superfluous. A superfluous labourer with no resources of his own to fall back upon becomes an unwilling burden to himself and to the community. That nearly one in every ten British workmen should be in that predicament argues an unhealthy industrial condition. Following the example of the royal speech, we might call it "abnormal," if it had not continued so long as to threaten to become chronic.

A FALLING LABOUR BAROMETER.

It is now four years since the labour barometer turned in the wrong direction. The percentage of unemployed, which had previously been falling, has risen steadily since 1901, and wages, which had previously been rising, have since 1901 shown a continuous decline. We have specific proof of both movements so far as concerns the higher branches of labour. The Board of Trade, in its semi-official organ, the 'Labour Gazette,' publishes monthly returns of unemployed, obtained from 272 trade unions with an aggregate membership of over 570,000. This, we believe, is about a third of the total number of trade-unionists in the United Kingdom, but it is a very small fraction of the sixteen million work-people of all grades. It may be taken as a fair index to the state of skilled labour, and a reasonable inference may be drawn that the state of unskilled labour is considerably worse than that of the skilled.

The latest monthly returns issued are for February last; but we shall use those for December 1904, as employment was then at its worst. That month also offers the best standard of comparison with preceding years. In the "Employment Chart" of the Board of Trade, a facsimile of which we reproduce on p. 452, three comparative curves are used—one for the past year, one for the year immediately preceding, and one for the mean of the preceding

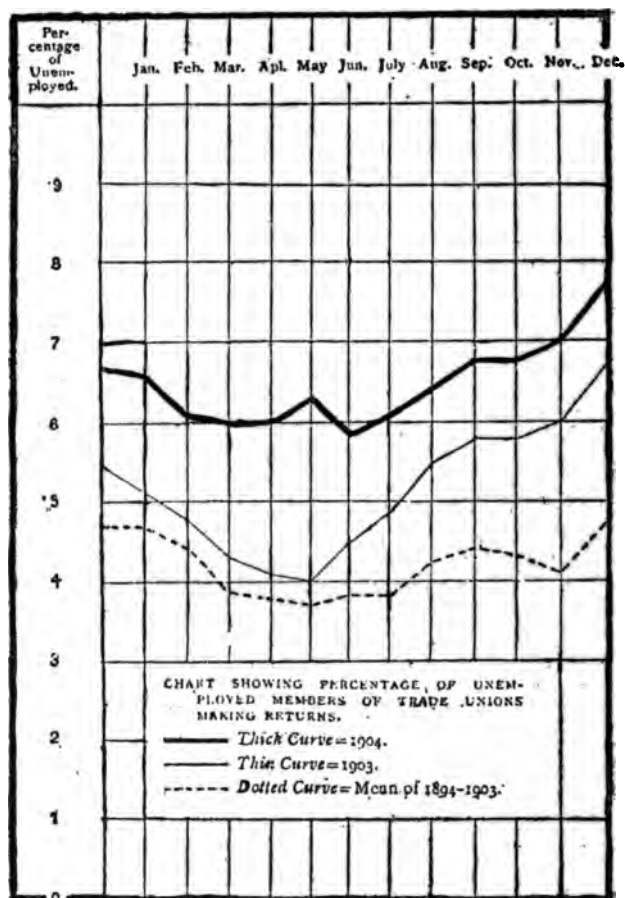
ten years. The three periods in this case are: 1904, 1903, and 1894-1903.

The mean of 1894-1903 ranged, it will be seen, from $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of unemployed in January down to $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent at midsummer, and up again to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in December. In 1903 the range was from $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in January down to 4 per cent at midsummer, and up to $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent at the end of the year. This was the starting-point of 1904; but the dip at midsummer did not go much under 6 per cent, while the rebound on the return of winter went as high as $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. In brief, 7·6 per cent of unemployed was last year's general average for twenty staple industries: coal-mining, iron-mining, iron and steel manufacture, tinplates, engineering, shipbuilding, house-building, furniture-making, printing and bookbinding, paper-making, glassware and pottery, cotton, woollen, and worsted, hat-making, boot and shoe trade, leatherware, dock-labour, and agriculture.

A few trades were under the general average: iron and steel, for instance, showed only 5·2 per cent of unemployed; paper-making, 3·1 per cent; printing and bookbinding, 4·8 per cent. Others were much worse than the general average, and those employing the largest numbers of hands were unfortunately the slackest. In engineering shops the ratio of unemployed was 8·3 per cent, furniture and

woodwork 10·5 per cent, house-building 11·5 per cent, leather trade 11·9 per cent, silk hats 14 per cent, and shipbuilding 16·4 per cent. Out of the twenty groups only two re-

corded an improved demand for labour during 1904. These were the cotton and woollen trades—the first because of its having to compare with an exceptionally bad time in 1903,



EMPLOYMENT CHART.

and the second owing to special orders from Russia and Japan for army cloth.

If we recall the fact that the above returns cover only the principal forms of skilled labour in the United Kingdom,

3·1 up to 16·4 per cent of unemployed may well seem a serious shrinkage. But the decline in unskilled labour would, of course, be relatively much larger. Taking all kinds of it overhead, 15 per cent of

unemployed is probably under the mark. We may be still more under the mark in estimating the unemployed in all industries, skilled and unskilled, at 10 per cent of the total. Nevertheless 10 per cent would give us the appalling aggregate of over a million and a half of people out of work in December last. Add to that persons working short time, and the decrease in the industrial output of the country will be startling. Still another deduction has yet to be made, however, for the reduced wages of those who remain at work.

In the five years, 1896-1900, the wages of four and a half millions of work-people were

raised to the extent of £435,000 per week. In the four reactionary years, 1901-1904, over three millions of the same people had to undergo reductions aggregating £257,000 per week. More than one-half of the increases which wage-earners secured in the boom of 1896-1900 has had to be relinquished again, and there is no saying how much more may have to follow. Between reduced wages and reduced numbers at work the industrial earnings of the country may be a million and a half sterling per week less than they were four years ago. The King had but too good reason to speak of "abnormal distress."

THE NEW SUBURBAN SLUMS.

How many political friends of the people have seriously attempted to find out the real truth about this great army of stranded bread-winners? Only a very extensive and ruinous dislocation in our industrial system could have produced such a mass of them. Such a dislocation could only result from changes penetrating to the very heart of the national economy. It cannot be a matter of to-day or yesterday. We may go back for a generation or two without exhausting its contributory causes. Hundreds of thousands of the men and women who can no longer earn an honest living in this rich and busy country are descendants of parents who, sixty years ago, were driven from the soil into unhealthy

factories and workshops. They were shut out of their proper markets in order to make room for the growers of cheap foreign food. Drifting into towns and cities, they lost themselves in crowded streets, or were swallowed up in pestilent slums. While the rural districts were deprived of labour that was indispensable to them, the towns have been gradually glutted with labour they can neither train nor employ profitably.

One grave error in sociology having been perpetrated, a series of other errors had to be committed in vain efforts to correct the first. City slums having become unendurable, they had to be swept away. The people who were rotting in them had to be moved back again to the fresh air. The

housing of the poor became a new gospel, and soon our large cities were girt round about with workmen's suburbs, which, in their turn, are proving a doubtful experiment. The largest and most helpless masses of unemployed have accumulated in the workmen's suburbs north and east of London. West Ham alone sent over three thousand men to relief works of various kinds last December, and twice as many more were temporarily on the rates. In the palmy days of the municipal Socialists, West Ham was the model of a Socialist paradise. Now it is a byword of municipal extravagance, crushing rates, and starving workmen. One-fourth of the entire adult male population has had to get work made for it in order to keep it alive.

The next worst parish to West Ham is Hackney, also a workmen's suburb, though a good deal older than West Ham, and possessing more local sources of employment. Here no less than 3439 men fell back on the relief works in December—one in ten of the total adult male population. Formerly, in times like these, the greatest distress would have been looked for at the east end, in parishes like Bethnal Green, Stepney, Poplar, and Shoreditch, or on the south side in Bermondsey, Battersea, and Deptford. But all these proverbially poor districts have, so far, made a very creditable showing as compared with the new working-class suburbs. In December, the total number who came on the relief works

from Bethnal Green was only 672, from Poplar 650, Shoreditch 278, and Stepney 200. Only one parish on the south side exceeded 1000—namely, Bermondsey, which totalled 1099. Deptford sent only 276, and from Battersea there is no return at all.

North London proper shows only one parish with a considerable number of unemployed on relief works—namely, Islington, with 965—against which may be set Hampstead, with none at all. But just outside of the London County Council area we get into more working-class suburbs, like Tottenham and Edmonton, where a large percentage of the adult population appear to be out of work.

It is a very significant commentary on the outflow of work-people from the centre of London to the suburbs, that distress appears to be at a minimum in the central districts and at a maximum in the outlying districts, especially in the workmen's colonies erected during the past few years. During December, only 76 men from Finsbury were reported on relief works, from Holborn 89, and from Westminster 328. The West London returns included 41 from Paddington, 71 from St Marylebone, 104 from Chelsea, and 267 from Hammersmith.

Contrast these few dozens with the thousands who crowded in from Tottenham and Edmonton, parishes almost entirely monopolised by working men. The original reports from them were so alarming that the

Central Committee of the London Unemployed Fund resolved, rather arbitrarily, to limit their operations to the metropolitan area proper. Thereby they shut off whole parishes bordering on the metropolitan area, where the percentage of unemployed was by far the largest. Spasmodic attempts were afterwards made by the Middlesex and the Surrey County Councils to provide special relief for their own areas. They did not, however, achieve much, and the anomaly remains uncorrected, that Inner London, in which there is now a mere remnant of resident work-people, has been much better taken care of than Outer London, into which the overcrowded zone is steadily moving.

The number of men employed on relief works is, of course, in every instance a small fraction of the total number out of work. All that the relief committees can do for them will amount to hardly a tithe of what they should be earning at their proper trades. Failing relief works, there is in most London parishes one other resource for the unemployed—the labour-yards at the various workhouses. These have been established by the guardians, who, as a rule, offer very moderate inducements to their clients. The pay given is gen-

erally a shilling per day in money, and provisions enough to make it up to half-a-crown. Even at that low wage work is given very sparingly, being graduated according to the number of dependents the applicant has to provide for. Married men with families can claim, say, four days per week. Married men without families have to be content with three days, and single men with two days.

Stone-breaking is almost the only kind of work that the "labour-yards" can offer—the same that is given to tramps. It makes the relief-man, in fact, only a superior kind of tramp, and an equally unprofitable worker. Any one who has a lingering doubt as to the physical degeneration of the British workman may have it dispelled by a brief visit to a labour-yard in a London suburb. Men of all trades, all ages, and all sizes are to be seen there. Not one in ten is fit for heavy work. Very few of them take kindly to labour of any kind. But there are said to be thousands of unemployed too feeble even to face the labour-yard. Merciful overseers and guardians declare that it would be impossible to get a fair day's work out of most of them, however willing they might be.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE TRADE-UNIONS.

Already physical degeneracy is a serious aggravation of the unemployed problem, and the two evils seem to be destined to grow together. A poor physique not only unfits a man for solid work, but it handicaps him in other ways.

It brings him, for instance, under the ban of the trade-unions—those precious gentry who pose as champions of labour, and too often are its worst enemies. Self-constituted “labour leaders” have been well to the front in the unemployed movement. They have been telling everybody his duty in the matter, from the Prime Minister downward. They have also been very outspoken as to the shortcomings of the Cabinet, the Local Government Board, the County Councils, and all other local authorities in connection with it. But if there be an aspect of the question that calls for plain speaking, it is the peculiar rôle they themselves play in it.

Speaking from both social and industrial experience of the labouring poor, I venture to affirm that no small amount of their present misery is due to the tyrannical action of trade-unions. In two distinct ways is this tyranny exercised—first, by closing the doors of every skilled trade against all but a favoured few; and, secondly, by means of their doctrine of “equal wage,” which virtually condemns the inferior workman to starvation. Limiting the number of skilled workmen directly increases the number of the unskilled, and it is the latter who swell the ranks of the unemployed. Nowadays the trade-union boycott is being carried to such a pitch that even unskilled labourers taboo each other. The trade-union boycott has actually been directed in many cases against the operations of relief committees!

A certain Charity Organisation Society, well known to the writer, was trying to find employment for “out of works” within their own parish. The idea was to save them a three- or four-mile tramp to the nearest “labour-yard,” and also to preserve their self-respect as far as possible. The local District Council heartily sympathised with the society, and, by way of assisting it, inserted clauses in its contracts for road-making and other local works binding the contractors to employ as much local labour as they could. The surveyor took a personal interest in the matter, and held several consultations with the committee. He frankly confessed, however, that he was not sanguine as to the result. “The contractors,” he said, “are all right. They will give every man you send them a fair trial; but three-fourths of them will have to be rejected.”

“Why?” asked a puzzled member of the committee.

“Because the regular men are all unionists, and will work with nobody who is not paid the union wage. The contractors, therefore, can only keep on such of your men as are worth union wages, which will be less than half of them. If every man could be paid according to his real value, they might all have a job of some kind.”

Incredible as it may sound, relief committees have again and again been blocked by this trade-union boycott. In some districts it has also been tried on the local authorities. The trade-unionists in Paddington

got up a strong protest against the agreement made by the borough council with the Central Committee for the Unemployed, on the ground that "it had not insisted on the trade rate of wages being paid on public work." The mayor of the borough was requested to call a public meeting to discuss this terrible breach of trade-union ethics, but we doubt if he did. The relief committee at Southwark was more sympathetic. It submitted to the borough council

a series of most liberal recommendations, which, we fear, have also "failed to materialise." In view of the pressing necessities of the unemployed, the borough council was asked to "provide forthwith for the immediate expenditure of at least £10,000 in providing useful work for those lacking employment, and to take steps to enable the committee to set to work a greater number of unemployed—the men to be paid not less than the usual rate of wages of regular workmen."

MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM AT WORK.

£10,000 spent under conditions like these would not have gone far in Southwark. But that was a trifle compared with the largesse proposed by some of the Socialist vestrymen. Kensington appears to have one "whole-hogger" of this sort. When a deputation of the unemployed waited on its borough council, asking for relief works to be started immediately, "as there were many on the verge of starvation in the northern part of the borough," a certain Councillor Pettit moved at once that £40,000 be voted to assist the workers! He was ruled out of order, much to the disgust, apparently, of the "workers," for we next hear of them as being in a state of mutiny. They had been turned over to a relief committee, which offered them three days' work per week, the pay to be half-a-crown per day for single men, and a shilling extra to the married men for

each child they had. After a short trial of this scheme, the men marched in a body to the workhouse, and sent in this ultimatum to the guardians: "They objected to stone-breaking as degrading, while corn-grinding was only fit for convicts, and wood-chopping was only suitable for old people."

These fastidious "workers" demanded "as citizens" immediate relief, and they got it. The guardians caved in forthwith, and ordered immediate relief to be given "to all *bona-fide* working men whose addresses could be verified." The workless "citizens" of West Ham appear also to have been fractious, regardless of the astounding fact that a very large percentage of the population of the parish was on the rates in one form or another. During Christmas week 4000 of them were indoor paupers, fully 25,000 were receiving outdoor relief, and some 1250 men were

employed in the parochial stone-yard. Assuming that each of the stoneyard men represented a family of five persons, there would be more than 6000 dependent on them. The total number on the rates would thus be about 35,000.

Thus low has fallen the Socialist Arcadia, which in its green and salad days squandered nearly a million and a half sterling of borrowed money on municipal palaces, electric lighting, asylums, free libraries, public baths, and model dwellings.¹ If I mistake not, it was West Ham, too, that introduced the minimum municipal wage of five shillings per day. Whether as a ghastly joke or in deadly earnest it were hard to say, but the "labour leaders" of the district have actually claimed the five shillings a-day minimum for the unemployed! Mr W. H. Harris, the organising secretary of the Dockers' Union, and a member of the Board of Guardians, moved that, "in future, men at the labour-yard be paid five shillings per day in money or kind, or both." Four other guardians supported him, but there were 23 against him. "How sadly times have changed in West Ham" was,

no doubt, the melancholy reflection of Mr Harris on his defeat.

But the "labour leaders" suffered more than one check. When they learned that at the labour-yard bricklayers were receiving only the same pay as the rest of the unemployed, such an affront was more than they could stand. The West Ham Trade and Labour Council sent a deputation forthwith to the guardians to demand trade-union wages for the bricklayers. Unfortunately for them the chairman of the labour-yard committee was a gentleman of some spirit, not to say temper. He turned on the deputation, and told them "he thought it very ungracious and ungrateful of them, when the guardians were doing all they could to help them, to be stirring up the town, because the system of relief was not as complete as they would like it to be." Then he finished them off with a specimen of the difficulties that the guardians had to contend with. In one case, 150 men had been sent from the union to a branch labour-yard, and it was found that eleven of them simply mingled with the crowd and did no work at all.

¹ In the series of articles on "Municipal Socialism," written by the Special Commissioner of 'The Times' in 1902, one of the chief municipal luxuries of West Ham—its £300,000 lunatic asylum—is thus described: "No less than £300,000 has been spent on a lunatic asylum, the buildings for which (including a church and theatre) have a width of about a quarter of a mile, and a breadth of an eighth of a mile, comprise a mile of main corridors, and are provided with, among other attractions, two full-sized billiard tables, eight bagatelle tables, one small grand piano, one large semi-grand piano, and eight cottage pianos. Everything about the asylum has, in fact, been done in the most modern and complete style; and those burgesses of West Ham who are likely to go distracted under the pressure of increasing local taxation (the rates of the borough being now 10s. 8d. in the £, and still rising) may at least console themselves with the thought that a really comfortable retreat has been provided for them in the event of their enforced retirement."

But they collected their relief pay all the same.

Edmonton is almost as "advanced" as West Ham, and, of course, the five shilling per day minimum has been in vogue there also. As already explained, it is a working-class suburb pure and simple, and the "labour leaders" could, till lately, do as they pleased with the District Council. Previous to March 1904 they were in full control, and one of their characteristic exploits was to pass a resolution raising the wages of all the road-sweepers and other unskilled labourers in the service of the Council from four to five shillings per day. At the same time, they fixed the minimum wage for unskilled labourers at thirty shillings per week, all public holidays to be paid for, and a week's holiday in summer to be thrown in. This was too much for the average ratepayer, and he revolted. An appeal was made to the Local Government Board to surcharge the Socialist councillors with all payments for labour in excess of the market price, and this interesting question is still pending.

The trade-unionists with their "equal wage," and the municipal Socialists with their "minimum wage," have done much to produce the existing plethora of labour in all our large cities, but particularly in London. When the district councils began to pay fancy wages, local employers had to follow suit. Men were drawn from all parts of the country to the five shilling a-day districts like Edmonton and West Ham,

where thousands of them would now be glad to earn half-a-crown a-day. Such reminiscences might have been expected to teach the "labour leaders" a little modesty, not to say shame, in relation to the unemployed. But modesty is not one of their constitutional weaknesses. When they favoured the Prime Minister with a visit at the Foreign Office, one after the other played Sir Oracle to him.

Mr Seaton, their chief spokesman, reeled off a string of brilliant suggestions—local public bodies to be established all over the country, "with a large proportion of direct trade-union representatives"; works of public utility, like the improvement of the Thames and the port of London, to be carried out with the least possible delay; foreshores to be reclaimed and sea-walls built wherever needed; and waste lands, unfit for agriculture, to be acquired with a view to afforestation. Mr Pete Curran lectured the Prime Minister "on the systematic regulation of industry in the Government arsenals, dockyards, and factories," so as to avoid having to discharge men in dull times. He had no talisman, however, for reducing war taxes without curtailing Government expenditure. Mr Balfour was in a very sympathetic mood; but it must have taxed even his sympathy to discuss seriously these crude nostrums. He made short work of the afforestation scheme, as well as of the plea for keeping the Government arsenals permanently at war strength.

THE FREE-FOODERS' DILEMMA.

In short, the "labour leaders," as they style themselves, have been cutting rather a poor figure among the unemployed. Even their assurance can hardly ignore altogether the inconsistency of doing all they can to kill work when it is plentiful, and after they have killed it, calling in the public authorities to find substitutes for it. But let us be just to them, and acknowledge that they are by no means the most inconsistent friends of the unemployed. Undignified as their dilemma is, that of the Free-Fooders is even more so. It must have cost the latter gentlemen an effort to confess publicly that they see no permanent relief for the unemployed except putting them back on the land. And in what shape would they be put back! Not as sturdy, self-supporting labourers, like the men who were driven off the land sixty years ago, but as shilling a-day paupers on so-called farm colonies! A tax of two or three shillings per quarter on foreign wheat, to promote healthy, honest farm labour at home, is an economic crime; but lay as much as you like on the rates, to enable paupers and tramps to play at farming!

It is quite amusing to observe how the Free-Fooders and all the anti-Chamberlainites have fallen in love with the agricultural panacea for industrial distress. Sir John Gorst has jumped at it with his customary vigour and enthusiasm. A

friend of his, Mr Percy Alden, has published a book on 'The Unemployed,' remarkable chiefly for its agrarian bias. Sir John has contributed a preface to it even more agrarian than the book itself. It describes the "unemployable" as a future peril, the end of which "no wisdom can foresee." The only possible safeguard against it he thus describes:—

"In our complicated industrial system changes suddenly take place in the demand for labour, against which no foresight of the wisest Government and Parliament can provide. For such a contingency there is but one form of remedy—some occupation with an unlimited demand for workers, upon which every one can, in the last resort, fall back. Such an occupation is the cultivation of the soil—the first and the last resource of the human race."

For a Free-Fooder that is a wonderfully magnanimous admission. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, too, shows signs of becoming a worshipper at the shrine of Ceres. On a recent occasion he astonished the villagers of South Queensferry by appearing on the platform of the Rosebery Memorial Hall. If anything could have enhanced their surprise at such an event, it was his declaration that "of all the industries in the world, that which had the greatest claim on us was the industry of agriculture." If this goes on, Mr Asquith will be giving up his pet panacea of technical education in favour of high farming. Even Mr John Morley may one

day be so far de-Cobdenised as to concede that corn should not always be sacrificed to cotton.

More wonderful still, the philosophers of the day are beginning to discover latent virtues in our hitherto despised and rejected soil. Sir Oliver Lodge, of the Birmingham University, has taken to preaching lay-sermons. In one which he delivered not long ago at the restored Whitefield's Tabernacle, he surprised his audience by raising the cry of "back to the land." Speaking of "under average" humanity, he said: "Let them not be herded in cities; let them work in reclaiming the land, and be made as far as possible self-supporting. They could make their own boots and clothes, and grow their own food." Grand apotheosis for English soil, which has reared so many generations of stalwart yeomen and hardy hinds—to become a dumping-ground for city wastrels! Free-Fooders and philosophers of the present day can think of no better use for it than that.

It may, however, be some consolation to old-fashioned people, who have never lost their faith in the soil and its cultivators, to see that the Free-Fooders and the social philosophers begin to realise that it cannot be altogether dispensed with. In so doing they reduce the issue to a comparatively simple form—whether the soil should be used for self-supporting cultivation, or merely for dumping purposes. To put it in another way, should the cultivators of the soil live on

their honest earnings or on the rates? It must be one thing or the other, and sooner or later we shall all have to make our choice between the two. Sir John Gorst has boldly declared for rate-aided "farm colonies," which would frequently degenerate into special enclosures for paupers to make mud-pies in. Sir Oliver Lodge would vary these costly experiments with another sort still more costly—farms organised as penal settlements. They are indeed very complimentary to agriculture, these free-food reformers!

But without waiting for schemes of fantastic philanthropy, the able-bodied unemployed might evidently improve their condition by migrating from overcrowded towns back to the land. That seems to be at present the only place where labour is not in excess, and where wages are not steadily falling. It is a great and unexpected comfort to turn from the dreary reports of diminishing employment in urban districts to the comparatively cheerful accounts received from agricultural districts. The February issue of the 'Board of Trade Labour Gazette' contains an elaborate review of the state of employment throughout the country. Taking them all in all, none of the industries reviewed makes so good a showing as agriculture. Of England as a whole it is said that agricultural labourers were, generally speaking, in fairly regular employment during January. In the northern counties "the supply of labour-

ers was somewhat in excess of the demand," but in the Midlands "employment was generally regular, and only a small proportion of day-labourers lost time." In the eastern counties "the supply of day-labourers was generally sufficient," and work on the land was fairly regular. In the south-western and southern counties "day-labourers were rather plentiful, but there was some scarcity of young men to work with horses and for tending stock." From Gloucestershire and Hereford it was reported that "in certain districts men for permanent situations were rather scarce, particularly waggoners, cowmen, and shepherds."

These agricultural reports are not all brilliant, but the poorest of them contrasts favourably with the doleful tale of "labour-yards" and outdoor relief published lately in most of our large cities. Even as regards pay, the agricultural labourer is no longer to be sneered at by his town cousins. Many of our readers have probably seen newspaper abstracts of Mr Wilson Fox's second report on the wages, earnings, and conditions of employment of agricultural labourers in the United Kingdom—a most valuable piece of statistical work.

The average weekly earnings, inclusive of allowances of all kinds, of farm labourers in the United Kingdom were found to be 17s. 5d. per week in England, 17s. 7d. in Wales, 19s. 5d. in Scotland, and 10s. 9d. in Ireland. The corresponding averages for cost of

food consumed by a typical farm-labourer's family, consisting of husband, wife, and four children, were 13s. 6½d. per week in England, 15s. 2½d. in Scotland, and 10s. 5½d. in Ireland. These averages were based on the retail prices of all articles used, making no allowance for food raised by the labourer himself, or for produce he may have marketed. They show his food-bill in its least favourable light; but even then it leaves him with a fair margin for rent and clothing. Nineteenths of the unskilled labourers in towns, and not a few skilled labourers as well, would be only too glad if their household budget could be put on as easy a footing. To-day 17s. 6d. per week on the land is worth at least 50 per cent more than in towns.

In the early stages of the fiscal campaign there was a deplorable excess of futile hair-splitting over the comparative cost of food at home and abroad. Much dialectical skill was also wasted in attempting to measure the wage-scales of various foreign countries against our own. These discussions ended, as they were bound to do, in mutual mystification. But there was one basis of comparison which might have yielded definite and useful results. That was the relative percentages of unemployed in the several countries. The 'Board of Trade Labour Gazette' frequently furnishes data for such a comparison, and the latest instalment is peculiarly interesting.

From it we learn that in

December last the proportion of unemployed in Berlin was 2 per cent overhead, as against 7.5 per cent in the staple trades of the United Kingdom. Among engineers and metal-workers it was only 1 per cent, as against our 8.3 per cent. Among printers it was 4.5 per cent, as against our 4.8 per cent. But if we are much worse off than the Germans in this respect, we may console ourselves with the thought that we are not quite so badly off as the French. In December last their trade-unions reported an overhead average of 11.8 per cent of unemployed. The averages of individual trades ranged from 2.9 per cent in the printing trades (provincial) up to 27.0 per cent in tanning and leather-dressing. The value of these comparisons is, however, largely discounted by the small basis on which they have been made, the reporting trades having numbered only 192,000 workmen altogether. The German returns were on a much larger scale, having covered trade-unions with an aggregate membership of 641,000. They furnish, therefore, a more equal basis of comparison with our own returns of unemployed.

In itself, and without reference to the experience of other countries, our unemployed problem is sufficiently grave, not to say alarming. The lowest estimate that can be safely adopted of the percentage of our workpeople who have ceased to be producers and have become mere consumers, indicates something radically

wrong in our industrial system. A still worse feature of the situation is the very small percentage of unemployed who have ever had the chance to learn a proper trade. The Camberwell guardians were so struck with this that they ordered a systematic inquiry to be made into it, and out of a thousand applicants for relief, they found that eight hundred were unskilled labourers. These unfortunates had nothing in the world to live upon but the brute strength nature had given them. But they all marry and beget children, to grow up, like themselves, hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Another evil feature is the tendency to insubordination that has begun to show itself in some of the distressed districts. At Lambeth and Paddington mobs of unemployed have raided the offices of the guardians, and with threats have demanded work. They even presumed to dictate to the guardians the kind of work they preferred. When you have thousands of men to deal with who can only handle a pick and shovel, and most of them not very keen on that, what are you to do? If such men are ever to become self-supporting, they must be taught the higher forms of labour; but the moment you attempt that, the trade-unionists bar the way with their tyrannical restrictions. While they clamour for untaxed food, they deny a large majority of their fellow-men free and equal opportunities to earn food of any sort.

RADICALISM AND THE LABOUR RINGS.

Our unemployed of the present day are a symptom of general dry-rot rather than of acute local disease. They are an upheaval of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's thirteen millions continually on the verge of hunger. It will be for Sir Henry and his friends to reconcile them with the progress of our exports and imports, and the steady increase in our income-tax assessments. But the new labour authorities will, we trust, be men of broader minds: neither spasmodic philanthropists nor ironclad political partisans, but true friends of the people, as his Majesty has shown himself to be. It is a condition of the people question that has to be dealt with. One solution of it has already been offered by a prescient and courageous statesman. A pedantic doctrinaire minority not only reject that solution, but deny that there is any problem to be solved. Nevertheless it is in store for them. Should the next general election fulfil their hopes of returning to office, they may find a twin Nemesis awaiting them—the unemployed and the trade-unionists.

The first they will find urgent and the second exacting. The rival claims of the two they may have some difficulty in reconciling. No thorough cure for "abnormal distress caused by want of employment" can expect the support of trade-union leaders unless these gentlemen are pre-

pared to stultify their own principles and methods. On the other hand, if they should be able to cajole Parliament into granting the invidious claims they are busy making on their own behalf, the disabilities of workmen, and especially of unskilled labourers outside of trade-union circles, will be greatly aggravated. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has to choose between the labour rings, who have hitherto been the pets of the Radical party, and the thirteen millions continually on the verge of hunger, who enjoy his platform pity, but apparently have little else to expect from him. It will be seen that he has lately renewed his pledge to the labour rings.

This is highly significant, and no less so is the fact that the chief solicitude of these labour rings during the past winter should have been, not their starving fellow-workmen, but the parliamentary Bill by means of which they hope to place themselves and their funds outside of the common law. This modest Bill was introduced last year in the House of Commons and read a second time by a majority of 29. It was reintroduced three weeks ago (March 10), and by dint of strenuous lobbying the majority for the second reading was raised to 122.

To people who still cherish old-fashioned beliefs in the common law of the realm, such a majority for a measure of

open and undisguised class legislation is distinctly ominous. Even the attitude of the Government towards it was hardly reassuring. The Attorney-General, it is true, delivered a powerful speech against it, but that was only as a lawyer. As a Minister he declared himself neutral, and allowed the Bill to be sent before the Standing Committee on Law. From the complacency of the Ministerial front bench, it may be guessed how much farther the Opposition leaders went in its support. On their behalf Mr Asquith welcomed it with fervour and enthusiasm—"Speaking for himself and all those on the bench behind him, he said that they would cordially support the second reading."

Thus a Bill directly promoted by the trade-unions of the country, with the avowed object of relieving them from their civil liabilities, has been publicly accepted as part of the authorised Radical programme. It will be one of the chief planks of the Radical platform at next general election. We must therefore look in the face the not very remote probability of its passing into law. And if it becomes law, what is to be its effect on the general labour conditions of the country? That it will immensely strengthen the power of the trade-unions goes without saying; but we have seen that the interests of the trade-unions are not always identical with the inter-

ests of the working classes as a whole. It is hard enough now for a skilled workman to lead an endurable life outside of the ring-fence which the unionists have put up round all our staple industries. Under this new law it will be impossible.

Union leaders, when they find themselves practically irresponsible, civilly as well as criminally, will be able to dictate all round. Not merely employers but the whole of their own class will be at their mercy. They may, without a particle of risk to themselves, narrow the entrance to every skilled trade; they may boycott offending members; they may condemn to starvation every man unfit to earn their so-called standard wage. And every winter, as a direct result of that cold-blooded policy, a million or more unemployed will be thrown on public charity or the rates. As an indirect result, the physical degeneration of the people—which has already reached such a pitch that, out of 71,000 army recruits examined last year, nearly 25,000 had to be rejected as unfit—will be immensely accelerated.

If the causes of diminishing employment are to be thoroughly investigated, the responsibility of all who impose selfish restrictions on it should not be overlooked. The question, in fact, will have to be honestly faced, Why are such a large proportion of the unemployed mere beasts of burden, who have never had a chance to become anything better?

THE KINGDOM OF BATH.

EXACTLY two hundred years ago the ancient monarchy of Bath, after many centuries of inglorious lethargy, awoke to a new and splendid life. The change was nearly as sudden as it was complete. Sleepy Hollow, as by magic, was transformed into Vanity Fair. A dull and moribund provincial town was suddenly chosen by Folly, Wit, and Fashion as their Court, and for a hundred years it provided the favourite background to all the great masterpieces of English fiction. There is not in our social history the record of any metamorphosis quite so remarkable. Without disrespect, the story of Bath may be likened to a comedy. When the curtain rises Richard Nash is discovered ascending the throne, and through three entire acts—in which the unities are scrupulously adhered to, in a manner generally foreign to humdrum history—he is the life and the soul of the play. The characters are bewildering in number, and are chosen indifferently from fiction and real life. Tabitha Bramble is as “real” as Fanny Burney, Captain Absolute as King Nash. By the end of the fourth act it is already apparent that the play is unduly protracted, that the mummers are tired and the audience listless. The interest in the end of the “Bath Comedy” is of a purely sentimental kind. The time is 1805; the scene, Vanity Fair still. But

no longer the same Vanity Fair, bustling with life and resonant with laughter. Bath in vain attempted to defy the unity of time by protracting its comedy for a hundred years. The result was bathos and anachronism, and it is a relief when the curtain is finally lowered to subdued music as the announcement is made that Christopher Anstey, poet-laureate of the Kingdom of Bath, is now no more. We rub our eyes, and find that we are once more in Sleepy Hollow. And all this is sober history, not the insubstantial pageant of Prospero’s wand!

We are not aware whether the citizens of Bath are taking any steps to celebrate this double centenary of king and bard. If Major Charles Simpson, who now sits upon the throne of Nash, deems it unnecessary to organise a *fête* in honour of his predecessor, no one will dispute the wisdom of his verdict. For neither Nash nor Bath is in any need of a memorial. The names are carved deep on all the choicest monuments of our eighteenth-century literature, and there are few names which possess a connotation so gloriously rich. Their associations extend beyond the region of letters. Actors, dramatists, painters, statesmen, divines, all leap to memory at the mention of the talismanic words. But it is in literature proper that they exercise their greatest sorcery,

and conjure up in one splendid panorama the whole range of English literature from Defoe to Dickens. No; a modern celebration is unnecessary — perhaps, even, a little *bizarre* and anti-climatic. But it is pleasant to chronicle that, apparently by a chance concatenation of circumstances, the event has been marked by two literary tributes, of which each, in its own way, is not only adequate but masterly.¹ The origin of both of these memorials is interesting. One is the translation of a brilliant French work; the other, dealing with the architectural glories of the town, fitly emanates from Bath itself.

It is no detracting to M. Barbeau's work to say that it involved few difficulties of research. The materials were rich and ready to hand. But we cannot overpraise the thoroughness and the accuracy with which he has performed his task. A whole century of literature has been diligently overhauled, and the results embodied in an orderly and fascinating narrative. Such a work would have left most hands a mere compilation; but it is the good fortune of Bath that the record of her great and gallant days has been embellished by scholarship and enthusiasm and literary charm. Of Mr Green's tribute, considered as literature, it is naturally impossible to say so much. His work is largely of a technical

character, and in this respect it will prove of notable service if it leads the architects of to-day to a careful study of the methods and the masterpieces of the Woods and the other makers of our English Florence. In point of enthusiasm and carefulness of research Mr Green is in no degree excelled by the French historian. The illustrations and plans in his magnificently appointed volume have been prepared with the most sedulous care, and we may unreservedly congratulate both author and publisher on the production of a book that will long be cherished and eagerly sought for by all bibliophiles. Mr Green, following tradition, has dedicated his work to the present master of ceremonies. Nash, too, had his dedications, as we shall see, but in his crown there was no jewel so fair as this.

With the history of Bladud, son of Hudibras, and father of Lear, the manuscript which Mr Pickwick discovered in his bedroom at Bath has made all the world familiar. In 973 King Edgar was crowned at Bath, and thereafter "at Whitsunday-tide there is a king elected at Bath every year of the Townsmen in the joyful remembrance of King Eadgar and the Privileges given to the town by hym. This King is festid and his Adherents by the richest Menne of the Toun." So began the great tradition, but for many centuries later history observes

¹ *Life and Letters at Bath in the Eighteenth Century.* By A. Barbeau. London: Heinemann. *The Eighteenth-Century Architecture of Bath.* By Mowbray A. Green. Bath: George Gregory.

a complete silence as to the royalty of Bath. With the Restoration it regained some *éclat*. Pepys, we know, stayed two hours in the water before he was wrapped in a sheet and carried home to bed, and we have his testimony that the Cross Bath was frequented by many "very fine ladies." Among them was unhappy Queen Catherine of Braganza, and a little later came their graces of Cleveland and of Portsmouth, attended by the daughters of the chief citizens and musicians to serenade them. "The Ladyes goes into the bath with garments made of a fine yellow canvas, which is stiff and made large with great sleeves like a parson's gown. It does not cling close as other linning. This is the best linning, for the bath water will change any other yellow." The patronage of Charles and his ladies did not, however, suffice to make Bath "the fashion." This honour was reserved for good Queen Anne, who visited Bath with much pomp and ceremony in 1702.

Goldsmith's 'Life of Nash' still remains the one important document on the subject. Later writers have added nothing of importance to its facts, but have frequently borrowed from it with a very inadequate acknowledgment, and sometimes referred to it with a surprising air of patronage. To Jerrold it was left to make a bad play out of it. For the historians who refer to the 'Life' as a piece of hackwork there is no excuse. It was the supreme felicity of Nash that

poverty compelled Oliver Goldsmith to be his biographer. That the 'Life' is by far the most brilliant of Goldsmith's essays in biography must, it is true, be assigned in part to the commercial prudence of Mr Newbery, the publisher. Of all Goldsmith's writings, both prose and verse, the editions which received his last corrections are much the most valuable. In his essays this is specially noticeable. To compare the different editions is an invaluable lesson in style. In the earliest forms of them we repeatedly hear Goldsmith attempting to tunc upon the Johnsonian big drum: consult the later editions and you will hear instead the flute-like music of his own incomparable prose. Goldsmith took unusual pains with this book. He visited Bath, read Nash's papers, and incidentally, by mistaking his house, dined by accident with the Duke of Northumberland. In spite of all this, the first edition of the 'Life of Nash' was a somewhat perfunctory performance, and Mr Newbery felt that his lavish expenditure of fourteen guineas had not been adequately repaid. So Goldsmith had, perforce, to expend a little more genius and drudgery on the task, with the usual result that he converted a rough sketch into a Kit-cat portrait of surpassing excellence. We can almost pardon Mr Newbery for the unconscionable means he took to secure so admirable an end. The task itself was plainly no uncongenial one for Goldsmith. The Beau and his biographer had many weak-

nesses and many virtues in common, and the history of Nash with its pinchbeck grandeur and its endless mock-heroics was replete with incidents that must have appealed with irresistible force to Goldsmith's exquisite feeling for comedy. He toys with his subject as gracefully as a kitten with a ball of wool. On King Richard's numerous foibles he discourses with the fine charity of fellow-feeling, and when he enters the royal presence he does grave obeisance in the manner of a tactful and experienced diplomatist before a lightly clad native chief. We know, none the less, that he is smiling behind his three-cornered hat. The whole book is shot through and through with an irony so delicate that it would not have inflicted even a pin-prick on its victim's robust conceit. There is only one omission in Goldsmith's 'Life,' and the reason for it is highly interesting, and should afford consolation to modern novelists. Goldsmith will not recount the Beau's amours, because "the plan even of fictitious novel is quite exhausted. . . . The gentleman begins at timid distance, grows more bold, becomes rude, till the lady is married or undone: such is the substance of every modern novel." This was written in 1762!

Born in 1674 at Swansea, the son of a Welsh gentleman, Richard Nash gave early proof of his peculiar abilities. Jesus College he had to quit somewhat suddenly by reason of his "assiduity to intrigue," leaving

behind him two plays, a fiddle, a tobacco-box, and a pair of boots. He was sent home "with proper instructions to his father," Goldsmith unkindly not satisfying our curiosity as to what might constitute proper instructions in such an emergency. As early as 1697 one of his adventures in gallantry had the honour of being embalmed in Vanbrugh's "Æsop." Our Beau, before he entered on the calling of his life,—which was monarchy,—out-frolicked Prince Hal. He bought a commission in the army; but the duties proving less attractive than the uniform, he removed to the Temple, where Goldsmith assures us that "he dressed to the very edge of his finances, . . . and went to the very summit of second-rate luxury." It is plain that he had a stout heart for keeping up appearances. If he had sometimes to dispense with a shirt, he had always ruffles. His biographer could deal with this portion of his life with tender insight. The Beau was "one who, though he may have dined in private upon a banquet served cold from a cook's-shop, shall dress at six for the side-box; one of those whose wants are only known to their laundress and tradesmen, and their fine clothes to half the nobility; who spend more in chair-hire than housekeeping, and prefer a bow from a lord to a dinner from a commoner." His occupations in the Temple made our hero an adept at breaking the law. Many jests are recorded of him, but to the end of his days he suffered from a con-

genital incapacity to distinguish between humour and impudence. To Nash it was a fine stroke of wit to stand before the door of York Minster arrayed in a blanket. On one occasion he was "Shanghaied" by certain merry naval officers, and, according to his own statement, he shared in a general engagement and bled, quite by accident, for his country.

Had King William possessed an Elizabethan discernment for legal merit, Nash would have lost his kingdom, and would have danced his way, like Hatton, to the woolsack. The opportunity arose when the Inns of Court prepared a pageant in honour of the king. Nash was chosen to be director of ceremonies and "arbiter elegantiarum," and did his work so well that he was offered knighthood by his grateful sovereign. When the Beau slyly suggested that the only knighthood which he could afford was to be one of the Poor Knights of Windsor, the king recoiled before the broadness of the hint. In the meantime, our hero had to resort to the shifts of a professional gamester. But destiny was fighting for him. In 1702 Queen Anne visited Bath, when a hundred young men in uniform, and two hundred women dressed as Amazons, escorted her from the borders of Somersetshire. The fortune of Bath was made—incidentally, also, the fortune of Richard Nash. The citizens of Bath lost no time in profiting by the royal visit. Setting an example still sedu-

lously followed from afar off by every aspiring watering-place, they at once proceeded to set their lodging-houses in order, and to bait every hook for catching visitors. The kingdom of Bath was reinstituted. For two years Captain Webster reigned and gambled unsuccessfully, and then the throne was vacant. There were many candidates for the crown, but the claims of Nash were irrefutable. His whole life had been an apprenticeship for the post. Like Will Wimble, he knew "the history of every mode." He was ignorant of nothing that a gambler could teach him. In the tripos of impudence he had long ago graduated with unequalled distinction. Best of all, owing to a signal lack of humour, he took himself and every folly seriously. He was born to fill a foolish post with distinction. He did his part worthily, and Goldsmith conferred on him immortality.

On his accession Nash was confronted by many difficulties. Dr Radcliffe had thrown "a toad into King Bladud's Well" by impugning the efficacy of the waters. Bath was then nothing but a mediocre and somewhat squalid little county town of three thousand inhabitants, much frequented by Hogs - Norton squires, whose manners were sadly lacking in repose. Tact and courage were both required to make a gentleman of Tony Lumpkin, and his severest critics were constrained to admit that Nash succeeded to a marvel. The code of rules which he drew up appear now

as pitiful straining after wit. The king himself admitted that his pen was a torpedo which benumbed his faculties when he grasped it. By the majority of his subjects, however, they were no doubt received with applause, and the important thing is that they were scrupulously obeyed. When the Assembly Room at last was built, and an orchestra established, Nash ruled with a rod of lath that was mistaken for iron. He knew no distinction among his subjects. The most astonishing feature of Bath in the first half of the eighteenth century—its golden age—was the entire absence of the barriers of caste. The season there was a kind of prolonged carnival in which all ranks were bound together by the camaraderie of the quest of pleasure; but, as Smollett is careful to underline, Bath friendships did not survive the return to town, and he slyly suggests some affinity between the waters of Bath and Lethe. Nash was "the first who diffused a desire of society and an easiness of address among the whole people, who were formerly censured by foreigners for a reservedness of behaviour and an awkward timidity in their first approaches. He first taught a familiar intercourse among strangers in Bath and Tunbridge, which still subsists among them. That ease and open access first acquired there, our gentry brought back to the metropolis, and thus the whole kingdom by degrees became more refined by lessons originally derived from him." The

strictness of his rule was inexorable. When he raised his finger at 11 P.M. the music in the Assembly Room stopped as by magic, even though it were the Princess Amelia who begged for another dance. From the Duchess of Queensberry he plucked her white apron, and Prior's Kitty had to swallow the affront. Occasionally he caught a Tartar, as when he asked little Miss Snapper if she knew the name of Tobit's dog, and was told that his name was Nash, "and an impudent dog he was." The abolition of the wearing of swords was a social reformation of more than trifling importance. It is Nash's greatest legislative act. When gentlemen who had drunk too much claret met impudent chairmen, brawls and bloodshed were the customary sequel. Within his own sphere King Richard was more potent than George I., and who shall say that his sway was less beneficent? Many years later we have Sheridan's allusions to this excellent enactment. "We wear no swords here," said Sir Lucius O'Trigger; and Captain Absolute roundly affirmed that "a sword seen in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad dog." The testimony of the dramatist is strikingly reinforced by that of the serious historian. "Beau Nash," says Mr Lecky, "made a great step in sustaining the pacific habits that were growing in society." It is a curious irony of fate that couples Mr Spectator and Beau Nash as the

The Kingdom of Bath.

turn to 'Northanger Abbey.' with sharpers by preference, The minuet, of which Catherine as gentlemen, he found, were Morland could see nothing but addicted to paying only with the high feathers of some of fine speeches. For many years the ladies, was more curious E O was the prime source of than graceful, if we are to Nash's revenue, and was only judge from Henry Bunbury's one of many palpable evasions caricatures. To maidens of Whist, picquet, faro, hob-nob, bashful fifteen it was something number of games is legion. of an ordeal. Only one couple basset, lansquenet, passage, and performed at a time, each the Complete Swindler. The gentleman dancing with two story of Bath is stained with ladies in succession, to the brutality that ensued. We hear monotonous strains of hautboy, of a hand being pinned to the bass, and fiddle. Matthew table with a fork, of a cheat Bramble is very severe on the being thrown from an upper minuet: "A succession of insipid animals describing the window—the latter cynically described by Foote as a warning against high play. Beatrix Esmond in her old age at Tunbridge, gambling and scandal mongering, is a delightful presentation of the lighter side of the picture. But the impression it conveys requires to be corrected and supplemented by Goldsmith's true story of the unhappy Sylvia, the daughter of General Braddock. King Nash, with an inconsistency that redounds to his credit while he was himself a hopeless and inveterate gambler, did his utmost to warn and protect his younger subjects against the dangers of play. To convert a Beatrix Esmond he knew to be hopeless. When giving excellent advice to the frail Mr Fitzpatrick against "her c stinking aunt," he remarks (*teste* Fielding), "I never advise old women; for if take it into their heads to to the devil, it is no more sible than worth while to

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Perhaps, as Thackeray suggests, the defunct tunes were gay, when they were alive.

The chronicles of Bath afford endless material to the historian of card-playing. An army of blackguardism naturally followed the train of society, and the distinction between them was often an imaginary line. With Nash as monarch, gambling might fairly be construed as loyalty. Mrs Montagu declared that the only questions heard in Bath were, "How d'ye do?" and "What is trumps?" Bath took its cue from London, where the gambling mania had reached its height, and sharpers spent their season there as they would attend a race-meeting now. Chesterfield, a devoted Bathonian, played picquet

taining handkerchief, nosegay, snuff-box, and patches. The last-named were of little use, for, as Defoe tells us, "the Bath occasioning a little Perspiration, the Patches do not stick so kindly as they should."

Regarding some features of the baths, it is best to use reticence. A special bath was reserved for lepers, but other precautions there were none. Nothing is omitted from Matthew Bramble's horrible account of the King's Bath, where Smollett revels in a carnival of pathological detail, and concludes by roundly asserting a direct connection between the bath and the Pump-Room. Against the medical practitioners of Bath he rages furiously, and though his picture is obviously a lurid oleograph, it is certain that quackery found at Bath a congenial abode, and an exceeding great reward. Long before, Steele humorously suggested that not more than two doctors should be allowed to one patient, and he vowed that in a week's time he had himself been cured "of more distemper than I ever had in my life." But there were doctors as well as quacks at Bath—among them the philosopher Hartley.

After the bathing, which was mixed and musical, the "patients" were carried home like Mr Pepys (the curious fact is noted by Mr Mowbray Green, that the staircases of the new houses were so constructed that the chairs might be carried direct to the bedrooms), and returned

without delay to the Pump-Room, where they indulged in orgies of hot-water and scandal. Then followed breakfast (public or private), service in the Abbey till twelve, promenade, dinner, Pump-Room, promenade, tea in the Assembly-Room, a ball, or the theatre, or the gaming-table. In Nash's day the Ball-room was said to reveal "a real splendour, perhaps equal to that of the most Brilliant Court of Europe." Smollett's vivacious description tallies with most accounts that have come down to us, though he invariably looks at Bath through green spectacles.

"I was extremely diverted, the last ball night, to see the Master of the Ceremonies leading with great solemnity, to the upper end of the room, an antiquated Abigail, dressed in her lady's cast cloaths; whom he (I suppose) mistook for some countess just arrived at the Bath. The ball was opened by a Scotch lord with a mulatto heiress from St Christopher's; and they say Colonel Tinsel danced all the evening with the daughter of an eminent tin-man from the borough of Southwark. Yesterday morning, at the pump-room, I saw a broken-winded Wapping landlady squeeze through a circle of peers to salute her brandy-merchant, who stood by the window, propp'd upon crutches; and a paralytic attorney of Shoe-lane, in shuffling up to the bar, kicked the shins of the Chancellor of England, while his lordship, in a cut bob, drank a glass of water at the pump."

The animus is evident and the colours are overlaid. For an entirely good-natured, sarcastic picture of the scene in later years—a picture which corrects but does not seriously contradict Smollett's—we have to

turn to 'Northanger Abbey.' The minuet, of which Catherine Morland could see nothing but the high feathers of some of the ladies, was more curious than graceful, if we are to judge from Henry Bunbury's caricatures. To maidens of bashful fifteen it was something of an ordeal. Only one couple performed at a time, each gentleman dancing with two ladies in succession, to the monotonous strains of hautboy, bass, and fiddle. Matthew Bramble is very severe on the minuet: "A succession of insipid animals describing the same dull figure for a whole evening on an area not much bigger than a tailor's shop board"—

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with sharpers by preference, as gentlemen, he found, were addicted to paying only with fine speeches. For many years E O was the prime source of Nash's revenue, and was only one of many palpable evasions of the Gaming Acts. The number of games is legion. Whist, picquet, faro, hob-nob, basset, lansquenet, passage, and rolly-polly were all necessary to the Complete Swindler. The story of Bath is stained with the records of the cheating and brutality that ensued. We hear of a hand being pinned to the table with a fork, of a cheat being thrown from an upper window—the latter cynically described by Foote as a warning against *high* play. Beatrix Esmond in her old age at Tunbridge, gambling and scandal-mongering, is a delightful presentation of the lighter side of the picture. But the impression it conveys requires to be corrected and supplemented by Goldsmith's true story of the unhappy Sylvia, the daughter of General Braddock. King Nash, with an inconsistency that redounds to his credit, while he was himself a hopeless and inveterate gambler, did his utmost to warn and protect his younger subjects against the dangers of play. To convert a Beatrix Esmond he knew to be hopeless. When giving excellent advice to the frail Mrs Fitzpatrick against "her old stinking aunt," he remarked (*teste* Fielding), "I never advise old women; for if they take it into their heads to go to the devil, it is no more possible than worth while to keep

them from him." Nash himself made only a precarious living by his skill. To Chesterfield, who unkindly reports that Nash concluded every evening with basset and blasphemy, the Beau remarked, "Would you think it, my lord, that that bitch Fortune, no later than last night, tricked me out of £500?" to which his lordship retorted, "I don't wonder at your losing money, Nash, but all the world is surprised where you get it to lose." His own confederates swindled him, and Nash, after foolishly filing a suit in Chancery, eased his feelings by printing and circulating a number of most unkinglike documents.

Gaming was not the only form of high play. The marriage lottery was for a century one of the institutions of Bath. It was a society that for more than sixty years knew no cliques, in spite of its amazing diversity. Every class was there—from Ministers of State to strayed prentices, from quality to dancing-masters. The only people, in fact, not represented were invalids, Bath being the one place in England in which "to enjoy good health and turn it to account." The town was accordingly a super-excellent hotbed for intrigue. Fortune-hunters in search of wife or husband flocked to Bath: witness the testimony of Mistress Moll Flanders, Mr Fitzpatrick, Mr Random, Captain Cormorant. With justice Johnson tells Mrs Thrale that "Bath is a good place for the initiation of a young Lady." The town was acknowledged

to be "a licensed and acknowledged mart for men and matrimony"; and its customs were such that Miss Lydia Languish had good reason for complaint that she had been denied the honours of abduction. The most romantic story connected with Bath is of course that of Sheridan and Elizabeth Linley. More characteristic, though very little romantic, is that of Captain Byron and Miss Gordon of Gight. One incident in the Sheridan story throws a curious sidelight on the state of contemporary public feeling. The purely private affairs of the Linley family were dragged before the footlights by the collaboration of Foote and Garrick and Cumberland, the unfortunate suitor of "St Cecilia"—a man of the greatest generosity and good feeling—being choicely alluded to as "an amorous old hunks."

The "annus mirabilis" of Nash's reign was marked by the Prince of Wales' visit in 1738. Gold snuff-boxes rained upon the Beau, who erected in his gratitude an obelisk, for which he badgered Pope into writing an inscription, which Goldsmith fitly describes as worthy of a common-councilman. He had still more than twenty years of power, which, up almost to the end, he wielded without dispute. His mind was fortunately so small that the routine of his Lilliputian court appears never to have wearied him. Nash described himself as a beau of three generations. Goldsmith mentions this in a *locus classicus* on wigs: "He

had seen flaxen bobs succeeded by majors, which in their turn gave way to negligents, which were at last totally routed by bags and ramilies." Many honours were heaped upon him. His full-length portrait was hung between the busts of Pope and Newton, occasioning Chesterfield's epigram:—

"The picture placed the busts between
Gives satire its full strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

A life-sized statue was erected in the Pump-Room. He held levees, and when he visited his colony of Tunbridge (he was also described as Prince at the Hot Well, Duke at Tunbridge, Earl in Scarborough, Lord of Buxton: Epsom alone refused obedience, and sported a puny sovereign of its own), he rode in a post-chariot with six greys, outriders, footmen, and French horns. Many books were dedicated to him—notably one by Mr John Poulter, highwayman, who wrote from Taunton Jail. Mr Poulter, who was weak in syntax as in morals, expressed his firm intention "in respect to his Majesty and good subjects, to put an end to the unfortunate misconducts of all I know by bringing them to the gallows." (Mr Poulter was evidently a near relation of the immortal soldier in the 'Citizen of the World,' who with fearful oaths proclaimed his support of true religion.) In his old age the Beau became a victim of the most damnable iteration. Compared with him Squire Hardcastle was a master of post-prandial anecdote. He babbled

continually of the time he out-leaped "Count Klopstock, the great leaper, leaping-master to the Prince of Passau." Goldsmith drily observes that in a life of almost ninety years "five or six sprightly things of his have been collected." And the poor Beau suffered from worse things than garrulity. In his old age he did not escape the gambler's Nemesis. Debts and rivals closed thickly round him. There is even a little pathos in the final struggles of the battered old adventurer. For, with all his failings, he had a kind heart, and the good he did was not interred with him. His only hobby was charity, and it was his good luck, says Goldsmith in a witty phrase, to have "the pleasure of being liberal without the self-reproach of being profuse." The town he had helped to make was not ungrateful to him. In his old age he had a pension, and when, at the age of eighty-eight, he was gathered to his fathers, Bath gave him a funeral so splendid that one is sorry that circumstances made it impossible for the Beau to see it himself. An able journalist of the day records the scene in a masterpiece of the art of sinking. "The awfulness of the solemnity made the deepest impression on the minds of the distressed inhabitants. The peasant discontinued his toil, the ox rested from the plough; all nature seemed to sympathise with their loss, and the muffled bells rang out a peal of bob-majors." Many flowers of rhetoric were strewn upon the grave. "Posterity would in

vain fumble to produce his fellow," "he was indeed a man," "a constellation of the heavenly sphere." As we look at Hoare's rendering of his fat, foolish, kindly, childish face, we may judge him more accurately than with the aid of funeral eulogy. Ability of a sort he assuredly had. For more than half a century he was Society's favourite clown. That he occupies a definite and lasting niche in our social and literary history, he owes to the happy accident of his time.

The picturesqueness of the Court of King Nash naturally led our novelists to award it an attention which is essentially disproportionate. The Assembly and the Pump-Room by no means stand for Bath. With their noise and flare they have distracted general attention from the other and more interesting side of the life of eighteenth-century Bath. While Nash was strutting in his *Vanity Fair*, the greatest wits of England were enjoying at Prior Park the hospitality of Ralph Allen, the real maker of Bath, the greatest of English patrons. The story of Allen's life is one of the romances of commerce. He was the enlightened pioneer of postal reform, and reaped a splendid fortune from his enterprise. From his quarries came the stone with which the Woods erected for themselves a great series of enduring monuments. For these reasons alone, Ralph Allen's name would not have perished; but he made assurance a hundred times surer by linking his name indissolubly

with all the sovereign intellects of his generation. If Gibbon's prediction regarding 'Tom Jones' be true, then no man has been more splendidly rewarded for his liberality than the original of Squire Allworthy. Allen's kindness to Fielding began when the author was but little known; it persisted through his lifetime; after his death it was continued to his orphans and his sister. Fielding's return did honour to his noble heart. Instead of concealing or minimising the obligation, he blazoned it in letters of gold on three great masterpieces of art. To Pope this course was impossible. He, too, owed much to the "humble Allen," whose stealthy charity he celebrated in a memorable couplet, not quite free from a suspicion of malice. The history of the compliment is, to say the least, unfortunate. It was Allen who financed the publication of the *Letters*, that intricate and deplorable instance of Pope's moral crookedness. The friendship was interrupted by a pitiful squabble caused by Martha Blount, reconciliation followed, and finally we have Pope's will and testament, with its spiteful and very Popian allusion to his old host and benefactor. When Pope was basking in the sunshine of Prior Park he could not deny himself the pleasure of lavishing his friend's hospitality on others. At his bidding came the redoubtable Warburton (in later years Pope referred to him as "the sneaking parson"), who played his part so well that he became Allen's

nephew-in-law and heir to his vast estate. At Allen's table Richardson had the opportunity of telling Sarah Fielding how shocked he was at her brother's scurrilous treatment of Pamela's exemplary brother. No doubt Mr Allen, as Mr Austin Dobson conjectures, was too good a host to have Mr Fielding and Mr Richardson down from town together. It is good to think that they may well have met: the possibility supplies a basis for the conversation which we can at least faintly imagine. There were many other guests of note to be met in Prior Park. Garrick was a friend of long standing. His conversation with Quin may often have caused mild surprise to Bishop Hurd, and given a moment of relaxation and amusement to the harassed mind of Pitt. The connection of the latter with Bath is its greatest political glory. When he ceased to be its representative, his friendship with Allen remained the same, and his letter to Mrs Allen, acknowledging his friend's remembrance of him in his will, is worthy of a place side by side with the thrice-told eulogy of Henry Fielding.

There was yet another phase of Bath life which lay quite outside the Assembly Room. In 1739 Charles Wesley brusquely described the Queen of the West as the "headquarters of Satan," and announced his intention of assaulting the position. King Nash may have taken this as a personal allusion. In any case, when John Wesley appeared in Bath, the Beau

attempted to drown the sermon by the strains of the Assembly band. The Beau, however, had to retire with ruffled feathers, and Methodism began its purification of Bath. In the Countess of Huntingdon the new movement found a masculine and eccentric but strenuous advocate. Well did Newman call her Selina Episcopa. But if she bullied her clergy, she was a sturdy beggar for their cause. The author of 'The Spiritual Quixote' might flout and gibe, but Selina Episcopa had such a way with her that even Bolingbroke volunteered her the aid of his pen and Chesterfield that of his purse. That Bath required a considerable cleansing is certain. The magnitude of Nash's reforms can be appreciated only by a knowledge of D'Urfey's play, "Bath; or, The Western Lass," written four years before his accession. But it is needless to accept as true the whole of Smollett's diatribes. Smollett always followed his nose to what was odoriferous; he touched nothing that he did not soil. While fascinated by Bath, he cherished, it is believed, a professional grievance against it. The 'Memoirs of a Lady of Quality' is not a normal picture of any society at any time. Probably an anonymous writer in 1763 gives the truest account of the state of Bath: "Nowhere so much scandal; nowhere so little sin."

After Nash's death there were many troubles in the kingdom. Collett reigned two years, and his successor, Der-

rick (whom that pampered dog, Chowder, once attacked, "like the red cow going to devour Tom Thumb"), had a precarious seat on the throne. On his death, Bath was torn into factions—Plomer *v.* Brereton—and the pygmies fought furiously against the cranes. Plomer underwent the indignity of being pulled by the nose out of the Assembly Room. When the election day came, abuse preceded blows. Like Bret Harte's heroes on a similar occasion, they "all waltzed in together," beaux and belles, duchesses and abigails, nor could peace be restored until the mayor had read the Riot Act. This was the famous battle that greeted the astonished eyes of Jeremy Melford. The great Bath contest ended in a compromise, and a nephew of General Wade, the road-maker, was elected to the throne. But it was not the throne as Nash knew it. Nash was the only King of Bath; his successors were merely Masters of Ceremonies.

The story of Bath in the latter half of the century, if more dignified and decorous, has not the lusty flavour of its earlier chapters. As early as the 'Seventies we see traces of the advancing blight of respectability. Instead of Nash, we encounter on the promenade the frowning grandmother of Mrs Grundy. The pictures we look at are no longer the great canvases of Fielding and Smollett, but the pretty vignettes of Fanny Burney and the exquisite miniatures of Jane Austen. Madame D'Arblay lived long

in Bath, but she was not really of it. The Assembly bored her—as well it might in those degenerate days—and her pictures of Bath appear but as faded copies from the "old masters." This is true even of the vastly greater genius of Miss Austen. Her painting of Bath in 'Northanger Abbey' has a beauty, an accuracy, and a subtlety which the broad brush of Smollett could never attain. But for all practical purposes the background of her delightful irony might have been Tunbridge, Epsom, or Scarborough. Her Bath is not the gay old city of Bladud. Follow Mrs Allen and Catherine Morland into the Assembly Room. In Jane Austen you have the best of possible guides. No affectation, no idiosyncrasy, however minute, can hope to escape that amused and penetrating vision. The flick of her gentle irony is a continual stimulus and delight. She hastens to pluck out the sting before it has well had time to diffuse its little sac of venom. But even in such company we do not feel at home in Bath. We see a crowd of dapper beaux and beplumed ladies solemnly and sedulously aping an outworn tradition—and our thoughts fly back to the halcyon days of Nash and Clinker.

It is inevitable that the later literature of Bath should have affixed to it the uninviting label, *crambe repetita*. The masterpieces of Anstey and Sheridan fall within this period, and, with all their brilliance, they cannot quite

escape the aspersion. Anstey's lively verses are not only "The New Bath Guide" in name; they are still the best short guide to the city of King Nash. Simkin Blunderhead had a roving eye, and what he did not tell his mother in vigorous anapaests was quite negligible. But even his gaze was retrospective. "The School for Scandal," like "The Rivals," was originally planned as a Bath comedy, but the local colour has nothing that is distinctive. Every watering-place has been, and ever will be, a potential school for scandal. Bath had no monopoly of Plagiaries, Fretfuls, Teazles, and Surfaces. Much more characteristic of Bath were the Fugitive Pieces that were dropped into the Bath-easton Vase. Fanny Burney assures us that nothing was "more tonish" than to have the honour to attend Lady Miller's fortnightly feasts of folly, and to receive from her the myrtle crown was the summit of the most vaulting fatuity.

In fields other than literature, however, Bath added to her reputation as the years brought her increasing respectability and prosperity. As the Assembly Room drops out of sight, its place in the Bath chronicle is filled by the theatre. Soon after the opening of its new theatre in 1750, Bath ranked next to London as a dramatic school. A little later it had good reason to claim equality. Among the favourite plays in Nash's day appear "The Recruiting Ser-

geant" and "The Beggar's Opera." Shakespeare was always on the stage, and the new theatre was opened with "1 Henry IV." On Goldsmith's and Sheridan's plays Bath set the seal of its approval. In 1778 its great dramatic triumph came when Mrs Siddons, in "The Provoked Husband," successfully appealed to Bath from the disapproval of Garrick and Drury Lane; and it was not till after four years of triumph at Bath that she returned to the repentant capital. Elliston, Kean, and Macready were all products of the Bath school, and the list might be extended indefinitely. The reputation of no great actor was securely established until London opinion had been endorsed with the approval of Bath. In art and music and architecture Bath was equally pre-eminent. There Gainsborough worked for sixteen years, the marvellous boy, Lawrence, for seven. For sixteen years also worked the great astronomer, Sir Wm. Herschel—as conductor of the Assembly orchestra. Than his, Bath presents few stranger or more honourable careers. Originally a bandsman in the Hanoverian Guards, he settled in Bath in 1766 as a music-master; and it was only in the intervals of his drudgery that he found time to pursue the science with which his name is permanently linked.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century the Kingdom of Bath had not only lost its bad character, but was left without any character at all. When Palmer, the actor, intro-

duced in 1784 an improved service of mail-coaches, he rung the death-knell of "the old jigging, card-playing, scandal-loving, pleasure-seeking city in the loop of 'the soft-flowing Avon.'" Its isolation was part of the secret of its charm. Later on, when steamships and railways afforded easy access to innumerable rivals, the downfall of Bath was completed. The town of Nash, with its three thousand inhabitants, developed into a city of nearly forty thousand, the favourite abode of half-pay officers, retired clerics, and decayed gentility. The ancient gaiety surely and swiftly disappeared. In 1811 it was described by a French traveller as "a sort of great convent peopled by superannuated celibates of both sexes." Only once again in literature do we encounter a successor of Nash, and revisit the scenes beloved of so many of our greatest writers and peopled by the creations of their genius. It

was to Bath, the city from which he borrowed his name, that Mr Pickwick retired for a little to recover from the shock of Mrs Bardell's victory. In 'Bleak House' Bath cuts a sorry figure—"a dreary city . . . that grass-grown city of the ancients." In Mr Pickwick's time it still makes a pitiful effort to be gay. Mr Angelo Cyrus Bantam is as prompt as King Nash to welcome his distinguished visitors to "Ba-ath," but not even his engaging lisp can reconcile us to his puny majesty. The entire episode is felt to be something of an interpolation and an anachronism. Mr Weller's wit never coruscated more brightly than in Bath; but as we follow him through the silent streets and hear him chaff the dignified and sorely puzzled Mr Smaucker, his laughter has a false and discordant sound. It is Harlequin playing to an empty theatre, jesting in a city of the dead.

J. H. LOBBAN.

THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF ON
LORD ROBERTS' CAMPAIGN.

THE German General Staff of the Prussian Army are bringing out a series of unpretending volumes containing a critical account of the South African War. The strategic and tactical lessons to be learnt from the land operations in South Africa are many and important; but what is most important for a nation to remember is the source of those errors and perplexities by which English generals seem destined at the commencement of a war to be beset. The correspondence of the Duke of Wellington records how severely he suffered from the neglect of the Government he served. After the crowning success at Waterloo we lived on the glories of the Peninsular War, and nothing was done in perfecting the armament and improving the discipline and organisation of our soldiers, and the tactical training of our officers. After forty years of peace we drifted into war with Russia, and found ourselves unprepared for a long and desperate conflict. But for the courage and endurance of the British soldiers, and of the leading regimental officers, who learnt their profession in the bloody and costly school of war, our misfortunes and disasters would have been greater. A Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the conduct of the war, and published some ponderous blue-

books, which were left on the shelves of the War Office, undusted and unread.

Time rolled on. We reverted to our customary condition of military inefficiency. When the Boers threw down the gage of battle the Government and the generals were, as in the invasion of the Crimea, without any satisfactory information as to the amount of resistance and danger to be encountered in the country to be invaded. To enter into a war without this preliminary knowledge is to ensure discomfiture. The first volume of the German publication describes all the disasters and reverses which marked the commencement of the Boer War, and the narrative is brought down to the week when over England the clouds hung dense and black. The second volume opens with the landing at Cape Town of the general who first dissipated the gloom, and gives a clear, short account of the events from his arrival to the entry of his victorious troops into Bloemfontein. The narrative and commentary run side by side, so that while the military student is offered many points for reflection and for inquiry, the civilian is carried away by the interest which the story possesses. The interest of England in Lord Roberts' campaign, on which her eyes and

thoughts were once so earnestly bent, has not ceased. How passionately our thoughts and wishes were once directed on Paardeberg is still fresh in our memory. The lessons to be learnt from the operations in South Africa are no doubt, as we have said, many and important, but it must be remembered that they were beset with peculiarities which distinguish them from all other campaigns. They were conducted against an enemy who were accustomed from childhood to the use of the rifle, were skilled marksmen, and had expert skill with horses and transport; and they were waged upon a theatre whose geographical features of mountains and forest enabled farmers, armed with modern weapons, to meet disciplined troops on favourable terms. The German General Staff do not at times take sufficiently into account the physical features in the Boer War. Their criticism is, however, always generous and moderate in tone. But it must be remembered that they are deductions made after the circumstances of every case are known. They have the same flaw as a discussion after a rubber of whist when the cards have been seen. A biographer of Wellington has well said—

“It is comparatively easy, after the secrets of each camp have been laid bare in official correspondence, and the circumstance of every case explained by the testimony of eye-witnesses—it is comparatively easy,

I say, to point out how this thing or the other might have been better done or left undone. Wellington would never have advanced to Talavera if he had known as much as every reader of Napier's impassioned pages knows of the crotchets of Cuesta, the indiscipline of the Spanish troops, the utter breakdown of the Anglo-Portuguese transport.”

Some of the opinions expressed by the German Staff also strikingly manifest a deficiency of correct information regarding the campaign which is extraordinary, as the book is based on the reports of the military attachés. As the German official narrative of the Boer War is bound to stand in the foremost rank as an authority, a brief review of their sketch of Lord Roberts' campaign may be serviceable in correcting some errors and removing false impressions.

On the 10th of January 1900 Lord Roberts landed at Cape Town. The German General Staff describe the state of affairs when he arrived:¹—

“Failure of attempt to relieve Ladysmith and Kimberley: weak divisions under French and Gatacre barely able to hold out against Boer commandoes in North Cape Colony. Buller's mistake in withdrawing from Naauwpoort and Stormberg. It was due only to the lack of energy and want of united action in the conduct of the war on the part of the Boers that much worse reverses did not fall upon the English, or the revolt in Cape Colony did not spread farther.”

The Commander-in-Chief felt that, to preserve the doubtful, to silence the discontented, to raise the spirits of all, he must strike a decisive blow. The

¹ The translation from the German is literal, in order that there should be no room for misapprehension.

war must be carried into the enemy's country. As the German General Staff write—

"All measures taken by the Commander-in-Chief had one object—to fit the army for the offensive on a great scale to carry the war as soon as possible into the enemy's country. Bloemfontein was to be the objective of the offensive."

Two plans of campaign presented themselves to the mind of Lord Roberts. The first plan consisted in advancing from Naauwpoort Junction through Colesberg direct to Bloemfontein. This was abandoned owing to the physical features of the country and other grave disadvantages, and the second which suggested itself was adopted. It was to use the Cape Railway for massing troops north of the Orange River Station, an excellent advance base for operations. From thence these could be forwarded to the Modder River Camp, where Lord Methuen, with a small force, was facing Cronje, after having made a fruitless attempt to relieve Kimberley. Lord Roberts' first object was the relief of Kimberley. The German General Staff write—

"Roberts decided to march to Bloemfontein *via* Kimberley. The course of operations has proved how just the English Commander was in his judgments, and how rightly he had estimated the effect upon the enemy of a march in this direction."

It is, however, not correct to state that "Roberts had in his mind as the chief aim of the operations the relief of Kimberley, for which public opinion in England was clamouring."

Lord Roberts was pressed to relieve Kimberley, not from England, as he was given a perfectly free hand, but by the accounts he had received from Colonel Kekewich as to the condition of affairs in that place. The German General Staff state, on the authority of the Boers, that the siege of Kimberley "was rather a feint than a serious undertaking." How far this is true it is impossible to settle. Lord Roberts had to act on the accounts which he received from the commander. Though the General Staff agree as to the necessity of the relief of Kimberley in order "to secure an assured base for the march on Bloemfontein," they hold that "if the Boers who were covering the siege had been first annihilated on the heights of Magersfontein," the relief of Kimberley would necessarily have followed, and it would have had a decisive influence on the general military condition, especially on the carrying out of wider operations. They write—

"The intention of the Commander-in-Chief merely to out-manceuvre Cronje from his position does not correspond with modern ideas about the nature of war."

Lord Roberts' desire and object throughout the campaign were to deal the Boers a decisive blow, certainly not "to manœuvre rather than fight." He manœuvred in order to be able to fight the Boers on his own and not on their terms. They would have been only too glad if he had fought them in their position near Magersfontein or at Paardeberg, or any-

where on ground of their own choosing. They never intended to let him come to close quarters; all they desired was to kill and wound as many of our men as they could from their admirably sheltered positions, and then to take themselves off before the British troops got near enough to do them much damage. Throughout the war the Boers were determined that there should be no hand-to-hand fighting. Lord Roberts' belief was that the advance on Kimberley would cause Cronje to leave his position in front of Methuen's force, and his intention was to attack him as soon as possible. The German General Staff write—

"At that time there was no justification for the hope of the English Commander that he might compel Cronje to fight later a decisive battle under more unfavourable conditions. That this really happened afterwards was due solely to the conduct of Cronje. But the English Commander could not and ought not to have safely reckoned upon this in his plan of operations. If Cronje fell back upon Bloemfontein at the right time, then the decisive battle would have taken place before the march into the capital of the country. It may be presumed that the decisive battle which had been postponed would then have to be fought out under more difficult conditions, for Cronje could have brought up numerous reinforcements from all sides and given battle when and where he pleased. . . . But either granted that the English Commander had originally intended to force Cronje to a decisive action south of Kimberley, and initiate a turning movement by advancing from Graspan to Klip Drift, still the disposition of the English forces for that purpose was not happily chosen. It has long been a matter of experience that he who wishes

to turn the enemy's flank must make an energetic frontal attack at the same time. Much stronger forces, at least two divisions, ought to have been left in camp at the Modder River, with the express intention of detaining and attacking Cronje in front while the turning movement developed. Yet the 1st Division allowed Cronje to march quietly away, and did not even attempt to stop him. All this is in favour of the contention that it was not in the Commander's plan first to defeat Cronje's forces, and afterwards to relieve Kimberley. That the operations were finally brought to a successful issue is due less to the way in which they were planned and carried out, than to the mistakes of the enemy."

There is not a shadow of doubt that the English Commander "originally intended to force Cronje to a decisive action south of Kimberley." Lord Roberts informed General French before he started for Kimberley of his intention to attack Cronje as soon as possible after he came out of his entrenchment, and feeling tolerably sure that Cronje would move in the direction of Bloemfontein, he hurried (as will be seen in the narrative of the operations, to which we must now return) the 6th and 7th Divisions to the Modder River in order to intercept them.

Before carrying out the concentration north of the Orange River, Lord Roberts and the chief of his staff had to remodel the system of supply and transport. The German General Staff write—

"Roberts found the transport a disjointed mass. He performed the great service of giving to the transport an organisation suited to the peculiar condition of the South African theatre of war." They con-

sider that "rarely has an army under equally difficult conditions been so well fed as the English army in South Africa. . . . Quickly and surely Roberts, when he took up the command, remedied the defects which had come to light, and in the middle of the campaign gave it an organisation suited to the theatre of war."

Owing to the many practical improvements made in the different departments, Lord Roberts and his chief of the staff were able when reinforcements arrived to despatch them at once to the north of the Orange River railway-station, from whence they joined the troops under Lord Methuen's command. In about three weeks 35,000 men had been collected near the Modder, and with great secrecy the cavalry division under General French was withdrawn from Colesberg to join them. The General Staff warmly praise the swiftness and secrecy with which the force was concentrated along the Modder River Station.

On the 6th of February Lord Roberts left Cape Town, accompanied by Lord Kitchener, for Modder Camp. Three days before his departure he ordered General Hector MacDonald to make the "feint" on the right flank of the enemy, "which confirmed them in the opinion that he intended to invest the Magersfontein position on the left." On the 9th of February the Commander-in-Chief arrived at Modder River. Two days later he set in motion the daring strategic movement which he had conceived. On

the Sunday morning, 11th February, at 3 A.M., the Cavalry Division under Lieutenant-General French, with seven batteries of horse artillery and three field batteries, left the Modder River Camp. The story is well known how by clever manœuvres and rapid marching he seized, on the 13th of February, Klip Drift, and held the north bank of the Modder River with the adjacent kopjes. Here he had to wait for infantry. Lord Roberts, who had proceeded to Ramdam, pushed them on as rapidly as possible. It was late at night when the 6th Division, marching from Waterval Drift, reached the Reit. The next day Lord Roberts informed General Kelly-Kenny how essential it was that he should join hands with General French, in order to free the cavalry for a further advance. And, notwithstanding the long and fatiguing march of the previous day, the 6th Division pushed on that night across the veldt, and reached Klip Drift before daybreak on the 15th.¹ The German General Staff write—

"The division covered about fifty kilometres (32 miles) in twenty-four hours,—a first-rate marching performance, considering the heat, the want of water, and the exertions of the preceding days, especially as only a few stragglers remained behind."

The story of French's gallant ride to Kimberley has often been told, but never with greater vigour and accuracy than by the German historians.

¹ From Field-Marshal Lord Roberts to the Secretary of State for War, Camp Jacobsdal, 16th February 1900.

At 8 A.M. the Cavalry Division assembled near Klip Drift. The 6th Division had occupied the semicircular position held by them on the heights between the two drifts. Patrols were sent out, and soon succeeded in determining the strength of the enemy's position; for the Boers, contrary to their usual custom, immediately opened fire at long range. Owing to the information he had received, General French ordered into action on the heights of the northern banks all his seven horse artillery batteries, to which were now attached the two batteries of the 6th Division, with two heavy 12-pounder naval guns. At a range "of about 2000 metres" the artillery opened fire on the Boer position, and swiftly silenced their three guns. At the same time the infantry of the 6th Division advanced against the Boers on the heights to the north of the river. But French had no thought of pressing the attack there. He had quite another programme laid. In the centre of the Boer position was a saddle, "1200 metres (1000 yards) broad," which connected two kopjes. It was unoccupied, but could be swept by a storm of bullets from the kopjes on its flanks. French's daring intention was to gallop across that saddle, supported by an overwhelming artillery fire.

"Shortly after 9 A.M. French summoned his three brigadiers and informed them of his plan. He ordered the 3rd Brigade, Gordon (as the first line), with horses at five to six paces interval, to charge right through the enemy's position over the saddle in a northerly direction. The 2nd Brig-

ade, Broadwood, drawn up in line, was to follow, at a distance of 500 metres, in support, while the 1st Brigade, Porter, with the mounted infantry and the horse batteries, which were ordered to continue firing till the last moment, was to follow as third line.

"The two front brigades deployed at once, and the mass of riders, soon hidden in great clouds of dust, dashed forward in a steady gallop into the enemy's fire. The commander of the division rode at the head of the 2nd Brigade. A magnificent spectacle displayed itself before the eyes of the 6th Division in the rear. Every one held his breath. It was a moment of intense anxiety. Would not the bold adventure end with the complete destruction of the brave mass of cavalry? Yet the movement succeeded before the spectators had time to grasp the gravity of the situation. After the mighty clouds of dust raised by more than 6000 horses had somewhat subsided, the three brigades were seen re-forming about 1500 metres on the other side of the enemy's position. The way to Kimberley was open. It seemed a miracle that the division had ridden right through the enemy's fire almost without injury. The casualties amounted only to sixteen dead and wounded (among them an officer), and about thirty horses were disabled. This strikingly small loss, which fell almost exclusively on the first line, with fifteen dead and wounded, is to be explained chiefly by the great rapidity of the movement, in consequence of which the enemy were completely taken by surprise. The rapid pace at which this mass of riders pressed forward made such a powerful impression on the Boers, that some of them fled before the cavalry came within effective range. The marksmen who stood firm, in their excitement shot too high. Moreover, they had, contrary to their usual custom, taken up their position, not at the foot of the heights, but on the summit. Besides, the cavalry were hidden in such a dense cloud of dust that a more accurate aim was out of the question. The effective preparation and support of the artillery materially contributed to the success of the

attack. According to the account of a Boer who took part in the battle, the fire of the English artillery was so effective, that it was scarcely possible for the marksmen to shoot at the cavalry as they galloped forward. French's cavalry charge is one of the most remarkable events of the campaign. It was the first and only time in the war that such a large body of cavalry was employed against infantry. Its brilliant success makes the participation of cavalry in battle, even against modern rifles, in no way a hopeless undertaking. But it must be admitted that there is a great difference between charging a strong body of infantry in front, who are keeping up a hot fire, and occasionally charging through an isolated thin line of skirmishers.⁵

About 7 P.M. French and his staff entered Kimberley. On Friday morning, the 16th February, the outposts at Klip Drift saw north of them a great cloud of dust moving eastward. It was Cronje's army with his convoy. The General Staff declare that the Commander-in-Chief went too far in withholding his plans from his subordinates, and several days might have been saved if the head of the 6th Division had had a comprehensive view of the general position. He would otherwise have reconnoitred towards Magersfontein and, becoming aware of Cronje's movements, could have blocked the Boers in the movement on Abomas Dam. The statement that the Commander-in-Chief went too far in withholding his plans from his subordinates is absolutely groundless. The general officer commanding the 6th Division knew all that Lord Roberts could tell him; and it was in order that there should be free communi-

cation between General Kelly-Kenny and army headquarters that Lord Roberts sent Kitchener, his chief of the staff, to be with him, as it was impossible for the Commander-in-Chief to go himself. Surely a general of a division needed no instruction as to reconnoitring in the direction of the enemy; it was the one thing he should have done the moment he crossed the Modder River. The General Staff state that "it was the fault of the 6th Division that Cronje succeeded in slipping the gap between the Cavalry Division and the 6th Division." When General Kelly-Kenny saw the long columns of dust, he realised at once what had taken place, and he sent promptly the mounted infantry in direct pursuit, while Knox's brigade was despatched along the northern bank of the river. The pursuers soon came up with the retreating army; but the Boers, turning round, stubbornly resisted every attempt to capture their waggons. A long day of rear-guard fighting ensued. When night fell, Cronje had baffled his pursuers. Meanwhile Lord Kitchener, who was acting as Lord Roberts' chief of the staff, had sent a telegram to French, informing him "that Cronje, with 10,000 men, was in full retreat from Magersfontein, with all his waggons and equipment and five guns, along the bank of the Modder River towards Bloemfontein; that he had already fought a rear-guard action with him; and if French, with all available horses and guns, could head him and

prevent his crossing the river, the infantry from Klip Drift would press on and annihilate or take the whole force prisoners." The telegram reached French at midnight. His division was scattered in the pursuit of the besieging force. One grave mistake had been made by him. If he had contented himself with relieving Kimberley, and given his horses the rest they so greatly needed after their dash in that place, instead of scouring the country for many miles on the 16th February, without inflicting any injury to speak of on the enemy, "the consequent exhaustion of the horses, which had such a serious effect upon the subsequent operations, might have been avoided." At 3 P.M. on Saturday the 17th February, French, having collected the troops at hand, started with Broadwood's brigade, two horse artillery batteries, and a couple of detached squadrons for Koodoosrand Drift, forty miles from Kimberley. Before the light of morning, abandoning seventy-eight of his waggons, Cronje resumed his march. At 8 A.M., owing to the exhaustion of his cattle, he halted at Wolveskraal Drift, a few miles east of Paardeberg. The German General Staff write—

"About noon Cronje resumed his march. His intention was to cross the Modder River in two places—at Koodoosrand and Wolveskraal Drifts. Just as his first waggons were approaching the last-named ford, suddenly and unexpectedly a number of shells fell close to them, followed at once by a second round. Great was the confusion that ensued. The heights to the north of the drift in the direction of Camulfontein seemed

to be crowned by an enormous line of artillery. There was a general stampede, and a moment of boundless disorder. Cronje, thinking that the English infantry had already caught him up, came to the conclusion that it was not feasible for him to continue the march. He considered it impossible that the Cavalry Division, whose exhausting skirmishes the day before, about 30 kilometres north of Kimberley, had been reported to him, could have reached the Modder River."

The way French with his handful of troopers held Cronje, the German Staff consider "a very remarkable performance." It "shows what dismounted cavalry can do when fighting on foot, and also the priceless value of great cavalry masses who understand how to fight on foot." They hold that the "capture of Cronje was due chiefly to the adroitness of the Cavalry Division, and their brave and energetic leader."

In spite of being worn by the fatigue and privation of many days' marching, Kelly-Kenny's infantry (6th Division) pushed on during the night (17th February) to reach Paardeberg. They missed the precise point, and, tramping on, they reached and occupied the rising ground 3000 yards south of Wolveskraal Drift. A few miles behind them was General Colville's Division (the 9th) and the Mounted Infantry, which had crossed from the north side. Cronje's second passage was blocked. On Sunday morning, the 18th February, the Boers opened fire from the bed of the river on the Mounted Infantry. A stiff fight ensued, and the criticism of the General Staff on the operations of the day and

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The first handwritten law re-
 cord in England is the Domesday
 Book. It was written in the
 year 1086 and was the first
 written record of the land
 and the people of England.
 It was written by William the
 Conqueror and his officers.
 It was written in Latin and
 in Old English. It was
 written in the year 1086 and
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THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO IN THE
COUNTRY WHO HAVE BEEN AWARDED
THE HIGHEST HONOR IN THE
NATION FOR THEIR SERVICE
TO THE UNITED STATES

1. THE FIRST PART OF THE
 2. THE SECOND PART OF THE
 3. THE THIRD PART OF THE
 4. THE FOURTH PART OF THE
 5. THE FIFTH PART OF THE
 6. THE SIXTH PART OF THE
 7. THE SEVENTH PART OF THE
 8. THE EIGHTH PART OF THE
 9. THE NINTH PART OF THE
 10. THE TENTH PART OF THE

[illegible][illegible]

have taken place by a second attack and a great loss of life? At 8 A.M. on the 27th of February Cronje arrived in Lord Roberts' camp. The Commander-in-Chief saluted him, and offered him refreshments in his tent; but Lord Roberts never uttered the words attributed to him by the General Staff. The British soldiers treated their beaten foe with the same courtesy that Lord Roberts had shown their leader.

"The troops followed the good example of the Commander-in-Chief, and vied with each other in providing their half-starved prisoners with food and drink. Every one gave most generously of the little he had, and the prisoners were treated with every consideration.

"A German officer, who had fought on the side of the Boers, and was also a prisoner, relates: 'The treatment the English officers and soldiers gave us was thoroughly friendly and humane. Not only the officers, but even the Tommies, behaved to the prisoners like thorough gentlemen.'

"Considering the many errors about the English mode of carrying on war, which an ill-informed press has spread broadcast over the world, it appears to be our duty as truth-loving historians to lay stress on the fact, from our knowledge of the actual circumstances, that so long as any regularly organised commandoes confronted them in the field, the English methods of warfare were characterised by chivalry and humanity, as were also those of the Boers themselves. It was only when the loosely organised, badly disciplined Boer militia bands broke up, and the majority of the Boers who remained in the field assumed the character of irregular fighters, that the obliteration of the distinction between a genuine fighting force and a hostile people naturally caused an increasing bitterness among the much harassed English troops, and made the harsh means employed in the war not only explicable but necessary.

"As the war went on, the English repressive measures became more severe, but as a rule they were necessary to protect the lives of their troops. The longer a war lasts the more bitter grows the feeling on either side. Isolated cases of excesses on both sides occurred, especially in the last period of the war."

At this time, when there is a foolish and mischievous tendency to disparage the British regimental officer, it is pleasant to note the following:—

"The pursuit and investment of Cronje are a striking proof of the energy and firmness of the higher officers, of the intelligent co-operation and initiative of the lower officers, of the devotion of the troops in their willing endurance of exertions and privations."

On the 2nd March Lord Roberts established his headquarters at Osfontein, about five miles east of Paardeberg. His original intention was to march towards Bloemfontein as soon as Cronje's force had surrendered; but the cavalry and artillery horses were so exhausted by their rapid march to Kimberley and back, and so weakened by the scarcity of forage, that he found it absolutely necessary to give them a week's rest. Meanwhile, reports reached the Commander-in-Chief that the enemy were collecting in considerable strength to the east of Osfontein, and were entrenching themselves along a line of kopjes running north and south, about eight miles distant from the camp at Osfontein. The northernmost Leeuw Kopje was to the north of and two miles distant from the river; and the southernmost cluster of kopjes, to

which the name of the "Seven Sisters" was given, was eight miles south of the river. The front of the Boer position extended there for ten and a half miles.¹ Table Mountain, a flat-topped kopje which formed a salient to the centre of the alignment, was the key of the enemy's position. On the 6th March Lord Roberts gave orders for an attack on the enemy's position. Early the following morning—

"The Cavalry Division, with Alderson's and Ridley's Brigades of Mounted Infantry and seven batteries of Horse Artillery, was directed to march at 2 A.M., its object being to circle round the left flank of the Boers, to take their line of entrenchments in reverse, and moving eventually to the river near Poplar Grove, to cut off their line of retreat. The 6th Division, under Lieutenant-General Kelly-Kenny, with its Brigade Division of Field Artillery, one howitzer battery, and Martyr's Mounted Infantry, was to follow the route taken by the Cavalry until reaching a point south-east of the Seven Kopjes. It was then to drive the enemy from these kopjes, and afterwards move to the north in the direction of Table Mountain.

"In the attack on Table Mountain the 6th Division was to be assisted by Flint's Brigade Division of Field Artillery, four 4·7-inch naval guns, Le Gallais' Brigade of Mounted Infantry, and the Guards Brigade. This latter force was to concentrate at daybreak near a small kopje and farm distant two miles to the east of Osfontein farm, where my headquarters had been established. Table Mountain being the key of the enemy's position, I anticipated that the Boers would retire to the river as soon as it was occupied by our troops.

"The 14th Brigade of the 7th

Division of Field Artillery, Nesbitt's Horse, and the New South Wales and Queensland Mounted Infantry, were ordered to march eastward along the south bank of the river for the purpose of threatening the enemy, distracting attention from the main attack on Table Mountain, and assisting the Cavalry in preventing the Boers from crossing the river at the Poplar Grove Drift. The 9th Division, with three naval 12-pounders and Mounted Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonels De Lisle and Henry, was instructed to act in a similar manner on the north bank of the river, and to drive the enemy from the Leeuw Kopje, which formed the northern extremity of their defensive position."²

On the 7th March the operations were carried out in accordance with the above plan of operations; but the 6th Division, making too wide a detour to the south, reached the Seven Sisters after the Boers had been dislodged by the horse artillery fire in reverse, and the shell-fire of the naval guns in front. The turning movement of the cavalry and the advance of the infantry division north and south of the river caused the enemy to evacuate Table Mountain and Leeuw Kopje without offering any serious opposition. They showed the Boers' usual adroitness in getting away almost all their guns and waggons. Their rearguard maintained a bold front while the rest of the force was busy inspanning. Lord Roberts writes—

"Had the cavalry, horse artillery, and mounted infantry been able to

¹ From Field-Marshal Lord Roberts to the Secretary of State for War, Government House, Bloemfontein, 15th March 1900.

² *Ibid.*

move more rapidly, they would undoubtedly have intercepted the enemy's line of retreat, and I should have had the satisfaction of capturing their guns, waggons, and supplies, as well as a large number of prisoners. The failure to effect this object was the more mortifying when I learned the next day on good authority that the Presidents of the Orange Free State and South African Republic had been present during the engagement, and had strongly urged the Boers to continue their resistance. Their appeals to the Burghers were, however, unavailing, as the Boer forces were quite broken, and refused to fight any longer."

A Boer who took part in the fight at Poplar Grove informs us that neither the President of the Orange Free State nor the President of the South African Republic was present. He admits that they were confident the British would have made a frontal attack, and they would, in their impregnable sheltered positions, be able to hold the English at bay and inflict a terrible loss. The turning movement was to them a complete and painful surprise. The General Staff do not criticise, but make the following *ex-cathedra* statements on the fight at Poplar Grove:—

"The fight at Poplar Grove shows the Commander's fatal endeavour to avoid great losses under all circumstances. The troops had realised only too quickly that the Commander-in-Chief's confidence in their capacity was shattered, and that there was no longer any faith in the success of a frontal attack against modern rifles."

"The fighting at Poplar Grove was typical for the future. To get possession of the country and not to annihilate the enemy's forces became the object of the operations; manœuvres take the place of battles."

The fight at Poplar Grove shows that the Commander-in-Chief was determined "to avoid great losses," not under *all* circumstances, but under special circumstances. A frontal attack on Table Mountain would not have annihilated the enemy's forces. After having inflicted the maximum of loss, they would have retreated the moment we came to close quarters. Lord Roberts manœuvred in order to cut off their retreat, and he would have inflicted on them a heavy loss but for the inability of his cavalry to pursue. The statement that the troops had quickly realised that the confidence of the Commander-in-Chief in their capacity was shattered can hardly be correct, when we remember that the troops were flushed with their recent successes at Kimberley and Paardeberg.

On the 8th and 9th of March Lord Roberts' force halted at Poplar Grove. On the latter date, however, he sent the 1st Cavalry Brigade and the 6th Infantry Division eight miles eastward to Waihoek, on the road to Abraham's Kraal.

"On the 9th," writes Lord Roberts in his despatch, dated 15th March 1900, "I issued orders for the advance of the force in three columns on Bloemfontein. The left column, under Lieutenant-General French, consisted of the 1st Cavalry Brigade, Alderson's Mounted Infantry, and the 6th Division. The centre column, which I accompanied, comprised the 9th Division, the Brigade of Guards, the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, Martyn's and Le Gallais' Mounted Infantry, the 65th Howitzer Battery, four 6-inch howitzers, the Naval Brigade, the ammunition reserve, the Supply Park, and the 7th Field Company Royal

Engineers. The right column, under Lieutenant-General Tucker, included the 7th Division, the 3rd Cavalry Brigade, and Ridley's Brigade of Mounted Infantry. The left column was to march by the northern road, through Baberspan, Doornboom, and Venter's Vlei, to Leeuwberg, on the railway line, about fifteen miles south of Bloemfontein; the centre by the middle road, through Driefontein, Assvogel Kop, and Venter's Vlei to Leeuwberg; and the right column through Petrusburg, Driekop, and Panfontein or Weltevrad to Venter's Vlei, the distance being in each case covered in four marches, with halts at the places mentioned.

"It should here be explained that my reason for not proposing to use the northern and most direct road beyond Baberspan was that I had good reason to believe that the enemy expected us to advance by that road, and were ready to oppose us in a strong entrenched position which they had prepared in the vicinity of Bainsvlei."

The German General Staff criticise severely these dispositions. They remark—

"The preconceived idea of the improbability of a further serious resistance on the part of the enemy, which prevailed at English headquarters, was without justification. However, as so easily happens in war, it was obstinately persisted in, and might have had most fatal results. If the 6th Division, whose victory till the last moment was quite uncertain, had been beaten, it would have been impossible to make good their reverse, as the middle column was so far from the field of battle.

"These mistaken ideas about the enemy are the explanation of the action of the English commander. He had regulated the march for four days ahead, without allowing for a timely concentration of the army on either flank. These arrangements for the future movements of the army had been made without sufficient consideration of what the enemy could do, and greatly added to General Kelly-Kenny's difficulties in conducting the fight."

It is no doubt an axiom of military science that a large force should march by as many roads and as broad a front as possible, provided always that the intervals between the various columns are not too great to allow of easy communication and reciprocal support. But it must be remembered that, in South Africa, the movements of a large force depend entirely on the amount of water available. Lord Roberts had to arrange that, while his flanks were securely guarded, an undue strain was not thrown on the very limited water-supply along the line of route. The routes on which the best "dams" or water-tanks were reported were therefore selected.

The German General Staff contend that the orders issued by British headquarters were faulty, as they regulated the advance for four days ahead "without allowing for a timely concentration of the army on either flank." Facts, written orders, times, dates, figures, all contradict these conclusions. By a reference to a map of the area comprised in the operations under review, it will be found that, on the second day, the 11th March, the two flanking columns would have been within easy distance of the centre one. On the third day the left and centre columns would have united, with the right column one march in the rear—an arrangement which would have continued the fourth day. On the 10th March the left column found the enemy holding several kopjes behind Abraham's Kraal,

and endeavoured to turn their left flank by moving to the south. The Boers, however, anticipated this manœuvre by a rapid march southward, and took up a fresh position on a ridge about four miles long, running north and south across the road, two miles east of Driefontein. Lieutenant-General French followed up the enemy with the 1st Cavalry and the 6th Division, and came into contact with them at 11 A.M.¹

Meanwhile the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, attached to the headquarters or central column, had reached Driefontein. At the time when Lieutenant-General French had to attack the enemy, he had a force of 7734 men, 54 guns, and 8 machine-guns.² He had, therefore, not only a superiority in numbers, but in artillery he was three times as strong as the enemy. Shortly afterwards he received a substantial reinforcement of 4585 Mounted Infantry and 5 machine-guns. The mounted infantry acted in co-operation with the cavalry in a movement which had for its object to turn the rear of the Boers. The remainder of the story is told in Lord Roberts' despatch. The infantry of the 6th Division reached the northern end of the ridge the Boers were holding about 2 P.M., having been under the enemy's shell fire, which did but little damage,

for more than an hour. At 5 P.M. the 9th Division came up, and the Guards Brigade, and the 19th Brigade, ordered to the assistance of the 6th Division. They were, however, not required, for, as Lord Roberts relates, "before these reinforcements could reach the ridge, the enemy's position had been stormed in gallant style by the 1st Battalions of the Essex and Welsh regiments, supported by the 2nd Battalion of the Buffs."

The view recorded by the German General Staff, that "had the 6th Division, whose victory was in doubt till the last moment, been beaten, the great distance of the centre column from the battlefield would have made it impossible to restore the fortunes of the day," is entirely unsupported by the facts of the case. The victory of the 6th Division was never in doubt for one moment, and, as we have shown, some 4500 Mounted Infantry, the majority of whom belonged to the centre column, reinforced the left column before it was seriously engaged, while the remainder of the 9th Division arrived at the scene while the infantry of the 6th Division were attacking the ridge, but before they could join them the 6th Division carried the enemy's position. Thus we see how the arrangements for the British advance, so severely criticised by the Germans,

¹ From Field-Marshal Lord Roberts to the Secretary of State for War, 15th March 1900.

² The six 5-inch howitzers drawn by oxen had not arrived at that particular moment.

worked when put to the test. It is true that the casualties in the action were more than could be anticipated in view of the force actually engaged. But "a flagrant breach of the recognised usages of war," Lord Roberts writes, "was the cause of most of the casualties in the infantry. The enemy held up their hands and hoisted a white flag in sign of surrender, but when our troops approached they were fired on at close quarters by a number of Boers posted under cover, and had to retire until reinforced, when the position was carried at the point of the bayonet. The holding up the hands on the part of the Boers was observed by me and by several officers of my staff through telescopes."¹ It is only fair to state that the Boers maintain that what Lord Roberts saw were several women waving handkerchiefs. The result, as far as the misleading of the troops was concerned, was however unfortunately the same.

The German General Staff remark that the method of attack at Driefontein was essentially different from that employed at Paardeberg.

"Paardeberg—The forces used in dribblets, and isolated.

"Driefontein—Connected and simultaneous attack against front and flank.

"Paardeberg—On every part of the battlefield all the forces brought to the front at the same time without deep formation.

"Driefontein—Gradual strengthening of skirmishing lines. At the beginning only as many troops

brought into action as were necessary to keep up a powerful fire, a strong reserve remaining at the disposal of the leader. They were gradually absorbed to the last man, in order to increase the fire to its maximum, and thus to obtain superiority of fire. Firing of battalions in front made most effective by the flanking fire of the Essex Regiment.

"Artillery very effective in infantry battle; the co-operation of both was ideal. Artillery and infantry fighting are no longer separate affairs. Infantry deploy when artillery begin.

"As the artillery fire was perceptibly taking effect, and here and there an enemy began to abandon his position, the whole infantry rushed forward as if at the word of command, but not as hitherto in isolated batches. The enemy, demoralised by fire, was unable to resist the weight of this simultaneous rush.

"Difficulty of recognising right moment for making a charge. Experience teaches that often at the beginning of a war the attacker is deceived in the effectiveness of his firing, and has prematurely charged the enemy's position. To well-trained troops these incidents should cause no surprise or demoralisation. Victory of Driefontein due to right use of deep formation, and to comprehensiveness and unity of mode of action.

"In all the earlier important battles, the English had relied more upon shock than on firing: this explains their earlier misfortunes. At Driefontein they tried for the first time to overcome the enemy by fire-action, with the artillery and infantry co-operating, and then to break their last resistance by a united assault. The anniversary of Driefontein will always be a red-letter day for the 6th Division and its commander."

Lord Roberts in his despatch of the 15th of March specially noticed the admirable manner in which General Kenny handled the troops of the 6th Division, and the distinguished share borne by him in the

¹ From Field-Marshal Lord Roberts to the Secretary of State for War, 15th March 1900.

victory. The German General Staff remark on the general features of the action—

"General Kelly-Kenny, because he had, by a careful personal reconnaissance, obtained a better knowledge of the position, assumed the responsibility of directing the battle, without any orders from his superiors. He also deserves the greater recognition, because in making his energetic frontal attack he was consciously going against the views of the Commander-in-Chief, who had very little confidence in the success of a frontal attack, and who had that day expressed his desire of avoiding a decisive battle. It was the powerful and energetic attack of the 6th Division which first taught the Boers the superiority of the English arms. It was this victory which completely broke their power of resistance, and also opened to the English the gates of Bloemfontein. Without this decisive success, which had such a demoralising influence on the Boers, the situation of the English after their entry into Bloemfontein would have been much more difficult than it was, for a few really efficient commandoes in the field would have sufficed to place the English in a very serious position by attacking their rear."

The statement that Lord Roberts had little confidence in the success of a frontal attack, and that he had expressed a desire to avoid a decisive battle, is absolutely without foundation. Lord Roberts was most desirous of having a decisive battle, and one of his objects in dividing his force into three columns was the hope that the enemy would be unable to escape from all three of them. Lord Roberts had three days before turned a large Boer force from a carefully constructed position at Poplar Grove with only 54 casualties. He had learnt

that modern weapons had modified the usually accepted theories of fighting, but Paardeberg and the relief of Ladysmith had increased the morale of his men, and had afforded many a proof that the British soldier can fight as well as the British soldier fought in the Crimea, in the Mutiny, and in the storming of the heights of Dargai.

On the 13th of March Lord Roberts entered the capital of the Orange Free State, and one of the great marches of history was brought to a close. For twenty-nine days he had, 700 miles from his base, moved 40,000 men, 20,000 horses, and a vast convoy across a barren stretch of country where no provisions were to be found and water only once a day. It had been done under a burning sun, and in the face of a watchful enemy. It was owing to the pluck, good spirits, and endurance of the British soldier that it was rapidly and successfully executed. The second volume of the German official history closes with Lord Roberts' victorious entry into Bloemfontein. It is disappointing when we consider that it is a book written by experts for experts. The comments of the German General Staff illustrate once more the difficulties and pitfalls which attend the publication of an account of military operations, unless the historian has taken every step to ascertain and verify the accuracy of the facts he records.

"APRIL FOOL."

"'I'd as lief the blue were grey,'" he quoted irritably.

"The wish would be likelier of fulfilment out of Italy," said she. "Dear old English grey!"

"Sunshine and beauty pall on you; you yearn for queenship in village drawing-rooms."

Her calm mouth was perfectly good-tempered. "If you put it so—of course, yes. And so again—dear old English monotonies! Dear English mist-wreaths! Your book delays many things. Why delay the book?"

He swung to and fro on the verandah of the bungalow, perched high between sky and valley. The grey of olive-orchards and the sapphirine of the Mediterranean lay far down at his feet; in his face blew the ice-touched air from Monte Bignone. Then he wheeled on her—

"I wait for inspiration. Surely we have a right to individual action?"

"So far it has been natural to be together—you as Aunt Octavia's favourite, I as her ward. It isn't England for myself I want, so much as action for you. Remember your gifts."

"Consider forced work. There is no stirring of the spirit here."

"—Drowned in the tinkle of Italian tea-gardens."

His profile, outlined finely against the sky, veered inwards.

She was bending over glazed

earthenware, filling it with giant leaves of grey thistle from the mountains. The perfection of outline, the sobriety of tints, swept out his irritation, reminding him once more of his favourite simile—Twilight incarnate. To some moods the serenity appealed—a benediction and a balm. To-day he would none of it. He wanted Morning—bracing Morning, aglow with a thousand delights.

A stinging lampoon in a Roman paper mocking scurrilously at his last epic, a dancing endorsement of the libel in a merry black eye—these were teasing self-love to-day.

Suddenly the woman looked up, stretching a hand along the window-sill. The sun shone on it. What a beautiful hand it was!

By the senses was he surely drawn.

And her voice spoke kindly, bidding him, as she lifted steadfast eyes to his, smile at "these weathercock editors," for "to-morrow," was her assertion, "their verdict will be reversed."

He, unknown to himself, was a needle under her magnet: the pleasant *bonhomie* of his manner returned.

"Let us be up to the mountains this afternoon to forget it all."

"And to make ready for harness to-morrow, Claud."

"I have no to-morrow," laughed he. "It is To-day splendid, or To-day petty. Al-

ways, always To-day, little Coz. And all To-days that give me *you* are glorious. How could a passing shadow cloud that possessed glory?"

She was used to his grandiloquence. Perhaps the music of his voice, the grace of his manner, made even grandiloquence pleasing.

She smiled.

"And the book?"

"Shall be printed in a year."

"Yet the MS. waits only a few sonnets to make up the Cycle."

"I will call my Muse to my aid this very afternoon among the snow-clad pines, and the book's finale shall be you—you in essence."

"Then it will lack sparkle."

He laughed her to scorn gaily, believing himself sincere.

"Has the sunshine no sparkle?"

For a moment her tranquil face gleamed.

They had been playmates, half-betrothed lovers, almost the entire span of their years. His voice, his charm, his beauty, still had power to thrill her. He owed all his finer aspirations to her. By her, Lady Mountlaurel meant to set the keystone to his arch of triumph, for her niece had wealth as well as beauty, and was the apple of the Imperious One's eye.

"We will start at two. I will order Pietro's mules this morning," he declared. "A fig for the criticism of such spawn as Terrence! My Italian Song-Cycle will shut up his chatter for ever."

Thereupon he set afoot a

hunt for picnic requisites—talk flowing briskly from him, as he packed, of the reception, favourable and otherwise, that would meet his embryo work in the capitals of the world.

"The fifth, the seventh, the twenty-third sonnets," he asserted, "enthroned you as Queen. The crown of laurels yielded to me will be twined in reality by your fingers. And then——!"

His eyes softened, his voice was quiet music.

She collected flower-scissors and fallen leaves with methodical hands, her lips serene, her colour unheightened.

"Till I can meet your gifts fittingly," he added, leaning nearer and catching at her wrist,—"that with your dear graces *my* achieved greatness may dovetail! You feel, you understand, Felicia?"

She looked at him smiling; in her eyes were more emotions than he could gauge.

"The year will test much."

"Do you then make the book a condition?"

"Yes, but in part. To be a successful writer doesn't reach the high-water mark of my Ideal."

"What *are* Ideals?" protested he.

"What would the world be without them?"

"Ideals are for the unappeased. *You* have no hunger. The gods have showered you with beauty, brimming health, wealth in a lapful, and brains more than sufficient for Woman the Comrade. Ideals are for the struggling Poet, the starved Thinker, the man who will

never reach his Rainbow Ends, for the——"

"I hold to my Ideal," said she firmly.

"Yet with full hands," remonstrated he.

"What is fulness! May I not ask my *quid pro quo*?"

His fastidious fancy resented the phrase: he walked away to the window, looking down into the greyness of the olive-orchards.

For Lady Mountlaurel and Fortune had conspired to spoil him from infancy: Felicia's spoiling of him was womanish, but quite partial.

From the window he turned and glanced at her grudgingly.

But as the sunlight happened to fall on her in a glorifying bar, he melted instantly, and cried with sincerity, "You of all women have a right to cherish your Ideal. I bow to it. And soon, when I have a right to share—— Is it truly your whim to withhold your promise, Felicia, for this year of probation?"

"Truly," said she.

But for eyes that read, her soul's secret could be seen between veiling lashes—a goal to draw, a magnet to subdue.

"If we climb San Romola this afternoon——" she resumed presently.

"If!" he interrupted.

She smiled leniently, setting her jar of thistles now here, now there, till its disposition pleased.

"Do you remember," she then said, sitting down with folded hands, "that Flaubert didn't believe in inspiration. 'Pegasus walks more often than

he gallops; genius consists in showing him how to take the pace we require!'"

"The book, no doubt, would have been better done by you," he laughed fretfully. "And Flaubert's opinion mostly you condemn——"

"No, no," she said, interrupting him. "For his phrase, 'The inanity of mankind does actually so overwhelm me that I feel like a fly with the Himalayas on its back'—well!"—she paused to laugh—"I thank him for it. Doesn't the little teacup in which we splutter now bore *you*?"

"I accept it," declared he, with magnificence, "as a necessity."

"To which your task of Italian research limits us?"

He nodded.

She touched her flowers with light skill for awhile, then said, "Well, well! The teacup isn't Rome or London. I wish it wouldn't pretend to be a vase."

"Pretend!" cried he, with a warmth that seemed disproportionate.

"Pretend," her lips reiterated acquiescingly. "The Baroness Julie de Fürstenstein, for instance,—do you take her archaeological craze to be genuine? Or the culture of that handsome hereditary princess to be anything but a whim? Or Captain Pereira's Muse to be worthy to hold a candle when you are by?"

"Pereira is a fool in love with his own foolishness,—an amorous fool, who invests his folly among women with a certain effectiveness that——"

"Among women such as the

Baroness Julie?" she interrupted.

"The penetration of the baroness is quite sufficient to gauge Pereira's gifts."

"Yet she dines at his villa, when the Countess Katrina can be prevailed on to act duenna, as often as he sends an invitation—which is about three times weekly."

"I always granted you the critical faculty—never the malicious."

"Pooh!" she said, with her calm wide smile. "The Baroness Julie is the loveliest woman for a hundred miles round. That doesn't make her the sincerest. I delight in her chatter. And there below," she lifted a finger with idle grace—"and there is her harbinger! Hark!"

A shrill and amazing whistle—the yodel, glorified and made musical in a series of lark-like gymnastics—pierced the grey solitude.

Claud Markes pressed into the verandah.

Over her work-table, Felicia's mouth assumed new curves.

She was quite conscious of the glow in the cousinly face stooped earthwards. She bore with it as a phase, smiling. For what was this brilliant will-o'-the-wisp, this comet of doubtful source darting across their orbit, but a passing flash, dazzling masculine eyes while it scintillated.

"What energy!" commented he, turning swiftly from the balcony. "Noon and a climb to Monte Bignone! She sweeps us all into her net. She is beckoning now, Felicia."

Felicia rose, joining him in

the window, whence over his shoulder she looked down on the zigzag path up which a cavalcade of mules was ascending.

The bright hues of their caparisons splashed the leafy shade gaudily; gay voices rang like cymbal-clamour on the dreamy noon.

The whistle came up a third time.

"I must go," said he, with a poor little show of unwillingness. "And you?"

"The baroness will scarcely miss me. See, she beckons! Go, Claud! Man may not vex her serene highness."

He went, bending to kiss his cousin's hand.

"Ah, Felicia!"

But out in the full light of day, with brighter eyes shining on him, he framed a wish resentfully,—*"If she might be dazzling noon! The English-woman is mere bread-and-butter—nourishing necessity—side by side with the high-born Southerner."*

Yet he turned back to the balcony to communicate an invitation.

Felicia was not there.

The baroness called, "*Feleesia! Feleesia!*" with mocking-bird delight.

The balcony remained empty.

"Ah, Feleesia our lovely blue-stockings, is praying within doors for the forgiveness of critics. She will herself cut our Roman editors to pieces in to-morrow's paper. Let us not interrupt her cousinly defence. *We* are for amusement, Monsieur Claudio. Away with the war of pens! To-morrow it

will be scirocco. Then will it be time to drown yourself in bitterness and ink. Pereira, we have lunch for a dozen, is it not?"

Claud came beneath the balcony again, and called "Felicia!"

Felicia smiled calmly, knitting coloured silks for a birthday tie.

"If he cannot trouble to come upstairs——!" she said, and kept her place at the table.

His apologies at night were detailed.

Their exploration of a ruined chapel, perched on the skyline of a lonely hill; his value as guide and antiquary therein; the baroness's interest and caprice; the amiability of the hereditary princess—all these, with the fatuity of attendant satellites, filled the dinner-hour vividly.

"So the men were all fools and the women angels!" remarked Lady Mountlaurel, impatient of a verbosity that delayed "Bridge."

Claud arranged the card-table with genial laughter.

"Did I convey that impression?"

"My experiences this afternoon," smiled Felicia, "were *vice versa*."

"Men, angels; women, fools!" pronounced her ladyship, morosely. "And the angel stuck to the young woman; the fool to the old one. Result—your venerable aunt in a rage of boredom; Felicia in the seventh heaven of content."

"Am I ever there?" said the niece, serenely.

"And who——?" began Claud.

"Your baroness hasn't all the men in her net yet, young man. She may sing like a very siren ere *my* Ulysses has an ear for her song. Lord Tregassick likes a softer note. Come! The game, if you would be spared my temper!"

Claud caught his cousin in the garden before breakfast under a festoon of Banksia roses next day, and said, "Angels as men are surely unbearable, Felicia?"

She replied, "I have a mind to test *how* unbearable."

He kicked up the gravel path for a moment, and then asked how much she had minded his defalcation of yesterday.

"Not at all," she assured him simply, "seeing that the baroness was so much more effective an inspiration than myself."

He worked further damage on the path while she added, "You remember I was always against winding up the Cycle in a monotone. The Baroness Julie is the Rainbow. I am asking her to tea to-morrow."

"*You* are an angel," he declared, holding the white fingers that were fastening a single Banksia in his coat.

She disengaged her hands.

"I fancy I might wear wings with more reason than Lord Tregassick."

"Yet it was you last night——" he began.

"Aunt Octavia, I declare to you. She merely intimated a contrast, Blanche Forsythe being so dreadfully stupid. Her brother——"

"Angels," interposed he, impetuously, "don't frequent Monte Carlo."

"Once in a while perhaps, Claud, to discover *how* wicked. His chronic tastes are those of Cincinnatus. He will die farming. He is like his English oaks for solidity, and will take polish with the years. But don't let us talk of oaks. Exotics seem more in tune with this tropical morning. Will your exotic come tomorrow, do you think?"

"The baroness? I am sure of it, if you ask her as you ask me."

She took a turn along the terrace, pausing to break a spray from the giant heliotrope clothing the verandah.

"I do it," she then said, with the sunlight full on her dewy freshness, "because I never rule my life by hearsay. Rumour declares her a gambler and an adventuress; but as Rumour always clacks spitefully round a pretty unattached woman, I choose to reserve judgment. You like me to do so, Claud?"

Her appeal was irresistible.

"You have the sweetest charity in the world," he said.

Lady Mountlaurel accordingly found a pressing invitation at the other side of the bay on the morrow; and the Baroness Julie set the air of the quiet Villa Margherita to the measure of a tarantella the next afternoon.

Claud decided that never had two such women smiled across the teacups, and urged Felicia's opinion before their visitor had well bowled out of the drive.

"You like her," replied his cousin. "I have always believed in your taste."

Her voice disappointed him.

"It is the difference of standpoint," he cried.

"It is the difference of standpoint no doubt," she nodded, tolerant.

But Lady Mountlaurel returned from the bay of the Germans furious.

"Wealth and independence will be your rock of destruction," she told her niece, tempestuously. "The Countess von Hartmann, with whom I had tea, was horrified that I should have allowed the Baroness de Fürstenstein under my roof. I pleaded your strong will and independent position. 'Ah, these young Englishwomen!' she cried, shuddering. But the tales are *true*, Felicia. The Count knew the second husband. And I forbid you to entertain the woman again."

But to Claud himself she said nothing, being an astute and diplomatic old woman.

"The infatuation will pass," she pronounced. "It is a phase. Let him alone."

So for the space of weeks the Imperious One set her tortoise-shell glasses elsewhere than upon a bewitching siren and the relative dancing to her pipe. But the "phase" irritated.

Felicia took it so calmly.

"She feels nothing," cried her ladyship. "She will end, for all her wealth, in being a strong-minded spinster—horrible! And what will Penn Merrión mean to me then, the

place I have bought for Claud and Claud's children as a convenient hostelry when I tire of the Continent?"

She taxed Felicia with indifference, and was gratified to find she flamed.

"Have you no patience?" cried the girl. "Men will be men. I am waiting. A comet may pass and dazzle in a day, Aunt Octavia. Can't you smile and shut your eyes while the comet blinds?"

So they went back to England, leaving Claud in Rome; and among Surrey hills Felicia decided to transfer her interests from literature to horticulture.

A glorious summer quickened her enthusiasm for landscape gardening. She was surprised to find time hurry her on velvet feet to the winter, and then she realised that six months had gone by since she had heard from the absent one.

"Is it a phase or worse?" she communed with herself.

Later she wrote to Blanche Forsythe, wintering in Rome; and by return of post came the reply—a dull letter, as was natural to the writer, expressing sympathy with dear Lady Mountlaurel in the unfortunate connection which had split Claud's circle into factions.

"They are seen constantly together," wrote the honourable lady. "But I hear the book is good except in its dedication."

A wire to a London publisher brought the volume into Felicia's hands, and soon a hasty mythical she read, of Madame the Baroness de Fürstenstein: a token of homage.

But her comment to Lady

Mountlaurel was merely, "The phase is a long one."

"You are content to wait?" said the Imperious One, grimly.

"For the appointed time—till my pride is threadbare."

So to her ladyship's chagrin Felicia added philanthropy and the housing of the poor to her horticultural hobby the following winter, and the field-path between Lord Tregassick's home and Mount Laurel was trodden daily by the inspirer of these projects.

In fretting for her favourite—Claud the gifted, the irresistible Claud—Lady Mountlaurel lost interest in her surroundings, and became less perspicacious than was her wont.

She startled Felicia one day by saying bitingly, "How long do you mean to go on refusing husbands for the sake of one who seems in no hurry to be a husband?"

Felicia raised calm eyes from her tapestry, blushing faintly.

There was a moment's silence.

Deferred hopes made the Imperious One irritable, and she burst out, "Isn't two years enough to snap the tether of your patience? Or have you sent for him in vain?"

Felicia threaded a needle painstakingly, and said, "I have been weighing the question since"—she blushed again, but vividly—"since last night. It is seventeen months ago last Tuesday that he settled in Rome. I am remembering the date to-day."

Her ladyship said, smiling grimly, "And he will come—late, and a prodigal; and if he lifts so much as a little finger, we shall all be floundering

down on our knees weeping over the husks, and crying over the follies, 'Natural! *Of course, natural!*' Women are monumental fools!"

"Within limits," said Felicia.

Claud meanwhile was analysing the husks, realising by slow degrees that there was only one woman in the world for him.

To the arms of Twilight he would fly, shunning garish Day and her noontide bubbles for the delights of an attained benediction.

Husks as an offering did not worry as they had worried as a diet.

Aunt Octavia, that Rock of Promise, filled his foreground, representing kernels and sound fruit unendingly.

Besides, there was his book.

A paragraph hastened his going, bringing home and Felicia to his mind's eye in a flash. It chronicled the loss by fire of the greater portion of that venerable mansion, Penn Merriion, rented for the season by Lord Tregassick from its owner, Lady Mountlaurel; and having deplored the destruction of the priceless picture collection, congratulated his lordship—for a week-end at Mount Laurel—on his fortunate and happy escape.

Pen Merriion and Mount Laurel! They were the adjacent playgrounds of his blithe youth. Conjuring up a series of scenes wherein two played their happy part in a birds'-nesting madcap love-making play, he came at once to England. Tregassick was an interloper in those scenes.

So the first of April found him at the door of Mount

Laurel; his brain thronged by whimsical anticipations wherein dull angels should be relegated to their proper sphere, and he, mere mortal—an Endymion to dazzle and uplift—preferred to that angel's place.

The kiss of Cynthia for Endymion naturally was his clearest vision.

This gay morning of the month would find Her on the terrace fronting the spring gardens, where the daffodils came in thousands.

The terrace faced south-west, and was to-day sun-flooded.

With a gesture or a sign he waved old servants aside, and reached Felicia's parlour.

Under a branch of a wistaria she was leaning, her eyes on the garden beneath.

He entered from the door behind her and put his hands over her eyes.

"A wanderer returned! Name him! For it is your voice that must first welcome him to home and happiness again."

Her remembered touch—cool, soft as Night's footsteps—removed his fingers from her lids.

"Ah, you!" she said, and turned on him. "Claud!"

Her voice was like the early frost, nipping his perennial youth.

"Felicia!"

Her lashes quivered.

"So England holds you at last!"

"At last! Oh, long eternity!"

"Long! The long eternity is only a matter of nineteen montha. For me it slid."

The coldness froze.

This, for the kiss of Cynthia to her poor Endymion.

He seized her hands, tumult in his brain.

"Your voice kills, Felicia dear, star of my troubled sea, goal in a crooked race—Felicia! smile for my heart's comfort! Smile and be kind!"

He held her hand feverishly.

"Felicia, forgive! I am a fool—a sinner. Forgive! For your dear eyes are my only lodestars; and the comet's garish——"

"You see clear at last," she said quietly. "But the world has not stood still while you were blind."

"It is the book," he cried desperately. "It is the dedication that you can't forgive. Women are made so. For a brief folly, they mete out inexorable coldness. It is the dedication: a whim—a command almost, from one to whom, then, I owed much, the ear of Rome, that part of Rome——"

She laid a cold hand on his that beat the air, and smiled.

The smile had the chill of a glacier-touch in it.

"Oh no; not the dedication. You owed more to her than me. The dedication didn't hurt me."

"Felicia!" he cried on the pause that followed.

She tapped her fingers idly on the balcony, looking across the daffodils with reminiscent eyes.

"No, not the dedication. I have no wish for public recognition. But private allegi-

ance! That such as she could inspire—that such as she could bewitch—so long! I gave you a year. The year was a test. You forgot even my condition, ignoring probation in a craze. I waited—till pride and another voice spoke, and in the urging of the two I——"

"You kill me, Felicia!" he cried desperately. "It isn't real—this coldness, this alienation gripping my heart-strings. It is your way of punishing me, that in my misery you may find compensation for your delayed hopes. Felicia! This woman's point of view! Your jest—your jest of April Fool is done. Say, beloved, that it is April Fool—a whim to fret my patience——"

There was a step behind.

He urged, "A jest of April Fool it is, no more—no more, Felicia."

"It is my husband," said Felicia. "Langton, we are talking of points of view—my cousin and I. Come, let us go out before lunch, and consider another—our favourite view from the Dutch garden. We—Aunt and I—are very proud of our tulip-show this spring."

They—she, he, and Lord Tregassick—crossed the lawns, and stood on a blazing point that dominated Surrey's hills.

Fair and bland was the rolling landscape swimming beneath Claud's eye.

He and Felicia, hand in hand, a myriad times ere this, had watched its budding glories in another world.

PHILIPPA TRENT.

THE MYSTICS.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN she realised this fact, Enid rose from her seat with a cry of dismay. In her sharply feminine sense of loss, she took one involuntary step towards the door; but almost as the step was taken, her anger, her disappointment, her knowledge of shattered beliefs, dominated her anew, and with a fresh burst of tears she turned and flung herself upon the couch.

For more than a quarter of an hour she lay with her face among the pillows; then at last, as her angry sobs died out and the violence of her grief subsided, she sat up, wiped her eyes, and glanced at her dripping handkerchief.

At sight of her handkerchief—a mere wisp of wet cambric—her sense of injury stung her afresh, and once more her lips began to quiver.

But fate had decided against further tears. Before her grief had gathered force, the bell of the hall-door sounded once more long and loudly; and a moment later the drawing-room door opened.

With a start of confusion she sprang to her feet, and turned to confront Norris, standing discreetly near the door with an apologetic manner and downcast eyes.

"It's Mr Bale - Corphew, ma'am," she murmured, as Enid looked at her. "I told him you were not at home this afternoon; but he said he would wait till whenever he could see you, no matter how long."

With a little cry of dismay and annoyance, Enid put her hands to her disordered hair.

"Oh, how stupid of you, Norris!" she cried tremulously. "You know I can't see him. You know I won't see him. Tell him I'm out—ill—anything you can think of—" But her voice suddenly faltered, and her words ended in a gasp, as she glanced from Norris to the door, which had abruptly reopened, displaying the face and figure of Bale-Corphew.

Without hesitation he had entered the room; and without hesitation he walked straight towards her.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed. "I know this must seem unpardonable; but the occasion is without precedent. May I speak with you alone?"

In the moment of his entry and during his hurried greeting Enid had practically mastered her agitation. She looked at him now with an attempt at calmness.

"Certainly," she said, "if you have anything to say."

In the excitement under which he was obviously labouring, he did not observe the coldness of her permission. He waited with ill-concealed impatience until Norris had withdrawn, then he turned to her afresh.

"Mrs Witcherley!" he cried, "you see before you an outraged man!"

He made the announcement fiercely and theatrically; but, to any listener, it would have been evident that, below the instinctive desire for dramatic effect, his voice trembled with genuine agitation—his speech was charged with violent feeling. To Enid, watching him with surprise and curiosity, it was patent at a glance that some circumstance, strange in its occurrence or vital in its issue, had shaken him to the base of his emotional nature. And as she looked at him her own coldness, her own humiliation, suddenly forsook her.

"What is it?" she cried involuntarily. "What is it? Something has happened?"

For one moment his answer was delayed—held back by the torrent of words that rushed to his lips; then, at last, as his tongue freed itself, he threw out his hands in a fierce gesture.

"Outrage! Outrage and sacrilege!" he cried. "We have been duped—deceived—tricked. We, the Chosen—the Elect!"

"Duped? Deceived?" She echoed the words faintly.

"What do you mean? What has happened?"

"Everything! Everything!" Again he threw out his hands. "This man that we have called Prophet—this man that we have bent the knee to—he is nothing; nothing——" Once more his emotion overpowered his words.

"Nothing?" Enid's voice was indistinct, her tongue dry.

"—— Nothing but an impostor! An impostor! A thief!"

He spoke loudly—even violently. To his listener it seemed that his voice rang out, filling the room, filling the street outside, filling the whole world. As she had done in the Prophet's presence, she raised her hands and pressed them over her ears. But, even through her fingers, his tones came loud and penetrating.

"An impostor!" he cried again. "A liar! A blasphemer!"

Her hands dropped from her face.

"Stop! Stop!" she cried.

But he was beyond appeal.

"You must hear!" he cried.

"It is ordained. You have been the unwitting instrument by which the man has fallen."

"I? I? The unwitting instrument?" She stared at him with wide eyes and a white face.

"Yes, you!" He stepped closer to her side. "Without you, suspicion would never have been aroused. Without you, he might have carried out his base designs. It was the power of the Unseen that guided me on the day I entered the Presence Room, and found you alone

with him." He spoke hurriedly and disjointedly; but as the last word left his lips a new expression crossed his face, as though a new suggestion had passed through his mind.

"Did you see nothing strange in that Audience?" he demanded in a changed voice. "Did you see nothing strange in the fact that he—a Prophet of Sublime Mysteries—should hold your hand, as any man of the earth might hold it?" He bent still closer, jealousy and suspicion darkening his face.

Enid glanced at him fearfully. "No! No!" she said sharply. "I—I saw nothing strange. He was the Prophet."

A curious expression crossed Bale-Corphew's face.

"Ah!" he said slowly. "I believe you. But, if *you* were blind, *I* saw." He paused and passed his handkerchief over his face. Cold as the day was, drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"I saw. And from that hour the man was lost."

"Lost?"

"Yes, lost." He laughed excitedly; and to Enid the laugh sounded singularly unpleasant, soft, and cruel. "From that day we have watched him—we, the Six. We have watched him and his friend—the dog who dared to desecrate the name of Precursor. We have watched them night and day; we have seen them, listened to them hour after hour, while they believed themselves unobserved——"

"And what do you know? What have you learned?" There was a strange faint

question in the sound of her voice.

"Everything. But it was only yesterday that we touched the keystone of their scheme. To-night—this very night—they have planned an escape. They will attend as usual in the Place; they will fool us as they have fooled us before; and then, when the house is quiet—when the Six are at rest, exhausted by prayer and meditation—they will accomplish their vile work. They will plunder the Treasury of the Unseen!"

"Oh, no! No!" With a swift movement she turned to him.

For an instant he looked at her; then again the unpleasant excited laugh escaped him.

"You are right!" he cried suddenly. "What you say is right. There will be no plunder. The Treasury of the Unseen will remain inviolate!"

As he paused she made no sound; but her eyes rested upon his, as if fascinated by their feverish brightness. In the midst of her silent regard he spoke again, bending forward until his lips approached her ear.

"They have laid their plans," he whispered with a sudden and savage exultation, "but we also have laid ours. And even we cannot reckon upon the consequences. The spiritual enthusiast is not easy to hold in check, once he has been aroused."

It was a full moment before Enid grasped the purport of the whispered words. But as

their meaning came to her, her eyes dilated and her lips turned white.

"You mean——? You mean ——?" She stammered; then her fear found voice. "What do you mean?" she demanded, in sharp, alarmed tones.

Bale-Corpnew looked at her steadily.

"I mean," he said with fierce vindictiveness, "that at the Gathering to-night he will be publicly denounced!"

He made the declaration slowly, and each word fell slowly and with overwhelming weight on his companion's understanding. As in the bewildered mazes of a nightmare, she saw the crowded chapel; the fanatical unstable faces of the congregation; the six Arch-Mystics — outraged, incensed, unrelenting; and in their midst the Prophet, tall and grave and masterful, as she had seen him a hundred times. One man facing a sea of ungoverned emotion! At the vision, her heart swelled suddenly and her soul sickened. With a gesture almost as passionate as his own, she turned upon Bale-Corpnew.

"You would denounce him before the People?" she said incredulously. "You would trap him? One man against a hundred! Oh, it would be cowardly! Cruel!"

Bale-Corpnew's face flamed to a deeper red.

"Cowardly?" he cried. "Cowardly? Do you know what you are saying? The man is an impostor—a thief!"

For one moment Enid shrank before the epithet; the next she

had raised her head, her eyes flashing, her lips parted.

"You have no right to use that word," she said. "You have not seen him steal."

"Seen him? No. But the ears are as reliable as the eyes, and we have heard him declare that he intends to steal."

"Intends! Intends! Intentions are not acts." In her deep agitation, her calm gave way; and with a swift change of manner, she turned upon him with a new demeanour.

"Oh, be merciful!" she cried. "Give him the benefit of mercy. Wait till the Assembly is over, and then take him in the act. If you take him in the act, he will have proved himself all that you say; and then justice can be done. On the other hand, if he relents——"

"Relents!" Again Bale-Corpnew gave a contemptuous laugh. "He has not shrunk from lies—from imposture—from blasphemy. Is it likely he will shrink from his reward? Oh, no! We will run no risks. The trap has closed. No one will gain access to him to-night until the hour of the Gathering has arrived. It will be my special—my sacred—duty to watch and guard." As he spoke, his eyes seemed to devour her face; and before the expression in their depths, her strength and her courage faltered.

"And why have you come here?" she asked unsteadily. "Why have you come here? What has this to do with me?"

While she was speaking, he continued to watch her; but as her voice faltered, a spasm of

emotion—a wave of jealousy and suspicion—contorted his face.

“Can you ask that question?” he demanded in a menacing voice.

Enid wavered.

“Yes,” she said. “Yes. Why not?”

“Why not?” He laughed again, suddenly and savagely. “Because the man loves you. Because he stole out of the House to-day—and came here to you. I tracked him here, and tracked him back again.”

Enid shrank away from him, but the colour flamed into her frightened face.

“So—so you are a spy?” she said in a confused, uneven voice.

He turned on her instantly, his passions alight.

“A spy?” he cried. “I am a spy? Very well! Very well! We will see who comes out victor—the thief or the spy.” His voice rose, his face was convulsed. The demon of jealousy that had pursued him for seven days was free of the leash and waiting to devour.

“I wanted to know this,” he

exclaimed. “I wanted to be sure. I had my suspicions, but I wanted proof. On the day I surprised you with him I suspected; to-day, when I saw him enter this house, I felt convinced——”

“Convinced of what?” Enid was trembling.

“Convinced that there is more in this matter than his love for you. That there is also——”

With a swift movement she stopped him. She was quivering violently; her face had paled again; but she held her head high.

“Yes,” she said distinctly.

“Yes; you are quite right. There is more in this matter than his love for me. There is also my love for him!”

Her eyes were blazing; her heart was beating fast. With an agitation equal to Bale-Corphew’s own, she moved to the fireplace and pressed the electric bell.

When Norris appeared she turned to her instantly.

“Norris,” she said in a shaken voice, “show Mr Bale-Corphew out!”

CHAPTER IX.

There are few phases of human existence more interesting than that in which a young and sensitive woman is compelled by circumstances to cast aside the pleasant artifices, the carefully modulated emotions of a sheltered life, and to face the realities of fact and feeling.

For twenty-three years Enid

Witcherley had played with existence—toying with it, enjoying it, as an epicure might enjoy a rare wine or a choice morsel of food prepared for his appreciation. Now, as she stood alone in her small drawing-room with its costly decorations, she was conscious for the first time that the banquet of life is not in reality a display

of delicate viands and tempting vintages, but a meal of common bread, sweet or bitter as destiny decrees. She saw this; with a flash of comprehension she knew and acknowledged it—recognising that, instinctively, undeniably, her heart and her brain cried out for the wholesome necessary food.

An hour ago, when the Prophet had stood before her and made his confession, she had been overwhelmed by the tide of her own feelings; in the rush of humiliation and disappointment—in the tremendous knowledge that the image she had called gold was in reality but clay—she had been too mortified to see beyond her own horizon. In that moment their places in the drama had been indisputably allotted. She herself had appeared as the unoffending heroine, unjustly humiliated in her own eyes and in the eyes of others; while he had stood out, in unpardonable guise, the cause—the instrument—of that humiliation. In the bitter knowledge she had confronted him unrelentingly. A spoiled child—an unreasoning feminine egoist.

But now that moment, with its instructive and primitive emotions, was passed by what seemed months—years—a century. By a process of mind as swift as it was subtle, the child had grown into a woman—the egoist had become conscious of another existence. With the entrance of Bale-Corphew—with the sound of her own denunciation upon his lips—a new feeling had awakened within her—a feeling stronger

than humiliation, stronger than pride. It had risen, blinding and dazzling her, as a great light might blind and dazzle; and she stood glorified and exalted within its radiance.

As the door had closed upon her second visitor, a long sobbing sigh of excitement, of tumultuous joy and fear, had shaken her from head to foot; she had involuntarily drawn her figure to its full height, and covered her face with both hands, as though to ward off the light that lay across her world.

But the great moment of selfish joy and comprehension could not last; other and more insistent factors were at work within her mind, claiming and even demanding attention. Almost as the outer door had closed on Bale-Corphew, her hands dropped to her sides and an expression akin to terror crossed her eyes. With a mind rendered supersensitive by its own emotions, she realised what the next five hours might hold; and like a tangible menace the dark, angry face of the Arch-Mystic flashed back upon her consciousness.

While he had been present in the room; while his turbulent voice had filled her ears, she had been only partly alive to the threatened danger; but now that his presence had been removed, now that she was free to sift the meaning of his words, their full significance was borne in upon her. With an alarming clearness of vision, she recognised that behind his threats lay a definite meaning; that the man himself, at all

times passionate, and on occasion violent, in temperament, had suddenly become a danger—something as fierce and menacing as an uncontrolled element.

She realised and understood this rapidly, as only the mind knows and comprehends in moments of stress and crisis; and before her knowledge, all ideas save one fell away like chaff before the wind. At all costs—in face of every obstacle—she must warn and save the Prophet!

With a start of apprehension, she glanced at the clock and saw that the hands marked ten minutes to seven. Moving to the fireplace, she once more pressed the bell; and as Norris answered, turned to her instantly, heedless for perhaps the first time in her life of outward appearances.

"Get me my long black cloak, Norris," she said. "And a black hat and veil. I am going out."

Norris' face expressed no surprise.

"You will be back to dinner, ma'am?" she inquired politely.

"No. I shan't want dinner. I may not be back till ten—perhaps eleven. If I am late, no one need wait up." She walked to a mirror and began nervously smoothing her ruffled hair. Norris left the room, and returned with the desired garments.

With the same nervous haste Enid put on her hat, tied the thick veil over her face, and allowed herself to be helped into her cloak. Then, without

a word, she crossed the drawing-room, passed through the hall of the flat, and entered the lift.

At the street-door she was compelled to wait while the hall-porter called a cab; and the momentary delay almost overtaxed her patience. An audible sound of relief escaped her when the clatter of hoofs and jingle of bells announced that the wait was over.

"St George's Terrace!" she ordered in a low voice as she took her seat. And it seemed to her perturbed mind that even the stolid attendant must find something portentous in the words. Then she sat back into the corner of the cab and closed her eyes, as she heard her order repeated to the cabman, and felt the horse swing forward into the stream of traffic.

More than once she altered her position as the distance between Knightsbridge and St George's Terrace lessened. She was devoured by impatience and yet paralysed by dread. Once, as the cab halted in a block of traffic, she heard a clock strike seven, and at the sound the blood rushed to her face as she thought of the nearness of her ordeal; but an instant later she drew out her watch to verify the time, and paled with sudden apprehension as she realised that the clock was slow.

So her mind oscillated until the moment arrived when the cab drew up beside the kerb; and, with a nervous start, she heard the cabman open the trap-door.

"What number, lady?" he asked.

She answered almost guiltily—"No number! Just stop here! Put me down here!" She rose, gathering her long cloak about her.

Try as she might, she could not control her excitement, when, having paid her fare and dismissed the cab, she crossed the road, and, entering Hellier Crescent, saw—after a week's absence—the quiet house that, in her regard, stood for so much. Her hand was trembling as she raised the heavy knocker; and her voice shook as she repeated the necessary formula.

There was a slight delay—a slight hesitancy on the part of the door-keeper; then the slide, which had opened at her knock, closed with a click, and the massive door swung back.

She stepped forward eagerly, but on the moment that she entered the hall her heart sank. With a thrill of apprehension she saw that in place of the humble member of the congregation who usually attended there, the Arch-Mystic Sergius Norov—the tall, fair-bearded man of Slavonic appearance—was guarding the door. Small though the incident might appear, it conveyed to her as no spoken declaration could have done the spirit of action and vigilance reigning in the House.

While the thought flashed through her mind, the Arch-Mystic surveyed her from his great height.

"You are in good time, my child; the Gathering is for eight o'clock."

She looked up at him.

"Yes," she said quickly. "Yes; I know it is for eight o'clock, but I have come early. I have come because I wish—I want——" Her courage faltered before the intent, searching gaze of his blue eyes.

"I have come," she added with gathered resolution, "because I desire private Audience with the Prophet—because there is something on my Soul of which I must unburden myself."

The Arch-Mystic looked at her and his eyes were as cold as steel.

"The Prophet holds private Audience only in the morning," he replied in an even voice.

Enid flushed.

"I know," she said rapidly. "I know that. But there are exceptions to that rule——"

The Arch-Mystic shook his head.

"The Prophet holds private Audience only in the morning."

"But the Prophet is generous. Five minutes alone with him will satisfy me—three minutes—two minutes——" Her tone quickened as her anxiety increased.

Still Norov's blue eyes met hers unswervingly.

"The Prophet holds private Audience only in the morning."

At the second repetition her apprehension rose to fear; and in her alarmed trepidation she conceived a new idea. With a rapid searching glance her eyes travelled over the Arch-Mystic's powerful figure, while she mentally measured his physical strength with that of the Prophet. Her survey was

short and comprehensive; and her decision came with equal speed. With a subtle change of manner and voice she made a fresh appeal. Turning to him with a gesture of deference, she spoke again in a soft and conciliatory voice.

"Of course you are right in what you say," she murmured gently. "But I am going to make an appeal. If I may not see the Prophet in private Audience, then let me see him in your presence! I have only a dozen words to say; and, if necessary, I will say them in your presence. You can see it is something urgent, when I am willing to humiliate myself. It is only for her Soul that a woman will conquer her pride. You won't deny peace to my Soul?" Her voice dropped, her whole expression pleaded.

For a moment—for just one moment—it seemed to her desperate gaze that his hard blue eyes softened; the next, their cold, unyielding glance disillusioned her of hope.

"It is useless to appeal to me," he said; "but if you very much desire it, you can make your request to my brother Mystic—Horatio Bale-Corphew. He is guarding the Prophet's Threshold."

Whether the man had any glimmering of knowledge as to her private connection with Bale-Corphew and the Prophet was not to be read from his austere face. His words might have been spoken in all innocence, or might have been spoken deliberately and with malice. But in either case the result, so far as his listener was

concerned, was the same. A sense of frightened impotence fell upon her—a knowledge that her enemy had a longer reach and a more powerful arm than she had guessed.

By a great effort she controlled her feelings.

"Thank you!" she said quietly, "but I will not trouble Mr Bale-Corphew. If I may, I will wait in the Place until the Gathering is assembled."

Her companion bent his head.

"Permission is granted!" he said.

For a moment longer she stood, burning with apprehensive dread. On one hand was the Prophet—trapped and unaware of his peril; on the other was Bale-Corphew—implacable, enraged, unrelaxing in his pursuit. She waited irresolute, until the cold, enquiring gaze of the Arch-Mystic made action compulsory; then, scarcely conscious of the movement, she inclined her head in mechanical acknowledgment of his courtesy, and, turning away, passed down the lofty, sombre hall.

Never in after-life was she able to remember, with any degree of distinctness, her threading of the familiar corridors leading to the chapel. Her consciousness of outer things was numbed by mental strife. Reaching the heavy curtain that shut off the sacred precinct, she thrust it aside with nervous impetuosity and stood looking round the deserted chapel—glancing from the rows of empty chairs to the Sanctuary, where the great

golden Throne stood shrouded in a white cloth, and the silver censers lay awaiting the flame.'

At a first glance it seemed that the chapel was entirely empty, but as her eyes grew accustomed to the modulated light diffused by eight large tapers, she saw that the Sanctuary was occupied by one sombre figure that flitted silently between the lectern and the Throne. For an instant her heart leaped, for the man was of the same height and build as the Precursor; but a second glance put her hopes to flight. The Mystic within the Sanctuary was the humble member of the congregation whose duty it was to wait upon the Prophet.

As she passed slowly and automatically up the aisle, the man turned and looked at her, but after a cursory glance returned to his task of setting the Sanctuary in order.

The look and the evident unconcern chilled and daunted her anew. With a movement of despair she paused, and sank into one of the empty chairs.

For a space that seemed eternal, she sat huddled in her seat—her hands clasped nervously in her lap; her ears alert to catch the slightest sound; her eyes unconsciously following the movements of the man within the Sanctuary. Then, suddenly and abruptly, the tension snapped; and action—action of some description—became imperative. She rose from her seat.

After she had risen, she stood aimlessly looking about her at the black-and-white

walls, at the rows of chairs, at the gleaming octagonal symbol that hung from the roof; then, as if magnetically attracted, her glance travelled back to the man inside the Sanctuary rail.

There was nothing remarkable in the spare figure, moving reverently from one sacred object to another; but as her eyes rested on the colourless, ascetic face, her own cheeks flushed with a new hope—a new inspiration. With a quick movement she glanced furtively behind her, and, stepping carefully between the chairs, regained the aisle and moved swiftly and noiselessly up the chapel.

Her heart was beating so fast, the nervous strain was so intense, that when she reached the railing she stood for a moment unable to command her voice. And when the Mystic—becoming suddenly aware of her near presence—turned and confronted her, a faint sound of nervous alarm slipped from her.

For a space the two looked at each other, and at last the man appeared to realise that something was expected of him. Bending his head, he uttered the formula of the sect.

"In what can I serve you?"

The familiar words braced Enid. She glanced at him afresh, and in that glance her plan of action arranged itself. For one moment, as she had walked up the aisle, her hand had sought her purse, but now, as she scanned the ascetic face of this unworldly servant, her fingers involuntarily loosened

and the purse slipped back into her pocket. With a new resolve, she looked him straight in the eyes.

"You can do me a great service—a very great service," she said quietly in her soft clear voice.

The man looked at her in slow inquiry.

"Oh, I know you are surprised," she added quickly. "I know this seems unusual——" She paused in momentary hesitation.

The Mystic appeared distressed.

"My — my duty——" he broke in uneasily. "My duty is only to——"

But she checked him suddenly.

"Charity is greater than duty!" she said in a low impressive tone. By the same feminine intuition that had made her discard her purse, she saw that by a semi-mystical appeal—and by that alone—could she hope to succeed. Laying her hands upon the Sanctuary railing, she leant forward and raised her large eyes to the man's face.

"Which do *you* consider the greater virtue?" she asked. "Duty or charity?"

The Mystic looked at her.

"Charity," he said at last hesitatingly. "The Prophet teaches us——"

Enid's face flushed.

"Yes! Yes!" she cried. "The Prophet teaches us that charity is the greater virtue. He tells us that we are to rely upon ourselves—and also upon each other. We are to help ourselves—and to help each

other." Her voice shook, her face glowed in the intensity of her excitement and suspense.

"I am in need of help," she added. "In desperate need. And you can help me." Her tone was urgent, her compelling gaze never faltered. She knew that this was her last chance—that, if this man failed her, catastrophe was inevitable.

The Mystic stirred uncomfortably, and his glance turned half fearfully from the intent, appealing face to the lectern on which rested the white-bound *Scitsym*.

With a sudden access of enthusiasm, Enid spoke again.

"There is something troubling my Soul," she said. "Something that I must confess to the Prophet to-night. My whole happiness—all my peace—depends upon confessing it. I cannot speak with him before the Gathering assembles; but I can write my confession. Will you save my Soul? Will you carry my confession to him?"

Until the words were actually spoken, she did not realise how immensely she had staked upon her chances of success. In a fever of anxiety she waited, watching the man's gaze as it wavered undecidedly over the *Scitsym*, then returned, as if magnetised, to her face.

"In twenty minutes the Gathering will be assembled," he murmured.

"I know, I know. But there is still time. It is a matter of—of faith—of peace of mind."

The man shuffled his feet.

"It—it is impossible," he said.

"Why impossible?"

"Because the Prophet is exalted to-night. The Arch-Mystics themselves are guarding the Threshold. The Prophet is exalted; he must not be disturbed."

"But if it is necessary to disturb him? If there is a Soul in danger?"

"The Prophet must not be disturbed. What are we, that we should thrust our wrongdoing or our sorrow upon the Mighty One?"

At the words a rage of apprehension shook Enid. She lifted her head, and her fingers closed fiercely round the iron bar that topped the railing.

"Silence!" she said excitedly. "You do not know what you are saying! The Prophet sets his people high above himself. The message of a Soul in distress is of more value in his eyes than a hundred moments of exaltation. Take care that his wrath does not fall upon you!"

Involuntarily the man paled.

"Yes. Take care!" she cried. "Take care! You have the wellbeing—the whole future—of one Soul in your

hands to-night. How will you answer to the Prophet, if you fail in the trust?"

The Mystic cowered.

"If you fail, the wrong can never be repaired. And the doing of the action will cost you nothing. Take this note——" With agitated haste she tore a leaf from a tiny note-book that hung at her waist. "Take this note. Tell no one. Give it into the Prophet's own hands——" She drew out a pencil and wrote a few enigmatical words. "Give it into his own hands; and I can promise you that your reward will be greater than you think." With a rapid movement, she rolled up the paper and held it out to him.

"Take it!" she said impressively. "And remember that it is something important, essential—sacred." On the last word her voice rose; then, without warning, it suddenly broke.

A curtain at the back of the Sanctuary had been drawn aside, and for the second time that evening the face of Bale-Corphew confronted her through the dusk.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC—AND MUFFINS.

(ON THE PASSING OF ST JAMES'S HALL.)

OLD Hall, that wert so long the classic shrine
 Of Music—grateful to the cultured ear,
 Though something tedious to the Philistine—
 Where all was German, complex, and severe,
 Thou shalt not pass unhonoured to thy fall
 Without some more or less “melodious tear,”
 For of all sights, all sounds, that I recall,
 Are none more sanctified than thine, St James's Hall.

Sweet are the memories of thy native Pop.,
 When the grave Four that ministered thereat
 With strenuous horse-tail wrung some master-Op.
 From the complaining entrails of the cat.
 How diligent they were! How calm their mien!
 How great a dignity upon them sat!
 There was a restful something on the scene
 Which (after meals) could make the maddest mind serene.

Thou wert, in truth, the Home of grave delights,
 Wherein no froward element could mar
 The cavernous gravity that ruled the rites;
 “Here,” one would feel, “the coyest alien Star
 Can come out strong, nor fear to be defied
 By pin-drop or victorious catarrh,”—
 Saving, alas! for one, that basely plied
 With impious muffin-bell his grisly trade outside.

There was a scene of tragedy one day,
 And Britain's capital had gathered there
 Her Beauty and Hysteria, to pay
 Homage to one they held surpassing fair,—
 Not for his general aspect (which was poor),
 But for the raptures of his head of hair;
 'Twas said that when he took his yearly tour,
 Twelve skilled detectives watched that mystic *chevelure*.

Ah, me! He did but touch the happy keys,
And magical music from his hands did flow;
Music of whispering zephyrs in tremulous trees,
Lighter than fluttering feathers or falling snow,
Softer than murmuring brooks in a shadowy dell,
Music most beautiful, most soft, most low.
Oh, not a whisper broke that trancēd spell;
When hark! It was!—it *was*!—that cursed muffin-bell.

Tinkling it rose; and jingling as it came,
Louder and louder clanged with pitiless beat
On the strained tympanum; with eyes aflame,
The virtuoso, frozen to his seat,
Sat horror-stricken; jangling it passed by;
We heard it tinkling, tinkling, up the street;
And the great audience breathed one mighty sigh,
And laughed, until methought that some must surely die.

Then did that artist straitly go distraught.
Madly he danced, and madly beat his breast;
With lifted palm he bitterly besought
Aid from the most high gods; his mammoth crest
Rose up, like quills; one scream escaped his soul,
One scream of anguish not to be suppressed;
Wildly he tugged his crispēd aureole,
And bolted, e'en as bolts a rabbit down his hole.

Farewell, old Hall! To-day the fickle throng
Carry their worship to a newer fane.
Farewell! 'Tis all the burden of my song.
E'en as I write, methinks I see again
The fond, familiar scene; thy soothing spell
O'ercomes me; and I hear the sad refrain
Of clear intestines throbbing out "Farewell!"
And hark! It is!—it *is*!—that cursed muffin-bell!

J. K.

RICHARD HARTLEY, PROSPECTOR.

BY DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.

CHAPTER VIII.—UNDERGROUND PRETORIA.

ON their return to the mine, the excursionists found that Adam had thoroughly and loyally performed his part of the contract. When admitted, with the customary reservations and precautions, to the sacred recesses of the workshop, they were shown the framework of the bogus headgear, finished in a workmanlike manner out of the best timber available on the property, and ready for the reception of the cartridges. Even Hartley was satisfied, though, for the sake of his own reputation as a mechanic, he found fault with a few details.

"Man, but your orrgan of destruction is dangerously developed. You're the sort of thing that would find fault with a railway time-table because it was so full of figures," was Adam's only retort to the criticism.

Fortunately Hartley had no time to spare for justifying himself, as his train was shortly due. After a few words of counsel, and an emphatic injunction to both to exercise caution and silence, he left for the train.

When he had gone, Adam remarked—

"There was a young wastrel inquiring for you this morning."

"What was his name?"

"I forget it; but he's an

awful creature, a tricked-up monkey wi' the orrgans of acquisitiveness and secretiveness abnormmally developed. He's a creature to keep away from, I'm thinking."

Further details, elicited laboriously, suggested Bale Ellis as the caller, and a few minutes later that individual sauntered from the direction of the native compound, where he had been keeping out of sight of Hartley, whose acquaintance he had no wish to renew.

He greeted Wilmot with customary affability, explaining his presence by his having been visiting Krugersdorp on business, and finding himself so near, could not resist the pleasure of looking in on an old friend. He did not mention that his friendship had stood the test of a four hours' dreary wait in hiding in the malodorous native quarters.

Wilmot introduced him to the ungracious and suspicious old Scot, who had plainly taken a great aversion to the smartly dressed young fellow. Like many old survivors of the mining-camp days, Adam had a peculiar contempt for well-dressed men, and was withering in his comments upon their appearance. He seemed to associate stiff collars with soft brains.

If, as was probable, Ellis

noticed the want of warmth in his reception, he was too much a man of the world to show it. He produced a cigar-case, complimented Wilmot on his fit appearance, and flowed on so gaily that Wilmot felt ashamed of the brusquerie of old Adam, and invited his visitor to the office for a drink. He was not satisfied as to the real reason for the visit, and his demeanour towards his guest was, in spite of himself, restrained.

But Ellis gave no excuse for unfriendliness. He chatted airily on any and every thing, told all that was likely to interest Wilmot about mutual acquaintances in Johannesburg, and hastened to remove any lurking fear that borrowing was his mission by ostentatiously flourishing a handful of notes, and inquiring as to the possibility of raising a bottle of champagne. He satisfied Wilmot's natural but unexpressed curiosity as to the source of so much opulence by declaring that the cards and horses had been running kindly of late, also that he had obtained employment of a kind consonant with the capacity and dignity of a gentleman.

Wilmot allowed him to chatter on till at length the thing he had all along feared happened.

"Got that business through yet?" Ellis asked carelessly.

Wilmot winced, but dared not pretend ignorance as to the meaning of the question. So he flew to the first refuge of the cowardly unready and lied.

"Oh, that fell through long ago. In fact, it was a mare's

nest." He tried awkwardly enough to change the subject. Ellis took no notice of the diversion.

"Pity—great pity. I could have put it through and got money in advance,—no waiting for delivery of goods."

"But the whole thing was a mare's nest, I tell you."

"And you invented it all?"

"Suppose I did? I was drinking at the time."

Ellis did not push the matter farther. He appeared satisfied.

"You'll have to put me up to-night," said he.

"Very sorry, but there's no accommodation but the floor, and no spare bedclothes."

Adam came in at the moment.

"There's a train at ten o'clock that will suit you," he interposed, "and if you miss it, they have vara good hotels at Krugersdorp—almost up to what you are used to, I should say."

"In that case I won't put you out. I'll go, but I should have liked a crack over old times with my friend here. Come with me into the Dorp, Wilmot; I'll give you a night of it."

Again Adam interposed.

"He canna go. He's all behind with his worruk through being away so long. He'll have to stay up late to-night to get his books in order."

Wilmot mildly corroborated the invention.

Ellis accepted the rebuff without further argument, and announced his intention of finishing his cigar and whisky, and getting back to the Dorp. If his intention was to draw

Wilmot into another conversation it was defeated by Adam remaining with them.

"You'll have to hurry to get in before dark. You'd better go now," the old man urged.

Ellis surrendered to Scottish pertinacity, and said good-bye.

"What fools these honest men be!" he soliloquised as he walked over the veld. "A babe could see they've something to hide. And what a futile liar Wilmot is!"

"Who's your friend?" asked Adam magisterially. Wilmot told him, speaking as well of Ellis as he could, for he felt that both he and Adam had been unnecessarily inhospitable.

"He's a good enough fellow when you know him," he added.

"Man, but that's a fule's speech. Do you think I've nothing better to do than cultivate the acquaintance of every wastrel I meet, just to find out what's inside him? If the surface indications aren't promising, I'm not going to waste time in sinking a shaft."

"But that's what you do with every man you meet. It's the nature of your science."

"That shows your ignorance and absence of the faculty of causality. My science enables me to judge by the surface indications whether it is worth while going deeper," and Adam being provided with a text, started on a verbose explication.

Wilmot let him go on, for he was in no mood for talk. Ellis's visit had seriously perturbed him, and confirmed what he had all along suspected,—

that on the night of their dissipation and in the flush of excitement consequent on realising that he had a valuable secret, he had yielded to vanity and whisky and talked too much. The suspicion had haunted him ever since; now he knew it was well grounded, and he felt ashamed and sorry, for had he not lied to Hartley when that penetrative analyst of weak character had expressed misgivings?

He spent a restless night weighing probabilities, and formulating all sorts of more or less wild and dangerous projects for undoing the initial error.

His mind was diverted from the unpleasant subject next morning by the receipt of an answer to one of his inquiries after the engineer. His correspondent supplied the information that Bolton was to be found at Pretoria, where he was engaged on one of the railway surveys then in progress near the capital. He reported progress to Adam, and after a qualified assent from the cautious Scot, wrote to Hartley in guarded and cryptic language, announcing his intention of looking up the only man likely to assist in the solving of the mechanical puzzle.

Hartley replied promptly, approving, and arranging to meet Wilmot at the Park Station, Johannesburg, on his journey to the capital.

During the few days that passed before Wilmot's departure for Pretoria, several men called at the mine in quest of employment. This circum-

stance would not have been worth notice ordinarily, for the newspapers had announced that developing work had started on the Resurgam; but Adam's experienced eye detected that the applicants lacked most of the signs of the *bona-fide* seeker for a job on a mine. They were too eager to take anything that offered, and employment was indicated as being a greater consideration than payment, in a manner too unanimous and emphatic not to excite suspicion. Even the most needy seeker for work has pretty definite ideas as to the value of his services: these men were too ardent in their adhesion to the doctrine of the dignity of labour.

Unfortunately Adam did not mention his suspicions of the callers to Wilmot. He was not disposed to provoke another attack on his propensity for diagnosing every head he saw. He contented himself with warning him to be very careful in Pretoria, and sent him off with a parting assurance that the journey would be only waste of time, for it was thousands to one on the engineer proving a blethering, boasting ignoramus.

Wilmot had taken the precaution to make a final examination of the Maxim, so as to have its working principle thoroughly in his mind: a diagram would be too dangerous a thing to carry.

The first question Hartley put when, punctual to appointment, he met Wilmot at Park Station, was, "Have you anything on you in the way of a

drawing?" Nor would he be satisfied till he had carefully examined such letters and scraps of paper as Wilmot had in his pockets.

The two walked to a retired spot to talk. Hartley had his contribution to the plan of campaign in the useful form of a commission to Wilmot to call at the office of the Minister of Mines to verify the diagrams of certain gold claims in which the Yorkshireman was interested. This would provide a reasonable motive for the visit to the capital, and if the stay had to be prolonged, no one who knew Government methods would be surprised that a simple business should entail days of waiting. He gave Wilmot ten pounds towards expenses, and with a strict reminder to keep away from whisky, which he accentuated by refusing to offer or accept a parting glass, saw the train off.

Pretoria, always interesting to English visitors during the Kruger *régime*, was doubly absorbing at this period. Boerdom was revelling in its apothecosis. The excitement attendant on the abortive Reform movement and the Jameson Raid had hardly begun to cool down. The Reformers were still in jail, and the capital was a centre of interest for half the civilised world. Never before had it been so full of mixed humanity. Field-cornets from remote districts, who had never till now seen the Mecca of Boer officialdom, sympathetic representatives of the sister Free State and Cape Colony, Ger-

man concession-hunters, seeking the reward of the loyalty of their country to the threatened but triumphant Republic, newspaper "specials," globe-trotters, and a crowd of friends of the incarcerated revolutionists, swarmed in the hotels and public places, giving to life in the town a bustle and vitality that contrasted strangely with Wilmot's preconceived notions of the sleepy Boer capital, as derived from many a book of travellers' immatured impressions.

He put up at a small third-rate hotel, where he had to share the usual double-bedded room with the Jewish representative of an illicit liquor syndicate, full of wrathful indignation at having been refused accommodation at the Transvaal and Grand, "Ath if I couldn't pay, ven I could buy the blethed place."

Wilmot set out to make cautious inquiries, and found his man without difficulty, inviting him to dine that evening at the Transvaal Hotel, whose chef was famous in the land.

The business was tactfully managed, the *rencontre* appearing to be the most casual accident, and the dinner a natural civility. Wilmot cautiously awaited his opportunity, which did not arrive till the pair were finishing a pleasant evening over cigar and glass in the rooms of Bolton. It was easy to introduce the subject of the Reformers and the Raid; it was the standing dish at every conversation, but the matter of their hidden arms required careful hand-

ling. Wilmot carelessly sought Bolton's opinion as to the grounds for the popular notion that only part of the munitions had been surrendered. The engineer favoured the assumption, adding that, even if discovered, they would be found useless, for he had heard that the magazines and bolts of the rifles had been removed from the few that had been discovered.

The rest was easy. Wilmot appealed to Bolton's superior mechanical knowledge to explain how a Maxim gun could be dismantled, and for once he found that a man given to bragging of his special knowledge had excuse for his boast. Bolton clearly knew what he was talking about, and as Wilmot pleaded ignorance of the construction of a Maxim, a rough working diagram was obligingly drawn to assist the explanation. It provided all that Wilmot needed to know, and he was delighted and surprised to discover that old Adam's suggested remedy was, in principle, correct, and required only the addition of certain modifications that Wilmot was now in position to provide. He studied the drawing with a careful thoroughness that even Adam would have confessed argued considerable development of the organ of causality, and saw the cautious engineer burn the diagram without regret, for he knew its secret was safely stored in his own consciousness and memory.

Next morning Wilmot sent a brief but sufficiently explicit

telegram to Hartley, announcing his success; called at the office of the Minister of Mines as a matter of form, and spent the rest of the day in exploring a town that is well worth the trouble of dissecting, intending to return the following day. He dined again, but alone, at the Transvaal Hotel, feeling that his success justified the indulgence.

At the same table were two young Hollanders, volatile Bohemians, not long from the gaieties of Brussels, Antwerp, and Paris, with a taste in passing of London; both cosmopolitans in the best sense of the word. Wilmot had met a few of their type in Johannesburg, and was ever after angry with his countrymen for holding such insular notions of foreigners, particularly of Hollanders. He could not disguise from himself that these youngsters were much more delightful company than most Britishers of his acquaintance in the country; they were so polished and versatile, such thorough men of the world. He had ceased to wonder that the Boer should regard the Hollander as more alien to him than the Briton; he could understand how speech and manners, and an almost feminine fastidiousness, that the coarser-fibred product of a rugged soil had been taught to despise, should be a standing source of irritation and offence. The Boer had a right to expect something nearer to himself in representatives of a race claiming common origin. The Colonial Briton came much closer, in dress, tastes, and

occupation. The Hollander was ever a supercilious, finicking, posturing thing of fine linen and a mincing speech more difficult of comprehension than the English as spoken by the bluff honest Scotsmen and Yorkshiremen who formed a large leaven in Boerdorn.

Wilmot was instinctively a student of character types, and these young men interested as well as charmed him. They were bright and amusing, and spoke fluent and literary English, with just enough accent to bring out its points. One of them gave a side-splitting and wondrously accurate imitation of Paul Kruger in the tantrums in the Raad, that even compelled to laughter two solemn Boers from up-country, sitting at the next table.

After dinner Wilmot was invited to join his acquaintances in a round of calls at the semi-private retreats that provided eclectic entertainment for those in possession of the open sesame, as these Hollanders were. They proved a revelation to Wilmot, as they were to many a Burgher who fancied he knew Pretoria, until taken in hand by an initiate who had kept pace with its growth in the knowledge of the inner and secret vices of European cities. Wilmot smiled as he recalled some of the historical denunciations of the corruptness of Johannesburg which Paul Kruger and certain guileless members of the moral party thundered forth at times, and he marvelled at the daring irony of the advisers and heads of departments, who unblushingly

claimed for the President the title of the best informed man in his country. If, Wilmot argued, a stranger and alien like himself could learn so much of the inner life of the capital in a single evening, how could those in authority be ignorant of the existence of so huge a moral cesspool?

He did not know that his guides were two of the most astute members of that newly organised bureau of secret service which, as after-events proved, had nothing to learn from the methods of the most spy-ridden countries of Europe.

It is to be feared that Wilmot could not, with a clear conscience, have made a solemn declaration that he had borne in mind throughout that exciting and pleasant evening the warning of Hartley as to looking on the wine. How could he, with decency, refrain from sharing the hospitality so gracefully pressed upon him by these well-behaved, fastidious young citizens of the world? There was nothing vulgar about them or their potations. They drank like epicures of the best, generally produced by an obsequious barman—a strange and anomalous feature—from a private store, apparently reserved for special clients. They carefully eschewed the liquor of the public bar, and warned Wilmot against it, giving details of its origin and composition that argued peculiar inside knowledge.

The acquaintance was renewed quite accidentally, it seemed, next day. Wilmot did

not marvel that Pretorian officials, as they acknowledged themselves to be, should have so much time at their disposal, neither did he see anything strange in their marked predilection for his company. This was prettily explained by a casual remark of the elder of the two.

"We Hollanders suffer much from ennui among these dull Boers, and it gives spice to existence to meet a man like you who knows what life is."

Wilmot found the philanthropic task of assisting in the dispersal of ennui much more pleasant than one's duty to his neighbour usually is, and laboured hard at it during the day and the evening. It was well towards midnight when he reluctantly dragged himself away, determined to return to Johannesburg by the first train in the morning.

The road to his hotel lay past one of the numerous low-class canteens that flourished in the capital. When opposite it, he was accosted by a decently dressed Kafir, speaking English intelligibly.

"Baas," said the native, in pathetic tone. "Wife very sick. Must have brandy. They won't serve Kafirs. Buy two shillings'-worth for me." He thrust a small flask and a coin into Wilmot's hand. The Kafir, noticing the hesitancy, repeated his request imploringly, adding, "Wife will die without brandy."

Wilmot entered the bar, purchased the liquor, and brought it out to the Kafir, who was crouching in the shadow, but

rose promptly, snatched the flask, and, hastily removing the cork, began to drink.

Before Wilmot could express his indignation at the brutal selfishness that would rob a dying woman, if only a Kafir, he felt a hand on his shoulder. A man in plain clothes and a constable were beside him.

"I arrest you for supplying liquor to a native," said the man, who led him into the canteen. "Did you serve this man with brandy just now?" he demanded of the barman, who looked horribly scared, and hesitated.

The detective went behind the bar, opened the till, and, turning out its contents on to the counter, rapidly examined the coins and picked out a florin.

"This is a marked coin. Did you receive it from the prisoner?"

The barman assented.

Wilmot was too dazed and astounded to remember much more, except that he was walked between two men along what seemed miles of streets, until they reached a brilliantly lighted office, where a man in uniform wrote something in a big book dictated by the detective; then more bustling by two men, a short walk across a yard, the opening of a black door that revealed even greater blackness, a push that sent him sprawling on all-fours into the dark aperture, a slamming of the door behind him, then unconsciousness.

The manner in which Wilmot had been projected into the cell was in accordance with the ap-

proved system introduced by a German inspector of police. It had always been found most effective in quietening for some time an obstreperous and violent prisoner. He generally fell heavily forward, striking his head against the end wall, which brought on mild concussion of the brain, and wrenching one or both elbows against the door-posts with sufficient severity to render the arms useless long after the brain had resumed its functions. The Pretorian zaps were proud of their adroitness in this accomplishment; and with some reason, for they had rarely killed a victim with it, and Wilmot proved one of their successes.

He lay quiet for an hour, and when reason returned the pain in his right arm induced him to remain quiescent, trying to guess what had happened. But the thinking process proved sadly tangled; nor did the liquor he had partaken of so freely during the evening, and in fact throughout the entire day, conduce to clarity of intellect.

A sudden dash of cold water over his head had a very sobering effect. He turned over, and in the dim light of the dawning day saw a man standing over him with a bright tin can in his hands.

"Pull yourself together, man. You've got to face the Landdrost soon," a rough but friendly voice drawled.

Wilmot tried to raise himself on his elbow, but the pain caused him to collapse with an exclamation.

"Gave you the push, eh?" The man stooped down and passed his hand over Wilmot's head, and felt the injured arm.

"Nothing broke; you've come off light. Must have amateurs on duty; they chucked me, but did no damage. Been making a night of it?"

Wilmot got with difficulty into a sitting posture, and, as he wiped his drenched head with his sleeves, his handkerchief having been taken from him, asked stupidly where he was.

"In No. 6, Pretoria police station; brought in with a run about one o'clock this morning. Been balmy three hours," the man answered with business-like alacrity, as if reading from an official entry.

"I can't quite remember how I came," Wilmot began.

The man laughed.

"It's often so. Been that way myself. Don't know what happened to me after I was thrown out of the bar—don't even remember which bar."

"But I was not drunk; I was going home quietly when I was arrested. No; I was stopped by a Kafir——"

The man laughed again.

"Don't worry your head; police will tell you all about it when you get into court. Five pounds or a month; that's Pretoria rate, so long as you didn't punch a zarp. Pretoria policemen are tender."

Wilmot grew angry, and protested that he was not arrested for drunkenness. He tried to piece his story together.

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"Oh, liquor to natives, eh? Seventy-five or three months for first offence; hundred or nine for second. Got the money all right, I suppose?"

Wilmot bottled his anger, and made a fairly clear statement of his case, as well as his yet half-dazed condition permitted; but the man was still incredulous, and bluntly told him he was a fool to humbug himself.

"Leave it all to your solicitor; he knows how to manage these things."

"But I have no solicitor."

The man looked genuinely surprised.

"Then you're a new hand. Old stagers always have these things arranged for."

Wilmot recognised the impossibility of convincing the man of his innocence, so abandoned the attempt and became catechist in turn. "My case? oh, the usual, drunk and disorderly. I'm Jim Steevens; must know me if you read the police reports. Got a private cell at the Johannesburg lock-up; patronised this hotel several times; they're beginning to know me, so expect the tariff will go up this time. Hope I didn't punch a zarp last night. Don't generally. They sneak your cash if you do, and leave nothing to pay the fine. Always go quiet, that's my motto; saves a lot of knocking about. But these zarps do tempt me; they're frightened out of their lives of me. Lord! how the people at home would laugh if they knew what these poor devils have to put up with from Uitlanders

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like me! They generally in-span half the force to run me in," and he laughed at the recollection.

Wilmot could not help envying the airy indifference of the man. It was a most striking illustration of familiarity breeding contempt, and, in a way, it cheered him amid the vague terror of the unknown charge hanging over him.

A constable opened the cell and spoke to Steevens, who seemed equally at home with the language and customs of the place. "He wants to know what you'll have for breakfast," he interpreted. "He says you've got several pounds. Come out into the sun."

He set the example by walking out into the sunny yard, where several other dishevelled Europeans sat about, while the Kafirs sluiced out the cells. Steevens sat on an upturned bucket.

"It's all serene. He says I've got some money too, which shows I didn't punch a policeman. I'll order the breakfast."

Wilmot felt in his pockets. Every coin and loose article had been removed. Steevens noticed the action and laughed.

"Any one can see you're new at the business. Fancy feeling in your pockets after the police have been through you! Wonder they left the lining. But they're pretty good here. I have generally got my money back; but Johannesburg!—jeerusalem!—they'd take your boots there if they were good enough. Bring my pipe," he shouted to the depart-

ing constable, who shortly returned with it and a tobacco-pouch, and part of a cigar which had been found on Wilmot. He entered into conversation with Steevens. "Seems I'm not so lucky as I thought," said Steevens, when the constable went away. "I was rowdy, and shouting 'Down with Kruger!' I'm death on politics when I get full. That will mean a tanner or a month, and I've only got about a pound. Ah, well, there are worse places than Pretoria jail for a short stay. There's a hanging due there—shouldn't mind seeing that."

A passable breakfast, procured from an adjacent hotel, was brought in, and killed the time till nine o'clock, when the party was marched to the Landdrost's Court, the first half-dozen white prisoners leading, and about fifty Kafirs and Indians following.

Steevens' was the first case dealt with. He proved an accurate prophet.

"Ten pounds or a month," he remarked to Wilmot as he rejoined him in the yard.

When Wilmot's turn came he was placed in a railed compartment. An interpreter, whose English was that of the English-speaking Dutchman of Cape Colony, stolidly repeated the reading of the charge, which was that he, Graham Wilmot, did wilfully contravene section so-and-so of Law Number 216, to which he pleaded not guilty.

The man in plain clothes, who had arrested him, went into the witness-box and de-

clared that, as the result of knowledge and suspicion of the prisoner, he had kept him under observation for two days; but owing to the criminal's astuteness in avoiding detection, he had set a native trap or detective to catch him in the act.

The Kafir who had personated the husband seeking brandy for a dying wife told his story with comparative accuracy, and the barman having identified the prisoner as the person served, and the flask as that which he had filled with brandy, the Landdrost proceeded to pronounce sentence with a celerity that gave the lie to the stories of magisterial tardiness in the Transvaal.

"Seventy-five pounds or three months' hard labour."

"Going to pay?" the interpreter asked.

"I have no money," was all that Wilmot could think of to reply, and he was hustled into the yard.

"Any one can see you're innocent," Steevens was good enough to remark, as Wilmot,

dazed and stiff, sat by him on a form. "I always know 'em by the way they act in court. But, Lord! it doesn't matter what you say or do. If you show 'em you aren't afraid, and cross-examine the lying witnesses, and catch 'em out, Landdrost says to himself, 'He's an old hand, knows all the tricks.' If you are green you get bowled out through not knowing how to make the best of your case. Got friends who'll pay up, I suppose?"

"I don't know. I hardly know whether I'm awake or dreaming," Wilmot answered.

He awoke thoroughly when, two hours later, he, with the rest of the convicted prisoners, was marched to the jail.

Standing on the pavement just outside the gate of the courtyard was a group of well-dressed young men, and among them his Hollander acquaintances of the previous day. They stared hard at him as he passed, and the elder laughed, —a fiendish, triumphant, contemptuous laugh, that haunted Wilmot for many a day.

(To be continued.)

THE SCOTTISH RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION.

(HISTORY *VERSUS* TRADITION.)

BY ANDREW LANG.

EVERY one knows that family tradition cannot be shaken. The quaich that Prince Charlie left in Berwickshire on his retreat from England; the portrait that Queen Mary gave to the Mac-Cookie in Rannoch; the snuff-box presented to MacMull by James V.,—these impossible relics hold their own. Yet the Prince came not through Berwickshire; the portrait bears date 1703; tobacco was unknown to Europe when James V. took snuff. National history is as rich as family tradition in legends not to be eradicated. Yet the hopeless business of the historian is to be always making war on the exploded traditions with which even the most modern books of history are contaminated. In the 'Cambridge Modern History,' vol. ii. pp. 550-598,¹ we read an extremely brilliant essay by Mr F. W. Maitland on "The Anglican Settlement and the Scottish Reformation." Mr Maitland has scarcely room enough for his topic, and the unhappy system of giving no references to authorities is disadvantageous to the learned and vivacious writer, while it entails needless labour on the reader. Perhaps it is too late to hope that the editors who conduct the large collaborative history planned by Lord Acton will, in future volumes, insist on giving references to authorities? Without them the work may be "very popular pie," but "history" it can scarcely be called, rather a series of historical essays. An example of the inconveniences of the present method will be offered later. Mr Maitland may, however, have evidence unknown to me for statements which, at present, I must regard as traditional and non-historical.

The question concerns the origins of the Scottish religious revolution under Knox, in 1559. Mr Maitland writes that (at an unnamed date, but in 1558-1559), "The Regent of Scotland was given to understand" (by Henri II. of France, it appears, but the point is left vague) "that the time for tolerance was past. . . . The Queen Mother" (Mary of Guise, the Regent) "fixed Easter Day (1559) for the return of all men to the Catholic worship. The order was disregarded," and "the more notorious of the preachers were to answer at Stirling for their misdeeds" on May 10. On May 11, the Revolution began in the church-wrecking at Perth.²

¹ University Press, Cambridge, 1904.² Cambridge Modern History, vol. ii. pp. 572, 573.

On this showing, Henri II., after concluding the peace of Cateau Cambresis (April 2, 1559), meant "to be busy among the Protestants of France." "Arrears of flogging," as Mr Squeers said, had accrued during the war. Meanwhile the Regent, by French orders, was to be active among those in Scotland, and her first move was to order "all men" to "return to the Catholic worship" on Easter Day (March 26, 1559).

This is the traditional story, still alive in a Cambridge History of 1904. It is the story of our most learned and impartial author, Patrick Fraser Tytler; but he places the blame of "a vast and unprincipled design"—namely, that the Regent should "join a league for the destruction of the Protestants" and "put down the Reformation in Scotland"—on the broad shoulders of the Cardinal and the Duc de Guise. The plan was communicated to the Regent by de Bethencourt, says Tytler, "soon after the conclusion of the peace of Cateau Cambresis."¹ Mr Maitland does not speak of a vast European conspiracy of persecution—only of French persecution in France and Scotland. I find no evidence, however, that (i) the Regent was advised from France to be "busy" in the persecution of the Reformers;

and (ii) none that she "fixed Easter Day for the return of all men to the Catholic worship." For the commands from France to the Regent at this date the only testimony is that of Sir James Melville, writing in old age, from an erroneous memory, while a vague remark occurs in the *Memoirs of Castelnau*. Dr M'Crie pointed this out long ago in his *'Life of Knox.'*² Melville's story is absurd.

On the conclusion of the peace of Cateau Cambresis (April 2, 1559), Melville says that Henri II. wanted to send *him* "to swear the peace in Scotland." But the Guises insisted that de Bethencourt (Master of the Regent's household) should go, and tell the Regent that "the first and principal article" of the treaty was that the Pope, France, Spain, and the Emperor "should pursue and punish all heretics with fire and sword, . . . willing the Queen Regent to do the like in Scotland."³ This is nonsense. De Bethencourt, coming from France, passed Berwick on April 13, 1559; the Regent's known proclamations as to religion were issued on February 9 and on March 23, just before March 26, Easter Day.⁴ As for Mary of Guise, she was then in no state to be "busy" in persecuting. On April 12 "she is not departed"—namely, for France, by way

¹ Tytler, *History of Scotland*, vol. iii. pp. 89, 90. 1864.

² Note FF, pp. 358, 359. 1855.

³ Melville, pp. 76, 77. 1827.

⁴ M'Crie, p. 360. Croft to Cecil, April 14, 1559. *Cal. For. Eliza.*, 1558-1559, p. 214, No. 527. *Historie of the Estate of Scotland*, Wodrow Miscellany, vol. i. p. 56.

of England—as she intended to do, “but is very sore sicke, and in suche daunger as lief is despayred of.” So Sir Henry Percy wrote from Norham Castle to Cecil, correcting a former letter in which he had announced the Regent’s departure from Scotland.¹ His earlier letter is unluckily lost: I think “departed” means departed *from Scotland*, not “from this life.” She was at Stirling. There had been “appearance of contention among diverse of the chief noblemen that there were assembled for matters of religion.” The Regent had not one Scottish supporter—only the French. “The matter is pacyfied for the tyme.”

Now here, I think, we have a contemporary notice (not hitherto observed to my knowledge) of what Knox tells us.² After Easter, he says, the Regent summoned four preachers (Methuen, Christison, Harlaw, and Willock), for reasons to be given later. Two nobles of the Reformers’ party remonstrated; the Queen said that though the ministers “preached as truly as St Paul,” she would banish them from Scotland. But the Reformers “most humbly sought her favours,” and “at last obtained that the summons at that time was delayed.” Glencairn and Campbell of Loudoun reminded her of “her manifold promises.” She replied that princes must not be tied to

their promises, and the two noblemen “plainly forewarned her of the inconveniences that were to follow.” I know not what promises Mary broke when she summoned the four preachers for a *new* set of offences, as she had done. However, she was daunted, and said “she would advise.”

Knox’s narrative is so incoherent that we are not quite certain whether or not he means that these events occurred after Easter 1559. He seems first to say that they did, but later goes back to events before Easter. Probably he means that the pause after the intervention of Glencairn and Loudoun occurred after Easter; if so, this is the temporary pacification reported by Percy on April 12. The Regent, however, says Knox (after April 12, probably), “did summon *again*” the preachers to Stirling for May 10, 1559.

Now here may be the grain of truth in Melville’s story, of an order to persecute, brought by de Bethencourt after April 2. Professor Hume Brown, by a slight oversight as to dates, says that de Bethencourt “was not in Scotland before June, . . . and long previous to that date the Regent had taken her stand against the Congregation.”³ But we have seen that de Bethencourt, who passed Berwick on April 13, might have been with the ailing Regent by April 15. Thus he *may* have advised her to cease

¹ S. P. Borders, vol. i., No. 241, MS.

² Knox, vol. i. pp. 315, 316.

³ John Knox, vol. i. p. 344, note 1.

wavering, and "to summon the preachers again," as she did. It is not certain, but it seems very possible, for summoned they were. To that extent, and no further, Guisian influence may have gone. As a matter of fact, with or without orders from France, the Regent had to summon these men, or cease to govern, and look on at the wrecking of churches and monasteries. "This step, in truth, the Regent was bound to take," says Professor Hume Brown, "if she was to be mistress of her subjects, with authority to work out her ends,"—and prevent them from working out theirs! Ill as she was, she did her duty.

It now appears that, if the Regent's health had permitted, she would have left Scotland in March or April 1559 (she was certainly, in May, expected by the French to come to their country), and would not have been connected with any "persecution." Her malady was no pretence; her death was reported in Paris at the end of May, and she did die in June 1560, after fourteen months of courageous war with disease and with fortune. She cannot, in her condition, in April 1559, and with not a Scottish soul on her side, have intended to devastate the Protestants "with fire and sword."

That she took up this policy in consequence of de Bethencourt's message from the Guises, and that she joined, as Melville reports, a Catholic League, or

took part in a secret treaty for persecution,—which did not exist,—is a tradition contradicted by dates and by facts. How could Spain make a league of persecution with France, when French success meant a French conquest of Scotland and an attack on England? As the Duke of Alva wrote to Philip of Spain, "What we have always held to be for your Majesty's interests was *that the French should leave Scotland*; or, if they remain, that they should remain so weakened as not to have their hands free to attempt thence to execute their plans against England." Ever since the death of Mary Tudor (November 17, 1558), Spain had dreaded a French entry into England, of course by way of Scotland. After the outbreak of the religious revolution of Knox, Alva was in Paris, and warned Philip of the French forces intended for Scotland (June 1559). Later, in March 1560, Philip tried to arrange a *via media*, which would permit France to subdue the Scottish Reformers, with 4000 men, without endangering England. But Philip's desire was peace; not a league of persecution, a "poisonous figment" of popular rumour, said the Emperor.¹

Next, after showing that tradition and Mr Maitland, as far as he follows it, in regard to commands to persecute, are in error, we ask, *did* the Regent "fix Easter Day for the

¹ Alva's Memorial, August 1560. Father Pollen's *Papal Negotiations*, pp. 456-460. Scottish History Society.

return of all men to the Catholic worship"? Sir James Melville says so, but Knox does not, though he wrote only four or five months after the events. He says, with his wonted vigour of style, that the Regent "commanded *her household* to use all abominations at Easter," and herself "communicated with that idol in open audience. . . . She sent forth such as she thought most able to *persuade*, at Easter . . ." ¹ Knox, we know, did not minimise the "wickedness" of this "wanton widow," but he does not corroborate Mr Maitland.

The learned and accurate Dr M'Crie, who exposed the fables of Melville seventy years ago, says that the Regent issued a proclamation at the Market Cross, "commanding all the subjects to prepare to celebrate the ensuing feast of Easter, according to the rites of the Church of Rome." ² For evidence he cites a MS. 'Historie of the Estate of Scotland.' The anonymous author of the 'Historie' says not one word to that effect! He merely avers, as does Dr M'Crie, that on March 23, 1559, three days before Easter, "amongst other statutes, the Queen Regent caused proclaim this at the market crosses at Edinburgh and other places, containing in effect that no manner of person should take upon hands to preach or minister the sacra-

ments, except they were thereto admitted by the Ordinary or Bishop under no less pain than death," ³ the penalty suggested by the framers of the Knoxian 'Book of Discipline' for the administering of the sacraments by unqualified persons. But the 'Historie' does not say, though Dr M'Crie quotes it and nothing else for his authority, that the Regent "commanded all the subjects to prepare to celebrate the ensuing feast of Easter, according to the rites of the Church of Rome." That is an addition attributed to the 'Historie' by Dr M'Crie, out of his own will and fantasy, and he quotes no other source.

We have thus, as far as I am aware, no authority but Melville's for Mr Maitland's statement; and Dr M'Crie has discredited Melville. The good old knight, Sir James Melville, is so often wrong, beyond doubt, that his authority cannot be accepted without corroboration. Dr M'Crie goes on, "Understanding that her proclamation was disregarded, the Regent determined on taking decisive steps to enforce obedience, by bringing the preachers to justice." She summoned them (four of them); then, being threatened by Glencairn and Loudoun, she promised to take the matter "into serious consideration," and at last (probably, as I suggest, after seeing de Bethencourt and hearing his news) ordered the

¹ Knox, vol. i. pp. 315-317.

² M'Crie, Knox, p. 124.

³ Historie, Wodrow Miscellany, vol. i. p. 56.

summons to hold good for May 10.¹

The Regent had been working for peace ever since February, as letters in the State Papers show. She cannot have been so foolish as to suppose that persecution in Scotland would make for the continuance of peace, though Elizabeth *was* bound not to assist the rebels of the French king, whose son, the Dauphin Francis, was husband of the Queen of Scotland. The truth is that, even if there had been no such place as France, and no such people as her brothers, the Guises, the Regent could not for ever stand aloof from the conflict which was thrust upon her by the Reformers. Either the Congregation must govern Scotland, or she must. The question, deferred for two years, had to be settled. It was not a question of toleration: one religion or the other must pack; one party or the other must possess the churches; new laws, the contrary of the old, must be passed, or the old laws must be enforced. Moreover, Scotland must be England's ally, or a mere province of France. That was the situation.

The Reformers had brought things to this pass by occupying churches, destroying altars and works of art and service-books, and, in this way, "reforming" kirks. The Regent must look on passively while the process of devastation and

seizure was lawlessly carried out, or must put her foot down. She *had* put it down, and lifted it again, before April 1559, and the Reformers had challenged her. She had replied to the challenge by proclamations in February and March. Conceivably, after seeing de Bethencourt, about April 16, she thought that she would now be aided by France. If she did, she was very much mistaken. After all, she only went to a length to which she had gone before, with no consequences of any importance. She put the preachers where they, or three of them out of five, were already, — "to the horn." Knox was at the horn since 1556; Methuen was at the horn, but Haliburton, Provost of Dundee, "fearing God," declined to apprehend him.² Harlaw was also "the Queen's rebel" in October 1558; and was maintained, in Dumfriesshire, by Alexander Stewart of Garlies. He had "committed enormities and contempts against the privilege of Holy Kirk and Acts of Parliament," but the bailies of Dumfries refused to meddle with him.³ Had these men been "relaxed" from the horn, and if not, how were they the worse, or how was the Regent the better, for their being put to the horn again in May? They were "relaxed" in July 1559.

What had they been doing? We know from Knox that

¹ M'Crie, Knox, pp. 124, 125.

² Calderwood, vol. i. p. 439.

³ Documents of the See of Glasgow, cited from the originals, then in the Scots College, Paris, by Keith, vol. i. p. 495.

Methuen had already "reformed" the church at Dundee. Pitscottie tells us that he had "ministered the communion in Dundee and in Cupar" (he was a baker), "and caused the images thereof to be cast down, and abolished the Pope's religion so far as he passed or preached."¹ Now if a man, however holy, goes on tours of church-wrecking, *something* must be done, sooner or later! Calvin raged against preachers who did what Methuen (if we believe Pitscottie) had been doing; he spoke of them with contempt and disgust. "Not only has Tartas" (a preacher) "consented to such mischief, but he has excited the people, like the most rowdy of the crowd" (*comme le plus mutin de tous*). Tartas "had burned idols, and broken down a cross." "His pretence that he is only obeying his conscience is intolerable obstinacy. If he wants us to approve of him, he must show that he obeys God's commands. But we know that it is precisely the reverse."² Calvin adds that the preacher is "too stupid to know what he is about." Tartas was suspended by his Consistory.

These were, and, after 1559, these continued to be, the views of Calvin, and, I think, of the Genevan Church, on such ferocities of destruction

as marked the preaching tours of Knox and other agitators. In Calvin's letters his ideas on this point are frequently and vigorously stated. Knox had long been intimate with Calvin at Geneva, but had again and again, in epistles to England and Scotland, shown his utter disregard of his revered master's teaching as to these and other outrages. But Knox's 'History' of these events was written for the brethren in all realms, for Calvin among others, and now we understand why Knox, when addressing the contemporary public at home and abroad in his 'History,' assigns the outrages in Perth to "the rascal multitude," while in a private letter, he (like the other authorities) ascribes them to "the Brethren."³

Public preaching meant public destruction of altars and works of art. As under Wishart's eloquence in 1543, at Dundee,⁴ so now, under that of Methuen & Co., there was wrecking and looting. Mr Maxwell, in his 'Old Dundee,' tells us what came of Wishart's sermons in that town, thirteen years earlier. "The words of the preacher . . . had stimulated the popular feeling against the monasteries, and, no doubt, led to the wanton and riotous spoliation of their property which thereafter took place," and which the Reformers, in

¹ Pitscottie, vol. ii. p. 523.

² Calvin to the Consistory of Sauve. Date uncertain, 1560 or 1561. *Corpus Reformatorum*, vol. xlv. pp. 580, 581.

³ Knox, vol. i. pp. 320-322; vol. vi. p. 23. That Knox's Book II. was begun for the purpose of contemporary publication I show in 'The Scottish Historical Review,' January 1905.

⁴ Maxwell, *Old Dundee*, pp. 82, 83.

January 1559, had already threatened to renew on a greater scale. Everything worth stealing was stolen, in 1543, at Dundee; the rest was destroyed. Kirkhill Castle was burned, and Lady Kirkhill, seventy years of age, "by the most cruel forethought felony they drowned" in Tay!¹

The Regent remembered all these acts of zeal, and foresaw that they would be repeated, under the exhortations of public preachers. She had allowed the preachers to be summoned; but, again and again, cowed by the menaces of the Brethren, or to win their votes for the gift of the "matrimonial crown" to her son-in-law, she had drawn back, and let bygones be bygones. This could not endure for ever. Long before the peace of Cateau Cambresis, the Regent had been fairly challenged. In the early winter Parliament of 1558 the Reformers had proclaimed their determination, if their demands were not conceded, to disobey the law, and to enjoy immunity "for violating of such rites as man without God's commandment or Word hath commanded." They would violate all Catholic rites. They will not be responsible for uproars and violence committed.²

They went further, as we have said. "Zealous Brethren," in January 1559, affixed the revolutionary document called "The Beggars' Warning" on the doors of every religious

house in Scotland. It is an appeal to mob violence, and is the work of educated and organised men.³ The religious are warned that, if they do not quit their houses before Whitsuntide 1559, the mob will expel them. They kept their promise. This indicates a preconcerted revolution. The Regent replied to challenges in proclamations of February 9 and of March 23, 1559. Under the futile and familiar threat of the death-penalty all are forbidden to do violence; to disturb church services; to strike men; bully priests; eat flesh in Lent; or, if unqualified, to administer the sacraments. In face of this, Methuen, Christison, Harlaw, and Willock are charged with passing Eastertide in making convocations of the lieges, preaching, and making *sedition and riots* in Dundee, Montrose, and other parts of Forfarshire and Kincardine.⁴

The preachers and the Brethren, in a multitude of some 6000 men, occupied Perth, an excellent and fortified central strategic position. Fairly or unfairly (Knox is the only original evidence for unfairness), the Regent put to the horn, in their absence, for *new* offences, men who had been at the horn before for old offences. The Brethren then wrecked church and monasteries in Perth, and the Revolution had begun: the menaced attack on all religious houses had started on its path. Knox led the van.

¹ Maxwell, *Old Dundee*, pp. 82, 83, 395.

² Knox, vol. i. pp. 313, 314.

³ *Ibid.*, note 1, pp. 320, 321.

⁴ Mc'Crie, Knox, pp. 359, 360. Citing the *Justiciary Records*, 1558-1559.

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The ordinary account of events, Mr Maitland's account, seems to me to be merely traditional, based on the often exposed errors of Sir James Melville, and on Knox's statement that, after the peace (of April 2, 1559), "she began to spew forth and disclose the latent venom of her double heart." She had "spewed forth" six weeks before the peace, in her February proclamation, answering the challenge of the zealous Brethren.¹ She did not hurry to take her part in a European scheme of fire and sword, an impossible league of persecution, revealed to her by Melville's "Button-court." What she really did

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may seem best to serve the turn, and the like in the other places, if it shall be thought convenient."

It *was* thought very "convenient" by Cecil, as we know. But Henri II. could not but perceive that what was convenient for Cecil's "turn" was highly inconvenient for himself. He did see it, and, if we may ever believe Sir James Melville at all, told him, through the Constable, to visit Scotland, and see "if it be only religion that moves them," or if the rising was political. If only religion was concerned, "we must commit Scotsmen's souls unto God, for we have enough to do to rule the consciences of our own countrymen."¹

Melville went to Scotland, reaching the Regent on June 13. Throckmorton says that the Regent was to return with him to France.

On June 7 Throckmorton reports that the French Ministers are all at sea about a Scottish policy. They thought of sending one out of four people—d'Elbœuf seemed the "fittest." He would take 500 soldiers, after the Regent arrived in France; meanwhile she had orders to practise toleration. She arranged, in fact (July 24), for a truce, and abstention from violence on either side, till a Parliament met in January 1560. The Congregation, aided by England, broke the truce, and deposed the Regent.² Throck-

morton advised Cecil to nourish the troubles in Scotland and patronise Knox. Already (June 7) Scots were making proposals to him about Arran. The idea of marrying Arran to Elizabeth had occurred to their minds: they hint at it on June 24, and the success of the scheme must have probably meant a Hamilton in place of a Stuart dynasty in Scotland.

When the Regent was dangerously ill in April 1559, after she had arranged to leave Scotland for France, the assembled nobles discussed the question, Who was to govern if she died? The nearest heir to the throne, the Duke of Chatelherault, head of the House of Hamilton, was sent for, and "it is agreed amongst them, for the avoiding of all dangers, that if God shall call the Dowager, the governance shall be with the said Duke, M. d'Oysel, and M. de Rubai jointly, until the King and Queen Dauphins" (Francis and Mary Stuart) "shall have otherwise directed the same,"—so Sir Henry Percy wrote to Cecil (April 12, 1559). Now Chatelherault, at this time, was a patron of "the Word," and no persecutor.

In these circumstances it can hardly be said that the ailing Regent was leaving Scotland to make room for a French persecutor. It appears that no scheme of persecution was embraced by the Regent (though that is the verdict

¹ Melville, p. 80.

² Forbes, vol. i. pp. 117, 118; Knox, vol. i. pp. 444-449.

of tradition, accepted even by Tytler and M'Crie), but that the Revolution was an event foreseen, and forced on, by the Scottish Reformers.

Knox's admirers have hardly given him credit enough for boldly breaking with Calvin's idea that Christian men may not resist tyrants by force of arms. Yet, with great modesty, Knox declared to, or rather let it be understood by, the Lords in Scotland that Calvin had approved of his ideas in 1559. Being asked, in 1564, to write on the subject "to Mr Calvin, and to the learned in other countries," he said that he had heard opinions, those of "the most godly and most learned that be known in Europe. I came not to this realm without their resolution, and for my assurance I have the handwriting of many. . . ." ¹

In several of Calvin's letters, as I have said, before and after 1559, he, like Morel, utterly repudiates such notions as those of Knox about slaying "idolaters," and about resistance in

arms. He cannot have given them his approval at the moment when Knox left Geneva for Scotland early in 1559, that eventful year. News had reached Knox, before he left Geneva for Scotland, that "Christ was everywhere publicly preached, the sacraments duly administered, the impure ceremonies of Antichrist being overthrown."² In these circumstances Calvin would not be so false to himself as to approve Knox's anarchic doctrines of the right of Protestants to murder Catholics. Our Reformer did not in so many words tell the Lords that Calvin *did* approve. He "had heard the judgments of the most learned," he "came not to this realm without their resolution"; but the "judgments" which he heard, from men like Calvin and Morel, were contrary to his own doctrine, and the "resolution" cannot possibly have differed from the "judgments." Knox had not been a notary for nothing!

¹ Knox, vol. ii. p. 460.

² M'Crie, Knox, p. 115, note 5.

THE WATERWAYS OF THE SUDAN.

FROM THE ATBARA TO TUTI.

BY DR ANDREW BALFOUR, KHARTOUM.

WE will begin with the Atbara, or rather with the spot where the clear winter waters of the last of the tributaries mingle with the muddy sweep of the parent river. The last of the tributaries, for from this place the "Father of Waters," the sacred Nile, gives and receives not. It is the most generous of rivers, and perchance this very generosity is the cause of that perpetual and wearying cry for "backsheesh" which is the plaint of those who, in Egypt, dwell upon its banks. They would have the strangers who come amongst them ape the noble spirit of that which gives them life. From this meeting of the waters the rich current swirls heavily past Berber to Abu Hamed, turns to the west, and in one great loop makes Dongola the most fertile of provinces, ere, broken by black rocks and seamed by foam-flecks, it descends on Wady Halfa, to be churned by steamer paddles and gazed on by the tourist.

The casual traveller knows not the Dongola loop, nor do we who write; but then, save for passing glimpses from a swiftly running train, he is alike ignorant of the Nile from the Atbara to Omdurman, and it is a reach well worth the knowing,—a stretch for ever

associated with the history of war, and glorified by the magnificence of the Shabluka, the great gorge of the Sudan. Day was dawning, and the *Amka* lay in mid-stream wellnigh motionless, waiting for light to guide her into the narrow mouth of the declining river—for the Atbara is rain-fed, a mountain product of Abyssinia, and dwindles fast as summer wanes.

From a camp-bed upon the cabin deck we gaze shorewards with sleep-laden eyes, and watch the crimson creep into the east and feel the faint chill of a morning wind. Blackness merges with blackness, till the torch of day touches the land with light, and the water stretch with silver. The banks are bold and high, and presently take shape and definition, while poised in mid-air a heavy tracery stands out against the ruddy glow. That is the railway-bridge, fashioned by the enterprising Yankee, the solitary one of its kind in all the vast area of the Sudan, a link as it were with civilisation and the North. War gave it birth—red and savage war; but the relentless grip of that fell destroyer is seen more clearly in these strange black pillars rising from the banks in huddled shapeless

masses, through which come glimpses of the lightening sky, in the place of desolation yet to be revealed. The pillars are the broken walls of Jaalin huts, the masses are the ruined and crumbling dwellings; the place, Dakhala by name, was once a tiny township of peaceful folk. A spit runs out into the Nile, and at its point there rises what, from its mere appearance, might well be an old Scottish keep, a mouldering castle beloved of owls and jackdaws and the night-flying bat. It is the remnant of a Dervish fort, mute witness to a vanished kingdom and a tyranny undone.

The *Amka*, bluff-bowed and unlovely, stern-wheels slowly from the murky flood into the green water which glides between the silting banks of sand, against one of which she ties up hard by the bridge. Ere she has come to her moorings, the sun—and in the Sudan he is a sun indeed—has sprung into the heavens, and is already at his work, scorching where there is little left to scorch, beating down on sand and scrub and water with relentless power, blistering the bridge paint, and revealing all the mournfulness of a melancholy place. It is very lonely this site of a deserted village, this spot of an already forgotten tragedy, this mouth of a river which has oftentimes run red as the dawn which heralded the sunrising. Yet is there life even here; a few Egyptian soldiery, guardians of the bridge, a few nomads driving scraggy goats amongst

the scraggy scrub, a few Arabs come to look upon the river-steamer and perchance to sell a sheep.

There is life in the fantastic dôm-palms, in the queer cactus-like growths, in a scanty field of millet, in the spiky grass, for all the world like the bent which coats the salt sea-dunes of the Moray Firth. There is life in the doves which boom from the mimosas; for in the Sudan these wild columbines rarely ooo and gurgle as in other lands, but tell their loves and simple stories in a long, soft, incessant booming, melodious and monotonous. There is life in the pretty, plump, grey plovers, with breasts of a dainty rose hue, which run and pick and peck upon the sand, fearless and busy. There is life in the thickets, to judge by the clear piping and chirruping of little birds, some gay-plumaged, some dowdy, but all lively, hasting to breakfast ere the heat drives them into silence and to shade. Lastly, there is life in the Atbara, for fine fat fish with black-barred backs and coarse snouts flicker to the surface and nose round the sides, no doubt wondering what this strange visitant to their haunts may be. Perchance a grim and loathsome *timsah* lurks stealthily in the pools, half-buried in the mud, for such there be in the Atbara, and at the time of low water these saurians are savage; but none are visible, though to be sure it is yet early for them. The crocodile loves the sand-bank only when it is warming

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braize, and spiky villains, and floating electric batteries, veritable bags of living jelly, prized for headache and sunstroke when out in strips and bound about the aching forehead. Strangest of all are the siluroids or mud-fish, hideous monsters, lumpy and flat at the same time, with perverted grins stamped upon their heads, thick blubber lips, and trailing tentacles. Half-amphibious these, which go prowling ashore of evenings, and hide in holes and crannies, and may, in other parts of Africa,—at least, so 'tis said,—play a part in the spread of that sleeping sickness which slew Durnovo the Portuguese. This, however, is no scientific memoir, so we shun lengthy and high-sounding titles, and hark back to the Atbara and the night cries which assail us as the land is wrapped in darkness.

A jackal, prowling on the outskirts of some distant village in the scrub, howls dismally, and is answered by the harsh cry of a purple heron hunting for its prey. The hum of insects is in the air, the giddy dance of winged and unseen hosts is going on above and about us. There is a beating of countless tiny wings. A mosquito shrills in the ear and quarters a skin patch against which he is crushed ere he can raise his legs and thrust home his doubly channeled proboscis. Silly weak-looking white flies, with beady eyes and double tails, commit suicide in dozens round the lamp; and a blunder-

ing flying beetle buzzes dazed into the light circle, stuns himself, and twirls noisily upon the table like a cockchafer on a pin. It is the customary night, cool, pleasant, restful save for such lesser worries, and here, as will yet be shown, these are but a trifle. On the morrow we are off for the journey of two hundred miles to that new Khartoum which is rising like a phoenix from the ashes, from the crumbling mud and brick of the town which the Mahdi and the Khalifa destroyed.

We look back as we swing round into the Nile, and for those of us who have not seen the Bahr-el-Azrak¹ in the summer months it is hard to imagine what the Atbara must be like when, fed by snow and rain, thick with mud and silt and rock-washings, it comes plunging bank-full—ay, brimming over—down the wide gap which runs away eastward below and beyond the bridge. Now a mere trickle, with sundry deep pools, it will anon be a mighty river laden with wealth, a mountain torrent broader than the Thames at Oxford, more rapid than the Tay.

The revolving stern-wheel of a river-steamer is an interesting sight when viewed from above, and one calculated to make the beholder dizzy, so rapid the whirling of the paddles, so constant the leaping of the spray. It has a cooling effect on a broiling day, and the sound of it is pleasant music to the ears and heartsome always, for the

¹ Literally, the river of blue—the Blue Nile.

of tradition, accepted even by Tytler and M'Crie), but that the Revolution was an event foreseen, and forced on, by the Scottish Reformers.

Knox's admirers have hardly given him credit enough for boldly breaking with Calvin's idea that Christian men may not resist tyrants by force of arms. Yet, with great modesty, Knox declared to, or rather let it be understood by, the Lords in Scotland that Calvin had approved of *his* ideas in 1559. Being asked, in 1564, to write on the subject "to Mr Calvin, and to the learned in other countries," he said that he had heard opinions, those of "the most godly and most learned that be known in Europe. I came not to this realm without their resolution, and for my assurance I have the handwriting of many. . . ." ¹

In several of Calvin's letters, as I have said, before and after 1559, he, like Morel, utterly repudiates such notions as those of Knox about slaying "idolaters," and about resistance in

arms. He cannot have given them his approval at the moment when Knox left Geneva for Scotland early in 1559, that eventful year. News had reached Knox, before he left Geneva for Scotland, that "Christ was everywhere publicly preached, the sacraments duly administered, the impure ceremonies of Antichrist being overthrown." ² In these circumstances Calvin would not be so false to himself as to approve Knox's anarchic doctrines of the right of Protestants to murder Catholics. Our Reformer did not in so many words tell the Lords that Calvin *did* approve. He "had heard the judgments of the most learned," he "came not to this realm without their resolution"; but the "judgments" which he heard, from men like Calvin and Morel, were contrary to his own doctrine, and the "resolution" cannot possibly have differed from the "judgments." Knox had not been a notary for nothing!

¹ Knox, vol. ii. p. 460.

² M'Crie, Knox, p. 115, note 5.

Africa ; mules which have traversed the Bahr-el-Ghazal province travel hither wrecks from tsetse bites. Bugles blow in Shendy, and Egyptians with blue breeches and scabbarded swords swagger about its dusty streets. In a word, it is the cavalry headquarters, the sole interest it possesses. But they make a good damoor there—the useful cotton cloth of the country ; and the golden goat-sucker is found in the neighbourhood.

Were we to describe every mile of the way to the Shabluka, it would be more or less of a repetition of what has been said. There is rarely any sudden variation in Sudanese scenery. Things move slowly in the Nile valley, and physical features for the most part alter but little. When a change has been effected the land seems so proud of it that it preserves the new formation to the verge of monotony, as witness the sudd ; but we are very far from the sudd, and must hie back to the north of the Shabluka. There are low hill-ranges on the route, and even bold bluffs of sand cliffs dipping to the river as in Egypt, and one day, afar off, we see the Pyramids of Merowé, baking in a merciless heat as they have baked for centuries. The rest is desert and thorn bush, dôm scrub and donkeys, cultivated patches refreshing to the eye, yellow sand-banks, mud and a muddy river, the driest of dry airs, the hottest of suns, the laziest of people, the scraggiest of goats, the loneliest of landscapes.

But there comes a change, and the change is welcome. It is marked by confused heaps of huge black and brown rocks dotted about the desert, fantastic masses, jumbled exceedingly, as though giants had been rearing cairns at random. The individual stones are often very large—great blocks, cracked and gaping, but little weather-worn. Occasionally there is a regular ridge of this formation, but as a rule isolated hillocks, roughly picturesque. They impart a savage touch to the prevailing sterility of the desert ; but the river is changing, and changing for the better. For one thing, it is wider, and the waters, by reason of shallowness, appear less muddy. Indeed it is very wide, resembling a lake rather than a stream, and on its bosom bears a multitude of tiny islets,—not the dreary sandbanks or the mud-stretches with their patches of green crop, but regular little fairylands, all yellow-flowering mimosa, varied acacias, “ holy - thorn,” and loftier trees, their banks resplendent with a beautiful and vivid creeper, thick and dense, which coats rocks and tree-trunks and grassy knolls, and seems to have crept everywhere, a veritable leafy carpet. The thickets are full of birds, most noticeable of all the white-headed fish-hawk, a motionless and lonely figure. The Nile has suddenly become lively, rippling over shallows, curling into eddies and back-waters, foaming and splashing round great stones, swirling, swishing, sounding, sweeping, suck-

ing, and slobbering. A real river such as the stay-at-homes know.

Having got safely through the Shabluka, the Nile is making merry for a bit, and very well the old fellow does it. So cunningly does he lose himself in a maze of channels that it is hard for the navigator, and consequently we slide and stick on a submerged bank, and can hear the river laughing at us as he slaps our sides, while the paddle-floats slap him angrily back to no purpose. Oversight go the crew, reckless of crocodiles, which exist amongst these shoals, and, up to their chests in water, strain and heave, while they break out into the working chorus, without which no black can put his muscles on the stretch. It takes long to budge the *Amka*, but we are off at last, threading our way amongst the shallows, and noting how green and fertile are the banks, though almost wholly uncultivated. Here and there we come across Nile nuggars and ghyassas lying up in this delectable spot, their long sloping gaffs with streaming ribbon pennons rising above the tree-tops, while thin curls of smoke writhe up from them, showing that cooking is in progress.

Far ahead stretches a long range of dark hills, and it is through these the Nile courses to form the Shabluka.

" 'Tis dawn ! and all the east a fiery red,
A crimson glory on the world's rim,
A belt of glowing fire which stretches
far
Beyond the palms to lonely moun-
tains dim ;

Reaching, a sheet of flame to where the
hills

Lie hunched against a sickly southern
sky,

To where the river vanishes within
The mighty ridge flanked by its
bulwarks high.

'Tis dawn ! and soon there rises in the
east

The curving rim of yet another
sun,

To scorch and blast and wither in his
might,

Save only where the shining waters
run ;

Where sweeping broad they lave the
island banks

And slip in eddies from the lurking
shoal,

And to the parched and thirsty desert
land

A meagre tribute indolently dole.

'Tis dawn ! and perched upon the
withered bough

The sleepy fish-hawk startles in
affright,

To find that while he slumbered on his
perch

The day has trodden on the heels of
night."

It is well to enter the Shabluka at dawn, and well to leave it at night, at least when heading southward, for then all its wonder is apparent, and it is a wonderful place. Most wonderful of all is the fact that the Nile should have taken such a course. Why, when all around stretches a vast plain, should the river have chosen to thrust its waters through a narrow chasm, between walls of ruddy felsite? Did some volcanic disturbance force it to flow thus? Is it the result of some great earth-movement of old? The hill-range is short and limited, a tiny district of elevations, and yet the Nile pierces it like a letter 7 turned upside-down and facing the wrong

way. These be questions for the geologist, and it would be interesting to hear him explain the right angle in the gorge. What made the river swing suddenly to the west, so that looking northward down the long arm of the 7 is for all the world like surveying a narrow Scottish fiord, a regular *cul-de-sac*, or, as Schweinfurth has it, the Bingerloch on the Rhine?

A truce to science! Let us note rather how fair is the scene as one approaches the northern portal whence issues a Nile cataract so called, a fine show of rapids, where the river is seamed by rocks and slender spits of islands, and has all the beauty of variety. We find a small *timsah* guarding the gate, a sleepy reptile with mouth open to the breeze. He scurries off his ledge as the steamer passes, and watches us, with only an eye-ridge and a nose-knob showing. We think of him when later on we meet a black, blown, and headless corpse rolling down-stream. Natives who try to swim the Nile are often drowned. No doubt this was one, and the loss of his head a secondary affair. The sides of the gorge begin abruptly, and tower to a fair height. They are of a reddish and barren rock, all scree and loose stones at their bases, and holding the heat, which is just tempered by the gentle wind. It is a grim place the Shabluka, and one cannot help wondering why the Dervishes did not hold it in force. 'Tis said they were afraid of a flanking movement; but they

would not easily have been dislodged from a region of rocky chaos. If one climbs a hill in the Shabluka region, there is nothing to see but a jumbled mass of hill-tops with dry valleys between, the river-track, and the distant desert. Everywhere stones littered about, and a few thorny acacias somehow eking out existence. A curious spot, which might have prolonged the Khalifa's agony had not the gods, meaning to destroy him, first made him mad. Anyhow he might have played havoc amongst the gunboats with his riflemen perched behind the boulders on either side. There are a few tiny patches of green even within the gorge, bits to which soil has clung and to which seeds have been wafted, and where birds have cast their droppings, and which have brought forth fruit in the shape of grass and bushes and stunted palms. The current is swift and full of curls and eddies, while at the turn there is a regular whirlpool, which tests our steering-gear as we round the corner, rattling and splashing.

In front is the long limb of the 7, and it is most beautiful at dusk, when beyond the southern outlet, or rather inlet, the sun sinks in splendour. Then the light of dying day touches the red-brown felsite and transforms it, the waters are a vivid purple, the hue of an oil-film, the patch of sky brilliant and glowing. Great bats come flying from holes in the cliffs and patrol noiselessly, slaying and gorging the insects whose low hum fills the air. As it darkens

it becomes a weird place. One feels hidden away—a contrast, indeed, to what has been earlier—and the rocks take strange shapes in the uncertain glimmer. Night-birds call eerily, and leaping fish splash and splash again. Ere this, however, we have seen the vertical ridges due to shearing stresses, and the columnar formations, exceedingly like those at the far-famed Giant's Causeway. There are two separate collections of these, and they form a remarkable spectacle for the passer-by. Beyond the gorge, which is some twelve miles in all, lies a region of backwaters, very lovely in the summer-time. These are channels looping round Gobel Royan, the lofty and isolated hill from which it is said officers of the avenging army first caught sight of the white dome of the Mahdi's tomb in the wicked city of the Khalifa. Some day the Shabluka will be the Brighton of Khartoum, a branch-line will take wearied workers there for a week-end amongst the islands, there may be a hotel, fishing quarters, and steam-launches for river trips. It is well to see it wild in the first instance, and it is not easy to do so, for the main Nile is shallow in the tourist months, and the Halfa-Khartoum train passes six miles and more away. The back-waters are charming in the heat, the villages picturesque with their thatched tukls, a few guinea-fowl strut and call amongst the undergrowth, and there are many brightly plumaged birds—kingfishers, orioles, and the inevit-

able doves. A fine place for a picnic, but a trifle far from the metropolis, and as yet deserted. A straight stretch of forty and odd miles to Kerreri and Omdurman, and one void of interest it is to be feared. True, some of the villages are worth a visit, and for those who know it not the lu-lu or shrill *sach-areet* of the women is entertaining; but the scenery is dull, drab, and unprofitable, dreary desert, a few lonely hill-masses, dura-fields, and thorn. So we hail the Kerreri ridge with pleasure, and mark the conical Gebel Surgham, and think of Winston Churchill watching the Dervish hordes from its summit, and view the famous battlefield where a few bones of men yet whiten. Yonder is the ridge whence issued the charge checked by MacDonald's *demi-volte*; somewhere amongst the sand is the wady through which the lancers charged. There by the river is the place of camp and zareba, and out on the plain the wild tribes rushed to death with reckless, ill-spent bravery. A few brief years ago, and now peace and desolation, and farther on the beginnings of Omdurman. The fallen city is not impressive. Its colour is that of its surroundings; it is five miles of mud, five miles long and two broad, huddling by the Nile, swarming with humanity, dry and dusty. From the top deck of a river-steamer you can look right into the place at high Nile, stare down on the narrow streets, on the flat roofs, on the yards or *hooshes*, on the

busy hive of a city of markets. At low Nile there is a fore-shore where men fish and bathe, and women draw water and wash, and animals drink, and little black boys with prodigious bellies splash about, and boats lie loading or unloading. Markets of gum and sand and other commodities are here, and markets of every kind farther back in the heart of the great native town. The *sûk* is Omdurman, and Omdurman is very largely a vast *sûk*. We can just see, beyond the old and lofty south gate, the house of the Khalifa and that of the Mudir. The latter rises where the harem buildings stood, and is the most conspicuous dwelling in the place, two-storied and with a verandah. In the Bet-el-Amana are to be seen the Khalifa's coach,

Gordon's piano, and other relics; but it is a *sûk* also, for there one can purchase pistols and quaint muskets from the field, the caps of Abdullah's vanished bodyguard, a few tattered *jibbahs* of deceased warriors, and suchlike relics of the past. Our theme is the Nile, not Omdurman, so we paddle past the town and look forward to barren Tuti Island on the left with its old forts, and far off note the palm-groves of Khartoum and the gleam of the white palace. Yonder is the Blue Nile! Ahead, beyond the long point, the mighty Bahr-el-Abiet from Equatoria closes its long career. We are at the junction of the rivers, the place where the Nile of Egypt is in the making, the spot of the mingling of the waters.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE PERILS OF DUALISM—THE CASE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY—A CONSTANT GRIEVANCE—NORWAY'S PASSION FOR SEPARATE CONSULS—THE TWO NATIONALITIES CONTRASTED—THE PART PLAYED BY RUSSIA—THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN—LORD SALISBURY'S 'ESSAYS.'

LORD ROSEBERY recently described dualism as "a vulture gnawing at the very vitals of empire," and though this description did not flatter the friends of Home Rule, it may wisely be illustrated by the unhappy case of Sweden and Norway. For almost a century these two northern countries have formed one kingdom, and their union, disturbed though it has been by perpetual bickerings, survived even the remaking of the map of Europe after the fall of Napoleon. Bernadotte, indeed, or Charles John, as he was known in Scandinavia, was the only monarch who kept his throne, and founded a dynasty, in the Emperor's despite. His career is one of the strangest romances in the world's history, and it would be difficult to find another soldier of fortune who, freely elected to an alien throne, transmitted his crown in unbroken succession to four generations. When Baron Karl Mörner invited Bernadotte to become the Crown Prince of Sweden, Napoleon deemed the offer a mere jest, in which it was not worth his while to interfere. The Swedish Government took the same view as Napoleon, and Mörner was arrested when he returned to Stockholm. But Bernadotte

was already a candidate, and to the Swedish people he appealed with confidence and success. Nor was the choice altogether surprising. Charles John was a soldier who could fight the battles of his adopted country, and about whose head there shone the glamour which illuminated the least of the Emperor's marshals. It was vaguely hoped that he might restore Finland to Sweden; but the new Crown Prince had too keen a sense of his own and his country's limitations to attempt so wild a project. He turned his eyes westward, and saw that a union with Norway would be the best means for strengthening Scandinavia, and the event has justified his policy. A glance at the map shows clearly enough that this union was geographically and politically expedient. Sweden and Norway are separated only by an artificial boundary. They are as much one country as are England and Scotland, and were they one in heart as in name, they would form an effectual check to the dream of western progress which Russia once cherished, and will assuredly cherish again.

But Norway from the outset was opposed to the union. It was an offence to her national pride to be bandied about from

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On May 22 the news of the Revolution of May 11 at Perth reached the Court of France—an instance of expeditious transmission of tidings.² On May 23 Throckmorton apparently did not then know the Scottish news, but he writes: "I am credibly informed that the French king . . ." means ". . . to use the extremest persecution he may against the Protestants in his countries, and the like in Scotland."³

It appeared to me that, if this were true, the ailing Regent had arranged to leave Scotland by design, to make place for a vigorous male persecutor and a preconcerted persecution.

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¹ Knox, vol. i. p. 315.

² Throckmorton to Cecil, June 7, 1559, Paris. Forbes, vol. i. p. 117.

³ Forbes, vol. i. p. 101.

Here I must point out what seems to be an error, but an interesting error, of Mr Maitland. He writes: "François Morel, the French Reformer, implored Calvin to keep this firebrand" (Knox) "out of England, lest all should be spoilt."¹ Here is a statement not to be found, I think, in any British biography of Knox. His admirers do not tell us how heartily Calvin and the leading French Reformers loathed Knox's anarchist doctrines. Far from that, Dr M'Crie assures us that, "on certain difficult questions" (resistance to the civil powers), "Knox found that the views of the learned men in Switzerland 'coincided with his own,' and 'confirmed the judgment which he had already formed for himself.'" For this Dr M'Crie cites Knox; but, in the passage quoted, Knox does not say so, and we know that, if he had said so, he would have said what was untrue.²

Morel, who abominated Knox's violent ideas, was pastor of the Paris Church (Genevan), and president of the first Synod of the French Protestant Church, held in May 1559. As Mr Maitland gives no reference for Morel's opinion, thereby causing me a long hunt for his source, I suppose him to refer to that worthy's letter to Calvin of June 1559.³ He writes:—

"Knox [*Gnoquius*!] was lately at Dieppe [February-April 1559] wait-

ing on a wind for Scotland. He had the audacity to proclaim publicly the most evil and pestilent doctrine, that women are unworthy to reign, and that Christians may make armed defence against tyrants. I fear he may fill Scotland with his fury. He is said to have a boon companion [*sodalem*], who, we hear, has received a call from the people of Dieppe to be their minister. If he is infected with such doctrines, for Christ's sake pray that he may not be sent, or, if he has set out, bid the Dieppe people beware of him."

Morel does not "implore Calvin to keep this firebrand out of England," as Mr Maitland says: Elizabeth kept him out, and no wonder; for if Morel is right, Knox was speaking at Dieppe against the right of women to reign, and, if he spread his opinion in England, it meant a renewal of the Wars of the Roses! Moreover, Knox, in an epistle to Scotland, had just asserted that every member of the people has the right to "punish" Catholics (who are "idolaters"), "according to the vocation of every man, and according to that possibility and occasion which God doth minister to revenge the injury done to His glory."⁴ Thus any of the Brethren, with a vocation that way, ought, if an opportunity offers, to shoot the Regent. These mad doctrines were hateful to Morel and Calvin.

The Scottish Revolution was inevitable, and Knox fanned the flame,—how insantly his

¹ Cambridge Modern History, vol. ii. p. 573.

² M'Crie, p. 65, note 5. The note, citing Knox's letter of May 10, 1554, corrects Dr M'Crie's assertion. Cf. Hume Brown, John Knox, vol. i. pp. 155-158.

³ Corpus Reformatorum, vol. xlv. pp. 540, 541.

⁴ "The Appellation": Geneva, 1558. Knox, vol. iv. p. 501.

biographers hardly enable us to understand. The views of Calvin, who "deprecated all violence, even the seizure of places of worship," may be studied in Mr Whitehead's new and laudable 'Gaspard de Coligny' (Methuen: 1904).

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bury's admirable 'Essays,'¹ for instance, there is a curious reference to Norway and Sweden. Lord Salisbury is defending Castlereagh's share in the transference of Norway to Sweden, and he declares that, while the union was effected without a struggle, the Norwegians have ever since "been as contented and prosperous a people as any on the Continent." Prosperous they have been, but very seldom contented; and it is by a sort of irony that Lord Salisbury should have picked them out as an example of happiness and union. But events move rapidly, while the written word remains for ever to convict the writer of inaccuracy; and Lord Salisbury's opinion of Norway in no way detracts from the value of his essays. These essays, indeed, whether they be biographical or are concerned with foreign politics, are in every sense characteristic of their author. Above all, they are the work of an experienced man of letters—well written, lightened by humour, and mordant with irony. At the same time, Lord Salisbury speaks always in a tone of authority, as though he were conversant with affairs, and had a clear insight into the practice of politics. His first essay—on Lord Castlereagh—is an energetic attempt to defend the memory of a forgotten statesman. Lord Salisbury claims for his predecessor that he was one

of the greatest of our Foreign Secretaries. He passes by his other achievements with no more than a light-handed reference. At the War Office Castlereagh did not distinguish himself. "A War Minister," says Lord Salisbury with a grim humour, "must find his reward in his conscience or his salary; he must not look for fame." The merit of a victory always belongs to the general in command, while a disaster is always ascribed to the Minister at home. "No one dreams of attributing to Lord Liverpool or Lord Bathurst"—again we quote Lord Salisbury—"the faintest share in the triumphs of the Peninsula, but every one is agreed in giving to Lord Castlereagh full credit for the failure of the Walcheren Expedition."

At the Foreign Office, however, Lord Castlereagh found ample compensation. When the Congress met at Vienna, Castlereagh was, in the words of M. Thiers, "*Angleterre elle-même qui se déplaçait pour se rendre au camp des coalisés.*" His personal ascendancy was complete; and as he was determined not to accept a dishonourable peace, he was able to insist upon such terms as his position and character warranted. And, if we judge his policy by its results, we must acknowledge his triumphant success. "During the war," says Lord Salisbury, "his aim was to overthrow Napoleon, and to reduce France within

¹ Essays by the late Marquis of Salisbury, K.G. 2 vols. London: John Murray.

her ancient limits. After the war his aim was to uphold the balance of power, and so secure a lasting peace to Europe." Both these aims were realised; and while Metternich and Talleyrand have had their full measure of glory, Lord Castlereagh has fallen into an undeserved forgetfulness.

The reason of this forgetfulness is not far to seek. Lord Castlereagh was distinguished by the solid qualities which are not easily susceptible of advertisement, while he despised the foolish tricks which commonly catch the attention of the people, and give their possessor a spurious reputation. He was, moreover, bad "copy" for the journalists. He lived at a time when causes were popular, when young men delighted to show their sympathy for oppressed nationalities by writing essays or by contributing verses to a magazine. Castlereagh cared for none of these embellishments. Politics for him were not an affair of romance or picturesqueness; they were the serious business of life, and they were to be tested less by what was said than by what was done. It is not surprising, therefore, that Castlereagh, holding these views, should have fallen below the standard of eloquence exacted by his age. He was a bad speaker, bad both in style and in substance. As Lord Salisbury points out, it was the fashion to ridicule his speeches. Lord Brougham was wont "to beguile the weary hours of a debate by making a collection

of Lord Castlereagh's choicest gems as they dropped from his mouth." This was easy enough; still easier was the abuse thrown at Castlereagh by the Radical wits, who forgot that the statesman whom they despised had saved England from the disgrace of a military despotism. But strangely enough the spirit which to-day we describe as pro-Boer was very much alive at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the same persons who clamoured at home for the Rights of Men glorified the autocracy of Napoleon, which subjected the world abroad to a sterner servitude than ever was dreamt of by the Tory rulers of England.

The essay on Poland is in some respects the best example of Lord Salisbury's method. He also, like Lord Castlereagh, had a natural dislike of catchwords. He also realised that there is something deeper in politics than sentimentality, and he was not moved to tears at the mere mention of a brave people struggling to be free. With perfect reasonableness he points out that it is absurd to describe the Partition of Poland as the "great crime of modern history." He insists that territorial annexation differs in guilt according to its circumstances and motives. He condemns conquest for conquest's sake without reserve, declaring that the seizure of "Alsace by Louis XIV., without a vestige of a claim, or a pretence of sympathy, or of resentment, or of necessity, to cloak the wrong, must be held to consign the culprit to the lowest gulf in

the Conquerors' circle of the Inferno." But when Catherine annexed Poland, she was merely taking back what Sweden and Poland had wrested from her; and if history is to carry any weight in international policy, the Poles were not so much brave men struggling to be free, as marauders jealously guarding that which they had obtained by force or fraud. Still more bitterly does Lord Salisbury ridicule the pretensions of the Polish "people," which in the sense accepted by Western Europe did not exist. "The Polish nobility," says Lord Salisbury, "were the Polish nation," and beneath them was a vast population of serfs, who had never been permitted to express an opinion upon any subject whatever. In support of his argument, Lord Salisbury quotes the words of Stanislas Leczynski, which demolished the theory of a free and downtrodden people:—

"Such necessary persons [the serfs] should, without doubt, be esteemed; but we make scarcely a difference between them and the beasts which plough our fields. We often spare them less than the beasts, and only too often sell them to equally cruel masters, who compel them by increase of work to pay the price of their new servitude. With horror I mention the law which lays upon every noble who kills a peasant—only a fine of fifteen francs!"

These words were written not very long before the Partition; and in face of the fact that the Polish nobles treated their slaves with cynical brutality, it is mere hypocrisy to pretend that these slaves

suffered an injustice when they changed one master for another.

But it is the essay entitled "Foreign Policy" which shows us Lord Salisbury at his best as a master of flouts and gibes. Now that we can consider the question with the impartiality rendered possible by the lapse of time, Lord Salisbury's attack on Palmerston and Lord Russell appears more vigorous than discreet. Nevertheless, it is an admirable piece of controversy, logical and consistent throughout, if only the premisses be granted. Lord Salisbury had a very poor opinion of Lord Palmerston's theory of the *Civis Romanus*. He laughed to scorn the brilliant triumph of the Don Pacifico debate, and he charges Lord Russell with oringing to a powerful enemy, while he makes no scruple of bullying such small Powers as could not retaliate. It has long been a familiar belief that Lord Palmerston had made the English name feared and respected abroad. But thus it is that Lord Salisbury, in the course of a long indictment, describes the Continental view of England.

"All the respect for our national character," says he, "which was founded upon a belief in its bulldog characteristics, has disappeared. Our courage is not only disbelieved, but it is ridiculed as an imposture that has been found out. English bravado and English cowardice are the common staple of popular caricatures. The Englishman furnishes to Continental wits the same sort of standing butt that the Yankee presented to us some three years ago. The estimate of the English character that is felt in every circle and class

of society abroad, and expressed without reserve by the press, may be summed up in one phrase, as a portentous mixture of bounce and baseness."

Lord Salisbury supports his indictment by Lord Russell's action in Brazil and Japan. "It is impossible," says Lord Salisbury, "until we have heard him roar like a lion in the Southern or Eastern seas, to feel all the tenderness of his lamb-like bleating at home." And surely Lord Russell was not at his best in the heroic vein. When the officers of H.M.S. *Forte* were arrested by a Brazilian soldier who knew not who they were, and understood not what they said, Lord Russell followed up a hostile message by seizing the ships of some peaceful traders without warning. The case against the British Government seems the stronger, because when King Leopold of Belgium was asked to arbitrate, he gave the award entirely in favour of Brazil. Still more high-handed was Lord John's treatment of Japan, when Prince Satsuma, through no fault of his own, was unable to find the murderers of Mr Richardson. The English bombarded Kagoshima,

and reduced it by fire to a heap of ashes. On the other hand, when Mr Shaver, a Canadian who had strayed into Detroit, was arrested by the Americans, the English Government contented itself with a mild remonstrance, and then left the unhappy Canadian to his fate. The case which Lord Salisbury makes is strong enough, and the violence of its tone may be attributed to the time and place of its appearance. Lord Salisbury wrote while the events which he deplored were fresh in his memory, and his article was printed in the 'Quarterly Review,' which had no desire to temper the wind of its displeasure to the shorn hide of the Whigs. But wherever you turn in these two excellent volumes, you will find the vigorous opinions of a vigorous mind. The Quarterly Reviewer of 1864 was not the grave Minister who presently ruled his country with undisputed authority. The years mellowed his judgment as they widened his sympathies; but in style, in clarity, in fearlessness, Lord Robert Cecil was the true father of Lord Salisbury, and in these brilliant essays we may discern the makings of a great statesman.

A STUDY OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

BY CHASSEUR.

IV. THE ADVANCE TO LIAUYANG. (*WITH MAPS.*)

IN our last paper we left the Japanese invaders slowly converging on Liauyang by the three main routes from the southern seaboard. While these operations were in progress a fourth force, which had landed at Kerr Bay, Talienwan, and Dalny, was occupying itself with the more or less simple problem of driving the outposts of Stössel's garrison back upon a perimeter, which would allow of a scientific investment of Port Arthur. The combined naval and military operations which brought about the reduction of this Russian stronghold in the Far East are of such engrossing character that it will be necessary to devote a separate paper to their study. At present we will confine ourselves to a more or less consecutive narrative of what had now become the main operations of the campaign.

The first definite movement in July was on the extreme right, where, as has already been shown, Kuroki had established himself in the famous Motienling Pass. To understand the precise character of the fighting which occurred between this point and Liauyang, it is necessary to make a short study of the *terrain* over which the three Japanese armies

would have to pass before they could co-operate against the army which the Trans-Siberian railway was now giving Kuropatkin, and which the latter general was mobilising at Liauyang. Oku, on the extreme left, was destined to operate on the fringe of the Liao-Ho Plain, more or less slavishly following the trend of the railway. Nodzu, in the centre, although he was destined eventually to advance practically upon the same front as Oku, had, before he could effect a complete junction with the left, to traverse the under features of the great mountainous mass which forms the southern geography of Manchuria. But although this country is extremely difficult, yet there are a number of valleys of considerable expanse which, in a rough, uneven manner, converge towards the objective of the Japanese advance. Kuroki's task on the extreme right was even more difficult than that of Nodzu, since on his front the mountainous masses were of greater frequency and altitude. A reference to Mr Fraser's descriptions of Motienling¹ will convey to the student a better idea of the nature of the *terrain* than any we have seen in print elsewhere.

¹ A Modern Campaign, by David Fraser (Methuen).

"The mountain-range in which the Motienling Pass is situated runs north and south. Six miles to the west lies another range, similar in character and height, and parallel in direction. Between these two there is a great valley. Lesser valleys, formed by spurs thrown out from the main ranges, intersect the central valley. Through each subsidiary valley tumbles a stream which joins the river flowing along the main valley. It follows that the depression which holds the bed of this river divides the intersecting valleys into two distinct sets, one belonging to the Motienling Range, and the other to the opposite range. The Russian forces in occupation of the further range make use of the small valley traversed by the Motienling road. It happens that the spurs thrown out near the Pass radiate fan-wise, with the result that the valleys formed by them converge on the Pass" (p. 202).

We have therefore Oku on the right, operating practically on the flat, except when, at stated intervals, spurs and limbs of the mountains stretched "fanwise" across his front; Nodzu forging ahead through a country fifty per cent more hilly than that in front of Oku; while Kuroki, on the left, finds another fifty per cent topographical difficulties added to those which have to be surmounted by the army on his left.

It will now be necessary to study the climatic conditions of Southern Manchuria, in order to fully understand the difficulties of campaign which the invaders would be called upon to overcome. The climate of Southern Manchuria may be called extreme. For four months in the winter the whole country is ice-bound, and at periods the cold is so

intense as to render, on this account alone, military movements extremely difficult. Mr Alexander Hosie, of the British Consular Service in China, has put on record possibly the best economical description in English of Manchuria. Writing on the climatic influences upon road transport, he says:—

"In the north of Manchuria snow falls to a depth of two or three feet, while in Newchwang it rarely exceeds twelve inches. The summer heat of Manchuria is dry and easily endured, but the winter cold is intense, especially when a north-east wind blows. The rainfall is small, usually averaging about thirteen inches, half of which falls as a rule in the months of July and August. When the country is ice-bound the roads in the interior, bad at their best, are suitable for cart traffic; when it begins to thaw, and during the rainy season, the soft loam of which they are composed becomes a veritable quagmire, wherein animals are frequently suffocated or drowned. Climate, therefore, has a very important influence on the traffic of Manchuria" (p. 153).

It will be seen, therefore, that the Japanese had not been able to make the fullest use of the period of "fair going" between the hardening after the thaw and the first burst of periodical rainfall. Two months would elapse before the tracks in the valley hardened to allow of sufficient bottom for rapid transport and cavalry movement. But at the end of August until the winter set firmly in there would be nearly three months of excellent campaigning season. Although Mr Hosie presents a very dismal prospect during the rainy season for the purpose of military transport, yet

this very season brought certain other military advantages, which to some extent discounted the trials of the road. We in the British army have discovered that for military operations there are few climatic and topographical conditions which are insurmountable. The Japanese also knew this, and they realised that although the rainy season might impede the pace of progress, yet it brought with it the growth of hundreds of thousands of acres of *sorghum* (millet), which, by masking their movements, would be a very considerable compensation for the disadvantages of the season. We cannot believe that they appraised this advantage to be sufficient to warrant the delay which we have already deplored in the opening of their campaign. But doubtless having realised that the initial opportunity had escaped them, they timed their final concentration to enable them to make full use of this agricultural screen. There is one more point in the climatic conditions existing in Manchuria which, though it does not come within the scope of the present paper, is of such great importance, and has been so forcibly brought before our notice during the past month, that we may be forgiven for making reference to it here. There is just a short period before the spring thaw becomes absolute which enables a clear-sighted staff to undertake operations necessitating rapidity of movement. The rivers remain frozen, and as such

passable for a short time after the winter has broken. The opportunity is short and fleeting, and in their recent operations against Kuropatkin at Mukden the Japanese seized this opportunity.

While discussing these ways and means, it would be well to throw a cursory glance at the transport conditions existing with both armies. For the main part, until the end of September, the Japanese were dependent upon road transport. With the left army, their capture in rolling-stock was only sufficient to run one train on the branch line to Talienwan. As is well known, the Russians employ a broad gauge throughout the whole of their railway-system. It therefore behoved the Japanese, as they had not succeeded in capturing sufficient rolling-stock to work the line, to convert the gauge to that existing in their own system, and to import the necessary rolling-stock. No mean undertaking, when it is remembered that such rolling-stock had to be conveyed 500 miles by sea. It is quite possible, and due consideration should be given to this surmise, in consideration of events which took place last month, that the whole of the Japanese strategy was very much cramped during the first year through lack of railway communication. Nor were the Japanese blind to the fact that in a gigantic struggle of this kind the fortunes of war to a large extent lie upon the knees of the gods. They had to be prepared against adverse

circumstances during those months when free egress from the Manchurian coast would be denied to them owing to the ice. In the event of the winter campaign going against them, they might of necessity have to retreat upon Korea; therefore, from the very moment that they first effected a control in the Hermit Kingdom, they pushed forward a railway scheme which would give them at the worst a communication from Fusan to Wiju, and at the best an auxiliary line of communications on the road to Liauyang.

For the time being, however, they were obliged to depend upon local transport to meet the demands of their ever-increasing army in the field. The local conditions in Manchuria were well suited for this task. Mule- and bullock-carts, of a type which long usage had proved the most suitable for surmounting the natural difficulties, could be procured in large quantities. In fact, both armies have been largely dependent upon Chinese carts to maintain the communication between rail-head depots and units in the field. In the case of the Japanese, each unit brought a certain amount of obligatory transport with it, in the shape of light pony-carts, while for the purpose of small-arm ammunition supply, each unit was equipped with a pony-pack train.

The scope of this paper will not allow a minute examination of this all-important adjunct to military campaigning. But it may be sufficient to show

with regard to the Japanese that they depended, until their railway was in working order, for their main supplies on locally hired cart-trains, plying for the left and centre armies between five sea bases and the front, while the advance bases distributed by means of a brigade transport brought from Japan. The Russian system appears to have been much the same, though they possibly depended more than the Japanese upon the local transport for the distribution of their material. But at all halting-places they developed largely, for the purpose of distribution, the power which efficient railway engineering gave them.

We will now return to the operations. Whether Motienling was abandoned to Kuroki by bad management or design, it is evident that the Russian general speedily came to the conclusion that it would be necessary to repossess it. On July 4 Count Keller, who was commanding on Kuroki's front, made a reconnaissance against the Motienling position. It is almost a pity that he pushed forward only a reconnaissance, as the actual position he was feeling for was but thinly held on that date. The Japanese easily checked the reconnaissance; and Kuroki, sagaciously foreseeing that a reconnaissance was only the forerunner of an offensive move against him, strengthened his supports at the foot of the Pass, while maintaining the same appearance of weakness in his outpost line. Nor had he misjudged his enemy. Count

Keller on June 17 developed an attack against him with a division of infantry. Strategically Russia's plan was good, and if Count Keller had developed it a fortnight earlier instead of his reconnaissance, he might have given Kuroki considerable trouble in the passes. As it was, even if strategically sound the Russian attack was tactically bad. Roughly, the idea was to force the Japanese main position by a night-manceuvre with a brigade attacking from the front. Daylight was intended to find two Russian infantry regiments in possession of the Japanese right flank, and so complete the operation. The night-attack was made; but though it successfully drove in the weak outpost line, it was unmercifully handled by the Japanese brigade in support, while the flank-attack never developed. We will be kind enough to surmise that it lost itself in the mist, which was heavy on the passes that morning.

But it must not be considered that the whole of the Russian and Japanese strategy on the latter's right flank centred absolutely in Motienling: for the moment it was the pivot of the operations, but *Rennenkampf* was active on Keller's extreme left—so active that his movements rendered abortive the original rider to Kuroki's objective.

We will now turn to the development of the operations on the Japanese extreme left. Having sustained a signal defeat at Telitz, it was obvious to Kuropatkin that with the

material he had in hand it would be hopeless for the present to contemplate another effort to retrieve the initiative. Telitz, Siuyen, and Keller's operations had given him a fairly accurate indication of the strength of the Japanese forces now advancing against him. He had attempted to crush Oku with 25,000 men, to find that a division from Nodzu's army had joined Oku, and that he had given battle to close on 80,000 men. He had therefore to anticipate that when the Japanese concentration had become absolute, he would be facing anything from 150,000 to 200,000 men. The Japanese stratagem was as obvious as the course it behoved Kuropatkin to employ against it. The Russian Commander-in-Chief therefore set himself to delay the advance of the Japanese from the south until he felt strong enough to throw a heavy force against Kuroki, and thus foil the object of the flank-march from Korea. Having dealt successfully with Kuroki, he would then be free to deal more comprehensively with the Japanese main army.

There are three ways of successfully delaying the advance of a modern army dependent upon a long line of communication, without accepting the risks of a decisive engagement. You can operate against its communications with mounted troops; you can build field-works all along its front at convenient intervals, and deceive it into the belief that it will have to fight a heavy battle to win these entrench-

ments; and you can also by means of a skilfully commanded rear-guard cause it to expend ammunition. The season of the year and the pre-harvest growth on the land prevented the Russians from employing the former; but they worked a combination of the two last expedients with some skill and a considerable measure of success. Four positions covering the railway were entrenched between Telitz and Liauyang. These were Kaiping, Tashichaou, Hicheng, and Antan-chan. Before each of these positions the Japanese army halted and reconnoitred for days. At Kaiping, Hicheng, and Antanchan they were hoodwinked by the Russian rear-guard into a considerable expenditure of artillery ammunition, and at Tashichaou they underwent the temporary paralysis which until last month seized each Japanese army in turn after its victories.

We will briefly examine each of these engagements in succession. The distance which separated Kaiping from Telitz is about sixty miles, and we find that when the Russians had fallen back from Telitz twenty-one days elapsed before the Japanese were in touch with them at their next position. The Russians had entrenched the line of low hills at the foot of which the walled town of Kaiping lies. These trenches covered an irregular front of about nine miles, and the approaches were rendered more

difficult by reason of a river which followed the course of the Russian position four hundred metres to the south of it. On the 8th of July, Oku had brought his forces, which now consisted of the 6th, 3rd, and 4th Divisions, on the rising ground astride of the railway, four thousand metres south of Kaiping.¹ The intervening country was covered with high millet. A reconnaissance during the day showed that the enemy were holding their entrenchments in force. Oku determined to employ his usual tactics and carry the position by a *coup-de-main*. Under cover of darkness he pushed his assaulting infantry down to the river bank, and moved his artillery into position behind him, so that at daybreak he could open a concentrated fire to enable his men to make a passage of the river. The Japanese Staff prided themselves that all the arrangements for this daylight attack were carried out without a hitch. Precisely as they intended, as soon as it was light enough to see the sights, the massed artillery poured a concentrated fire into the Russian works. This was kept up for half an hour, and then, as no reply was forthcoming, the infantry waded across the stream and advanced to Kaiping to find that Stackelberg and the Russian rear-guard had evacuated it on the previous evening.

The reports of this action

¹ The Japanese 5th Division after Telitz had deflected back to Nodzu's line of advance, which was parallel to that of Oku and within co-operating distance.

which reached this country at the time stated that the Japanese were in hot pursuit of the retreating enemy; it would seem that in this case, as in many similar, the precise meaning of the phrases employed was lost in translation from the Japanese into English. Presumably Oku reported that he was keeping touch, for there was no pursuit. The Japanese threw out an outpost line five miles north of Kaiping, while the whole force halted there until July 22nd.

The next defensive position in the Russian line of resistance was at Tashichaou. Here Kuropatkin determined to force a battle. It would be expedient at this juncture, when the Japanese line of communications were steadily lengthening, that he should entice them to expend ammunition, and previous experience had shown him that once they engaged in operations they were extremely lavish in its expenditure. The defences at Tashichaou were of much greater strength and far more elaborate than those of Kaiping.

The Russian rear-guard had fallen back by two roads, and on July 23rd the Japanese screen found it in strength at Tashichaou, its right resting on the railway, its left in the hilly country five miles to the east. There seems little doubt that the first day of fighting at Tashichaou brought very little success to Japanese arms. The axiom which predominates in the mind of the Japanese soldier, be he general on the Staff or

humble conscript, is, "Find your enemy and smite him." The success of these tactics, which a 'Times' correspondent at the time diagnosed as "sledge-hammer," had eliminated some little of the ordinary caution which was so remarkable in the initial steps of the Japanese campaign. Either Oku was in a desperate hurry to make up for lost time, or he had not realised that it was possible for his enemy to profit by the lessons of the war as bitter experience unfolded them. Tashichaou was to show the Japanese that the Russians were learning. In comparison to the mere field-works against which the Japanese hitherto had been so successfully hurled, Tashichaou presented a prepared position. The rains had broken, and the "going" in the soft loam was heavy in the extreme. As a consequence, the Japanese infantry outstripped the guns labouring in the sticky morasses, which at this season of the year pass in Manchuria for roads. What did that matter? The Japanese infantry were committed to the assault without artillery preparation. On the first day they failed. Even that magnificent tenacity, which during the past ten months we of the West in our amazement have learned to admire, could not save them. They were driven back from the assault all along the line, and so complete was the failure on the Japanese right that a cumbrous counter-attack pursued the retreating Japanese infantry to within four hundred metres of the

guns which had struggled up to come into action at this critical moment just before sundown. But the Japanese general has that wonderful reserve of recuperative force to fall back upon. As we reflected in a previous paper, inability to carry a position, and losses, do not seem to demoralise his infantry, rather they seem to spur them on to greater and even more desperate effort. Where an Occidental general might have accepted defeat, the intrepid Oku commenced again. As the sun was setting the Russian positions were subjected to a heavy artillery preparation; the Russian guns made spirited reply, using for the first time in the campaign indirect fire.

When night fell Oku determined to carry the Russian left by night-attack. The assaulting division formed in the high millet, with instructions to undertake and assault at 10 P.M. But already the Russian general considered that he had fulfilled his rôle, and while the Japanese infantry were snatching hasty repose before their desperate venture, the Russian right wing was quietly evacuating its position—the smallest possible rear-guard being left to hold the Japanese when they recommenced battle in the morning. In fact, most of the defences were held by mounted troops. At 10 P.M. Oku launched his assault against the left of the Russian line of works. Though but a skeleton force held the trenches, the taking of them was a costly

affair. The troopers held the three assaulted works stubbornly; their resistance added 500 casualties to Japan's total for the day. Even when they had carried the works, the Japanese did not realise that the Russians had already evacuated, and at daybreak a heavy preparation was opened against the Russians' right, to enable the whole Japanese line to advance to the assault. There was no reply, and it was only when the infantry advanced that the Japanese general discovered that he had been engaged in shelling empty trenches.

On this occasion, as at Kaiping, there was no question of a pursuit; but the occupation of Tashichaou was of immense strategic value to the Japanese. The immediate result of the Russian retirement from Tashichaou railway-junction was the evacuation of Yinkow. This had been prearranged, and took place immediately General Stackelberg fell back with his rear-guard. The net result of this latest success to the Japanese arms was the possession of a summer sea-base, which for six months in the year would be of inestimable value to the army of invasion. General Oku's corps, which had been joined by Marshal Oyama and his staff for the purpose of directing the entire Japanese operations in the field, halted at Tashichaou until July 31, and then, with the 5th Division in line with it, moved forward upon Haicheng, where it was anticipated that Kuropatkin

would make a desperate stand. Haicheng is only a day's march north of Tashichaou; but the field-works which the Russians had raised in front of the town looked so ominous that the Japanese army again deployed for battle before it was discovered that the frowning earthworks were empty. It was therefore not until August 3 that General Oku was able to establish his headquarters in the town, and throw out a line of outposts six to eight miles north of this centre. This outpost line remained in close touch with the Russian rearguard, which had established itself at Antanchan, twelve to fourteen miles north of Haicheng. The southern Japanese army, which now consisted of Oku's and Nodzu's joint corps, halted in front of Haicheng from August 3 to August 25.

We must now transfer our narrative to Kuroki on the right flank, whose operations from the end of July to the actual decisive engagement at Liauyang furnish alike the most interesting and least understood feature of Oyama's advance. We left Kuroki in possession of the Motienling Pass, after Count Keller had pushed two reconnaissances against him. From July 17 until the end of the month Kuroki had no serious collision with the Russians, except at Chatao, twenty miles north-east of Motienling. To this point Kuroki had detached the 12th Division, to prevent *Renenkampf* turning his extreme flank. The 12th Division had

been successful in its object, and had forced the Cossack leader to abandon any immediate project he might have entertained against Kuroki's communications. As for a wide detour, the nature of the country was sufficient safeguard. In the meantime Kuroki had been brought up to strength by drafts from Japan, while his actual fighting-line had been augmented by the two reserve brigades apportioned to him. Count Keller had also been reinforced; possibly he had by the end of July 20,000 men—at least this is Mr Story's estimate of the strength of the army of the East. Whether this is so or not there is no accurate information; but we surmise that at this period Keller's force was only destined by Kuropatkin to be a delaying force, since road-making preparations in the rear of his army were mere dressings in comparison with those which were put in hand in the immediate rear of the positions selected on the Tang Ho. From this indication it is legitimate to conclude that it was Kuropatkin's intention to deal a heavy blow at the Japanese right, in the vicinity of the Tang Ho. But we readily allow, in discussing the Russian operations, that we are dependent, to a very large extent, on such circumstantial evidence as disclosed itself after the various engagements had taken place. For the sake of description we will call the action which Kuroki fought on July 31 the battle of Towan,

that being the name of the Manchurian village which lay practically in the centre of the Russian position. As Mr Fraser says:—

"The position of General Kuroki's army and the opposing Russians is easy to understand. The Japanese occupied the Motienling Range and its spurs, the enemy the opposite range. The valley between runs north and south for about thirty miles. The Japanese occupied the whole of the eastern side, overlapping the enemy's front at the southern end. The Russian front was shorter, but indented to overlap the rear position at the end of the northern valley."

The action is not of sufficient significance for us to discuss it in great detail. The Russians were more or less skillfully entrenched on high hills commanding the upward approaches from the valley. As their front was contracted, Kuroki put into practice those tactics with which we have now become familiar in nearly all the land engagements. He used one division and the majority of his artillery against the Russian centre. The 12th Division on the north was detached to turn the Russian left, and the Guards' Division to the south was destined to make a similar movement against the Russian right. Trusting to his concentrated artillery fire in the centre, Kuroki judged that while his flank movements would be strong enough to prevent the Russians from reinforcing their centre, he would be able to cope with it by direct attack. It was a manœuvre which, in consideration of the natural

and artificial strength of the Russian position, would have hardly found countenance with Western tacticians. But the ferocity and endurance of the Japanese infantry attack had not then been realised. This extraordinary endurance of infantry is probably the most cogent lesson that this great struggle has given us. By evening the Japanese had driven the Russians from their position, and had again demonstrated that the fundamental excellence of Japanese generalship is their power of making full use of their entire strength. At Towan, Count Keller was able to hold his own against both the attack on his centre and right; but he succumbed to the persistency of the 12th Division making the turning movement against his left, and by evening was in full retreat. As so little has reached us in this country of description of the formations which this peerless infantry used when advancing to the attack, and as we have in Mr Fraser the testimony of an eyewitness, we extract the following from him:—

"Covered by the guns, they advanced in three long lines, that every now and then were lashed by the enemy's shrapnel. But rushing from cover to cover, they suffered little loss, illustrating to perfection the ability of properly extended infantry, utilising cover, to advance in face of artillery. The Japanese have already realised the importance of this formation, and, in adopting the South African methods in this respect, they to a great extent discarded those of German and other Continental armies."

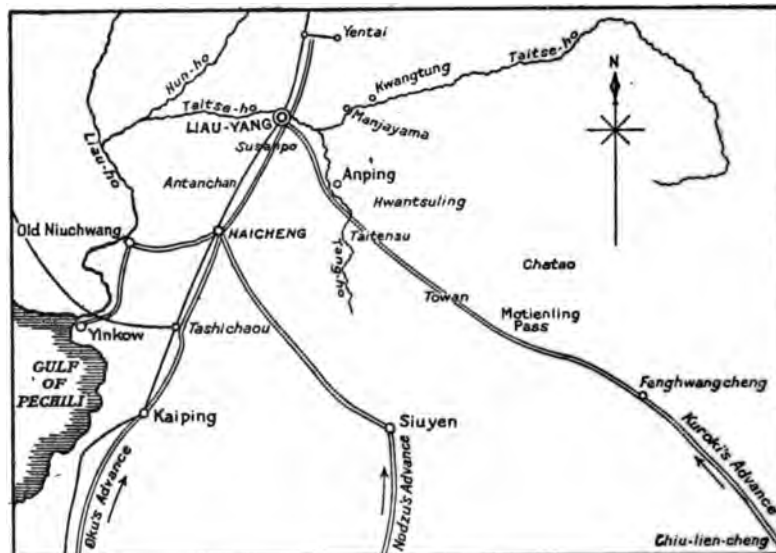
In this encounter, during the Russian retreat, Count Keller

was killed. Mr Douglas Story¹ speaks of this old pupil and aide-de-camp of Skobelev's in the most enthusiastic manner :—

"A strict disciplinarian, General Keller demanded efficiency in every grade beneath him. To secure it, he made many changes in the regiments of his forces ; replaced many of the commanders. At his death he commanded an army effective in every branch, ever ready for combat or fatigue, devoted to its leader. His

loss cannot be measured in words" (p. 223).

This authority also states that at the time of his death his command numbered some 50,000 men. In spite of the feebleness of his attitude in front of Motienling, we will accept Mr Story's appreciation ; but we think that it would have been better for Kuropatkin and Russia's cause if



Rough sketch-map of the Japanese advance on Liauyang.

casualty had more thinned out the officers in high command during the earlier phases of the struggle.

Kuroki contented himself with taking and holding the positions he had wrung from his enemy with considerable loss, and we have the record of another of those long and seemingly purposeless delays which mark this phase of the Japanese

operations. But from Towan, Kuroki came into co-operative touch with the main army, which was then moving upon Haicheng, and from this date onwards the whole of the Japanese force advancing upon Liauyang could be treated as a whole under the command of Oyama.

With the three Japanese armies thus in line, we now

¹ The Campaign with Kuropatkin, by Douglas Story (T. Werner Laurie).

enter upon the decisive phase of the first year's campaign. It will be well, before we follow the victorious Japanese through those blood-stained eleven days which gave them the possession of Liauyang, to study Kuropatkin's position. Kuropatkin, as we have endeavoured to

show, had endeavoured during the past five months to delay the Japanese advance until he should himself be in a position to oppose them with a force with which he could hope to deal them a crushing blow. He had on one occasion attempted the initiative. The

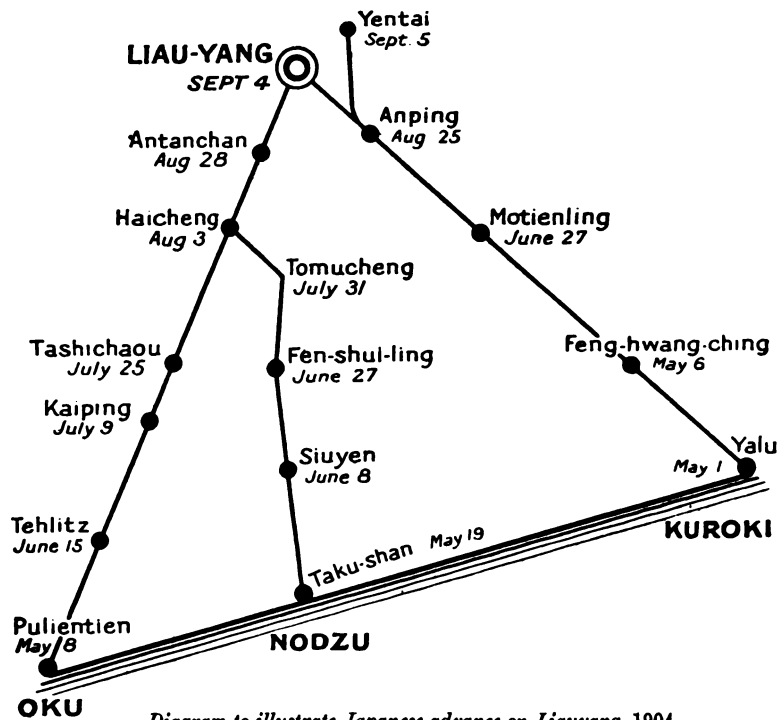


Diagram to illustrate Japanese advance on Liauyang, 1904.

results had been disastrous. In the circumstances it was impossible for him to hope to be able to again attempt the initiative until something had been done to arrest the steady and successful forward movement of his enemy.

He had hoped to have been able to delay the Japanese advance long enough to concentrate at Liauyang a force

that would enable him to take the initiative in superior numbers. In default, if the Japanese should succeed in concentrating before he was ready to strike, he would be able to receive their blow from behind his entrenched position, which he computed in the circumstances to be worth 100,000 men to him. He knew that his army was the objective of

Oyama's advance, just as much as Oyama knew that once Kuropatkin took the initiative the second time his own main force would be the objective of such projected enterprise. Kuropatkin's calculations gave him the necessary striking force by the end of September. Oyama was in a position to attempt his blow a month earlier than this. Confident in the strength of his fortifications, Kuropatkin was prepared to accept this blow, which he was eminently confident he would be able to parry, and by the end of September even counter, if his existing forces should not be strong enough to do more than parry. Various estimates have been given regarding the strength of these two rival armies when they clashed at Liauyang. The most eminent authority in this country has calculated that Kuropatkin was in superior numbers. But as most of these calculations have been made upon a basis which we have already shown in the first instance to have been faulty, it will be found that the most the Siberian Railway could have supplied gave Kuropatkin a field-army of about 150,000 men and possibly 500 field-guns. Against this force Oyama was bringing eight regular divisions, augmented with six reserve brigades. The whole of the regular divisions had been brought up to war-strength during the halt before the final advance, therefore it is safe to calculate that the Japanese army, exclusive of the cavalry division, brought

200,000 bayonets and 600 field-pieces and howitzers into the field. But in consideration of the fact that Kuropatkin gave them battle on ground of his own choice and preparation, he had every right, if his challenge were accepted, to be confident as to the result. Here again, the extraordinary powers of the Japanese infantry were to upset the Russian general's theories.

Having so far examined in brief the conditions of the two armies which were now in touch, we will return to the narrative of Kuroki's advance against Kuropatkin's left. Kuropatkin's left consisted of three distinct ranges of hills, which formed the watersheds of the Taitse Ho and Tang Ho. The first position, which was fifteen to twenty miles south-east of Liauyang, covered about ten miles of front. The next position, which was six miles in rear, was the continuation of the main range or spur of hills which stretched down into the Liau-Ho Plain, the most westerly limits of which furnished Kuropatkin's first position in opposition to the main advance of Oku's army. Between these first and second parallels lies the Tang Ho, till it suddenly swings north-west to join the Taitse. Behind the line of Taitse lies the final range of hills, which Kuropatkin hoped as a last resource to use as his main protection for his railway communications north of Liauyang. On August 25, General Ivanoff, who had succeeded to Keller's command of the so-called Army of the East, was holding a line some

ten miles in extent from Taitensu, on the Pekin road, to Hwantsuling, a village five miles north-west of Anping. Ivanoff had five divisions. His right composed of the 3rd and 6th Divisions of Siberian Sharpshooters, our old friends of the Yalu and Motienling, and his left by the 10th European Army Corps, which was to be seriously blooded for the first time. The Russian positions were of considerable strength, and the approaches were so difficult that the Japanese found themselves unable to make full use of their field-artillery. During the 26th and 27th the Japanese made slow and sure progress, especially in the centre, where the infantry advancing at night carried most of the Russian advanced positions with the bayonet; but on the 26th, when the real Russian works were reached, the intrepid infantry ceased to make headway. As Kuroki was now working in concert with the rest of the army, and as news had arrived of Oku's successful advance against Antanchan, it was imperative that Ivanoff should be driven in at any cost. Although his front had contracted, the nature of the approaches to the positions it defended precluded the usual flank movements which Kuroki had hitherto employed. He therefore decided that the 2nd Division should pierce the Russian centre by night-attack. It seemed to those foreign military experts who witnessed the operations to be one of stupendous risk. As usual, the most precipitous

and difficult portion of the opposing line was selected for the attack. There was to be no question of supports and reserves; the whole division was launched in the darkness, either to carry the position or to hopelessly fail. It was an operation in which no halfway measure would be of account. This we believe was made clear to every company and section commander. If the 2nd Division failed to carry the position in front of it that night, the whole of Oyama's operations would be prejudiced, perhaps rendered abortive. The engagement which ensued was sanguinary in the extreme. But in spite of bayonet thrust and magazine fire, in spite of boulders which were poured down upon them, in spite of the almost inaccessible character of the cliff which was selected as the weakest point of resistance, the men of the 10th Army Corps were swept from their trenches; and in spite of desperate endeavours, both that night and the following day, to recapture the position, it still remained in the hands of the gallant Nishi, who knew that his division would never fail him.

We can well imagine what must have been Kuropatkin's consternation when he received news of the loss of a position which he must have calculated upon holding against Kuroki until he could deal with that officer's force in his own time.

Ivanoff immediately withdrew to the left bank of the Tang Ho. Curiously enough Kuroki made no attempt what-

ever to harass him in the passage of that river, but seemed content in the occupation of Anping. In fact, though the rear-guard of the Russian army fell back in full view of Kuroki's force, no attempt was made even to punish him with artillery fire. But it must be remembered that the weather during this period was wet and stormy, and as Mr Fraser tritely remarks: "The Japanese horses do not take kindly to opportunities, and as they are masters of the batteries and not the gunners, we were doomed to disappointment." But although Kuropatkin must have had his plan seriously upset by this unexpected evacuation of Tang Ho, yet his left was still adequately and strongly protected by the conformation of the hills enclosing both sides of the valley of the Taitse Ho, and if he had only been more fortunate in the officer whom he sent in command of his reinforcements to Ivanoff, it is probable that he might have secured success instead of disaster against the Japanese right wing.

We must now return to the main attack by Oku's and Nodzu's armies against the line of defences which were protecting Liauyang. It will, of course, be impossible in this paper to give anything like adequate space to this, the first of three mighty engagements that the land operations have produced; but in outline this battle furnishes a fascinating study. In the first place, we have the fundamental theory of the Occidental upset by Oriental handling of Occidental patent-

ed machinery. At Liauyang the Japanese put their own theories of infantry attack to the real test, and proved them to be right. The ingredients for the mixture were properly devised, but the proportions were not adequate. At Liauyang Oyama and his staff learnt the lessons of modern war, which six months later were to give them the overwhelming victory at Mukden. And yet, in the circumstances, and considering the political pressure which was placed upon Kuropatkin, we cannot think that he was wrong to take the risks of giving them this chance of learning a lesson.

For nearly three weeks the outposts of the Japanese army had been in touch with those of the Russian forces holding Antanchan, which position marks the northern limit of Japan's first invasion of Manchuria. On August 25 the army began to advance, and immediately the Russians fell back before it, making just a small pretence of delaying it at Antanchan and positions north of that point. This opposition was never meant to be serious, and bad weather rather than Russian resistance delayed Oku and Nodzu for one day. By the night of August 29 the Japanese outpost line was in touch all along the front with the outposts protecting the positions which Kuropatkin was now determined to defend stubbornly. The first Russian position which brought Oyama's army up short was a range of low hills which lay across the Japanese front, prac-

tically east and west, joining, as it were, the railway on the west with the higher mountainous region on the east, where we have been following Kuroki in his operations. This position was about seven miles south of Liauyang.

Taken as a whole, the extent of front that Kuropatkin was holding, now that Kuroki had driven Ivanoff across the Tang Ho, approximated fifteen to twenty miles. The Russian left roughly stood at right angles to the Russian right. That is to say, Kuropatkin's front represented two sides of a triangle, the base of which passed through the town of Liauyang. The apex was pushed into the mountainous regions which grow up from the Liao Ho Plain. Against the southern side of this imaginary triangle, Oyama pressed his main attack, while Kuroki had orders to follow up his first success by attempting to turn the most northern angle of the triangle. Both Oku and Nodzu, in their march up from the seaboard, had experienced very little difficulty in dislodging the detaining forces opposed to them. Oku's experience had been such as to lead him to believe the shock of his infantry assault to be invincible. In the three main engagements of his recent operations—namely, Nanshan, Telitz, and Tashichaou—although his infantry had been foiled in their primary endeavours, yet the remaining energy of their onslaught had been so substantial, that in

every case they had eventually won through. Learning, therefore, that Kuroki with a single division had been able in a night-attack to carry the key of the first position in the enemy's main line of defence, both Oku and Nodzu determined to hurl their armies upon the positions which confronted them. The Russian fortifications in front of the main Japanese army furnish an extraordinary example of incomplete engineering skill. In view of the nature of the attack which the Japanese made upon them, they were extraordinarily strong. Judged as positions which could be worked round, they were marvellously weak. The extreme right of Kuropatkin's front rested in the Liao Ho Plain, and had as its protection a cavalry division, which, in the existing state of the country, could only have been used as very inferior infantry. Kuropatkin's right centre was practically unentrenched—the Russian strategists trusting to the natural difficulties of the country, and the effect of massed artillery on the fringe of the plain below. But it was not Oyama's intention to effect a strategical victory by causing Kuropatkin to evacuate his positions by having his flanks turned; it was his intention to hit him in his positions, and paralyse him by the strength of the blow struck. How much the Japanese hoped to accomplish by these very elementary tactics we do not presume to surmise; but recent events have shown

that they realised after Liauyang that the weight of the crushing blow in front is nothing in comparison to a similar blow from behind.

On August 29 the five Japanese divisions which furnished the main army, were in line in front of the Russian works. They lay practically east and west, with the left division on the railway. The 5th Division, which was the left of Nodzu's force, had already established itself in certain low under-features which led towards the high hills, which, as has already been shown, the Russian engineers had failed to fortify. On the night of the 28th the Japanese dug themselves in upon the top of a slight rise which slopes down towards the Russian front. The pickets of both armies were within speaking distance, making the best of the cover which the standing millet gave them. Towards morning the whole of the Japanese artillery was moved into position. Practically it was massed in four groups, dividing the five miles of Russian entrenched hills into four sections. As soon as it was light enough to correct the sights, the Japanese began to search the Russian position with a slow bombardment. Judged from the Japanese point of view, the Russian front presented a chain of five low hills, averaging something between a hundred and a hundred and fifty feet. At the right was the eminence of Sasanpo, which, surmounted by a Chinese watch-tower, dominated the whole country-side for a dis-

tance of five miles. Much of the position was covered with scrub and brushwood. A strip 1500 yards in breadth of the millet had been cut, in order to unmask the immediate approaches. In places a double tier, and sometimes a treble tier, of trench-lines were discovered; and over the left the trace of wire entrenchments was visible from the gun-stations.

'The Times,' which has published the only really comprehensive account of this battle which has appeared, refers to the entrenchments as follows:—

"This four and a half miles, however, had had every device known to modern engineers in the matter of earth-works used upon it. Here there were no shallow trenches and death-trap citadels as at Nanshan. Wherever the contour of the position required it, a double tier of trench had been cut into the hillside, one low down, to give scope to the flat trajectory of the modern rifle, the other higher up, but well below the sky-line. The trenches, which were 4 feet 6 inches deep, and narrow, had had their front carefully turfed, so that it was, at artillery range, almost impossible to distinguish the parapets. Each section of the defence had its covered way, leading to commodious splinter-proofs cut into the reverse of the position. From the foot of the position for 1200 yards along the whole front millet had been cut, while there was no portion of the actual approach to the position that had not been prepared with obstacles. At all the salients these obstacles took the shape of a honeycomb of deep pits below and barbed-wire above."

The Russians answered the morning challenge from the Japanese guns with a brisk artillery reply. None of their guns were visible; but they burst shrapnel with considerable accuracy by means of indirect

fire, controlled by observation from the summit of Sasanpo. The Japanese gunners made very little effort to find the opposing gun positions; they contented themselves in searching those sections of the defence in front of them which it would behove the infantry to assault before sundown. During the morning the infantry pressed down to the fringe of the uncultivated millet, and here commenced to entrench. Early in the morning it began to rain, and under cover of fitful squalls the Japanese on the extreme left felt for an opening. But at the foot of Sasanpo the Russians had heavily entrenched a walled village. The first effort from the 6th Division to advance against this village was repulsed, and the volume of fire which opened from the Russian right was sufficient indication of the price which would have to be paid before an assault could be pressed home. Every Japanese brigade is connected with divisional headquarters by field-telephone; likewise each division is connected with army headquarters. The strength of the Russian defence was immediately communicated to the battery commanders, and towards evening a heavy preparation commenced. Just in the last quarter of an hour of twilight the whole Japanese front leapt up from its trenches in the millet and dashed into the coverless zone in front of it. The Russians had been waiting for this, and the crash of musketry with which the

advance was received almost drowned the deeper sounds of the preparation. For perhaps another fifteen minutes this intense volume of battle tumult swept up and down the front, and then everywhere the gallant little infantrymen had been swept back into the millet. The price of their temerity had been enormous. It would have deterred most commanders from ordering a repetition of the endeavour. But not so with the Japanese. The reinforcements were pushed up to stiffen the line, and the same troops who had been scourged with shrapnel all day and chastised back to cover at evenfall, were ordered to make a night-attack. In the dark, between seven and ten, the front of an army corps advanced to the assault with naked bayonets. By midnight they were back again in their trenches, defeated but not disheartened; and three hours later they were falling in again, to make a third desperate effort just before daylight. Again they were driven back to the cover of the millet. But on the right Nodzu, employing the same desperate measures, had been able to make headway. Too late the Russians realised their error in trusting to the natural difficulties of the country. Nodzu massed his men upon the hillsides, and defied the efforts of the batteries in the plains to dislodge him. One regiment of the 5th Division had even turned the Russians from the lowest of their trenches on the extreme left.

It was an advantage which had been dearly purchased, but it would have been cheap at five times the price. It was this advantage that was pressed in daylight during the 31st, which caused the retirement of the whole Russian line back upon their final positions in front of Liauyang.

But the Russians did not abandon their forward position without a further struggle. The whole position was subjected all through the 31st to a terrific bombardment from 250 pieces of artillery; yet both at nightfall and at 10 P.M. the Japanese infantry were driven back—in places at the bayonet-point—to their hurriedly made trenches in the plain. Oku was desperate, for the news had reached Oyama that Kuroki was feeling the pressure of the Russian reinforcements which Kuropatkin had sent to Ivanoff. It was not realised then that Kuropatkin had thus transferred his reserves to his left to save himself in retirement. It looked as if Kuroki were about to be crushed for the want of co-operation on the part of the main army. The last and final assault was ordered for the early morning of September 1. Oku pushed up his last reserve brigade to stiffen his assaulting lines for a final heroic effort. Nobly the battalions breasted the hillside all along the line, to discover that the works were empty, and that, after repulsing them in the evening, the Russians had fallen back upon Liauyang.

At daybreak it was thought that the battle was over; but the two divisions which were sent forward found that Kuropatkin's army had only fallen back six miles to a second position encircling the southwestern approaches of the town. It was impossible to push operations farther that day, since the men were exhausted and the ammunition-supply required general replenishment.

We must now leave the main army panting for one day in the plain in front of Liauyang, and expecting on the morrow to brush aside all opposition as they advanced against the ancient capital, and turn to Kuroki on the far right. So far Kuroki's army had been merely moving in touch with the main army. It was now to be called upon to make the great strategical move which we here in the West understood to be the culminating-point in the strategy of the Japanese operations. On August 30 the 12th Division, which was Kuroki's right division, was detached to push northwards, make the passage of the Taitse Ho, and establish itself at Kwantung, for the purpose of placing itself athwart Kuropatkin's communications. It is difficult, with the story of the battle of Mukden fresh upon us, to animadvert upon this movement. We can only say that, as a strategical move, this decision on the part of the Japanese staff was on a par with the incompetence of General Orloff, who allowed

this solitary, unsupported, and detached division to make the passage of the Taitse unopposed, when he was in a position not only to have prevented the crossing, but to have overwhelmed the division while in the act of crossing. Almost before this false move had been completed, Kuroki realised the risks the 12th Division was running, and he subsequently despatched the 2nd Division to join the 12th north of the Taitse. Even then the Russians practically had Kuroki at their mercy, if the senior officer on the spot had been prepared to act as strenuously as he did two days later. Mr Fraser refers to this chapter in the history of Liauyang as follows:—

“The flanking move was now complete, and it only needed daylight of September 1st to inaugurate the attack. But Kuroki's army was divided, a division, a brigade, and two battalions remaining west of the Tang Ho, whilst two weak divisions were upon the north bank of the Taitse, completely beyond the reach of succour from the forces investing Liauyang. A gap of fifteen miles of rough country, the Tang Ho and the Taitse, separated Kuroki from the rest of the Japanese army. The Russians had thrown away a succession of chances. On the 31st they had the 12th Division wholly at their mercy, but failed to fire a shot. Up to the end of the 31st Kuroki could have retired into the mountains in rear, if the gap had been broken and his force cut off. But once the artillery and baggage had crossed the river he was entirely committed. The Taitse, swift and deep, could only be forded by infantry, and that only here and there. For the retirement of the artillery, the reserve ammunition, the impedimenta of two divisions, there was available only a single slender bridge, which, in the event of

an attack by the enemy, must have proved totally inadequate. To those knowing Kuroki's position it seemed inconceivable that the Russians did not swoop down upon him; and hardly less conceivable that Marshal Oyama should have jeopardised so considerable a portion of his forces upon an undertaking that lacked the essential elements of success. The Japanese Commander-in-Chief may have been justified by the knowledge that the Russians permit liberties which an enterprising foe would turn to advantage. But he will find it hard to explain why he took a liberty regardless of consequences, at a point where was the crux of the whole situation” (p. 312).

But though Kuroki must still have been anxious, even after his 2nd Division crossed the Taitse, yet he knew, and those foreign military observers with him knew also, that his flank-movement had failed. Although he was across the Taitse Ho, and his mounted troops were in touch with the Russians at Yentai coal-mines, yet a solid wall of positions lay between him and his objective. These positions were held by an enemy which, if it was not expeditious, was at least up to the present unbeaten. Already he was separated farther than he really liked to be from the main army. Therefore it was impossible for him to continue his movement northward. To a general of Kuroki's calibre there was but one alternative: this was to attack his enemy in his nearest and strongest positions. The Russians will long have to regret that Kuropatkin himself had not been a witness of Kuroki's endeavour. But the Russian Commander-in-Chief, concerned with his main army, had already despatched

reinforcements to his left,—not now with the intention of crushing and annihilating Kuroki, but for the less glorious purpose of holding him, while he withdrew his own army. The wedge which Nodzu's intrepid infantry had pushed into the Russian centre during the fighting of the 30th and 31st, received simultaneously with the Orloff version from the extreme left, had decided him in his estimate of the progress of the battle. Mistohenko was sent to the west to augment the flank-covering force, while General Grekoff, with a mixed brigade of Warsaw and Siberian troops, was left to hold the trenches just south of Liauyang. How well this bluff old cavalry officer fulfilled his charge is now a matter of history. His orders were that he must hold on for forty-eight hours, which would be time sufficient to enable Kuropatkin to clear such baggage and material that he did not wish to destroy. Forty-eight hours were his orders, but he held his trenches for over seventy. On the 1st, it is true, Oku and Nodzu only pushed a reconnaissance against him. But so confident was the former general that his troops would be in Liauyang that night, that he issued orders concerning the hour of entry on the following morning. By evening his infantry had been fed and rested, and as soon as it was dusk the 6th and 4th Divisions fixed bayonets to carry the final trenches. The fierce onslaught of 20,000 men was frustrated by the withering

sheet of lead poured out from the cover of the trenches. The Japanese fled back to their field-works, and on the morning of the 2nd both Oku and Nodzu settled down to prepare the way with artillery. With the six batteries Grekoff sullenly gave them back their fire, and during the next twenty-four hours three more desperate infantry assaults were rendered abortive. By this the story of Manjayama had reached headquarters. Kuroki with his tiny force was successful, and yet the Japanese main army was still checked. The necessity of driving in that rear-guard was desperate, and the 'Times' correspondent tells us how, on September 3, Oku set his teeth, and determined to carry the position whatever the cost:—

"This was evidently a moment for which Oku had been waiting. At last his enemy was shaken : it would be his business to pulverise him. The word was telephoned to the battery commanders. We have already described the awe-striking Japanese artillery preparation; but hitherto we had had nothing, the civilised world had never seen anything, to compare to the final preparation for the advance of the Japanese infantry against the Liauyang field-works. The massed and scattered batteries took the line of Russian resistance in sections. The 250 guns opened first on the Russian settlement. Great columns of dust and smoke rose up from amidst the grey stone buildings, then suddenly out of this whirlwind of bursting shell shot up great lurid tongues of fire. Either the bursting charges of the common shell or the incendiary torches of the retreating Russians, or both, had done their work. The houses, the fodder stocks, the godowns of the settlement, were in

flames. The Japanese gunners redoubled the service of their pieces. The very rocks of Sasaanpo quivered with the blasts of ever-recurring discharges. The air shrieked with the rush of high-velocity projectiles. A great dense pall of black smoke went skywards and covered the doomed settlement. It spread upwards and upwards until it hid Liauyang pagoda and all from view, and above it became mottled and chequered with the fleecy burst-puffs of scores of shrapnel. Below this the pall was streaked with splashes of green and yellow and fiery red, as the earth was torn up by the force of the high explosion or the flaming fire of the burning byres cast broadcast by the relentless sequence of accurately calculated discharge. Could the vandalism of war reach such a pass? In one short hour could that modern settlement, with its gardens, its homes, its markets, be reduced to a pile of smoking ruins? Ask of the great red flames that licked along the false sky-line of smoke and dust like the track of a forest fire; ask of the dull reverberation in our ears, which overpowered all the other distant sounds of war! The gutting of the Russian settlements took thirty minutes; . . . then, supported by their miniature mortars, the Japanese infantry moved forward to carry the trenches with the bayonet. It should have been easy now, for no infantry could have remained unshaken; yet the Russian musketry fire rolled out, and for the seventh time during the past five days the men of the 3rd Division were fain to turn their backs against the leaden blast from the Russian trenches. Gallant little men, too much had been asked of them."

Grekoﬀ had done his duty nobly: at dusk that evening the last of his batteries crossed the bridge over the Taitse Ho north of the town, in rear of the last of the baggage-train. By two o'clock in the morning his last battalion gave the engineers the oﬃce to destroy the

railway-bridge. An hour later the 5th Division carried empty trenches, and occupied the ancient Manchurian capital.

We must now return to Kuroki. As we have already shown, he was determined to break the last line of Russian resistance which kept him from the railway. The front that was held against him covered nearly ten miles. But there was one point near the centre which Kuroki put his finger upon as being the key of the position. This was the small brae known as Manjayama. On the 31st Kuroki subjected Manjayama to a severe artillery preparation, and then launched the men who, from the Yalu to the present moment, had never failed him, against the position. But it was as futile and as expensive as Oku's subsequent attacks on Grekoﬀ's rear-guard were to be. Three times the glistening line of bayonets advanced to the assault. Three times they were driven back to the cover of their shelter-trenches in the standing millet. But Kuroki was as grimly determined to achieve his object, regardless of what it might cost in human lives, as Oku had been in all his engagements. That night the Japanese infantry massed in the millet, and as soon as the moon went down, a brigade in line swept over the pickets and into the trenches of the coveted position. The carnage on the summit was terrific. For an hour in the darkness Occidental and Oriental wrestled for the prize. Finally the Russians were driven from their strong-

hold, and when day broke Kuroki was in possession of his point. But for the time being it was a dear possession, for the arrival of Kuropatkin's reinforcements prevented Kuroki from developing his advantage as quickly as he had hoped. The Russian commander realised the vital importance of this little knoll, and every gun that could be trained upon it was used to prepare the way for the desperate effort that the Russians were to make to regain it. During the night of the 1st the Russians retook the hill, bayoneting every man of the Japanese battalion that held it. But before this success could be made absolute, two more Japanese battalions delivered a counter-blow equally annihilating in its effect, which left the Japanese in unshaken possession of the hill, despite the desperate efforts which, throughout the 2nd, the Russians made to repossess it. On the 3rd of September

the Russian tenacity began to diminish, and Kuroki was able to develop his operations from the pivot which he had now made secure. But he had never been strong enough from the first, and now it was too late. The diminution of the Russian attacks was due to the fact that the Russian flank army was now relieving Grekoff of his duties of rear-guard. As has been already shown, on the following day Oyama and the main army were in Liauyang. The great battle for supremacy in Manchuria had been lost and won. Kuropatkin had been defeated; but he had saved his army practically complete, except for 16,000 casualties that the twelve days' battle had cost him. Oyama had beaten his enemy, and had possessed himself of his positions; but he had failed to bring about the result which would save his country from a second year of war. The twelve days' struggle had cost him 30,000 men.

THE FEAR OF RUSSIA AND THE DEFENCE OF INDIA.

8th March 1905.

THE problem of the defence of India against Russia has occupied the minds of statesmen and soldiers for many years, especially since the Russian occupation of Khiva in 1873 changed her strategic position with regard to India; and our policy with regard to it has been determined by the Anglo-Russian agreement of that year, made by Lord Granville, by which Russia accepted a theoretical boundary between the Oxus and the Hari Rud as the frontier of the territory of Afghanistan, which was thus constituted a buffer State.

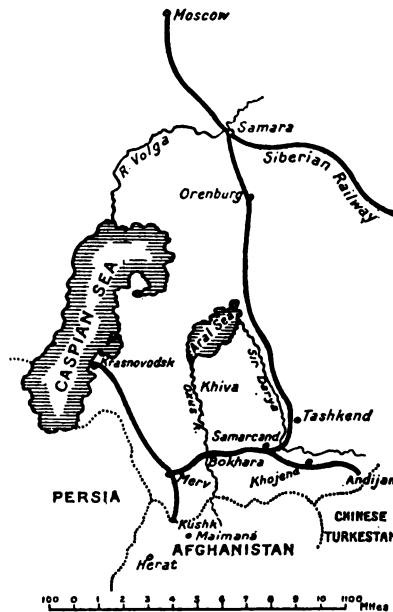
The Afghan war of 1878-79-80 was caused by our fear of Russia's meddling with Afghanistan, and of a possible invasion of India; and this fear became more acute when, in February 1884, Merv was annexed by Russia, and her armies in Trans-Caspia and Turkestan were brought into touch. By this step in the Russian advance eastwards, the way was prepared, as Sir Thomas Holdich in his 'Indian Borderland' explains, "for the construction of the railway, which, connecting Askabad, Merv, and Charjui, completed her power of rapid concentration on the Afghan frontier." He says further: "The original proposal for delimitating the line of boundary connecting Kwaja Sala with the Persian frontier at Sarrahkha emanated from Russia." By the end of the autumn of 1886

the Russo-Afghan boundary was actually fixed. Treaties with Russia and with the Amir of Afghanistan have made us as secure in India as we could reasonably expect to be.

Russian treaties, however, have not always proved of much avail in stopping the apparently inevitable advance of her armies, and her rapid encroachments in Manchuria have no doubt reawakened in many minds the dread of a Russian invasion of India. But recent events in Manchuria should make us realise the enormous difficulties in the way of maintaining a large army at so great a distance from its primary base, whence must be drawn, if not all the food, at least all the clothing, medical comforts, and warlike material required: we see how the impossibility of keeping up the supply of transport paralyses the power of an army for offensive movement, so that it is obliged to keep to the line of railway which supports it. Compare north-western Afghanistan and Russian Turkestan with Manchuria, and the conditions in regard to supply for the Russian army will be found to be much more favourable in Manchuria than on the Oxus. In Manchuria the Russians have been able to obtain large supplies of grain and forage locally, and have also been able to draw on Peking by the Chinese railway run-

ning from Shan-Kai-Kwan to Hsin-min-tun: Turkestan and northern Afghanistan, on the other hand, are barren and unproductive, so that an army operating in that region would be unable to obtain food or forage locally; and the former is itself dependent for its food-

supply on rail-borne grain. Colonel Picot has pointed this out in his lecture on "Railways in Western Asia," delivered before the Central Asian Society. Speaking of Turkestan, he says: "The railway has effected a curious economic change; for a large proportion of the area, once



Map showing the connection that has been completed between the Siberian and the Trans-Caspian systems of the Russian Railways in Asia.

under wheat and other cereals, now grows nothing but cotton. To such an extent is this the case, that Turkestan has become an important consumer of Russian and Persian wheat."

Dismissing, however, for the moment the fear of Russia, which has for more than forty years dominated our relations with Afghanistan, and since the second Afghan War has controlled our Indian military

policy, let us treat the problem of the defence of India as a portion of that greater problem, the defence of the Empire of which it is a part.

On the principle that every portion of the Empire should be capable of maintaining itself—that is, of resisting attack, and of even acting on the offensive, if need be, until such time as reinforcements both of men and material can be for-

warded to it from Great Britain—India must be made secure, and really independent of reinforcement, until a naval engagement shall have cleared the sea of our enemies; for our communications with India are by sea, and the defence of India, like that of every other portion of the Empire, must first of all be based on sea-power.

No statesman can contemplate the despatch to India of large reinforcements, in preparation for an offensive movement against a possible Russian army assembled on the banks of the Oxus, until events have developed, and the real objective to be aimed at by our Imperial forces in any war has been clearly determined.

What, then, are the measures necessary to put India in such a state of security as may enable her to defend herself against all possible dangers in the outbreak of a great war without being dependent on immediate reinforcement from England?

The first of these is an increase in the permanent European garrison. Ever since the responsibilities of the Government of India were increased by the annexation of Burmah and the definition of the Indo-Afghan frontier, such an increase in the strength of the European force, estimated at from 15,000 to 25,000 men, has been considered necessary by all Indian military authorities. It would, of course, allow of a proportionate increase to the native army, thus adding materially to the armed forces

at the disposal of the Government of India. This increase ought to be made at once.

In the second place, there should be no hesitation or delay in developing the Indian arsenals and completing the machinery necessary to render them capable of supplying all the needs of the Indian army; and some steps should be taken for training native artificers in the higher branches of work, so that they may be capable of carrying out even the most difficult kinds of work, and of manufacturing machinery. Further, it is of the greatest importance to the future safety of India that she should have dockyards and naval arsenals such as would enable ships of war to be refitted, or even, if necessary, built.

The fear of Russia, however well-founded, must not be allowed to blind us as to the progress of events in the Far East. Japan is, happily, our ally; but should our own slackness, the folly of political parties at home, or the intrigues of other nations, dissolve the alliance, we might have to reckon with an enemy which has established its right to rank as a first-class Power on sea as well as on land. India must, in fact, henceforward become a great naval and military base, as Japan will certainly become in the future.

Nor should we forget how often during the last hundred years troops from India, and, in spite of caste difficulties,

even native troops, have been despatched by sea to take part in one or other of the numerous warlike expeditions in which England has been engaged. They were sent to Egypt in 1803, to Burmah 1826 and 1852, Persia 1857, China 1862, Abyssinia 1868, Malta 1878, Egypt 1884, Burmah 1888, South Africa 1899, China 1900; and no army has had greater experience in the embarkation and disembarkation of troops than has the army of India.

After the Mutiny the plan for the military defence of India was of the simplest: campaigning on a large scale landward was not contemplated, the experience of the first Afghan war notwithstanding. The system of internal defence rested on the basis of movable columns, and the troops were distributed in mixed brigades, in cantonments selected for political reasons, from which the civil power could always be easily supported, and the authority of the Government be maintained.

The introduction of railways has naturally led to more concentration, and with the extension of our boundaries northward, the strength of the frontier garrisons has been increased: but these necessary changes should not lead to forgetfulness of the principles on which the older system was based. The intimate connection between the civil power and the military forces of the Government in our Indian cantonments

has not been more remarkable than the singular sense of mutual dependence that has sprung up amongst the troops themselves, and the happy rivalry due to their sharing in the accidents of everyday life. The European troops and the native soldiers have been trained and developed alongside of each other, and have learned on service, and in quarters, to help one another.

The great perfection in physique, training, and equipment to which the native Indian troops have been brought is due to measures of improvement constantly pursued for this purpose since the time of the Mutiny; but the real reason for the high state of efficiency which has been aimed at and maintained has been the necessity for preparing them to face successfully a European enemy in the field. However much we may have learned from recent events that the fear of Russia need no longer hamper us in the adoption of a sound Liberal policy towards Afghanistan, and in modifying our plans for military defence, we must acknowledge that the prospect of fighting Russians on the Oxus has kindled military enthusiasm, and led the soldiers of the Indian army, European as well as native, to aim at a high standard of efficiency.

The redistribution of commands and of troops, which is now proposed in India, is no doubt the outcome of experience, but it is watched with anxiety by many of those who

know the principles on which the present system is based. The cost of the proposed changes is estimated at ten millions, to be spread over five years, and will necessitate stringent economy in other departments; but it would be a fatal mistake were it allowed to interfere with the annual expenditure on camps of exercise during the cold weather, as these have proved of inestimable value to the army. The provision of the necessary accommodation for the increase to the European establishment, which is indispensable, would of itself absorb as much money as can well be provided in the military budget for some years to come. Another objection to the scheme, in the eyes of men of long Indian experience, is that for sanitary reasons it has been found unwise to concentrate large numbers of men in cantonments.

Lord Kitchener's proposals can, however, only be fairly judged by those who are on the spot, and have a full knowledge of the changes that have been introduced into the constitution of the native army during recent years. One thing we know, that a thoroughly sound scheme of mobilisation for the Indian army has been worked out in all its details, and has been tested and matured during recent frontier expeditions, and has been proved capable of working without friction. One cannot help expressing the greatest admiration for all that has been done by the Indian Government during a long series of years, and by the

numerous officers who, under their orders, have devoted their attention to perfecting the machinery of the Indian army for war; but again the question arises, whether the fear of Russia may not have forced mobilisation too much in one direction, and whether the principle of sea-power might not more clearly direct its application?

If the addition to the strength of the European establishment already spoken of is carried out, and if arrangements are made as soon as war appears probable to despatch to India the annual drafts, equivalent to some 12,000 men, the defence of India may be considered to have been provided for in the most satisfactory manner; and that country will not only be secure against attack, but her army will be capable of carrying out considerable offensive operations independently. She would be able to place 100,000 men in the field, in whatever direction may be necessary, and could maintain that number in the fighting line for some months, allowing for wastage in war; but her true policy is to hold her strength in reserve, selecting her own battle-ground, and keeping as near as possible to her base. Nor should it be forgotten that any elaborately prepared plan of operations, in a particular direction, is sure to become known to the enemy against which it is directed, and will therefore probably fail from too great preparation beforehand.

But in the creation of the

buffer State already referred to, we have incurred certain responsibilities towards Afghanistan, which cannot be lost sight of: they oblige us, in the event of Russia failing to respect her treaties, and crossing the Afghan border, to treat her as an enemy, and to assist the Amir from India, if requested to do so by him. It is possible that we may never be called upon to fulfil these obligations; but should the events contemplated by these treaties arise, and should we ever be required by the Amir to assist him in resisting Russian encroachments on his territory, we could do so without having to send an enormous force beyond the Afghan frontier. A Russian army assembled on the banks of the Oxus, and intended for an advance through Afghanistan, will require an amount of transport, in camels, mules, and ponies, which the whole resources of Turkestan will meet with difficulty; and from the very beginning of its advance, such an army will be exposed to the constant harassing attacks of guerilla warfare, which are the natural tactics of the people of those regions.

In entering the barren country of northern Afghanistan, an army must proceed slowly, securing its hold on each tract of country as it advances, so that its line of communication may not be cut; and it must do this in the face of a hostile and resolute population, well skilled in the defence of their homes, and thoroughly understanding the

art of creating difficulties for an army accustomed to more civilised methods.

To save an enemy the trouble of such a contest, by meeting him with a regular army, would be to throw away the advantages of the situation: surely the wiser policy would be to do all in our power to support and direct the guerilla warfare of the Afghan people; and for the organisation and leading of such a contest, we have a plentiful supply of British officers, who, whether on the Indian frontier or in South Africa, have had real practical experience of what such warfare means.

Harassed and checked by such attacks, and hampered by difficulties which those who have had personal experience of campaigning in Afghanistan know only too well, it would be months before a Russian army could cross the inhospitable barriers on this side the Oxus, and approach the frontiers of India; hence it ought to be clear that the necessity of immediately meeting such an attack ought not to be allowed to outweigh all other considerations with regard to the defence of India.

It is needless to dwell upon the troubles, external and internal, which have fallen upon Russia, and which point to the impossibility of her being in a position to undertake the invasion of India for many years to come: apart from this, it really seems that the extension of the railway to the Oxus, and the connection of that line with the Siberian system *vid*

Samara, which has aroused so much apprehension, may be no more than a threat, perhaps little more than an empty one, which will have fulfilled its purpose if it succeeds in leading our statesmen and soldiers to turn their attention too exclusively in that direction: after all, it is a natural expansion of her railway system. It is a serious question whether we are right in allowing ourselves to be alarmed by the continual extension of Russian railways in Asia: they have become a bugbear to us, and the construction of a single line of any length is taken as a threat that it may immediately bring a large army to its terminus. The danger of being tempted by such an instrument to undertake a war of aggression has been too well illustrated by the Russian experience in Manchuria for it to be necessary to dwell further upon it. The great strain imposed upon the rolling stock and the establishment of the railway by the continuous supply of an army must eventually result in failure, unless the army is immediately victorious.

Railways are great civilisers, and through their agency lands comparatively remote have been brought under the influence of the Power that constructs them. Instead of regarding the extension of railways towards our Indian frontiers as a menace, the true policy is to welcome them, wherever they run, and to make railways from India to meet all lines that eventu-

ally have a connection with Europe.

The development of trade along such lines could only be to the benefit of India, leading to the development of her resources and by degrees attracting English capital for the establishment of manufactures, which is all that is needed to ensure for the country the commercial importance that should be hers, for India henceforward should become a manufacturing base.

For many long years the fear of Russia has been the ruling factor in our political relations with the neighbouring Asiatic States, and they, as well as the native rulers of India, have known that such was the case. Surely it is time, if not to abandon this fear altogether, at least not to allow it to hamper the commercial relations of India, and to paralyse all efforts in the direction of that full measure of expansion which can alone enable India to retain her position with respect to the growing Powers of Asia.

Let us not forget that, whatever the result may be of the present conflict between Russia and Japan, the railway communication between Europe and the Far East, between Moscow, Port Arthur, and Peking, has been permanently established.

Are the inhabitants of India to be denied the opportunities of rapid communication with Europe? and do we imagine that they will remain indefinitely content with such isolation as is at present their lot? Are the Afghan people to re-

main for all time uncivilised, or the people of Persia to decay, while India looks on and England is indifferent? Have we realised the significance of through-trains from Moscow reaching Port Arthur before the war commenced? Here lies the fact we have to reckon with. The process of railway extension in Asia will surely continue, and, instead of regarding it with fear and suspicion, we should endeavour to meet it, and secure for ourselves some share of those advantages which will otherwise inevitably fall to Russia alone.

The problem of the defence of India is not a purely military question to be determined by the wisdom of the Defence Committee: it must depend in a great measure on the foresight of the Government of India, in recognising that the civilisation of her people, and their advance in the knowledge of European arts and manufactures, can alone place them on

an equal footing with the people of Japan. We must cease to gaze across the Kwaja Amran, over desert areas to the Oxus, and turn our telescope towards the Yellow seas, where our allies have established close touch with America.

We have girdled the earth with our Colonies, and maintained our ancient boast of Mistress of the Sea: we ought not to shrink from taking our part in the development of railway communication wherever needed, or in opening to our Indian fellow-subjects the advantages of direct communication with Europe. India cannot for ever remain isolated from the rest of Asia: the mountain barriers that are her ramparts must not be allowed to impede her progress and development. The balance of power in Asia is undergoing a great change, and it is necessary that we should readjust our ideas as to the defence of India.

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A RETROGRADE ADMIRALTY.

THE triumvirate appointed in 1903-4 to frame a new scheme for the government of the Army were directed to take the Admiralty system of higher administration as the basis of their action, on the plea that although there might be imperfections in its working it was at the time absolutely sound in principle. As important changes have since been made in the working of the Admiralty, it may be interesting to explain not only those changes, but also the difference between the organisation of the present Admiralty and of that which carried on the great maritime wars of the past.

Previous to the year 1546 the Navy was not governed on any broad and comprehensive principle. The Lord Admiral ruled it, but no recognised

organisation existed to supply its wants, which were dealt with in more or less haphazard fashion as they arose. The increase in the Navy during the reign of Henry VIII. showed the necessity of reform, and in that year a Board of Principal Officers, subordinate to the Lord Admiral, was formed to supply the needs of the sea service. This great departure established the sound principle that political and executive control should be superior to, but separate from, administration, — that those charged with the direction or conduct of war operations should be relieved from the details involved in providing the ships, armament, stores, &c., with which to carry it on.

The political and executive authority originally centred in the Lord Admiral passed at

a business of so much complexity gradually increased as the revolution in *matériel* proceeded. The Admiralty machine showed signs of much internal friction. It became impossible to intermingle the large and far-reaching questions involved in preparing for and conducting a maritime war with those equally difficult, but widely different, problems included in the provision of ships, their armaments and stores. This difficulty seems to have been to some extent realised by Mr Childers, who reorganised the Admiralty under the Order in Council of January 14, 1869, and divided the work into three principal branches:—

- A. Business relating to the *personnel* and the movements and condition of the fleet.
- B. Business relating to the *matériel*—i.e., to the building and repairing of ships, to guns, and to naval stores.
- C. Finance.

The division of the business was correct in principle, and was similar in its broad features to that under which it was conducted by the Admiralty and Navy Boards, before the changes made by Sir James Graham. Under A are included the two main questions upon which turn the conduct of war—

- 1. The distribution of the fleet or fighting force, which depends upon policy.
- 2. The selection and training of the *personnel*, which is the governing factor in war.

Under B are placed all questions connected with the supply of *matériel* of all descriptions.

A may be said to be "the soul" from which B "the body" derives life and inspiration.

Mr Childers does not seem to have understood or appreciated the magnitude, complexity, and importance of the many questions involved in the conduct of war, since he placed A nominally on an equal footing with, but really on a lower level than, B. A was represented by two Sea Lords, but as they were not assisted by a professional staff of any kind, tactical and strategical questions were not adequately studied, and the information at their disposal was altogether insufficient to enable them to solve correctly the larger questions of naval policy. On the other hand B, in the person of the Controller, was given a seat on the Board, and was supported by a large technical staff, who were able to exert great influence on the policy pursued. Under these conditions was developed the vicious policy of building coast-defence ships, which represent the lowest depths of naval strategic thought. The fact is that the naval mind was at that time absorbed in questions connected with *matériel*. It was full of information relative to guns and armour, but with rare exceptions its ignorance of the principles of war was profound, and in consequence it had entirely misread the lessons of the American Civil War, to which may be attributed its leaning towards coast-defence. It is a noteworthy fact

various times to the King and Council, a Parliamentary Committee, the Lord High Admiral, the King, and finally to the Board of Admiralty, with whom it remained throughout all the great maritime wars from the end of the seventeenth century to the downfall of Napoleon. It was never exercised to the full extent by the Board of Principal Officers or Navy Board, which was limited to the administration of the supply services.

In its broad features the system became analogous to that under which the German army is believed to be administered at the present time. The present over-centralised administration of the *personnel* did not then exist, and the work of the Admiralty Board was of the nature of that done jointly in Germany by the Emperor, the Military Cabinet, and the great General Staff, while the business of the Navy Board corresponded with that dealt with by the German War Office.

The Navy continued to be administered on this broad principle for nearly three centuries. In course of time the Navy Board and other civil departments which had gradually grown up, became so inefficient and unmanageable that the whole system was thrown into discredit. Reform became necessary, and unfortunately Sir James Graham, who undertook it in 1830, was not alive to the great underlying principle which had carried the Admiralty with success through more than one great war. He

threw it altogether on one side, abolished the Navy Office, and brought all the civil departments under the Admiralty Board directly, organising them under the individual responsibility of five principal officers, viz. :—

Surveyor of the Navy.
Storekeeper-General.
Controller of Victualling.
Medical Director-General.
Accountant-General.

Each principal officer was superintended by a Lord of the Admiralty, who brought before the Board such matters of importance connected with his department as required a Board decision. The fatal defect in the arrangement was that all the Lords of the Admiralty were brought directly in contact with questions of supply. Their attention was diverted from their proper *rôle*—the conduct of war—to details connected with *matériel*. It was a peace organisation.

The arrangement was specially pernicious in the case of the First Sea Lord, who as the Lord supervising the Surveyor of the Navy was brought more immediately in contact with the dockyards and ship construction. The evil effect assumed more importance when wooden sailing-ships gave place to armoured steamers, as it tended to concentrate his attention on details connected with ships, guns, and armour, and to divert him from his true *rôle* of directing the thought of the service to the best methods of using the new weapons which were introduced.

The difficulty of conducting

a business of so much complexity gradually increased as the revolution in *matériel* proceeded. The Admiralty machine showed signs of much internal friction. It became impossible to intermingle the large and far-reaching questions involved in preparing for and conducting a maritime war with those equally difficult, but widely different, problems included in the provision of ships, their armaments and stores. This difficulty seems to have been to some extent realised by Mr Childers, who reorganised the Admiralty under the Order in Council of January 14, 1869, and divided the work into three principal branches:—

- A. Business relating to the *personnel* and the movements and condition of the fleet.
- B. Business relating to the *matériel*—i.e., to the building and repairing of ships, to guns, and to naval stores.
- C. Finance.

The division of the business was correct in principle, and was similar in its broad features to that under which it was conducted by the Admiralty and Navy Boards, before the changes made by Sir James Graham. Under A are included the two main questions upon which turn the conduct of war—

- 1. The distribution of the fleet or fighting force, which depends upon policy.
- 2. The selection and training of the *personnel*, which is the governing factor in war.

Under B are placed all questions connected with the supply of *matériel* of all descriptions.

A may be said to be "the soul" from which B "the body" derives life and inspiration.

Mr Childers does not seem to have understood or appreciated the magnitude, complexity, and importance of the many questions involved in the conduct of war, since he placed A nominally on an equal footing with, but really on a lower level than, B. A was represented by two Sea Lords, but as they were not assisted by a professional staff of any kind, tactical and strategical questions were not adequately studied, and the information at their disposal was altogether insufficient to enable them to solve correctly the larger questions of naval policy. On the other hand B, in the person of the Controller, was given a seat on the Board, and was supported by a large technical staff, who were able to exert great influence on the policy pursued. Under these conditions was developed the vicious policy of building coast-defence ships, which represent the lowest depths of naval strategic thought. The fact is that the naval mind was at that time absorbed in questions connected with *matériel*. It was full of information relative to guns and armour, but with rare exceptions its ignorance of the principles of war was profound, and in consequence it had entirely misread the lessons of the American Civil War, to which may be attributed its leaning towards coast-defence. It is a noteworthy fact

hold, and when day broke Kuroki was in possession of his point. But for the time being it was a dear possession, for the arrival of Kuropatkin's reinforcements prevented Kuroki from developing his advantage as quickly as he had hoped. The Russian commander realised the vital importance of this little knoll, and every gun that could be trained upon it was used to prepare the way for the desperate effort that the Russians were to make to regain it. During the night of the 1st the Russians retook the hill, bayoneting every man of the Japanese battalion that held it. But before this success could be made absolute, two more Japanese battalions delivered a counter-blow equally annihilating in its effect, which left the Japanese in unshaken possession of the hill, despite the desperate efforts which, throughout the 2nd, the Russians made to repossess it. On the 3rd of September

the Russian tenacity began to diminish, and Kuroki was able to develop his operations from the pivot which he had now made secure. But he had never been strong enough from the first, and now it was too late. The diminution of the Russian attacks was due to the fact that the Russian flank army was now relieving Grekoff of his duties of rear-guard. As has been already shown, on the following day Oyama and the main army were in Liauyang. The great battle for supremacy in Manchuria had been lost and won. Kuropatkin had been defeated; but he had saved his army practically complete, except for 16,000 casualties that the twelve days' battle had cost him. Oyama had beaten his enemy, and had possessed himself of his positions; but he had failed to bring about the result which would save his country from a second year of war. The twelve days' struggle had cost him 30,000 men.

THE FEAR OF RUSSIA AND THE DEFENCE OF INDIA.

8th March 1905.

THE problem of the defence of India against Russia has occupied the minds of statesmen and soldiers for many years, especially since the Russian occupation of Khiva in 1873 changed her strategic position with regard to India; and our policy with regard to it has been determined by the Anglo-Russian agreement of that year, made by Lord Granville, by which Russia accepted a theoretical boundary between the Oxus and the Hari Rud as the frontier of the territory of Afghanistan, which was thus constituted a buffer State.

The Afghan war of 1878-79-80 was caused by our fear of Russia's meddling with Afghanistan, and of a possible invasion of India; and this fear became more acute when, in February 1884, Merv was annexed by Russia, and her armies in Trans-Caspia and Turkestan were brought into touch. By this step in the Russian advance eastwards, the way was prepared, as Sir Thomas Holdich in his 'Indian Borderland' explains, "for the construction of the railway, which, connecting Askabad, Merv, and Charjui, completed her power of rapid concentration on the Afghan frontier." He says further: "The original proposal for delimitating the line of boundary connecting Kwaja Sala with the Persian frontier at Sarrahkhs emanated from Russia." By the end of the autumn of 1886

the Russo-Afghan boundary was actually fixed. Treaties with Russia and with the Amir of Afghanistan have made us as secure in India as we could reasonably expect to be.

Russian treaties, however, have not always proved of much avail in stopping the apparently inevitable advance of her armies, and her rapid encroachments in Manchuria have no doubt reawakened in many minds the dread of a Russian invasion of India. But recent events in Manchuria should make us realise the enormous difficulties in the way of maintaining a large army at so great a distance from its primary base, whence must be drawn, if not all the food, at least all the clothing, medical comforts, and warlike material required: we see how the impossibility of keeping up the supply of transport paralyses the power of an army for offensive movement, so that it is obliged to keep to the line of railway which supports it. Compare north-western Afghanistan and Russian Turkestan with Manchuria, and the conditions in regard to supply for the Russian army will be found to be much more favourable in Manchuria than on the Oxus. In Manchuria the Russians have been able to obtain large supplies of grain and forage locally, and have also been able to draw on Peking by the Chinese railway run-

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obliterating the division between the conduct of war and supply, and of concentrating them in the same hand, contrary to well-established principles, the First Sea Lord presides over the Committee on Dockyard Administration, with the Controller, other departmental officers, and a superintendent of a private yard, as members. What would be said if the Chief of the General Staff at the War Office was placed on a committee to inquire into the working of half a dozen Woolwich Arsenals? The case is parallel, and has only to be stated in this plain way to show how mistaken is the policy. The whole tendency of the recent changes, coupled with the selection of a comparatively junior officer for the post, points to a policy of unduly depressing the position and authority of the Controller of the Navy with a view to concentrating the questions connected with ship-building and the dockyards—the *matériel*—in the hands of the First Sea Lord, whose attention ought to be concentrated on large questions of policy.

The new Distribution of Business under which the First Sea Lord is made alone responsible for the fighting and seagoing efficiency of the fleet is a far-reaching innovation, which greatly lowers the position and authority of the other members of the Board. To the superficial mind it may appear that his authority will be increased, but re-

flection will bring conviction that the very contrary will be the case, since he will have the support not of responsible colleagues but of irresponsible men, who will be practically only heads of departments under him.

That there is a real danger of the interposition of the First Sea Lord between the First Lord and the other Lords, is confirmed by the insertion of a note to the Distribution of business to the effect that all members of the Board will have the right to communicate direct with the First Lord. Such a note was quite unnecessary, and did not exist previous to the issue of this new Order, which alone indicates the existence of a doubt on well-established usage. The characters and standing of the men who will accept office under such conditions must deteriorate. The weight with which the First Lord will speak will be gradually lowered with the loss of prestige by his colleagues.

The authority of the Admiralty must suffer, since its success in the past has been due to the fact that in it were found united to an elastic and undefined extent the political and professional elements which adjusted themselves to circumstances as these changed. Although administering a military service, the Lords are civil officers, and as such are on a common footing, which makes for union. Each has carried weight depending not only upon his position, but largely

upon his knowledge, ability, and force of character, which have had large scope to influence decision, while personal ambition has been held in check and subordinated to the general good by decisions being promulgated in the name of an impersonal Board. These advantages are in danger of being lost under the recent changes.

The reader may perhaps be now convinced that the weak point in naval administration since the changes introduced by Sir James Graham has been the diversion of Admiralty and Naval thought from questions connected with the conduct of war to questions of *matériel*. The tendency is so strong that even in the face of a distribution of business, which was apparently intended to keep the two subjects more distinct and to elevate the former, the latter is still in the ascendant, and occupies the first place in the minds of not a few. "Men's deeds are after as they have been accustomed," as Bacon most truly wrote. Men who have been employed for many years in considering questions connected with guns, armour, building and repairing ships, cannot be expected to turn their thoughts to the study of war—a widely different subject. The evil results of the faulty line of thought are very serious, as can be seen by considering recent action on the part of the Admiralty, which may be considered to be now dominated by the *matériel* school.

In the oft-quoted Memorandum laid before the Colonial Conference in 1902, the Admiralty set forth the great principles underlying maritime war, and dwelt especially on the necessity of concentration. In the same year, without attracting undue attention to the changes in progress, they proceeded to give effect to their views by developing the Home Fleet under a Commander-in-Chief, by forming an Armoured Cruiser Squadron, by reorganising the Destroyer Flotillas, and by rearranging the foreign stations.

After an interval of two years further steps have been taken with the same object. The battleships in European waters have been rearranged, four being transferred from the Mediterranean to the Home Fleet. The Channel (now Atlantic) Fleet, for some years the detached force held available to reinforce either the Mediterranean or Home Fleet as required, has been placed under a Commander-in-Chief, and permanently based on Gibraltar. Thus the actual battleship force in the Mediterranean has been increased from twelve to sixteen battleships, and is now placed under dual control. It is evident that the admiral in command of the Atlantic Fleet is not a true Commander-in-Chief, as both during peace manœuvres and war he will act under another officer. Such an arrangement is contrary to sound strategic principles, as it makes against concentration and cuts off the

Mediterranean Fleet from its Western base. The dockyard at Gibraltar is apparently the underlying cause, but would never have been accepted by a strategist as a sufficient reason.

Advantage has been taken of the completion of armoured cruisers to increase the strength of the several fleets in European waters in that description of ship, and to concentrate them in squadrons—a strategic measure which their capital importance demands. The strategic grounds for doing this were brought into notice during the peace manoeuvres of 1901, and have been since confirmed by Russian and Japanese experience during the existing war. The present Admiralty Board do not seem to appreciate the fact that the concentration of the armoured cruisers leaves the field clear to smaller cruisers to prey on our commerce, which will be unprotected if our small ships are broken up or sold. Neither do they appear to understand the extent to which the small ship is favoured by the large chances against meeting on the trackless ocean.

This brings us to the astonishing Parliamentary returns of vessels struck off the list of effective ships of war, dated 6th and 22nd March 1905, which include the names of 155 ships. The returns are very misleading, as they are swelled by the names not only of hulks long since condemned, but also of ships entirely efficient. The issue has been confused either through

want of clear thinking or of set purpose by introducing such meaningless terms as “ships of comparatively small fighting value” and “ships available for subsidiary purposes of war.” The magnitude of the blunder which has been committed will be understood when it is realised that two Japanese cruisers—the *Naniwa* and *Takachiho*—of about 3600 tons, completed in 1885, engaged successfully the Russian cruiser *Rurik* of 11,000 tons, completed in 1895, and that several Japanese small ships more than fifteen years old have done most useful work during the present war. In the face of this war experience, four cruisers of the *Australia* class of 5600 tons, completed in 1888-89, and repaired during the last six years at a cost of £200,000, besides ten cruisers of the *Tribune* class of 3600 tons, completed in 1891-92, have been classed as of comparatively small fighting value! Among other ships sold on the 4th April, many of which are as effective as, or more so than, those used by the Japanese, two ships of the *Australia* class may be mentioned. Each cost originally about £266,000, and sold for only £10,000.

The present unreasoned craze to hastily condemn ships as obsolete is quite contrary to war experience. The ancient *Naniwa* has done better service than the modern *Askold* or *Novik*. It is evident that the nature and amount of the work which war involves is but little understood. Under cover of

the battle-fleets an immense amount of work has to be done, not only in attending on the fleet itself, but in connection with any military expedition which may be undertaken. This can be best intrusted to small ships of no great power. Many ships will also be required to cover the trade from the attack to which it will be exposed from the small cruisers of the enemy—the most dangerous form of attack. In fact, the work will be so multifarious that place will always be found for every ship which carries a gun. Sufficient has perhaps been said to convince the reader that many ships are being prematurely condemned. This is undoubtedly due to neglect of the study of war, and to attaching too much importance to the *matériel*. It is forgotten that the spirit of the men in the ships is more important than the ships themselves. The most serious feature of the policy of prematurely condemning ships initiated by the present Board is the spirit which is inculcated. It is not the spirit which led the famous Lord Cochrane in an obsolete brig to capture a Spanish frigate; it is not the spirit shown by von Tegetthof, who, when told that the ships were not up-to-date, replied, “Only send them! Send them as they are; I’ll find some use for them!” And emphatically it is not the traditional spirit of the British navy, which has hitherto always been ready to hoist the pendant on anything that will float, rather than be left behind.

SIR JAMES BROWNE AND THE HARNAI RAILWAY.

IN his 'Horæ Subsecivæ' that most charming writer, and still more charming person, Dr John Brown, writes of Dr Chalmers as follows: "He was . . . a solar man, he drew after him his own firmament of planets. They, like all free agents, had their centrifugal forces acting ever towards an independent solitary course, but the centripetal also was there, and they moved with and around their imperial sun."

So it was with "Buster" Browne, whose biography has recently been published from the pen of General M'Leod Innes. But in this the biographer, being the older and senior officer, has written as an elder brother might have done—in appreciation and admiration, but not from the point of view of the disciple.

It may perhaps be permitted for one who was a planet—an *asteroid*, perhaps; at all events a very close and intimate friend—to add some personal recollections of his association with Sir James Browne during the period when the heaviest task of all his strenuous and busy life was carried out—that is to say, during the years when, in spite of the greatest difficulties, he constructed the railway from the deserts west of the Indus past Harnai to the uplands of Quetta and Peshin.

The story involves some by-gone political history concerning Central Asia and Afghanistan. The British public is

not much concerned in such history. Russian statesmen may violate their engagements, the Czar may break his word, a Central Asian tribe may be involved in cruel war, but the matter is not one which enters much into the mind of the British taxpayer. Even if a frontier tribe rises and commits some act of murder and treachery, it will hardly be noticed in the English newspapers. But when a brave man passes away in some remote corner of the Empire, the home-staying Briton likes to know how one of his own flesh and blood has upheld the honour of the Union-Jack, and has shown that the breed of men nurtured in these northern islands continues to show the same hardy character that led their fathers to distant lands.

The general election of 1880 overthrew the Government of Lord Beaconsfield, and introduced a Cabinet under Mr Gladstone pledged to peace, retrenchment, and reform. It also found the country engaged in a war in Afghanistan which cost some eighteen millions sterling and many valuable lives. The Government resolved to stop that war as soon as possible, and throw away its results. Among these results was the Kandahar State Railway.

Not that this railway had been made to Kandahar—it has not reached that place even yet—but it had for its object

the extension of the railway system in the Indus valley to the uplands of Afghanistan. Part of the line had been made in 1880, more of it had been carefully surveyed, all had been hastily reconnoitred, when the order for abandonment came. After the disastrous affair at Maiwand, the troops who protected the workmen, and whose presence alone made work possible, were withdrawn. The workmen and money, &c., used on the works were to be sent back to India under a small escort. The result was that the savage hill tribes were at once on the alert for plunder, and on August 6, 1880, massacred, in one of the defiles now traversed by the railway, a number of defenceless men, and stole a large quantity of treasure.

It is true that an expedition subsequently followed up the raiders and punished the ring-leaders, but the effect in the country was bad, and continued so for long after.

There had been a good deal of work begun on the railway in 1880, but it had not sufficiently advanced to have any permanent value; while stores collected at great expense were subsequently sold—such of them at least as could find purchasers—at considerable loss.

Three years passed away, and meantime Russian activity had been most marked. Skobeloff—hero of Plevna—had won a great victory over the Tekke Turkomans early in 1881. Subsequently Alikhanoff by his intrigues, and M. Lessar, the railway engineer, by his sur-

veys, had paved the way for the annexation of the Merv oasis. The railway beyond the Caspian eastwards from Krasnovodsk had been started. The Russians were creeping on, and their advance was viewed with much misgiving by Indian statesmen, who realised that the action of the Gladstone Cabinet in abandoning the railway works was as premature as it was reckless.

It was in October 1883 that I first came into contact officially with Sir James Browne. I was then holding an appointment in connection with the railways which converge on Lucknow, and I had there all that the heart of a subaltern could desire,—comfortable quarters, a good lot of horses in my stables, many genial friends, and sufficient and congenial work. Besides, it was just at the delightful time of year when the Indian cold weather is beginning, and when all the heat and worries of the past few months are put away with the *punkahs*. And yet one morning when I received a telegram from Colonel Browne to say that he had been appointed Engineer-in-Chief of the Kandahar State Railway, once more to be begun, and asking me to come as his personal assistant, I replied at once, joyfully accepting, to the intense astonishment of my then official chief, who could not understand why I should be in such a hurry to exchange my comfortable rooms and the excellent *cuisine* of the Chutter Munzil Club for the rigours of a winter on the frontier in a

tent, and living on the coarse food of the country. Yet to the soldier who has served on the Indian frontier, all other places in the East seem tame.

Some four days' and nights' railway journey brought me to Sibi, on the edge of the Sind desert, and near the base of the hill-country. Sibi, then a squalid collection of huts, was so undesirable a residence that the natives had a rhyme about it—

“Sibi che paidà shud
Dozakh che faidà bud?”

(“Since Sibi was created, what is the use of hell?”) When I arrived there late in the twilight of a cold evening, it certainly was a dreary spot. A strong wind was blowing from the hills bearing clouds of sand. The few natives moving about the platform of the railway station had their heads tied up to keep out the dust, and looked uniformly miserable. But among them, cheery and jolly, strode Buster Browne, with a warm hearty welcome for me. He had come on a trolley from Nari Gorge, seven miles off, where our temporary headquarters were to be, to meet me. It was impossible to be in low spirits in his presence; and although our journey on that trolley, up-hill and against the wind, was cold and slow, yet it was relieved from tedium by the cheery presence of my new chief, who kept telling me, in his own graphic way, the facts which had led to our being there together and the task that lay before us.

He had arrived some days

before. I was the first officer of railway experience who had turned up, but there were a good many others who had come before me. Two half-battalions of pioneers had come, and four companies of native sappers. These were for the most part officered by young R.E. officers fresh from home, full of learning in an undigested state. “They are like young bears learning to dance on hot plates,” said the engineer-in-chief; “the hotter the plates, the quicker they learn. And I think they will find the plates hot enough in all conscience!” Then other engineers, of railway experience and with frontier knowledge if possible, had been asked for, and were expected.

As regards subordinates, there were only the riff-raff and sweepings of other departments available; for respectable natives would not go to a place with such an evil reputation, and good reliable men naturally were not likely to be spared by their own masters. Doubtless others would come in course of time, but we would have to make the best of what we could get. Col. Browne had brought an excellent European clerk to take charge of his office—a man with a memory like a Milner safe, and a walking encyclopædia of regulations and routine. He had under him a very miscellaneous assortment of underlings. As regards accounts, the orders were that the work was to be done on active service conditions—i.e., there was to be no sending in of detailed

estimates and then awaiting sanction before commencement. On the contrary, the work was to be pushed on at all hazards as fast as possible; but although it was to be on railway gradients and curves, and with bridges for the heaviest locomotives, it was not to be called a railway—it was to be called “The Harnai Road Improvement Scheme” (so as to save Mr Gladstone’s face), and *no rails were to be bought*.

All this and more my new chief told me as the trolley slowly worked its way to Nari. There, on the sandy gravel at the desert edge, the four sapper companies were encamped, their tents much inconvenienced by the gale (“a noble army of martyrs,” remarked my companion). We had shelter in one of the staff quarters built in 1880—a dreary mud building, with unglazed doors and windows, but a very welcome port in such a storm. There the colonel’s *cordon bleu*, after the manner of Indian servants, had an excellent dinner ready for us, and subsequently we soundly slept in some sheltered corner.

Next day we examined the surveys prepared in 1880 and considered our plan of campaign. Certainly the task, even under the most favourable conditions, was a gigantic one. From Sibi, which is 300 feet above the sea-level, to the summit of the mountain pass—which the railway had to cross at an altitude of 6500 feet—the distance is 120 miles; so that there would necessarily need to be throughout an ascending gradient, yet not too steep, for the line was

to be of the standard broad gauge (5½ feet) of the ordinary Indian trunk lines. Expedients, therefore, such as the European traveller sees in Switzerland on such lines as the St Gothard (the highest point on which, by the way, is only some 3500 feet), would have to be tried, and an immense amount of tunnelling, rock-cutting, and bridging would have to be carried out. The varying altitudes of the line would involve great varieties of climate; and it was very doubtful whether work would be possible at all parts of it all the year round, for the heat in the lower valleys in summer would be as intolerable as the cold in the mountains in winter. (Subsequently it was found that the temperature varied from 124° F. *in the house* in the lower parts of the line, to 18° F. *below zero* in the verandahs of the houses at the summit.) Another matter of careful consideration was the attitude of the tribes. They had already shown their teeth and had their punishment, and the question was whether they would not interrupt the progress of work continually by petty robberies and murders, even if there were no organised attacks. Looking back on the events as they happened, and knowing what our previous experience had been in other parts of the frontier, I can only attribute our immunity from serious trouble in this respect to the marvellous personal influence of Sir James Browne—a fact of the greatest importance, for which I think he never obtained sufficient credit.

The country itself through which the work had to be carried out has been described by a writer in 'Engineering' in the following graphic language:—

"The line does not wind its way through smiling valleys to the breezy heights above, and then after a rush through an alpine region break out with mile after mile of a verdant plain like the railways which lead from France and Germany to Northern Italy. On the contrary, it traverses a region of arid rock, without a tree and bush, and with scarcely a blade of grass—a country on which nature has poured out all the climatic curses at her command. . . . The few inhabitants are thieves by nature and cut-throats by profession, and regard a stranger like a gamekeeper does a hawk—something to be bagged at all costs. Food there is none, and water is often absent for miles; timber and fuel are unknown; and, in a word, desolation writ very large is graven on the face of the land."

Although the above was very true, and is so still to a great extent, time and the railway have brought peace and many other changes. To-day in one of those upland valleys close to the railway, a colliery with modern machinery is going on in full swing, and the inhabitants are cheerfully working at honest labour.

This, however, was a vision far beyond our wildest dreams in 1883. When talking over our plan of operations, my chief said he could not absolutely determine details until, first, he had gone over the whole line with Mr Molesworth (now Sir Guilford Molesworth, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers), who, as consulting engineer to Government, was shortly expected; and secondly,

till certain blank spaces on the map had been reconnoitred. This last task, much to my delight, was to be part of my duty. As soon as certain other preliminaries had been settled, I was to explore these unknown regions and report on their possibilities from a railway point of view.

Colonel Browne's ideas on the subject of the duties of a personal assistant were, like most of his ideas, original and unconventional. Usually these duties consist in examining plans, estimates, and reports, in superintending the office, and generally in relieving his chief of all minor and routine work. But such were not to be my functions. I found that I was to have such a knowledge of all the work that I should be able to carry on the control without any interruption in event of any temporary absence for days, or even weeks, of my chief. I was to have control of the stores required, and specially to consider the details of all military, sanitary, and political arrangements. And I was to be ready to fill a gap at any time and place if any officer was incapacitated or overworked. All office routine was to be left in the hands of the excellent head-clerk mentioned above.

One of the first tasks was to make out some list of the stores available from the old works, and see what others had to be ordered. As one examined the remains of the old stores, one's heart sank. Such a heterogeneous collection of rubbish—old broken tools, odds and ends

of machinery and worn-out instruments—it would be hard to find. There was a magazine with a certain quantity of dynamite which was not merely useless but absolutely dangerous, years of neglect having so separated the chemical ingredients that the mere handling of it was a very ticklish operation. This we had carefully to destroy—not by any means a pleasant job. To replace it and provide for the extensive blasting that would be required, we ordered some hundreds of tons of explosives from every arsenal in India, and gave Nobel's Dynamite Company the largest order they ever had. All this material was rapidly used up.

Orders for tools and machinery had to be given on a similar scale. Telegrams poured out to manufacturing firms in England and India in utter defiance of the regulations, which insist upon such orders being given, according to official phrase, "by indent on the Secretary of State,"—a term which seems to imply some violent attack on the person of that august functionary, but which only means the deliberate and slow process of ordering all materials through an official channel. Had such a method been adopted we could not possibly have done the work in the time, and so regulations were thrown to the winds.

Meantime all sorts of labouring gangs came pouring in, attracted by the prospect of work at remunerative rates. Fortunately, too, engineers of experience arrived on the scene,

notably Captain (now Colonel Sir Buchanan) Scott, to whom more than to any one else, after Sir James Browne, the success of the work was due.

Mr Molesworth too came about that time, and he, with the engineer-in-chief, spent some three or four weeks going over the proposed line and deciding the details of its course. From the result of their joint-examination Colonel Browne was able to prepare an idea of the estimated cost, considering each mile on its own merits, and roughly calculating from past experience what the expenditure would be. Such an estimate was admittedly approximate, but I believe it worked out to something near the actual figures. With its submission, however, began the first of the many official worries that, from this time forward until the close of the works, constantly bombarded him. The rules for the construction of Indian engineering works, under peace conditions, insist rightly on detailed plans of everything being first prepared, then statements of quantities being obtained from those plans, and then an estimate of the cost deduced from the quantities at certain prices based on elaborate specifications. Then the whole is submitted for examination by supreme authority; and if sanctioned and funds allotted, the expenditure is passed so long as the work is executed in exact accordance with what is sanctioned.

This process of "regularising the expenditure," to use the

official phrase, would no doubt have been suitable in the case of the Harnai Railway, if time had not been an object. To carry out its provisions, however, would not only have entailed a large staff employed on nothing else, but would have postponed the execution of the work indefinitely. Browne's orders were to push on with all possible speed, on account of the Imperial questions involved. When pressed to send in, by officials who can have had no conception of the difficulty of the task which they were ordering, a detailed estimate for the whole of the line, his reply was that to do so was incompatible with his orders to push on the work with all speed; that if the Government wished to know the probable nature of their liabilities, he could furnish them with the approximate forecast above mentioned, which he said was much more likely to be accurate "than a bogus estimate based upon bogus quantities and bogus rates."

At that time, however, the Member of Council for Public Works, an officer of the Indian Civil Service, did not seem to have realised that the Imperial necessities of the case demanded exceptional treatment; and from that time forward the irregularities, from a regulation point of view, were made a matter of continual and acrimonious correspondence, and even censure.

I am, however, anticipating. As soon as Mr Molesworth's visit was over, I was sent off to explore. My guide was a little Kakar Pathan named Khyroo,

who had been one of Colonel Browne's agents, or spies, in the Afghan War. He was a little man, with beady black eyes and a nose like a ferret, with a profound admiration for Browne Sahib. He turned up one day when we were in camp, and hailed Browne as an old friend. Much pleased to see the little man, Browne introduced me.

"This," he said in Pushto, laying his hand on my shoulder, "is my friend. I give him into your hand. I want him to explore the country. You must lead him, and see that he gets through all right."

"With both eyes," replied Khyroo, giving the strongest promise, short of an oath, that a Pathan can give.

Many a wild outlandish place did I visit with the little man. He was a marvellous guide, and seemed to know every path in the mountains. Sometimes we went alone by our two selves, and bivouacked at night under the shelter of a rock or a bush; at other times we were on the ramble for several days, accompanied by my Persian servant and a few of the wild tribesmen of the country. But we never had any escort, and I trusted entirely to Khyroo. The country, I suppose, is now well known, but it was then a *terra incognita* to white men.

The result of my exploration was, however, that no practicable route was possible other than that through the Chuppar Rift.

It was late in the evening

of a January day that I first saw this place. I was trudging down a valley between two parallel mountain-ranges, when I noticed that the valley seemed to rise, instead of falling, in front of me. On reaching the lowest spot, I found that the little stream I had been descending suddenly turned off at a right angle through a narrow cleft in the hillside, and following this, I found myself in a tortuous gorge with precipices towering on both sides. Down the gorge the stream brawled and tumbled over many rocks, the scenery reminding one of Doré's pictures of Dante's Inferno. Farther on the gorge opened into an amphitheatre of precipices, with a tangled mass of rocks and *débris* below, and then again it narrowed into another defile. To conquer the difficulties of nature there was indeed a task for a Titan.

After rejoining my chief we moved our camp to a place called Babarkach, at the end of the gorge, fourteen miles long, where the Nari, a river about the size of the Tay at Dunkeld, forces its way through a precipitous series of conglomerate ridges and rocks. Near our camp were the sites of five large bridges; and not more than three miles off, Scott was tackling another dangerous gorge. There Colonel Browne and I lived together for the first three months of 1884, and our intimacy ripened into very warm friendship. One might suppose that two men living alone together, and far from the busy haunts of civilisation,

would find conversation dull. But this was far from being the case. Apart from the many varied professional interests that we had in common, there was in him an almost inexhaustible fund of knowledge. He had travelled all over Europe, in America, and in many parts of India. His reading was of many authors in many languages. He had had in France a classical education, and had not bidden good-bye to Horace and Homer when he left school. French and German were as familiar to him as English, or, for the matter of that, Hindustani and Pushto; while among the few books that formed his travelling library were scientific works in Italian and novels in Russian. He was a splendid *raconteur*, and told stories both for and against himself—yarns about his travels and campaigns, which were never stale, and often infinitely amusing. Often we discussed frontier political questions, especially as they related to our work. He insisted that the regulations framed for the average peaceful Indian district could not be applied in their entirety to the frontier, where individual personality counts for so much. There an officer has to rely on broad principles, and, in carrying them out according to his conscience and ability, has to risk not merely life and limb, but sometimes, what is dearer, his reputation. The chances of "taking a toss" have to be faced, but the great thing is to ride straight. He would forgive almost any fault in a

man who was absolutely straight, but the strongest of his invectives were reserved for the arduous crooked ways of some functionaries with whom we had dealings. One of his favourite mottoes, too, was "Ex arduis arduor"—"harder with hammering"; and in this sense he watched with interest the development of his "young bears," as he always called the young officers. They were beginning to dance to some purpose by that time, and he prophesied great things for them. In this he was right. In 1900, in South Africa and in China, the railways which supplied the armies operating in those countries were reconstructed and worked, with the greatest possible success, chiefly by men who had been "Buster" Browne's "young bears."

Often, too, sitting under the starry skies after dinner, we wandered off into discussions of the gravest subjects—religion, revelation, prayer. As in other matters, his views on such deep questions were not conventional, but they were practical, and they formed the foundation of his conduct.

Meantime not very far away from us, to the north-west, events were taking place of much importance. Merv had been occupied in February by the Russians, and the last stage in the movement from the southern Caspian and from Turkestan respectively, with Herat as its ultimate objective, was complete. In consequence of this Lord Kimberley, in May, stated in the House of Lords that the reconstruction

of the Kandahar State Railway *was to be commenced.*

By the end of March we had a good deal of work actually done. The headings of three tunnels had been completed, and one had been lined. The foundations of seven bridge piers had been laid secure against all floods. An enormous amount of rock-cutting had been done. So that his lordship's statement about the recommencement of the work was evidently served up for home consumption.

The weather, however, in the lower gorges was intolerably hot even then, and everybody migrated to the upper regions. It meant moving a mass of 15,000 to 20,000 work-people, besides stores, tools, &c., and recommencing a new organisation in a fresh place. The change of climate to the upper regions was extraordinary. One day in April I started with two "young bears" to do some survey work about ten miles from our camp at the summit of the Pass. We were caught in torrents of rain and sleet, and after waiting in vain under cover of some rocks for the storm to cease, we rode back, reaching our camp again with some difficulty. We had to swim one swollen stream, and one of my companions was nearly drowned. The natives who were carrying our survey instruments had to stay out all night till the storm abated, and one poor man was frozen to death. This occurred at a time when the weather in the lower gorges was so hot that

even natives of Sind would not stay to work.

Before long, however, work was in full swing in the upper regions. The plan of attack on the Chuppar Rift had been settled by the chief and Scott, and soon the precipices there were echoing the boom of exploding dynamite and the crash of fallen rocks. Work began merrily all along the line, and the once deserted upland valleys became alive with labourers, busy as ants, working at cuttings and embankments. We had a cheery camp close to the Rift, where, after the fashion of Englishmen, we cleared a space for cricket and polo, and made a steeplechase course. We challenged the garrison of Quetta to a series of matches, and migrated into that station for a week, playing polo and other sports by day, and dining and dancing at night, much to the satisfaction of all concerned.

But the first of our troubles in respect of the unhealthiness of the climate was beginning. Our chief himself went on leave to Simla as soon as the work had fairly started, partly because he needed a little rest himself, but chiefly to be with his wife, who was then in very delicate health, and to whom he was most devotedly attached. Among those of us who remained on the work, the effects of the bad food and exposure began first to manifest themselves in "frontier sores,"—those strange eruptions well known to all who serve on the frontier—an evidence of poverty of blood. Then

came fever and malarial rheumatism, and, among the natives, scurvy. This last was a fearful scourge, which grew worse and worse as the season went on. In one gang of 42 men 30 died of this disease. Among the sapper companies there were hardly men enough to furnish working-parties. The pioneer battalions had, fortunately, returned to India at the beginning of the hot weather, so our anxiety was, so far as they were concerned, at an end.

We were all more or less saturated with fever, and this of course affected the progress of the works; for it is one thing to scramble about a precipice holding on by one's eyelids when in full health, and quite another story when weak and dizzy with sickness. However, "it's dogged as does it," and work got on somehow.

Colonel Browne brought back from Simla the important news about the African Boundary Commission, which was to start for Herat at once. Had he not been employed on a work for which no other man could well have been substituted, he was to have been sent in command of the Indian detachment of the party to meet Sir Peter Lumsden at Herat. But as the railway work could not spare his services, Sir W. Ridgway went instead, somewhat to Browne's disappointment.

Meantime foreign affairs were getting darker. At Khartoum Gordon was alone, looking for the help that arrived too late, and the Russians were

massing men in the Merv oasis. The Prime Minister of our country was having a triumphal tour in Scotland, doubtless dismissing from his mind, amid the plaudits and gifts of his admirers, the disagreeable subjects of the Sudan and Afghanistan.

My chief often talked over the subject with me. "Depend upon it, these Russians mean mischief, and I should not wonder if soon their attitude will not compel us to push this railway far farther than we now intend to do. I am in favour of avoiding the Khojak altogether and going for Nushki." This view of the matter he frequently recommended officially, but it was not acted on during his lifetime. Now, twenty years later, the accuracy of his forecast has so far been accepted that a railway is being made to Nushki.

In October orders came for the railway work to be pushed on in a manner and on a scale far greater than before. The restriction about the laying of rails was removed. Three whole battalions of pioneers were sent to the work, and Colonel Browne was given the local rank of brigadier-general. One might have supposed that the vexatious rules regarding the "regularising" of expenditure would have been relaxed, but they were not. The controversy about this accumulated in force to the bitter end.

A large number of officers, chiefly civil engineers, arrived on the works. Many of these were first-rate men, as good as one could wish to find, but there

were also some very sore trials. One man came to the work and remained for five weeks doing absolutely nothing, bewildered, I suppose, with the rush and energy all round, and then he put in a medical certificate and departed. Another pair were continually quarrelling and reporting each other to headquarters. Another, who had arrived to take charge of the lowest part of the line, signalled his advent by firing a big blast on a precipice at the entrance to Nari Gorge, whereby the line, at the busiest part of the working season, *was blocked for three weeks*, the few fine weeks we had too all that season.

As for the subordinates, the plate-layers, engine-drivers, gangers, &c., they were the flotsam and jetsam of Western India, men who had come to grief in one way or another elsewhere. These had to be ruled with a pretty tight hand. George Stephenson spoke the truth when he said, "The most difficult engineering is the engineering of men."

But Sir James Browne was essentially, like Agamemnon, son of Atreus, a king of men, and all sorts of men acknowledged his power. On one occasion a Parsee contractor, Mr Doosaboy—a man of some culture, who had lived in London and Paris and Vienna, and who had a contract for quarrying and delivering stone for a certain bridge on conditions of a bonus if delivered before a certain date—came to me saying that he did not care about the bonus (which was a very substantial

one), but that he would like a piece of plate with an inscription saying it had been personally presented to him by Sir James Browne. It was of no use my telling him that he could devote the money to the purchase of plate. That was not the point. He had worked for General Browne, and he wished to have a record of the fact which could be an heirloom.

I have often heard men say, "I would do this for Buster Browne, but I would not for anybody else."

Scarcely had the working season fairly begun when cholera broke out. It was not very bad, and was stamped out by energetic medical arrangements; but troop trains had to be kept ready, so as to pack off the three regiments at once if it made its appearance among them. Fortunately it did not; but the appearance of the disease was annoying enough, for it resulted in a stampede of all the Pathans who formed the bulk of our labourers. I had gone on a little leave at that time, to recover from the effects of fever and frontier sores, so General Browne told me to collect labour about Delhi and send them off. I got together about four hundred masons and bricklayers, who arrived just in the nick of time to prevent some important works coming to a full stop.

And then came rain, and with it landslips of the most exasperating description, and floods which at first were merely annoying, causing de-

lays, but doing comparatively little damage. Latterly they became a disaster of the first magnitude.

All this time the engineer-in-chief was ubiquitous, travelling up and down the line, cheering and helping, deciding engineering problems of great magnitude, and looking personally into every detail. I believe he personally inspected every foundation of every important bridge, and decided on the spot how the work should be done. Often, at the risk of his neck, he used to be scrambling about precipices and at the heading of treacherous tunnels. Although daily worried and vexed by the restrictions from above, and by mistakes from below, I never saw him lose his temper nor even become irritable. The only sign of annoyance was biting his moustache, which speedily became like that of an orthodox Mohammedan, short in front, giving a curious belief among the people that he was a follower of the Prophet!¹

Early in April came the "Panjdeh" incident, wherein the Russians, taking advantage of the Egyptian embarrassments, and after long delays with the Boundary Commission, attacked the Afghans, and brought us to the very verge of war. General Browne had already reported that his three pioneer battalions could march at any time, with everything ready, to Herat, if required, and orders came down to move them to the Peshin Valley at once. Meantime two

¹ See 'Maga' for August 1896, p. 153.

army corps were ordered to mobilise for service.

Just at the time when this order came the most appalling floods occurred. My general was then temporarily at Karachi, while I was keeping things going at Babarkach. I got a telegram from Nari to say the floods were threatening the very existence of the place; that a serious accident had occurred, in which two of our best engines had been smashed, two engine-drivers and a fireman killed, and more disasters of the same nature. Almost all communication had been cut; supplies were running short. I made my way on foot, and with infinite difficulty, over the fourteen miles of mountain country that separated the headquarter camp from Nari, and found that certainly matters had not been exaggerated. I telegraphed at once to my chief, but he answered that he could not return just then, and he authorised me to take any steps I chose to restore communication and forward supplies, and, above all, to send off the pioneer brigade to Peshin as soon as I could. For four or five days I was working day and night battling with the floods. I had no clothes beyond what I stood in, and got food and sleep as best I could. But I had many willing helpers, and I knew that whatever steps I took, my chief would accept responsibility for my actions, and make no reproaches for any mistake. Communication was restored and transport collected, though with much difficulty. The brigade marched

off, sending its sick back to India, and reached Peshin in due course—2000 fighting men in hard condition. They could have gone at once farther forward had it been necessary, but the war-cloud passed away.

The general arrived back again after they had gone, and resuming the reins himself, sent me on to Peshin to start the pioneers at work pending further orders.

But the battle was not yet over, and, unfortunately, I was the next among the list of casualties. Rheumatic fever bowled me over, and I crawled in to Quetta, where, by the kindness of Sir Robert and Lady Sandeman, I found shelter and the kindest attention.

My dear kind chief came to me as soon as possible, in the greatest distress. Every day, as long as he was in the place, he came and sat by me, showing the tenderest concern. Cholera had broken out, and was raging all along the line. Some of his most valued workers were down with it, notably Scott, who, however, pulled through, and remained to the finish. But many other good men succumbed.

One day he brought me a telegram which, though very annoying, was very ludicrous. It was from the senior native clerk in his office at Nari. To the best of my recollection it ran as follows:—

“TO THE ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF.

“All babus at Nari assembled have in consequence of cholera resolved to resign, and in anticipation of sanction leave to-night. What can a man give in exchange for his soul?”

This meant that, with the exception of two European clerks, the whole of his office had departed.

Lord Dufferin, with characteristic kindness, sent him a very sympathetic message in his difficulties, especially alluding to the illness of Scott and myself.

In that month of June 1885, out of 20,000 men on the works, 2000 died of cholera. But the fire of disease had burnt itself out, and from that time forward the engineering difficulties alone remained. It was not my good fortune to see the victory, for, as soon as I was fit to be moved, a medical board packed me off home. My personal recollections of the work, therefore, came to an end, but not my friendship with my chief. Up to the very last we kept in touch with one another, and many a letter of advice and help did I have from him in after years.

Much to my distress, I noticed in 1896 that his usual cheery tone had changed. He was then Agent to the Governor-General at Quetta, a post which he had taken sorely against his inclinations. He found the burden of work

heavy, and he longed to lay it down altogether. Apparently there had been divergence of views on frontier politics between him and those high in authority, and he seemed to feel that his life's work was done. The end came suddenly, and he died in harness as he would have wished.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?"

He was not an old man—only fifty-six; but his life (to quote Dr John Brown again) was "an expensive" one—it had been *expended* in his country's service without stint.

At Christmas, 1903, I went for the last time to Quetta to see his resting-place. There in the little cemetery, surrounded by the hills, in a little spot by itself under the willows, is a white marble cross, typical of his pure Christian life, with words of immortal hope carved in English and Persian. But his monument is carved in rocky gorges and spanning foaming torrents,—a victory over obstacles such as rarely, if ever, in the history of our Indian Empire were overcome by mortal man.

G. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

REMINISCENCES—ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCHES
IN CYPRUS.

BY SIR R. HAMILTON LANG.

IT was in 1861 that I went, a youth of twenty-five years, to Cyprus to reside. I had mastered French, acquired a good colloquial knowledge of Arabic, and was able to read with ease and pleasure 'The Thousand Nights and a Night' in the latter language. Modern Greek, chiefly spoken in Cyprus, I set myself to learn; for to find interest in a new country one must be able to talk with its people in their own vernacular. The task did not prove a difficult one, seeing that its written characters had been familiar from schoolboy days.

But I had absolutely no antiquarian knowledge, and was inclined to regard the study of old stones and old coins as a waste of time. I was thrown, however, much into intercourse with a very learned local antiquarian, Mr Demetrius Pierides, and by degrees began to take an interest in his absorbing pastime, and to listen with increasing attention to his animated description of some coin, over 2000 years old, which he had picked up, or some inscription in Cypriote characters which he had unearthed. The visit to the island of Mr Waddington and Count de Vogué, on an archæological mission, also quickened my antiquarian instincts, and I delighted in their conversation, which was all of old-world

problems. Later on came a most sympathetic and ardent coin-collector, General C. R. Fox, and there sprang up between us a friendship and correspondence which continued unremittingly during his lifetime.

Shortly after General Fox's visit, a peasant, from the site of the ancient Salamis, brought me for sale a gold coin which the sock of his plough had uncovered. It was in perfect preservation, and its beauty at once fascinated me. I sent it round to Mr Pierides with the query, Is it genuine? His reply was, "The obverse is genuine; there is something defective in the reverse." Reasoning that if the obverse were genuine the reverse must be equally so, I bargained with the peasant, who had asked £10, and finally purchased the coin for £5. General Fox had asked me to send him any interesting coins which I might acquire, and so I sent him my new and first acquisition. To my surprise, by return of post I received a letter of the most grateful thanks, and a cheque for £70. The coin was rare. The defect of the reverse which Mr Pierides had remarked was simply a slight slip of the die in striking. It was a coin of Pnytagoras, King of Salamis, son of Evagoras I., who reigned about B.C. 350. On the obverse was the head and bust of a female

divinity, with, in the field, the Greek letters B.A. On the reverse was a female head with a crenellated crown, personifying a town, and, in the field, the Greek letters Π.N.¹

I had thus in my hands a profit of £65, and I resolved to use it in acquiring some numismatic knowledge. At every village in my wanderings through the island, I bought all the coins I could hear of and studied them carefully. Many were rubbish, some were good, but bad and good were alike interesting and instructive subjects for study, and I became known to the villagers as a collector.

About a year or two later, the peasants of Dali came upon an ancient cemetery on a hillside called "Laksha Nicoli," and their excavations brought to light quantities of very ancient vases and bronze spear-heads. These first findings appeared so extremely interesting that I at once sent off a man to superintend the excavations and to obtain possession, at first hand, of the objects discovered.

It was at this time that I organised a gang of excavators, to whom I paid a daily wage of two piastres each (about fourpence), and promised gratuities according to the importance of their discoveries. The gang I placed under the superintendence of an old Cypriote, Hadgi Georghi, who had an extraordinary instinct for discovery. It was *he* who had found, some years before, the interesting

bronze inscription known as the "Tablet of Dali," and many other objects of great antiquarian value had been unearthed by him. He was a fine type of a Cyprian peasant, shrewd, good-natured, and enthusiastic in his work. His tragic death, after I left the island, is graphically described in General Cesnola's book on Cyprus at page 84. It was to Hadgi Georghi and his gang of excavators that I owe the success which attended my researches.

Other cemeteries of great interest were discovered in the neighbourhood, and, later on, all over the island. Their number and extent are easily accounted for by the large population of the island, which in the days of its prosperity must have exceeded a million of souls. The burial-grounds of such a population, during many centuries, must necessarily have been of immense extent, and, until the reign of Constantine the Great in our era, all these tombs were religiously respected. Indeed maledictions were vowed upon those who desecrated the resting-places of the dead.

These ancient cemeteries were of various epochs, ranging probably from B.C. 800 down to our era. Many of them, and perhaps the most ancient, were on hillsides, but others were found in the plains. The former were scooped out of the limestone rock and dome-shaped. They were entered from an aperture in front,

¹ For a full description see that of a similar coin, p. 62 of Catalogue of Greek Coins, Cyprus, British Museum, 1904, and its representation, pl. xii. ii.

which was closed by a slab of stone. Their interior dimensions were generally about seven feet in length, four feet in breadth, and four feet in highest height. In some of the oldest tombs the bones of the dead were found lying in a heap, with portions of the skull among the arm- and knee-joints. In these cases the body had probably been placed in the tomb in a sitting posture. But in the later tombs the body was stretched out, and in those of the Ptolemaian and Roman epochs the bodies were sometimes laid upon raised couches cut out of the rock. The dead were buried with ornaments or weapons which they had worn when alive. Hence the number of earrings, bracelets, and rings of women, and spears and lances of men, which were found in the tombs. Some of the gold earrings from the earliest tombs were peculiar. A common type represented a bull or ram's head, and it may perhaps be a curious example of survival of customs that to-day the Cyprian peasant sets up on a stick the skeleton of a bull or ram's head over an especially prized crop in his garden, as a charm against the evil eye. Various earthenware vessels and large and small vases in pottery were found in the tombs. The earthenware vessels had probably contained offerings of food for the dead, and the diminutive vases had held ointments which were poured over the dead body, the vase, when emptied, being left in the tomb. In some of the most ancient tombs were found little objects in coarse

pottery, representing men on horses, chariots, men with shields, and suchlike. These resembled children's toys, but may have been indicative of the profession of the dead.

The cemetery at "Laksha Nicoli," whose discovery I have already described, and another cemetery, found shortly after, at "Alambra" (about equidistant with that of Laksha Nicoli from the present village of Dali, but on the other side of it), were typical of the most ancient tombs. In both were found spear-heads identical in appearance, a circumstance which may justify us in considering the two cemeteries as being of the same epoch. But from careful observation I noticed that the objects in pottery extracted from each of these two cemeteries were quite distinct. The pottery found at Laksha Nicoli was remarkable for the thinness of the clay and for the high degree to which it had been fired. Some small vases were in the shape of bulls. For ornamentation, in some cases, colours were used. The pottery found at Alambra was of a fine thick paste of a bright red hue. No colours were used in its ornamentation, which consisted only of incised lines, apparently made with a sharp instrument before the vase was baked. No pottery such as that found at Laksha Nicoli was found at Alambra, and *vice versa*. The conviction was strongly impressed upon me that each cemetery was of a distinct, coexistent nationality. The usages of burial were similar, but their pottery was

different both in type and workmanship. I very early came to the conclusion that the cemetery of Laksha Nicolli was Phœnician, and that of Alambra was Cypriote. The reasons which led me to this opinion I developed, at some length, in a letter to Professor Lepsius of Berlin on the 7th of March 1872, accompanying it by specimens of the different types of pottery, marked and numbered at the time of extraction.¹ From these specimens we may gather that probably the Cypriotes learned the use of colours on pottery from the Phœnicians. In tombs containing bronze and copper spear-heads of both races, coloured ornamentations were only found in the Phœnician, but the ornamentation of incised lines in the Cypriote developed, in tombs of a later date, into ornamentations of coloured concentric circles.

Idalium from very early times possessed a large Phœnician colony, doubtless attracted there by the rich copper-mines of Tamassus, only five miles distant. But in the earliest times, those of our two cemeteries, its rulers were Cypriote, for we possess their coinage, bearing Cypriote inscriptions. Then, its Phœnician inhabitants were colonists settled in the midst of a dominant Cypriote population. These were the two races who lived in harmony together, but whose burial-places were as distinct as Jewish and Christian cemeteries are to-day.

Very few glass vases were

found in tombs earlier than the fourth century B.C., but in tombs of a later date many small glass bottles were found. They had contained ointments, which in earlier times were preserved in the small vases of pottery. These small glass "flacons" had in some cases taken on marvellously beautiful colourings, from the soil in which they had lain for about two thousand years. Some, deposited in soil impregnated with copper or iron, had become, as it were, metallised, and showed the most brilliant colours. Others, where no metallurgic influences were present, had simply decomposed in layers; and when the outer coating was carefully peeled off, the glass underneath either resembled beautiful mother-of-pearl or showed, where some of the ointment had remained in the "flacon," lovely rainbow hues. Alabaster bottles for ointment were also common. They consisted of oblong pieces of alabaster scooped out in their length by a sharp instrument, enlarging the cavity as it went in, and were closed at the mouth by a stopper of the same material. They were what is rendered in the New Testament as "an alabaster box of ointment," such as Mary broke and with the contents anointed our Lord's feet—"anointed Him to His burial."

My house was getting literally filled with objects from tombs, when a pleasant change took place in my discoveries. On a Sunday morning in the

¹ See Cyprus, by R. H. Lang, p. 246.

spring of 1868 Hadgi Georghi came to me with the news that in a field belonging to his son Sotiri, near the village of Dali, the workmen had come upon a colossal statue in beautiful preservation, and with a long beard intact. On repairing at once to the spot, I found it to be the upper part to the waist of a colossal statue, measuring $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, so that the whole statue must have been about 9 feet high. The enormous size and weight of the part preserved to us convinced me that it was in its original site, and that *that* had doubtless been the site of a temple. Virgil speaks of a celebrated temple to Aphrodite at Idalion, and this may have been its site—at least, no other temple has yet been discovered there.

I increased the number of my workmen, and for fully two months the excavations continued with great activity. It was a trying work, carried on under a broiling sun of some 130 degrees. But these two months were the happiest, albeit hottest, of my life. When the limb of a statue appeared, intense was the excitement in following it up. Too often it proved to be only an amputated member, and our hopes were dashed. At other times the limb would lead up to a head, and then I pushed aside the workmen, and myself uncovered cautiously the face, to prevent it being scratched or injured. If the face were lying upwards the nose was generally broken, but if downwards, in the soil, there was

strong hope that it might be intact, and, in that case, it had to be approached with the utmost care. Such were the, often hourly, emotions of hope, disappointment, or joy.

The number of statues and statuettes in stone which were unearthed was very large—not less than a thousand pieces—of which a fair proportion were interesting and in good preservation. There were also statuettes in bronze and terra-cotta of very ancient date. When they were all ranged in my house at Larnaca, it was instructive to observe how markedly they exhibited the progress of the sculptor's art during probably six centuries or more. This feature can no longer be as clearly seen, where the best pieces are now exhibited in the British Museum, as naturally they have had to be mixed up with sculptures from different sources. But the Trustees of the British Museum were good enough to send to Cyprus a most competent archæologist, Mr Reginald Stuart Poole, to report upon the collection as it stood in my house. In a learned paper which he read to the Royal Society of Literature on the 7th of November 1871,¹ he says:—

“The recent discoveries in Cyprus afford material for a new chapter of archæology. For this purpose, Mr Lang's collection from the temple of Idalion (Dali) is second to none in importance. It was formed with the utmost care under the eyes of the discoverer, who was not deterred by the extreme heat of the summer from personally superintending his labourers, and it presents everything of interest

¹ Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, vol. xi., new series.

found in a temple where each known style of Cypriote art was represented. First, then, what are the styles represented in this collection? Let us begin with the known, and ascend to the unknown."

He then proceeds, at great length and with remarkable lucidity, to answer the question which he had put, and explains, with the assistance of admirable illustrations, the different styles exhibited by the statues, bronzes, and terra-cottas, and indicates the influences they disclose. He finds pieces which "must be grouped with the rudest objects of bronze and terra-cotta found in the Greek and Italian islands," and which he "provisionally characterised as Pelasgic." In statuary he finds specimens from archaic Greek down to the early Roman age, showing in that long period, consecutively, Egyptian, Assyrio-Persian, Greco-Macedonian influences—in fact, he shows traces of all the various dominations to which Cyprus during these centuries was subjected.

Nothing but stone, bronze, or terra-cotta statuary had, however, been obtained from my first excavations. The system of having the workmen engaged at a small wage, with gratuities for their finds, presented a serious disadvantage. They were in such haste to make discoveries that the soil they turned over was not removed to a distance but thrown to a side, and formed piles of loose earth over places which were not searched. I was glad therefore when the workmen arrived at the conviction that they had got as much out of

the site as it could profitably bring them. I had, however, noticed that only in parts, here and there, had the excavations been carried down to the pavement of the temple, and I had a presentiment that it would be on the pavement that the most interesting objects were found.

In consequence I determined to continue the excavations, removing all the mounds of loose earth which the workmen had thrown up, and clearing the ground over the whole space down to the ancient pavement. But to carry out this work in the thorough way which I contemplated, it was necessary to get rid of my engagement to pay gratuities to the labourers, and to substitute for these a full wage for a day's work. My intentions, however, I thought it best to conceal, and gave it to be understood that I acquiesced in the opinion of the workmen that the site was exhausted. It appeared also expedient to get possession of the field in order to prevent any one else searching it. Through an intermediary the owner was induced to offer me the field. His pretensions were exorbitant; but after much negotiation the price was reduced to £30—still double its real value—and I accepted it on the pretext that I wished to benefit the owner and to own the field as a souvenir of the interesting excavations we had made.

I had, besides, a very hard nut to crack with my workmen, in respect to the gratuities due to them. No such find of statuary had previously been made in Cyprus, and very extra-

giant ideas were being circulated as to its value. In his sly way, Hadgi Georghi kept me informed of what people were saying as to the worth of the find, and his son Sotiri told me that a local antiquarian had valued it at £2000. While ridiculing this valuation, I felt a difficulty in myself forming any just idea of the value. I was also in the awkward position of possessing no Firman or Imperial authorisation to excavate, and how to get the objects out of the island was a puzzle. All the statues had been stored in a magazine at the village of Dali, and I did not feel them as safe there from the grasp of the authorities as they would be in my own house at Larnaca. This fear I communicated to Hadgi Georghi. He quite understood it, but gently insinuated that the men would like to receive their gratuities before carting the pieces to town. A fortunate incident delivered me from my embarrassment. I had gone on a Saturday afternoon to Dali, and was sitting in my room there, with Hadgi Georghi at my side and twenty or thirty of the workmen squatted on the ground around us. We had talked for an hour, and I had urged strongly the necessity of removing the stones to my house, when a mounted soldier rode into the courtyard, bringing me a letter from the Governor. I could perceive plainly the effect produced upon Hadgi Georghi and his son Sotiri by this arrival. What was evidently passing through their minds was that my warnings had come true sooner than they

expected. The letter from the Governor was only asking me to meet him on the coming Wednesday to talk over some matters connected with the destruction of locusts. A happy thought struck me. After reading the letter and re-reading it, I rose and walked about the room as if disconcerted. Quietly Hadgi Georghi approached me and asked if anything troubled me. I replied, "Yes; the Governor writes me that he will be here on Wednesday, and I am annoyed, for you may understand that while these statues are here they are not in safety." He looked as if a bomb had struck him, and went out, followed by his son Sotiri and a number of the workmen. I saw them in earnest consultation outside, and I continued to walk about the room quickly. In a short time Hadgi Georghi came in and asked me what they could do. I answered, "Only one thing; remove these stones before Wednesday to my house at Larnaca, and then they are safe." After another consultation with his son and some of the workmen, Hadgi Georghi returned to say that they would load the carts the very next day (Sunday), and before day-break on Monday the stones would be on their way to Larnaca. This they did. The most important pieces were in my house on Monday, and the rest followed the day after. My mind was thus set at rest, and I could treat with more power the question of gratuities. The negotiations ended by my giving to the owner of the field, Hadgi Georghi, and the workmen a sum of £150. After their

fright the money seemed worth double in their eyes.

The winter was far advanced before all these arrangements had been completed, and it was only in the spring of 1869 that I resumed my excavations. The workmen were engaged at full wages, and my ostensible object was simply to clear the ground. The progress was slow, for we had to excavate to a depth of about nine feet, and to remove the soil to a distance of about one hundred feet. But my fondest anticipations were more than fully realised.

In my second excavations of the temple at Dali I did not discover many pieces of statuary; but my labours were rewarded by the finding of several inscriptions and two treasures of very ancient coins.

Of the inscriptions, five were in Phœnician, four of which related to offerings to a god styled Reseph Mikal (identified by Dr Birch as the Greek god "Hecatos"), by kings of a Phœnician dynasty reigning at Citium and Idalium, and the fifth referred to an offering made by a lady in gratitude for the birth of three children in the 57th year of Citium. There was also a long and beautifully perfect inscription of the Ptolemaian epoch concerning a dedication to Apollo Amyclaios. But the find which excelled all others in interest was a bi-lingual inscription in Phœnician and Cypriote characters, which Mr George Smith describes as "one of the most important, if not *the* most important, of the objects of antiquity discovered in Cyprus,"

and of which Dr Birch says, "This bi-lingual text has proved the key to the Cypriote alphabet."

Naturally the discovery of this bi-lingual inscription attracted the attention of philologists. The first to arrive was Dr Schrœder, a distinguished Phœnician scholar, who came from Constantinople to Cyprus in the hope of being allowed to copy it. But my friends at the British Museum had begged me not to allow any one to copy the inscription. Dr Schrœder was much disappointed when I refused his request. To his pressing solicitation to be allowed to see it, I, however, consented; and in my presence he gazed at it so long that I began to fear I had been imprudent. Years after he told me that he had so thoroughly taken it in he could almost have copied it from memory.

A little later, in passing through Constantinople on my way home, I called on Count de Vogué, whose acquaintance I had made some years before, when he visited Cyprus on an archæological mission in company with Mr Waddington. The Count possessed the only bi-lingual in Cypriote and Greek which had been found; but it consisted of only two letters in Cypriote, and all his study of it led to no result. The temple I had found had also a disappointing interest to the Count, for, while in Cyprus, he and Mr Waddington had spent some two or three hundred pounds in excavations close to its site; and indeed

they got about half a dozen terra-cottas from its western edge. Had they pushed their excavations to the east instead of carrying them to the west, my finds would certainly have been theirs. It was bad luck for them and the French Government.

Count de Vogué, who was then French Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, asked me to luncheon at the Embassy, when he expressed a wish to purchase my inscription, and would have paid a handsome sum for it. Finding that impossible, he wished me to show him the "squeeze" of it, which I had with me; but, after my experience with Dr Schröder, I was obdurate enough to refuse him even a glance at it.

In November 1869 Mr R. Stuart Poole was sent by the Trustees of the British Museum to report on my collection, and his visit was followed by one from Dr Fredericks on behalf of the Berlin Museum. But the only "squeeze" I gave of the bi-lingual was to Dr Birch of the British Museum, who intrusted its study to Mr George Smith, already distinguished by his remarkable discovery of an account of the Deluge in cuneiform.

A large number of inscriptions in Cypriote characters had already been found. In 1852 the learned French philologist, the Duke de Luynes, published a handsome volume

containing all the Cypriote inscriptions then known, and in it he made the first attempt to decipher the Cypriote writing.¹ The key to his reading of them he thought he had obtained from a group of five letters which he supposed to stand for "Salamis," the most important town in Cyprus. In 1855 Professor Roth of Heidelberg, at a cost of £800, defrayed by the Duke de Luynes, published the full text of the Cypriote inscription on bronze, known as the Tablet of Dali, and added a pretended translation of the same, based upon the system of decipherment suggested by his patron. Professor Roth further maintained that the Cypriote characters were of Semitic origin, allied to Phœnician.²

A small "spatule" in silver, with a short inscription in Cypriote writing, which I acquired about 1864, led me to study these works of de Luynes and Roth, as well as coins and inscriptions discovered after their publication; but my studies only brought me to the negative conclusion that the key of the Duke de Luynes was a false one, and that the five letters which formed it could not possibly read "SALAMIS." Their presence on contemporaneous coins of different types convinced me that the group of five letters must stand for "king" or "kingdom." I could not, however, divine

¹ Numismatique et Inscriptions Cypriotes.

² Die Proklamation des Amasis an Die Cyprier, von Dr E. M. Roth.

how king or kingdom was expressed in Cypriote. These studies made me long for a bi-lingual inscription which could solve the mystery.

When at length I obtained the desired bi-lingual from the temple at Dali, I was surprised to find that the first group of letters in the Cypriote portion of the inscription was the one which the Duke de Luynes had read as "SALAMIS," and, from the Phœnician portion, it became certain that the group stood for king.

On the 7th of November

1871 I read a paper to the Society of Biblical Archæology developing the views above expressed; and I was followed, at the same meeting, by Mr George Smith, who gave an account of the remarkable results of his patient study of the bi-lingual.¹ He explained that the group of five letters read BASILEOS, the Greek word for king, whose equivalent in Phœnician was MELEK. Five consecutive words of the two texts of the inscription he read thus (in the original the writing was from right to left):—

PHŒNICIAN.

(a)	(b)	(c)
Le MELEK	MELEKYATAN	MELEK KITI Va ADIL
<i>Of the king</i>	<i>Melekyatan</i>	<i>king of Kitium and Idalion.</i>

CYPRIOTE.

(a)			(b)
BASILEOS	MELEKYATAN	KITIYOU IDALIOU	BASILEOS
<i>Of the king</i>	<i>Melekyatan</i>	<i>of Kitium of Idalium</i>	<i>king.</i>

The Phœnician word for king was *thrice* repeated in the Phœnician text; but the Cypriote word for king occurs only *twice* in the Cypriote text, because the king's name was written in letters as it sounded. Mr Smith thus deciphered eighteen Cypriote letters.

On the 2nd of January 1872 Dr Birch read a paper on Cypriote inscriptions to the Society of Biblical Archæology, in which he carried farther the work begun by Mr Smith, and, in his very precise and accurate manner, indicated various

conclusions to be drawn from his studies of the Cypriote writing.² He says in that paper, "It will be readily seen from a comparison of the two languages [Phœnician and Cypriote] in this bi-lingual inscription that not only do they belong to different families, but that the Cypriote must be a form of Greek, for the first two lines transcribed into Greek characters is good Greek. . . ." Writing to me on the 22nd of February 1872, he says, "Not only is the construction of the language

¹ Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology, vol. i., 1872.

² Ibid., vol. i. part ii., 1872.

[Cypriote] Aryan, but Hellenic, as are most of the words"; and in his paper he says the Cypriote is "not a Semitic but an Aryan language."

The studies of Mr George Smith and Dr Birch were followed by other philologists, amongst whom I may specially mention Professor Brandis,¹ Dr Schröder, Professor Moritz Schmidt of Jena,² Mr Demetrius Pierides, and Mr Six.³ Thanks to their labours, the Cypriote writing is now read with considerable certainty.

It is not my intention to burden these pages with a detailed account of the Cypriote writing, as students will best find such, at first-hand, in the works of the philologists whom I have just named; but a few remarks may interest the general reader on the conclusions so succinctly expressed in the extract quoted above from Dr Birch, namely, that Cypriote is not a Semitic but an Aryan language, and that it is a form of Greek.

Professor Roth, in declaring Cypriote to be a Semitic language, placed himself in complete contradiction with the clear statement of the writer in Genesis who, in the fourth verse of the tenth chapter of that book, distinctly declares that the inhabitants of Kittim (Cyprus) were of the children of Javan, son of Japhet, and not of Shem. He cites as the sons of Javan, Hellas (Greece) and Kittim (Cyprus); and seeing that we find, by the bi-

lingual inscription, the Cypriote writing to be a form of Greek, we have proof of the veracity of the writer in Genesis and confirmation of the connexion of origin between the Hellenes and the Cypriotes. As far back as history takes us, this connexion is indicated. It explains the numberless Greek traditions which are associated with Cyprus—Teucer, when banished by his father Telamon, founding the city of Salamis, in Cyprus; Theseus, driven by a tempest to the coast of Cyprus and landing at Amathus; Agapenor, son of Anceus, leading a colony of Arcadians to Neopaphos. These, and other such traditions, imply intimate relations between the Hellenic Greeks and the ancient inhabitants of Cyprus—relations which are easily understood, now that we know that the language of both was so similar that they could probably hold converse together.

But having a similar language, how came it that the Hellenes and the Cypriotes had a different manner of writing it? It seems to me that to answer this question we must go back to the primitive home of both. Professor Curtius tells us that

"in Asiatic Iona were the original habitations of the Ionians (Javanians)." Again, "These broad highlands, watered in the north by the Sangarius, in the south by the Meander, . . . may be regarded as the primitive country of the great Phrygo-Hellenic race of nations. . . . Single tribes subsequently quitted the primitive seats of the Greek

¹ Monatsbericht of the Berlin Academy, 1876.

² Samutang Kyprischer Inschriften Jena, 1876.

³ Numismatic Chronicle, 1882, vol. ii. p. 89.

nation. . . . One division took the landway through the Hellespont's ancient portal of the nations; they passed through Thrace into the alpine land of Northern Greece. . . . The others descended from the Phrygian table-lands down the valleys to the coast of Asia Minor, and these were the forefathers of the Ionians."¹

We may now presume that of these "others" who reached the coasts of Asia Minor, *one* passed over to Cyprus across the narrow Lycian or the Carmanian Sea. This is in strict conformity with the writer in Genesis, who places the sons of Javan in Hellas (Greece), Tarshish (the birthplace of Saul of Tarshish, on the Carmanian coast), Kittim (Cyprus), and Dodonaim or Rhodonaim (Rhodes). These various offshoots had doubtless, before they separated, a common language.

Tradition assigns to Cadmus the Phœnician the invention of the Hellenic written characters, and it is now generally admitted, especially since the discovery of the Moabite stone, that the early Greek letters bear strong traces of a Phœnician origin. It is fair, therefore, to presume either that the Hellenes had lost the art of writing their language, or found their manner of doing so imperfect. Hence the need they felt of inventing a manner of writing it. But the Cypriotes having the same language possessed also the art of writing it, and their written characters bear no trace of a Semitic origin. The interesting question, therefore, arises, "Did the Cypriotes invent

their manner of writing, or is it the ancient writing of the language, which was common to both Hellenes and Cypriotes before they separated, and which the former either lost or abandoned and the latter preserved and retained?" That the Cypriotes invented their written characters is improbable; and seeing that we find that in the seventh century B.C. all the letters of the Lycian alphabet which are not Greek are the same as Cypriote, we are led to the conclusion that the Lycians originally possessed the same writing as the Cypriotes, but later engrafted upon it Greek letters. This carries the Cypriote writing beyond Cyprus into Asia, whence the Javanian (Aryan) Cypriotes came. Professor Sayce calls the Cypriote an "Asiatic" writing, but this expression is vague. To my mind it may be more clearly defined as the primitive writing of the Aryan language, common to the Hellenes and Cypriotes, and as such a special interest is attached to the Cypriote characters, which my bi-lingual has enabled us to decipher. It is, in all probability, the original writing of the Greek language.

I have already mentioned that among the finds from my second excavations of the temple at Dali were two treasures of ancient coins in silver. These were found underneath the pavements of two rooms on the east side of the temple—rooms which I suppose were priests' apartments. They had doubtless been concealed there,

¹ Curtius' *History of Greece*, vol. i. pp. 33 to 37.

and became lost both to sight and memory. One of the treasures was in a round solid mass, as large as could be spanned by two hands. From the shape, it had evidently been enclosed in a bag, which had rotted away during the twenty-three centuries or more it had lain in the earth. The coins were firmly cemented together by the chalky grit which had been washed around them. With the exception of a few plated coins, they were of silver, so pure that they were easily cut by a knife, which led my workmen to conclude they were made of lead, and I was careful not to deceive them. The plated coins had a layer of silver over a centre of baser metal; but as they weighed about the same as the coins of pure silver, they were doubtless ancient frauds imposed upon the public by an impetuous exchequer. The condition of the coins was at first sight hopeless; but, by dint of patient labour and a discreet use of a weak solution of muriatic acid, I succeeded in restoring many of them to nearly their primitive condition. Separating and cleaning them was the occupation of six weeks of my evenings, and many more weeks were engaged in studying and classifying them. The results were most interesting.

Of coins bearing Cypriote inscriptions there were five or six distinct types, and there was one type which, although having no legend, is probably

of Cypriote origin. One of the types consisted of coins having only a punch-mark as reverse, and improved gradually until a reverse, with a perfect impression, was reached. These were Cypriote coins of Idalium, and they interestingly exemplify the stages of advancement made in the coiner's art. The coin with punch-mark for the reverse (which is simply the impression of what held the silver in position, to receive on the obverse the imprint of the prepared die) is the earliest type of coinage. History tells us that the Assyrian monarch Sargon, in the year B.C. 707, gave audience to seven Cypriote kings; and of the kings who contributed to the embellishment of the palace of Esar-Haddon at Nineveh, about B.C. 670, seven can certainly be identified as kings of Cyprus. We may therefore safely conclude that our treasure contains specimens of possibly all, or nearly all, the Cypriote kingdoms in Cyprus whose coins were circulating at the time of its concealment.

Of coins bearing Phœnician legends there were two types of a king called "Baalmek,"¹ and one of a king called "Azbaal."

Lastly, there were seven tetradrachms of Athens, some in very fine preservation, with, as obverse, a head of Pallas, and reverse an owl. Mr Stuart Poole, writing me in 1870, says, "The Solonian tetradrachm of Athens is the earliest with

¹ Mr Hill, in his able classification of these coins, attributes the first type to Baalmek I., reigning circa 479-449 B.C., and the second to Baalmek II., reigning circa 425-400 B.C. See catalogue Greek coins, 1904, British Museum.

head of Pallas and reverse owl." The type was unchanged during several centuries.

The second treasure was found under the pavement of another room. It was contained in two small earthenware vases closed with lead, one of which was found in pieces, and the other was broken by the pickaxe of the workman, but its contents were in admirable preservation. With three exceptions the coins of this treasure were all of diminutive size. These exceptions were interesting. They were of Phœnician types found in the first treasure, one weighing 170 grains, and the other two weighing 57 grains each. The smaller types of coins in the treasure weighed 28 grains, 14 grains, 7 grains, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains. While there were six or seven types of Cypriote coins in the first treasure, there was only one Cypriote type in the second. From these facts we may gather, first, that the second treasure is the more recent of the two; second, that, in the interval between the two deposits, Phœnician domination had greatly extended, and the diminutive size of the coins of the second treasure probably indicates a great decrease in the commerce and general prosperity of Cyprus.

From the weights of the various sizes of the coins in the two treasures, it is evident that both the Cypriote and Phœnician coinage was framed upon a duodecimal basis. In fact, they contain full-sized coins weighing about 170 grains, and subdivisions of $\frac{1}{2}$,

$\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{5}$, $\frac{1}{6}$. In this we may see the origin of our twelve pence to a shilling. We may acknowledge its inconvenience, but must respect its great antiquity.

Shortly after my first excavations at the temple at Dali I stumbled upon the remains of another temple, at Pyla, six miles from Larnaca. Most of its stones had been carried away for building purposes; but it yielded me a few most interesting statues, some choice heads, and a Cypriote inscription. One colossal statue of an archaic type was in beautiful preservation. I removed it to my house in Larnaca; but, as it was of great weight, and about eight feet high, I was in despair when I thought of the impossibility of my getting it out of the country. The Turkish Museum would have been enriched by it except for a fortunate incident. In June of 1871 the Austrian frigate *Habsburg*, carrying the flag of Admiral Millosich, anchored for a few days in the roadstead of Larnaca. The Admiral was an enthusiastic antiquarian, and we soon became close friends. He was greatly interested in my collection, and I expressed to him my regret that I had no hope of being able to get the colossal statue from the temple at Pyla out of the country. "Sell it to me," he said, "and I shall try to take it away." I was delighted, and would have given it to him willingly. As he insisted, however, upon purchasing it, we easily came to terms. After sundown he brought his pin-

nace to the quay opposite my house, with a lot of stalwart sailors, and a strong wooden couch with handle-bars. The couch was brought into my courtyard, which was only a few yards from the pier. The statue was placed upon the couch and covered over with a cloth. Noiselessly the sailors carried off their load, laid it in the boat, and pulled off. A custom-house watchman was standing at the head of the pier, but he did not move—thinking, probably, that underneath the cloth was a drunken sailor. Next morning the frigate left, carrying off my statue. I have not heard of it since; but I hope it is still an interesting object in the Admiral's collection, somewhere near Trieste.

The temple at Pyla gave me also some fine heads of the best Greek epoch in sculpture. Some of them are now in the Cyprian room of the British Museum. Two beautiful female heads passed through a strange experience. About the beginning of 1870 I sent them to a German dealer in antiquities who resided in Paris. The Franco-German war broke out, and all Germans had to leave Paris, which was afterwards besieged. I heard nothing of Mr Hoffman nor of my heads. But when the war was over, I learned that Mr Hoffman had escaped to London, and, like a true lover of art, had taken my heads with him. Eventually they were sold in London by auction. The British Museum bought one of them for, if my memory serves

me right, about £50; the other, and finer, was bid up to more than double that price, and fell to a Frenchman who, I was told at the time, bought it as a sculptor's model.

I excavated no other temple in Cyprus. On the night of the 6th March 1870 a villager of Athienou came to announce to me that important statues had been found at Golgos. Early next morning I was ready to go to the scene of this new discovery; but, when about to do so, I was told that General de Cesnola, the American Consul, had already started. My relations with the General were so intimate, and so marked by what in French is called *bonne camaraderie*, that I at once abandoned the journey. About a fortnight later I was informed of the discovery of a second temple at Golgos, and, at the pressing request of my man, *did* visit it; but finding that it was only about 500 yards distant from the site which General de Cesnola was already excavating, I declined to treat with the peasants who had discovered it. These were the first temples General de Cesnola uncovered; and thus it fairly fell to his lot to make the important and interesting discoveries at Golgos—finds which now adorn the halls of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, until lately under the able direction of their sympathetic discoverer.

In 1870 I was fortunate enough to secure nearly all of a treasure of gold staters of Philip of Macedonia, Alexander the Great, and Philip III.

Five young men were digging for terra-cottas in the sands overlooking the Salines of Larnaca, when the pickaxe of one of them struck a bronze vase, out of which he saw pouring shining pieces, which he had no difficulty in identifying as gold coins. In their haste and easily conceived excitement, the division amongst them of the treasure-trove was made by handfuls. The share of each must have been about 200 pieces. This spoil they carried home, and kept the discovery quiet for some days. One of the young men was married to a girl who had been a servant of Mr Demetrius Pierides. She became very anxious lest her husband's share should bring him into trouble if the Turkish authorities got wind of the find. She confided her distress to Mr Pierides, who immediately told me. Through her I encouraged the young men to bring me their coins, promising to pay them one gold sovereign for every piece. They brought 600 gold staters, and carried off with delight 600 of Queen Victoria's gold coins. They declared that these 600 pieces were all they had found, but I doubted it. Raising my price gradually until it reached 32s. 6d. (40 francs), I succeeded in purchasing 250 pieces more. Some 70 pieces escaped me, so that the bronze vase must have contained a little more than 900 coins. After careful classification of the coins which I secured, I found that they

represented 132 different types, and of these 22 varieties were not published by Müller, then the best authority on that class of coins.¹ Through the kindness of Mr Stuart Poole, I compared my varieties with those in the British Museum, and ascertained that there were 99 of them which the Museum did not possess, or of which it had only poor specimens. These I was glad to put at the disposal of our national Museum, and sold them to it at its own valuation.

The Duke of Sutherland, happening to visit Cyprus some months after the find in company with Captain and Mrs Keith-Falconer, expressed a wish to purchase 15 of the best preserved coins, saying that he thought they would make a beautiful necklace for H.R.H. Princess Louise, who was shortly to be married. I naturally consented, but never heard what was the ultimate destination of the coins. I hope his Grace did not afterwards change his mind, and that these unrivalled specimens of the coiner's art are still in the possession of her Royal Highness.

The bronze vase of coins was probably a military or royal treasure. Pygmalion, King of Citium (Larnaca), espoused the cause of Antigonos, and Citium was besieged by Ptolemy (*circa* B.C. 313). After an obstinate resistance, the city had to surrender to the superior forces of the enemy, and Pygmalion was put to death. It was prob-

¹ For details see paper read by me to the Numismatic Society, and dated 19th October 1871.

ably at the time of that siege that the bronze vase of coins was concealed, and we may presume it to have been treasure belonging to Pygmalion or sent to him by Antigonos, which escaped the notice of the conquerors.

How to get the heavy pieces of my collection from the temple at Dali out of Cyprus was for long a serious pre-occupation. Notwithstanding frequent and pressing requests to the *then* British Ambassador for Turkey, I was unable to obtain a Firman (Imperial permission) to excavate; and far less could I hope to be allowed to export the interesting objects I had found. The smaller pieces I could get away easily from time to time, but the large statues and inscriptions presented a real difficulty. The ingenuity of my dragoman hit upon a plan which proved successful. An English steamer was in the roadstead. Of the many hundreds of small heads of statuary which I had in my courtyard, we began to send out some and to pile them upon the quay as if for shipment. The custom-house watchman observing the operation, interposed, and objected to their shipment. The dragoman protested, and after a warm altercation, proposed to the watchman that they should go to the head officer of the custom-house and discuss the matter with him. He agreed, and both went off together, thus leaving the quay without a guard. As soon as the two were out of sight, a gang of porters lifted the heavy packages containing

my statues and inscriptions, which were all prepared in the courtyard, and put them into a boat lying alongside the quay. A few minutes sufficed to get them in, and the boat pulled off to the steamer. The dragoman had a protracted discussion with the head of the custom-house about the pile of stones which were lying on the quay, and, after about half an hour, he and the watchman returned with the information that the shipment could not be sanctioned without reference to Constantinople. I acquiesced, but stated that no reference was required to Constantinople, as I would take the stones back into my house. While this was being gravely done, under the control of the watchman, I could see from my terrace that the boat had reached the steamer, and its packages were being hoisted on board. The "kavass" secured silence from the porters, and I can count upon the fingers of my two hands the number of persons who know how "Abudachni" (the father with the beard), as Hadgi Georghi used to call my colossus of Dali, had left his home in Cyprus to occupy the dignified position of being the central figure in the Cyprian room of the British Museum.

Shortly before I left Cyprus in June 1872, I spent a few days in having a last dig at the site of the temple of Dali, and was rewarded by finding a beautiful colossal head of archaic type, which I had much pleasure in presenting to the British Museum.

Two things I desired for my finds from the temple of Dali: first, that its pieces should not get separated; and, second, that they should find a home in our national Museum. The first I accomplished, at some pecuniary sacrifice, in regard to all the interesting statues and inscriptions; and the second, after much patience and perseverance, I also succeeded in attaining. My deepest gratitude is due to Sir Charles Newton, Dr Birch, and Mr Stuart Poole, for their infinite kindness. They highly appreciated the importance of the finds, and indefatigably laboured to reserve them for the British Museum. When I found the bi-lingual inscription, on the 30th of July 1869, I at once announced its discovery to Sir Charles Newton. On the 18th of August he wrote requesting an impression of it, which I sent him. On the 13th of November he wrote me: "The Trustees met to-day, and, in consequence of Dr Birch's report and mine on your antiquities, have decided to send Mr Poole to Cyprus at once, who will be able to advise them how far the purchase is a desirable one, and on what terms." I have naturally no knowledge of Mr Poole's report to the Trustees; but its nature may be gathered from the able and enthusiastic paper upon my collection which he read to the Royal Society of Literature. Sir Charles (then Mr) Newton I know recommended its acquisition in "the strongest manner." But the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to be

counted with, and a private correspondent, in January 1870, wrote me: "Mr Lowe will give the cold shoulder to any proposal to enlarge the Museum at his expense." This turned out to be true, and on the 2nd of May 1870 I was officially informed, after some gratifying expressions of thanks, that "the Trustees regret they are not in a condition to make any offer for the collection." All the same, I sent the inscriptions and statues, next year, straight to the British Museum; but it was only on the 2nd of February 1872 that Dr Birch was able to announce to me that "the revised estimates have gone in to the Treasury, and as no objection has been raised, it may be assumed that the purchase of your collection is approved." "*Perseverantia superat omnes difficultates.*"

On leaving Cyprus in 1872 my archæological work was done. My labours since have been in the prosaic fields of administration and finance—very engrossing, and favoured with gratifying success for the benefit of others. But the happiest pastimes of my life are associated with the old stones and ancient coins of Cyprus. In their pursuit there was nothing sordid, and their study gave me unalloyed delight. They brought me into contact with men of learning and of heart, intercourse with whom was elevating. Sadly I realise that most of these friends are to-day "lost to sight," but with me they remain "to memory dear."

MOUNTAINEERING OF TO-DAY.

THE love of high places is so old a passion in human nature that we are surprised when some fact brings sharply home to us the very recent origin of the mountaineer's specific delights. Many since the Hebrew poet have looked to the hills for their aid, but till a century ago few went into the hills to find it. Our modern knowledge is an intimate knowledge, to which the great heights are not mere figures of rhetoric or abstract types of savagery, but dwelling-grounds curiously explored in their most secret moods. We, too, have our transcendentalists who sing their hymns before sunrise at Chamonix and other places, and make an esoteric cult out of the "secrets of the snows." Mr Ruskin has written an eloquent confession of faith, and last year Sir Martin Conway, a practical mountaineer if ever one lived, gave us a subtle and fascinating *apologia* of the craft. On this occasion we will follow the great Lord Lovat's example, and not "presume to dispute on metaphysics." There is an ecstasy in mountaineering as in all nobler sports, and the dullest soul, if indeed dulness can ever be predicated of the true climber, will find a strange sub-conscious self awaken on the rock-buttress or the last saddle of snow. If a poet died young in us all, he must be held to come to life when the kingdoms of the world are spread out beneath us on some lonely summit. Let us recog-

nise the mood and reverence it; let us call it if we please, in the words of a modern book, the "communing between that homing creeping part of us which loves vineyards and dances and a slow movement among pastures, and that other part which is only properly at home in heaven." But for the present we are concerned with humbler walks. In face of the present condition of the sport it is worth while to inquire what pleasures we seek from it, and how and where we are likely to get them. For the Elizabethan age of mountaineering has gone, and if we would be preserved from Jacobean decadence we must hold fast to the great tradition and disdain to bow our knee to the second-rate.

No man is a true mountaineer unless he have ingrained in his nature the love of mountains. This may be a truism, but it is very commonly forgotten. For the athlete who will spend days on an *aiguille* for the sake of gymnastics has less of the true stuff in him than the simple fellow who goes a walking tour in Devonshire from an honest liking for high places. To get somewhere up into the clouds, to see the plains beneath him, to breathe the keen upland air and enter for a little into the solemn quiet world of the hills, is the first aim of the mountaineer. From this foundation start degrees of excellence. For the second endowment is

the impulse to contend with wild nature, to pit the skill and courage of man against cold and storms and great distances. Hence comes the variation in the brotherhood according to each man's bodily and spiritual hardihood, imagination, and ambition. The masters of the craft desire to go where no human foot has ever gone before, while the humble follower is content with a relative savagery. The leaders have the lust of pioneering and discovery, the desire to break from the beaten track, and owe none of their achievements to the work of predecessors. The ordinary man is content with the fact that the ascent is new to *him*, and comforts himself by taking things as they are and making no comparisons. Imagination may widen horizons, but it is apt to drive satisfaction far afield.

The Alps in the early 'Sixties were a perfect hunting-ground for the mountaineer, and the men who conquered them were worthy of their good fortune. The tourist had not penetrated to the high valleys; there were no staring hotels perched on the knees of the peaks; most of the mountains were unascended, and not a few reputed inaccessible. Mountaineering had not become a science, and at a deadly risk to life and limb the pioneers had to find out methods for themselves. Slow diligences took the climber to the foot of the valleys, and then there were weary travels on foot to rough little inns where the inhabitants had pos-

sibly never before set eyes on an Englishman. Most of the great path-finders—Tyndall, Kennedy, Mr Whymper, Sir Alfred Wills, Sir Leslie Stephen—were fully as good as the guides who accompanied them; and they had, further, the exquisite pleasure of presiding at the foundation of a school of guides whose names are now famous wherever mountaineers assemble. Most of them, too, were men of high ability, who attained distinction in many walks of life, so that the Alps formed for a decade the playground of as fine a coterie of true sportsmen as ever adorned any sport. The risks they ran seem to us to-day abnormal and unnecessary—but all pioneering is dangerous, and it is only by degrees that habits of caution become part of the etiquette of a game. Professor Tyndall once went from the Rifel to the top of Monte Rosa and back within nine hours, alone, without a rope, and with no provisions save a ham sandwich and a small flask of tea. Mr Whymper's solitary scrambles on the Breuil side of the Matterhorn are another example of a risk which would nowadays be ruled outside the proper category of mountaineering perils. But with all its drawbacks of discomfort and danger, there can never be such a time again, never such a virgin field for skill and courage within a fair distance of home, never such a race of guides who were learning side by side with their masters the principles of their art. The great era began with Sir Alfred Wills' ascent of the Wetter-

horn, and the rapid conquest of the chief Oberland heights. In 1858 Mr Llewellyn Davies ascended the Dom, and three years later Professor Tyndall reached the summit of the Weisshorn, its superb sister-peak. The following year the Dent Blanche, perhaps the finest piece of rock- and snow-work in the Alps, fell to Mr Kennedy; and in 1864 Sir Leslie Stephen conquered the Zinal Rothhorn, and Mr Whymper the Points des Ecorins in Dauphiny and the Aiguille Verte, the first to be surmounted of the great Chamonix aiguilles. In 1865 mountaineering reached its most sensational pitch in Mr Whymper's ascent of the Matterhorn, and the story of the tragedy which followed first opened the eyes of the world to the difficulties and excitements of the sport. With the ascent of the Meije, the last of the great untrodden peaks, in 1877, the heroic age may be said to have closed.

Ten years later the Alps were a popular resort; hotels had arisen and a large staff of guides; a recognised route had been created to all the greater summits. New and easier ways were discovered, difficult rocks were adorned with stanchions and wire hawsers, and it became possible for any man, sound in wind and head, to ascend peaks which were before-times the perquisite of the hard-bitten mountaineer. True pioneering had gone, and those who had the craze for exploration were compelled to adopt the cult of the "wrong way" and climb cliffs out of the track,

which an earlier generation had preferred to avoid. The rock pinnacles of Chamonix became the fashionable playground, until someone discovered the odd limestone crags of the Dolomites, and fashion turned eastward. But those fields in turn were exhausted, the "wrong way" became a right way, and a recognised alternative route. A very few teeth and notches remained unascended, but in July 1904 almost the last of these, the little rock pinnacle called the Gabelhorn, in the Vispthal east of St Nicholas, was conquered after immense difficulty by a party of three. It had been assaulted for years with rockets and every known contrivance, which shows the pass to which the explorer is brought in his search for new worlds to conquer.

The truth is that the Alps have become too familiar to us nowadays. There are valleys, of course, where the voice of the tourist is never heard, but the great climbing centres during the climbing months are as populous as Margate. Vulgarisation has followed, and though nothing can detract from the beauty of the great snow-fields and the lonelier summits, the lower slopes have suffered a sad change from their old mountain peace. Picnic parties are everywhere, strings of townsfolk under indifferent guides make a daily procession over the lower glaciers, and at every turn in the path stands Somebody's Refreshment Rooms, with advertisements in three languages. Small wonder that

the "Alpinist" has become the comic man of Continental papers. He who would enjoy the Alpine valleys must go there in early spring or late autumn, and at these seasons he will find the mountains shut to him. In some degrees the peaks have suffered also, not from vulgarisation so much as from a too intimate knowledge. To climb a first-class peak is now only a matter of fine weather and competent guides, and in consequence climbers are not the select fraternity they once were. There are too many loquacious Tartarins abroad without the engaging ways of the man of Tarascon. But the most serious fact is simply the excess of knowledge. Every reasonable path to a summit has been explored and chronicled, and in the true sphere of pioneering nothing remains to be done. We should be the last to underrate the value of many of the ascents from the strict mountaineering point of view. Some, such as the Zinal Rothhorn, will always be difficult; others, like the Dent Blanche, the Saas route on the Dom, and under many conditions the Matterhorn, will always retain an element of danger. The Alps are the finest training-ground both in snow- and rock-work in the world, an apprenticeship which every climber must serve. They are also the alphabet of mountaineering. The results of all exploration in the Himalaya or the Andes are expressed in terms of them. But for mountaineering in the highest sense,

when man is striving literally with the unknown, their earlier value has in the main departed. There are still plenty of routes of extreme danger and difficulty. Any one with a fancy for self-destruction can attempt if he please "Carrel's Traverse" on the Matterhorn, which has only once been achieved since the intrepid Jean Antoine crossed it as part of the day's work. Places on the Schreckhorn, the Dru, the Meije, and a score of others will accommodate any foolhardy person who likes gambling with death with the odds greatly against him. But mountaineering, if it is to be a sport and not a folly, must continue on rational lines, and such expedients do not meet the difficulty. Not even that most interesting and enlightening practice, climbing without guides, will solve it. The question for the climber is how to find a playground where he can use his mountaineering alone, to discover the way to a summit; and he finds his answer either in mountaineering beyond the Alps or in rock-climbing in its most modern development.

Mountaineering out of Europe is, in the first instance, mountain travel. So also was it in the early days in the Alps, when the climber had to equip himself as for a serious expedition and in most districts was literally a path-finder. When he discovered a pass he did not know into what valley he was to descend, and the snow pinnacles which showed at

turns of the road had yet to be named and mapped. But travel in mountains beyond Europe, if it is less rich in historic interest, has one charm denied to the Alps,—it is concerned with more immense heights and wilder solitudes. It may be true that from an æsthetic point of view the two finest things in the world are the white Himalaya and the black Coolin, though the one is only a ninth of the other's height, but to the proper mountaineering eye mere quantity must count for a great deal. If you have to contend with Nature, there is an exhilaration to be got from the reflection that you are meeting her in her most pitiless mood. And there is also a magic and a mystery in immense heights which cannot be measured by mere altitude. To the eye of fancy "Himalay" out-soars "Mount Chimborazo" (we correct the inaccuracies of the original) by far more than five or six thousand feet. Hence the interest of far-away mountaineering is chiefly centred on the giants of Northern India and South America, and on ranges like those of Equatorial Africa, which make a peculiar appeal to the imagination. Canada, indeed, has in her Selkirk and Cascade ranges hundreds of miles of virgin exploration ground at a reasonable height; and that mighty cone of ice, Mount St Elias, rising from a plain of snow on the brink of tempestuous seas, is as romantic and unfriendly as the Hyperborean hell to which Norse legend condemned

the sinner. The Caucasus too, which is relatively at our doors, is a field which will not be exhausted in our generation, and contains both snow-fields and cliffs of a magnificence scarcely to be equalled. Mr Freshfield's narrative of his expeditions will convince any mountaineer that in the Caucasus he will find all the interest of mountain travel combined with climbing of the first order. But the imagination, which is not amenable to reason, returns to the great ranges we have named. Of the three, the Andes is the least attractive. Much of it is quite unknown, little has been fully explored, and the difficulties of approach are perhaps greater than anywhere else in the world. But there are none of the minor beauties which set off the heights. No vineyards or rose gardens creeping under the knees of the hills, and by their soft humanities casting into relief the desolation above. The summits rise from stony tablelands, and in themselves have neither the contour nor surface for interesting climbs. Aconcagua is perhaps the highest point in the world of which the ascent is unquestioned, but it is literally a walk, though an exceedingly hazardous and toilsome one. So with the volcanoes of Ecuador—Chimborazo and Cotopaxi—of which Mr Whymper's account is enough to deter the most ardent traveller. Their one charm is that they are mainly unexplored, and beyond doubt they and the Bolivian

and Peruvian Andes furnish as hard a task as the most resolute pioneer could desire.

The Himalaya, or rather the whole mountain-system from Afghanistan to Assam, must always be the perfection of the mountaineer's ideal. Nowhere else is the scale so gigantic; nowhere else do ice-peaks tower over temperate mountain-glens, pine-clad slopes, and thickets of rhododendrons, which sink in turn into rich tropical plains. Their configuration, too, is as varied as it is lovely. The photographs of Signor Sella, who accompanied Mr Freshfield in his recent journey round Kangchenjunga, reveal a wonderland of mountain beauty. The exquisite lace-like crest of Siniolchum, the tower of Jannu, black and sheer like a more glorious Matterhorn, or some such panorama as that from Chunjerma, with Everest showing like a little cone behind its august neighbours,—it is a revelation of truth more wonderful than any fancy. At the other end of the system, the north face of Nanga Parbat, with its 26,600 odd feet of rock and glacier, is reported to be a spectacle, marvellous even in that domain of marvels. Most Englishmen know little more of that mountain-wall than the name of the chief summits. A few have had Pisgah-sights of the snows from points in Sikkim and Kashmir, but the great monarchs, like Everest and K² in the Karakoram, are hard even to get a glimpse of. We were not even sure till the other day that Everest was the highest,

but the observations of the expedition despatched into Western Tibet by Sir Frank Younghusband would seem to have disproved the old native tradition of northern rivals to "Chomokankar." So far our exploration has been very local, and hampered by immense transport difficulties, since the crossing of the foothills is a business by itself. The natives are not a race of mountaineers, and there are no convenient bases to start from. Many of the great snow-passes have been crossed, but of actual climbing there has been little. Mr W. W. Graham's ascent of one of the peaks of Kabru, a height of about 24,000 feet,—an exploit which was long doubted, but which seems now to be generally accepted,—and the climbs of Sir Martin Conway and the Bullock-Workmans in the Karakoram, are perhaps the most remarkable records. Till mountain travel has enlarged our knowledge of those parts mountaineering proper will be at a disadvantage. It will be a work of time and labour and considerable expense, for the climber must travel well-equipped, and, unless he can secure Goorkha guides, must bring his own porters from the Alps. But, without doubt, it is in the Himalaya that the future history of mountaineering will be made. Mr Freshfield, who has explored Kangchenjunga with a climber's eye, is far from believing its conquest impossible, if the tracks of stones and avalanches are studied, and a strong party with trust-

worthy porters make the attempt in clear weather.

The African snow-mountains stand in a class by themselves. If we leave out the few Abyssinian peaks on which perpetual snow may lie, all are close to the Equator. They have been known to the world by hearsay since the days of Ptolemy, but they were only rediscovered the other day, and Ruwenzori, the most famous, and probably the loftiest, hides itself so mysteriously behind its veil of mist that few travellers have actually seen its snows. The two nearest the coast—Kilimanjaro and Kenya—rise from a high tableland, and a railway now passes midway between them. Kilimanjaro was the first to be conquered, but, like most volcanoes, it is a dull mountain, and the top can be reached without climbing. Kenya, on the other hand, which Mr H. J. Mackinder ascended a few years ago, has some serious rock-work, and much interesting snow and ice. The Ruwenzori range, the legendary "Mountains of the Moon," rises from dense tropical forests. No measurements have been made, and the few travellers who have explored its base differ surprisingly in their estimates of its height. Mr Moore puts it at a little over 16,000 feet, while Sir Harry Johnston, Major Gibbons, and Mr Grogan put it at over 20,000. Both survey and mountaineering on the range are made difficult by the thick mists from the Semliki valley which seem to hang round it at most seasons, so that Stan-

ley once camped near it for a fortnight without being aware of its existence. But the same difficulty is present, though in a less degree, on Kenya, and there is reason to believe that, after a certain altitude is reached, the climber may find a clear sky. Some day, it is certain, the attempt will be made, for no mountain calls more persistently to the heart of the adventurer. A legend for centuries, and scarcely yet a reality, with its giant mountain-flora and its dazzling harmonies of tropical and alpine colouring; the man who first sets foot on the highest and most mysterious of African peaks will have performed one of the great exploits of pioneering.

Mountaineering out of Europe is, indeed, mountaineering in the grand style, and possible only to the aristocrats of the sport. Just as it is foolish for an indifferent target-shot to go lion-hunting, so the man who finds the ordinary Swiss ascent hard will scarcely be wise to journey to the Himalaya or the Andes. Considering how much has been done of late years there have been surprisingly few casualties—the sad loss of Mr Donkin's party in the Caucasus, and Mr Mumery's disappearance on Nanga Parbat, being almost the only recorded disasters; and the reason undoubtedly is to be found in the high quality of the travellers. It is not a sport for many, for besides physical and moral endowments it requires a long purse and an ample leisure. But for

those who can attain it, no sport has more kingly rewards. The mountains which they climb are not domesticated things enshrined in guide-books, but an uncharted world known to the dwellers in their valleys only as the haunt of great devils. They must conduct their campaign like skilled generals, bit by bit fighting their way up the glacis and past the outposts. Their peaks are their own, discovered and explored as well as ascended, an eternal memory in after days, when, grown old and feeble in some settled country, they still dream how—

“Heaven is blue above
Mountains where sleep the unsunned
tarns.”

One does not, as a rule, go to a French decadent for appreciation of a manly pursuit, but Théophile Gautier, carried out of himself by contemplation of the Matterhorn, has written a noble eulogy on the race of mountaineers: “Ils sont la volonté protestant contre l’obstacle aveugle, et ils plantent sur l’inaccessible le drapeau de l’intelligence humain.”

Rock-climbing is essentially the treasure of the humble. It costs little, it can be found almost anywhere within a reasonable journey, and, if properly pursued, is as true mountaineering as the ascent of Ushba or St Elias. By rock-climbing we do not mean the ascents of recognised rock mountains like the Meije or the Grèpon under the tutelage of guides, but climbing on crags

where the climber is a pioneer, and has his way to discover for himself. It has long been a fashion to say that rock-work is less of an art than snow-work, and it is true in the sense that a beginner may prove a very fair cragsman, while no novice can be of any use on ice or snow. But this is only to say that snow is a highly technical affair, while on rock the light of nature is of some assistance; it does not mean that after the principles of both have been mastered, snow offers the fairer field of practice. Long experience is necessary to give a man that instinct about the condition of ice which the best guides possess, but when this instinct is attained there is no such delicacy and variety in the art as good rock-climbing can show. We readily agree that every young climber should make himself proficient on snow, since it is a thing which can be taught, which indeed must be taught, but if he confines himself to it he will miss a whole world of enjoyment. For on an ice-face or in a snow *couloir* there is only one way, and progress is made by a succession of monotonous and almost mechanical movements. On rock, on the other hand, there is an endless variety of possible grips, even if the choice of route be limited, while on most cliffs there is an equal variety of routes. The body is exercised in all its muscles, the nerves are perpetually on tension, and each climber is put more seriously on his mettle. On rock, again, a man is at closer quarters with the moun-

tain, diving into chimneys, wriggling across a slab, delicately traversing a narrow ledge, crawling along a knife-edge, or spreading his limbs in the fine free hand-and-foot work of a cliff with good holds. Who can forget the incidents of a first-class climb? The sight of the mountain brings cold chills to the climber's heart, its cliffs, with the mist blown over them, seem so remote and horrific, the ledges where he knows the way lies so precarious and far. On the lower slabs he is fearfully conscious of the weakness of the flesh,—his muscles cramp from long crouching, his hands grow numb, his breath shortens, he feels miserably that he will never achieve the summit, and will be lucky to get home with unbroken bones. And then a few successes give him confidence, until the true zest of the sport seizes him, and he forgets that body which so encumbered him in the valley. He is conscious only that he is an immortal spirit with a fleshly tegument which he is trying somehow to plaster against the face of a cliff. He is far more cool and wary than at home in the Law Courts or the City; he measures every pitch with a skilled eye; if he is defeated in one place he has a dozen resources to draw upon, for there is no patience so fertile as the mountaineer's. And when at last he pulls himself up the last crag to the summit, the revelation is the more wonderful since for hours his eyes have looked at nothing but dead walls of rock. It is certain that a wide

prospect of hills and valleys, melting into the blue horizon, comes more as an illumination to the rock-climber than to one who has seen part of it for half a day from a snow *arête*.

But the thing must be strictly defined. Rock-climbing is mountaineering, and therefore it means primarily getting to the top of a mountain. Ideally it is found on those peaks where any way to the summit involves a serious climb, such as the Meije, the Grèpon, and, perhaps finest instance of all, the Norwegian Skagastölstind; or, to take homelier peaks, Sgurr Alasdair or Sgurr Dearg in Skye. Next best are those mountains where there is a recognised and easy ascent for tourists and a difficult one for the cragsman. We have examples in the Taschhorn with its Teufelsgrat route, Lliwedd in Wales with its north face, Ben Nevis and its north-eastern buttresses, Sgurr-nan-Gilleann with its "Pinnacle Route," and the Buachaille Etive Mor with its "Crowberry Ridge." For a rock-climb to be serious mountaineering it must be a *road up*; it is not enough that a man goes out of his way on a heather-clad hill to find a boulder to practise experiments on. Otherwise the mountaineer is on a par with the acrobat, and will find his playground just as logically in a suburban quarry as on the high rocks of the Jotunheim. If the idealism of the sport is lost, it becomes simply a form of exercise like skipping, with a spice of danger added—say skipping on a house-top. It may be an in-

nocent and estimable pursuit, but it must surrender the romance with which its votaries have endowed it. To pick out boulders and cliffs, and invent all manner of ways of wriggling to the top, is undoubtedly good practice for the mountaineer, and may well fill up an off-day, but it is no more mountaineering than a training walk, and it is a thousand pities that the two should be confused. Recently a school of climbers has arisen who have carried this fashion of magnifying the trivial to a curious pitch. Every scratch and dent on their climbs has been mapped and named, and every form of contortion has been invented to enable man to recover something of the skill of his prehensile ancestors. Ascents which have little value in themselves have become notorious through this quaint hobby, and the school is inclined to intolerance and is apt to sneer at the straightforward mountaineer as a lover of the stale and the obvious. The school contains many excellent climbers who have won their spurs elsewhere, and have a right to be heard; but we confess that we do not like this cult of the inessential, this pre-occupation with the least valuable aspect of the sport, as if an angler were to spend all his time learning to tie flies. It is valley work, not mountaineering. Nor is it any answer to point to its danger, for you can find equal danger in walking along the rain-pipe of your house. Rock-climbing is far too noble an art to be

confused with even the most admirable acrobatics.

It would appear at first sight as if the great authority of the late Mr A. F. Mummery could be quoted against our view. No modern climber was more imbued with the spirit of the pioneer, or combined more remarkable skill with a more catholic love of mountains. "The essence of the sport lies," he wrote, "not in ascending a peak, but in struggling with and overcoming difficulties." But is clear that he meant by difficulties difficult ascents. He was arguing against the diletante view that the sole object of mountaineering is scenery or science, and that therefore it is foolish and criminal to ascend by any but the easiest route. To such obvious nonsense he answered that mountaineering is a sport, and must therefore make demands upon a man's nerve and skill. An angler may have a passion for nature, and love the mere standing by the river's side, but his first object is not star-gazing but catching fish. A climber's first aim is not the view or a scientific observation, but to get to the top by a hard road. It was for the catholicity of the sport that Mr Mummery contended and not for its limitation, and his argument holds as much against those who are content to climb a cliff without thinking of its relation to the peak as against the æsthete who would as soon get to the summit by a funicular railway. Elsewhere he has told us that he would be ready to go on climbing though there were no scenery, and to

spend his life on the mountains though the endowment of wings put climbing out of the question.

The special merits of rock-climbing on its true interpretation are that it is easy to get, that it can be done alone, or at least without professional guides, and that it gives endless opportunities for new ascents. Leaving out of account the great rock-climbs of the Alps, which are in a class by themselves, there is no mountainous country which does not provide it, and ranges which are despised by the ordinary mountaineer may be full of interest to the lover of crags. The Pyrenees, for example, which are valueless to the snow-climber, afford much excellent cliff-work. To those who can travel, Norway will probably be the playground of the future, for there the climber has an endless field for new conquests. Mr Slingsby has done much to show what opportunities the *tinder* afford even to mountaineers of long experience; and the beginner who desires to learn the art with the thoroughness which a constant reliance on guides can never give, will probably find Norway or the wonderful miniature peaks of the Lofoten Islands a better training-ground than Chamonix or the Tyrol. To the traveller, indeed, the world is full of unexplored playgrounds. If Europe fails, he has Canada or New Zealand to fall back upon; and if we may venture to give advice to so haughty a spirit, he will find in the South African Drakens-

berg rock-work of the most fascinating kind. The north-east buttress of Mont aux Sources rises above the Tugela in a wedge like the Matterhorn, and for fifty miles down the range he will find a succession of buttresses and *coulairs*, in all of which he may achieve the proud satisfaction of the pioneer. At home, also, the field is still largely unexplored. If every summit in these islands has been ascended, many sides have been unclimbed, and in any case there are always new routes for the discoverer. For in rock-climbing, as we have said, the variety of routes is endless, and every new road is in substance a new ascent.

The rocks of Wales and the Lakes are too well known to need description. If one may venture a complaint, they have been over-exploited, and new ascents have come to mean too much that kind of trick-work with which we are not in sympathy. But no one can complain of the over-exploitation from a mountaineering point of view of the Scottish Highlands. One very good reason is that many of the best peaks are in closely preserved deer-forests; another is their remoteness, and the difficulty of finding a lodging in their neighbourhood. There are two great climbing centres where every year and at all seasons mountaineers assemble—Fort William, and Sligachan in Skye; but even there many ascents remain untried and undiscovered. Over the rest of the Highlands, from Ben

Hope in Sutherland to the Cobbler at Arrochar, and from Glen Sannox in Arran to the Cairngorms, it is not too much to say that there are few parishes where rock-climbing in some form is not available. There is every kind of geological formation, from the gabbro of Skye and the porphyry of Ben Nevis to the sandstone of the Torridons and An Teallach, so that the crack-climber, the chimney-climber, and the straightforward cragsman can each find something to satisfy his special aptitude. To those who seek a list we would recommend the excellent guide-book which the Scottish Mountaineering Club are patiently compiling. The amount and variety of excellent climbing which Scotland affords is still very imperfectly realised. Many men spend weeks and a good deal of money every year in expeditions to some valley in the Dolomites, where the rock-work is not a whit harder and much less interesting than can be found on many Scottish hills. Take Fort William, for instance, which is not the most favourable example, since the climbing is almost entirely confined to one mountain, Ben Nevis, and indeed to one side of that mountain. The tourist will miss even the sight of it except when he looks over the precipice at the Observatory: but the man who leaves the track at the little Lochan Meall an t-Suidhe and scrambles into the dark corrie of the Alt a' Mhuilinn, will find on his right as fine a wall of rock

as these islands can show. Three great buttresses—the Castle, the Tower, and the North-east—project from the mountain, and enclose between them a number of subsidiary buttresses and gullies. The gullies form interesting ascents in snow, especially as awkward cornices have often to be cut through at their heads, and the numerous ridges give an extraordinary variety of good rock-work. Some, like the ordinary route up the Castle ridge, are possible for the veriest novice who possesses a fair head; and others, like the two steep ridges below the Observatory, offer a problem to the hardened cragsman. A man might well spend weeks there and find not only a new route every day, but a different quality of work. It is this large compass within a limited area which makes Ben Nevis so attractive, for the climber can graduate the difficulty of his ascents and attempt the harder only when his eye and muscle are in thorough training. He will find many places as sensational as he need wish, and he will see pieces of rock scenery which are scarcely inferior to many famous sights on the Charmoz or the Plan. This is, indeed, one of the great merits of Scottish rock mountains, the illusion of size which the atmosphere, the climate, and the configuration of the landscape give. In clear dry air 3000 feet seem a trifle, but in Scotland, if they are steep enough, they produce a wholly disproportionate effect of immensity. There are cliffs

on the North-east buttress where a man looking down a black wall into a misty chasm, flecked with ghostly shadows which are snowdrifts, might well fancy himself in some wild recess of the Alps and not on a hill only a mile high with a road on the other side. The Tower ridge, with its pinnacles and its wonderful gap, offers as simple and quite as interesting an ascent as, say, the popular Matterhorn Chimney on the Riffelhorn; and there are routes on it and on the Observatory ridge which will give the climber something of the satisfaction of the Grèpon crack and other delicacies of the sport. And these are on but one hill, and can be paralleled and excelled by many places in the Coolin, where also may be found a variety of ridge-walks which to the true mountaineer are as much a delight as a face or a chimney.

Rock-climbing, indeed, in its finest form, is so good and on the whole so accessible in these islands, that it behoves its votaries to watch that nothing impairs the freedom and rigour of the game. Two special dangers seem to us to threaten it. One is that vulgarisation which we have already hinted at—a vice which takes many forms. There is the attack of the specialist in the shape of the gymnast, who scorns any peak which does not give scope for his peculiar art, and hunts high and low for a bare pinnacle or a smooth face, forgetting that mountains are mountains and not greased poles. The honest man who

is happy alike on the Pentlands or on the Dent Blanche, who loves climbing a stiff chimney, but also loves the scenery and the altitude and the winds, and if he cannot get the one will joyfully accept the other, is denied the name of mountaineer. If the sport were to come under the bondage of this intolerant heresy—the heresy of the “professional”—then most of what men have written in its praise would demand an instant recantation. Another form of vulgarity is the over-writing which many think desirable, whether it take the shape of magnifying the dangers of a climb or of setting it forth with pedantic details and many diagrams. Accounts of how A, B, and C made this or that ascent, where A put his left foot, and the length of rope necessary for each pitch, are rarely edifying or useful. In a country where there are no guides, information is always valuable for the climber; but such condescendence upon detail offends against the dignity of the sport. All forms of vulgarisation spring from the too exclusive attention to the mere climbing, too little regard for the other and greater constituents. A true mountaineer must climb mountains, but he must not climb them in the spirit of a lunatic, an acrobat, or a steeple-jack. The other danger concerns the conditions under which the sport is followed, and applies almost solely to Scotland. Most of the Highland mountains are either grouse-ground or deer-

forests, and the law of trespass being what it is, the owners have not only the power but a very real right to object to anything which lessens the value of their properties. At the same time, it is easy to take a too narrow view of proprietary rights. Happily on the best rock mountains the question does not arise, but as the sport extends and the climber seeks new ascents, he may find his way barred by a peremptory landlord. On grouse-ground there need be little trouble. Grouse do not live among crags, and on the lower slopes any sane climber can avoid spoiling sport. But even in deer-forests a compromise should be possible. The six weeks of the stalking season should, of course, be a close time to the mountaineer, who will also in his own interest avoid sanctuaries. He will prefer, as a rule, to make his ascents in winter or early spring, when he can do no possible harm to the forest. But even in summer, unless the forest is exceptionally situated, a man who climbs a mountain by a rock face, if he has the courtesy to consult a forester as to his approach to it, can do little mischief, and it is mere pedantry to argue the contrary. Rock-climbers will never be many in number (a "meet" must, of course, make special arrangements), and they are unobtrusive people who make little noise, refrain from flinging bottles about, and modestly hide themselves all day in crannies. It is a delicate subject, and we have no desire to

make claims for one form of sport at the expense of others. We gladly admit that many landowners have shown on this matter much good feeling and good sense. But at the same time there are a few who have not, and at the moment there are miles of good climbing to which it is safe to say access is absolutely denied. It is a pity that an intransigent spirit should be shown towards a modest request, for it will spoil the merits of their case when they have to face unreasonable demands. We live in densely populated islands, and the present system of large tracts of country closely preserved by private owners will not be allowed to continue for ever. Some day—it may be soon—the people will demand the resumption of lands now held sacrosanct for sport either as national-manceuvre-areas or as playgrounds, and as always happens with such demands, they will be pushed far beyond fair limits. If the great landlords wish to keep their case a good one, as we certainly believe it is, they will be wise to grant modest liberties to those who will not abuse them. It must not be said that in Scotland, almost alone among the countries of the world, no man is permitted to stir a yard from the highway. We have no wish to see our Scottish mountains stripped of their wild denizens and turned into a suburban common, but we have an equally strong objection to seeing them reduced to preserves of alien millionaires and guarded with the jealousy

of a suburban householder. Such was not the old way of the land or the custom of its elder masters.

"These threatening ranges of dark mountains which in nearly all ages of the world men have looked upon with aversion or with terror, are, in reality, sources of life and happiness far fuller and more beneficent than the bright fruitfulness of the plains." Ruskin, no mountaineer, "but a well-wisher," has written a true summary of our confession of faith. To take life and happiness from wilds which seem to promise neither, is the essence of adventure; and in the humblest form of mountaineering we can discover this quest for a wider horizon and a richer vitality. It is not a vulgar ambition, for the rewards are spiritual and recondite, and cannot be assessed in worldly terms. Hence the fraternity of climbers should be a select one—true sportsmen who seek the heart of the matter, adventure,

skill, vigour of body, and sanity of mind, and are singularly indifferent to the swaddling-clothes in which too many sports are being wrapped to-day. It should also be, as it has been in the past, a cultivated one, since it is only the trained eye and the understanding heart that can fully enjoy the rewards. But, granted that the high traditions are kept unsmirched, the sport will always command its votaries, being one well suited to these latter days when civilisation smothers us all, and we must seek out savagery for ourselves. Mountains restore us to the life of Nature in its austere and simplest form. "Such winds as scatter young men through the world" will not cease to blow while Orion shines in the heavens; and yearly we shall have the spectacle of sober citizens forgetting the duties to which it has pleased God to call them, and on some snow saddle or rocky face seeking and finding "life and happiness."

THE PARSON'S MAN.

It is to be accounted on the side of good that a prophet should now and again be honoured in his own country, even though it be with a reflected honour. An honour of this type our late Rector enjoyed for a period of more than thirty years in our quiet country village. Any stranger who had been at pains to canvass the opinion of the parishioners as to the kindly old man's intrinsic merits would, on all points but one, have listened to faint praise and cautiously - worded approval, rather than enthusiastic admiration. He would have been told in one quarter that "t'owd man were a very decent sort of body"; in another, that "he were a high-learned old gent"; in a third, that the speaker "counted as how passons as passons were much of a muchness, but that Passon Adams were p'raps as good as here a one and there a one." Not high commendation this. But later on a little closer investigation would have brought to light the fact that, *ceteris paribus*, our parson had worn one great feather in his cap which had stamped him as pre-eminent among the parsons of any generation or any locality.

"You knows, I reckon, as how Master Potter worked along o' he thirty-two years come next Christmas."

We will hope that the searcher after knowledge would have shown himself a wise man

by accepting as conclusive the fact, instead of endangering his own reputation by inquiring for a reason. For in our parish he who confesses that he knows not James Potter, be he "officer," "householder," or "pretty bit of flesh," is then and there "writ down an ass."

In ordinary walks of life it speaks well for both parties to a contract, both employer and labourer, that the connection between them should continue unbroken for upwards of thirty years. But in the minds of our parishioners it had redounded to the credit of the parson only that James Potter had remained in his service for so lengthy a period. For parsons, as times go, are fairly plentiful, but James Potter was, like an Alexander or a Napoleon, the man of an era.

"He were a vera toid sort o' man, were t'old Reverend, so I counts," a village sage would remark anent his late spiritual pastor, "or Master Potter'd ha' gien him the sack long afore."

"And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we
own
The friend and bulwark of our
throne."

If apparently the Scottish king had carried on his work fairly well apart from the valuable assistance of the Douglas, any man in our village would have been prepared to swear that our Rector's tenure of office, or at any rate his au-

thority in parochial matters, whether temporal or spiritual, had been absolutely dependent on the complaisance of "Master Potter," and the "Parson's Man" might have claimed with more reason than did the Last of the Barons the power of "building and toppling down the throne" whereon his titular master sat.

For him who was conversant with the interior economy of our parish in general, and of the Rectory in particular, there was no gainsaying the fact that Master Potter was a man of many parts, and that he in no way misbeseemed the high position which the *vox populi* assigned to him. It is not perhaps a grateful task to analyse the reasons for any individual's social success, but I am inclined to believe that our Parson's Man owed his high reputation primarily to a strong personal sense of his own infallibility, and in the second place to an all-comprehensive courage—courage of ignorance, Aristotle might have called it—which refused to be daunted either by doubt, danger, or difficulty. Were it possible to put back the clock, knock some forty years off James Potter's shoulders, and then to be authorised to offer him the command of a *Shamrock*, or the captaincy of a M.C.C. Australian team, I have no manner of doubt that he would accept either billet with alacrity, and that the sporting fraternity in our parts would to a man have laid their shirts on his bringing back the cup or the ashes, as the case might

be. "And what if a-failed?" Why, then his supporters would have paid up, and tried to look pleasant, consoling their disappointment with the remark—

"Well, then, them as went out along o' James Potter must have been as ramshackly a lot as ever a one clapped eyes on. If I were that there Lipton, or that there Hem C.C., I'd get shot on the whole biling of 'em, and take and tell James Potter to pick his own lot. And what 'ud James do? Whoy, he'd just get hold on one or two more like hisself, and they'd just larn they Yankees or they 'Stralians, wouldn't 'em, mate?"

"Beat 'em holler, if there was five or six James Potters playing, but lor', there, now! Where be you going to find 'em?"

Having drifted thus far into matters nautical, I may as well remark that mine hero—albeit *audax omnia perpeti* even to the sailing of a yacht—had never set eyes upon the sea except on the two occasions when he had accompanied our choir on their annual day's outing. And then I am afraid that Father Neptune was not looking quite at his best, for Mr Potter's impressions were certainly not altogether favourable. He told me—for in my childhood we were ever on intimate terms, and he would converse with me by the hour with kindly condescension—that he did not "set no great count on it."

"But it is very large, Mr Potter, isn't it?" I suggested.

"Well, yes," he admitted,

"it is a tidy size, Master George; bigger nor—or mebbe half as big again as—t'squire's pond. But a great hugly bit of water I calls it, no trees round it, nor no lilies, nor no nothink. And the soil agin it that poor as it wouldn't grow a kebbidge, let alone a tatur, all messed up wi' sand and stones as was downright shameful."

On the cricket-field, however, Mr Potter claimed in those far-off days of my childhood some skill and no mean reputation. Ours was cricket, the modern scientist might say, of a distinctly bucolic order, sheep and oxen during the progress of the match disputing the right of place with the outfielders, and an old gray horse, which, in virtue of being "sand-blind" and "high-gravel-blind," had been admitted to the Rectory close as a pensioner, being imbued with an obstinate conviction that the pitch itself offered the best grazing. Still I will dare to assert that our matches, whether regarded from a player's or spectator's point of view, were none the less enjoyable. I myself, as befitted my tender years, came in the latter category, and—for I was a keen partisan and a hero-worshipper to boot—my little heart used to go pit-a-pat as I watched James Potter, the Jessop of the side, take his stand at the wicket in our great annual encounter with Little Piddington. I am not going to contend that "Master Potter" possessed that variety of strokes which distinguish the modern player to whom I

have ventured to liken him, but there was the same hurricane form of hitting while it lasted, the same cheery disregard for the bowler's feelings, the same tumultuous applause when things went well with the batsman, the same growl of disappointment when his innings came to an untimely end. Cricket scores in those days did not rule high, and the wicket in the Rectory close hardly came up to modern sample, so that I doubt whether our champion ever compiled fifty, let alone a hundred runs, in any single innings throughout his cricket career. But with the aid of a couple of "lugs" over the hedge on the inside, and an occasional overthrow for two when "Master Potter," ever a facetious cricketer, had chaffed or tempted some impatient adversary into taking a wild shot at his wicket, our pet craftsman generally managed to compile a good deal more than his fair proportion of those fifty or sixty runs that were under the conditions sufficient to win a match. As in more modern days I have perused the pages of our ancient score-book, and noticed the constant recurrence of the word "bowled" opposite to James Potter's name, I have been prone to suspect that those shots at the wicket might be classified as supererogatory efforts, and that the umpires of that epoch conceded to our champion that immunity from petty mishaps which a big, upstanding Yorkshire dalesman once arrogated to himself.

"Goo!" ejaculated the giant,

when the wicket-keeper having successfully appealed for a catch, noticing that the batsman showed no inclination to leave the wicket, rashly suggested that as he had been given "out" he had to go. "Goo! Nay, lod, I doant goo till one o' they," indicating the stumps, "has been booled out o' t' groond. And mebbe not then nother!" he added savagely, when a misguided fieldsman laughed out loud.

James Potter, to be sure, was far too good a sportsman to resist an umpire's decision, but if the rules of the game as played in our village were ostensibly those laid down by the M.C.C. Committee, here and again their severity as applying to the batsman, more especially when he was a popular hero, was sensibly mitigated as well by the introduction of local bye-laws as by the leniency of the umpire. It was a bye-law on our ground, I can well remember, that a batsman was to be adjudged "Not out" if any enthusiastic or unwary fieldsman tried to anticipate the umpire's verdict by shouting "Out" before the all-important functionary had had his say on the question. While it is highly probable that our friend James Potter may in this manner occasionally have escaped the extreme penalty of the written law, it is hardly open to doubt that he frequently profited by a liberal interpretation of that most iniquitous unwritten law whereby the umpire gives the benefit of the doubt to the batsman. For the yokel who, in virtue of his being a good

man with his fists, "stood" for our village, was one of Master Potter's staunchest admirers, and commonly had a pot of beer on the result of the match—this perhaps was another bye-law—while the convenient proximity of the village pond acted as a wholesome restraint on the opposition umpire's natural anxiety to see the back of a formidable antagonist. I am unable to trace James Potter's name in any of our out-matches,—perhaps a wise discretion, or perhaps again the multifarious and onerous duties attached to the profession of a "Parson's Man" preventing him from wandering far afield in search of athletic renown. For some years after he had given up active participation in the game, Master Potter condescended to "stand" himself on grand occasions, and albeit that he umpired rather by the light of nature than by book, he might have fairly claimed with Mr Grummer that his name was "Law, oivil power, and exekative." Even now, in his old age, he passes as a great authority on the matter of how the game should really be played, will illustrate with his walking-stick how he played it himself when the world was half a century younger, and has been heard to lament that he is no longer lissome enough to take on Ranji at a single-wicket match in the old Rectory close.

But enough of games and idle relaxations. It remains to speak of Master Potter in the exercise of more serious duties as "Parson's Man."

It has already been said that these duties were at once onerous and multifarious,—so onerous, indeed, that they may not be too lightly handled, so multifarious that I hardly know where to commence my recital. Yet, as Sunday is the first day of the week, and as both Parson and Parson's Man are, or should be, very much in evidence on Sunday, I will give what I fear me will be at the best a lame and imperfect sketch of the profound impression made not merely on my own youthful mind, but on the minds, I will make bold to assert, of an admiring crowd of church-going parishioners, by Master Potter's appearance on Sundays. It was an age, be it remembered, when *Sancta Simplicitas* yet reigned in our quiet country villages, when the self-respecting woman regarded a bonnet as an essential part of her Sunday toilet, when the labourer's wife—was it out of respect for the angel's feelings?—donned a head-dress of a severely coal-scuttle order—the greater the respectability the more pronounced the coal-scuttle; an age when mankind took an honest pride in looking its best and smartest on that one day, and the agricultural labourer rose to the occasion by appearing in long white smock and coloured kerchief. Not smock, however, or kerchief, for James Potter. Our Parson's Man marked the dignity of his high office by more pretentious if less picturesque attire: tall hat, black frock-coat, black gloves, and white tie, discards all of the parson, at once dis-

tinguishing him from the common herd, and creating a doubt in a stranger's mind whether the great man was a *bond fide* parson risen from the ranks, an undertaker on duty, or a Methodist preacher poaching on his neighbour's preserves in quest of new ideas for a sermon. But we who knew James Potter well seemed to feel that his appearance on a Sunday was in thorough unison with his position, and that it was an essential part of his duty as Parson's Man to dress in exact imitation of his master. And after all, if a Sunday-school teacher, parish clerk, and choirmaster all rolled into one may not on state occasions affect clerical attire, by what right do Eton masters and college dons adopt this form of dress? To us, at all events, in our primitive simplicity, there was nothing incongruous about Master Potter's distinguishing attire: rather would it have seemed incongruous if any other type of dress had decorated his person on a Sunday.

Good loyal work did our Parson's Man on every Sunday in the year, good English Church-work, that began in the morning Sunday-school and never ended till he had uttered the last Amen in the afternoon service,—unpaid work, most of it, which lasted from 10 in the forenoon till 4 P.M.

It was my privilege at a very tender age—perhaps I should hardly regard it in the light of a privilege now—to teach or be supposed to teach a class of tiny boys in the Sunday-school, and the enjoyment of the

privilege was considerably heightened by the circumstance that my own class sat next to that taught by Mr Potter. Thus I had the opportunity of witnessing the perfect discipline he kept among his pupils, and of hearing the promptitude wherewith he put into his proper place any precocious urchin who either showed signs of unwholesome originality, or attempted to air his own little bit of superfluous and super-erogatory knowledge.

"What's to-day?" inquired the teacher, and the top boy, to whom the question was addressed, had he been a well-ordered youth, should have given the proper Sunday after Trinity. But—

"Please, sir," he piped out, "it's St Simon and St Jude's day."

"Is it?" exclaimed the master, for an instant taken aback by the wholly unexpected intelligence. "Well, then, Johnny Briggs, you might have washed your 'ands and brushed your 'ead proper afore you came to school on St Simon and St Jude's day. It ain't the fust time I've told you neither. 'Old up them 'ands," and the luckless urchin thus put to public shame was ready to wish that neither Simon, Jude, or any other saint in the calendar had ever been born. However, before proceeding to the legitimate orders for the day, Mr Potter took the opportunity of still further improving the occasion.

"Well, now, and who was St Simon and St Jude?"

Dead silence—then presently

a mild suggestion from a boy well out of reach—

"Please, Master Potter, it was saints."

"Right you are, my lad, you go up top. And seeing as they was saints they had clean 'ands and clean 'arts, and allers brushed their 'eads afore they come to school and church o' Sundays."

And again: "What's a Church?" inquired Mr Potter, the recognised answer to the question, which was asked on at least every other Sunday, being, "A congregation of faithful men and women"; which led on quite comfortably to the next question, "What's a congregation?"

But "The house of the Lord" blurted out an adventurous youth, and then, by way of apology for deviating from the beaten track, he hurriedly added, "Please, Mr Potter, it says so in a book, and it's Greek."

"Then," quoth Mr Potter, "you've been a reading of a book as you hadn't ought to ha' read, Bill Gayton. Any boy wi' a ha'porth of sense would ha' knowed as they Greeks wos heathens, and hadn't got no such thing as no Church nor no parson neither."

"Please, Master Potter, where did 'un go, then?"

"To public-'ouses and sich-like. If you'd read your Bible proper, you'd ha' knowed as they was called publicans."

School over, our Gamaliel duly accompanied his flock to church, where he played a manful part in the singing of the hymns and leading the

responses, being the more particularly in evidence on those stray Sundays in the year when our harmonium-player was absent, owing to illness or some other cause. For then it fell to Master Potter's lot to set the tune for the choir with pitch-pipe and preparatory growl, a dual performance which never failed to afford me the most unmixed gratification, and impressed me with the idea that the performer was among the greatest musicians of the day. The pitch-pipe, I may remark, was also a serviceable instrument of correction when the head of some inattentive choir-boy in the choir-leader's immediate vicinity required rapping: for those heads at a distance which invited the same friendly attention a long white wand, one of the clerk's insignia of office, was brought into play. Now and again I could see for myself that the rapping had been well earned; in other cases, perhaps, a victim was selected *pour encourager les autres*. Once in a way I used to fancy that I saw our clerk—who indeed commanded most of my attention—indulge in a nap during the delivery of the afternoon sermon; but when I imparted my suspicions to my particular crony, a crippled cobbler, he explained the matter entirely to my satisfaction.

"And what do a' matter if a' does, Master George? Muster Potter he knows all along what's a-coming. 'Tain't likely, is it, as passon'd writ a sermint wi'out James having a finger in the pie, and him so handy and all. Whenever I hears

t' Reverend talking of 'ell-fire and such-like, says I to myself, that's James Potter, right eneuch."

What greater delight for me in the days when I was *adhuc prætectatus*—*Anglicè*, not yet duly breeched—to be allowed to walk home after church with Mr Potter himself, to stroll with him round *his* garden, to look at *his* pig, feed *his* cow, help to collect *his* eggs, admire *his* stable, and carry out one of *his* carrots to the old blind horse in the Rectory close.

"What beautiful flowers you have got, Mr Potter."

"Well, yes, Master George; they're as good as some, and p'raps a bit better nor others. But if us"—I think that grammarians call this the plural of excellence—"couldn't grow a few nicish flowers, I'm blessed if I know who's agoing to."

"I like your pigs better than Mr Higgs's, Mr Potter."

"What! Ha' you been a-looking at Farmer 'Iggs's stock, then, Master George?"

"Yes; he showed me his pigs the other day."

"And they was all mullocked up wi' fat, weren't 'em?"

"Yes, I think they were fatter than yours, Mr Potter."

"Well, then, that's jest where Farmer 'Iggs is wrong. He don't feed his'n proper. I counts as his pigs is allers a-lying down when they hed ought to be eggssaising of themselves. Them as is mullocked up wi' fat'll never do no good in this world, no, nor yet"—after a brief and impressive pause—"in the world to come."

The solemnity with which Mr Potter pronounced this judgment may have argued the existence of a little jealousy of our churchwarden's pig-feeding methods, coupled with an ill-defined suspicion that his auditor might be inclined to unduly appreciate the sleekness of the more plump and more highly-fed animal.

"And cos why?" continued my mentor; "acos they is allers a-thinking of their bellies instead of their souls. Just you mark that, Master George, and see as you don't get mullocked up wi' fat, same as they pigs."

The truth of one part of the sage's warning those candid friends Anno Domini and the tailor's measure are for most of us, alas! only too ready to verify. But if I was too young at the time to be able to anticipate the discomfort of that earthly penalty which in the years to come is likely to overtake the gourmand, the ominous suggestion of punishment in a future state produced an almost immediate effect upon which Mr Potter had assuredly never reckoned. It did not in the least degree appeal to me that the lean pig is in his world to come at a decided discount when hung cheek-by-jowl with his more portly brother; but the cobbler's remark that "Master Potter's" handiwork or brain-work was to be traced in our parson's most vivid pictures of the judgment-day was yet fresh in my memory, and the instant authority of the "Parson's Man" on such questions was for me a far more

potent factor of belief than the recorded utterance of any major or minor prophet. As ill-luck would have it, the Sunday happened to be one of those to be marked in my calendar with specially white chalk, indicating that I had been allowed to accept Mrs Potter's invitation to accompany her husband home to tea after our evening stroll. And of that tea the *bonne bouche* was always a luscious brown egg, laid expressly for the occasion by one of Mr Potter's famous Coochin hens. It is not too much to say that I looked forward to that egg—I am sure that the eggs laid by those Cochins were far and away the best I ever tasted—for a good six weeks beforehand, and I used to prolong the pleasure of eating it with the aid of the little sippets of brown bread cut for me by Mrs Potter's fair hands for a good quarter of an hour by the clock. But on that Sunday, with the awful consequences of being "mullocked up wi' fat" still ringing in my ears, I sturdily declined to touch my egg, and no persuasions of my hostess could induce me to alter my decision.

"Cum subit illius tristissima noctis
imago
Labitur ex oculis jam quoque gutta
meis."

I wept salt tears over it in private afterwards, and could have the heart to follow the example of the sentimental Naso and weep afresh over the recollection of my disappointment, and I registered a vow

that on any future Sunday, when a tea-drinking at Mrs Potter's was imminent, I would so regulate my appetite at breakfast and at dinner that I might attack my egg later in the day with a conscience void of offence. I am not prepared to say that lapse of time and convenience of memory may not later on have mitigated the severity of my self-denying ordinance.

In mentioning the pig, the cow, the poultry, the stable, and perforce the parson's wagonette, the Rectory close, and the garden, I seem to have gone a long way towards foreshadowing Master Potter's week. For over each of these departments he presided, not without some skill, and certainly with great local reputation. But there was more to follow. For if Parson Adams had the cure of the parish, James Potter was accredited with having the cure of the parson, even, if my old friend the cobbler's information was correct, to the revision or the prompting of the "sermint." Rumour, which if seldom erring on the side of depreciation yet commonly contains some vestiges of truth, did not merely credit this great pluralist with the general management of the parson, but even went so far as to assert that if friend James had not in so many words imposed upon our Rector formal vows of celibacy, it was out of deference to the Parson's Man's feelings that no mistress had been installed in the Rectory. It may readily be imagined that in our village public

opinion on the matter of the parson's bachelorhood was pretty evenly divided, woman-kind being inclined to indorse the judgment once pronounced by a Cornish farmer that "a man be only half a man till he dew be married," and the male sex contending that the rash introduction of an Eve might tend to the corruption of what James Potter's presence rendered an earthly paradise.

To stolid village Darby quoth buxom village Joan, by no means essentially a nagging woman but one who dearly loved, for mere argument's sake, to mother a paradox, and who ever took a kindly interest in a neighbour's most private affairs—

"Seems most a pity, don't it, as how th' Reverend don't take and find hisself a nice wife?"

"There aren't no such thing!" growled Darby. For candid speaking in the family circle was much esteemed in our village, and the reign of chivalry seldom survived the birth of the second baby,—
"Leastways, there ain't none hereabouts as I ever seed or heard tell on neither. What do he want of any 'ooman messin' about the place, when he've got James Potter?"

"But there's things as James Potter can't do for him, for all he's so oliver."

"There ain't nought as I knows on then, barring having babies, and he don't want none of them, I count. There's niver a one in the parish as has gotten sense as don't know that if t' owd man were to

take and marry and get shot on James Potter, he'd very soon wish as she were buried, and old James back again."

"But James Potter he've gotten a wife hisself and all."

"That's just where ye are, then," — triumphantly clinching the argument, — "that's just why t' Reverend he won't have nothing to do with no wife. It'll be James Potter as'll have told him times and agin as there never was an 'ooman yet as were no manner of good on."

While in the absence of a lady of the house the executive part of the Rector's indoor arrangements was nominally undertaken by a stout and comfortable-looking cook with the assistance of a couple of staid, middle-aged maids, "Muster Potter" filled the position of major-domo in those odd minutes which could be spared from his numerous outdoor occupations. If to the cook appertained the actual preparation of the dinner, it was "Muster Potter" who dictated the appropriate vegetable and the exact amount of that vegetable to accompany each of the Master's meals, and the question whether the servants should be allowed any vegetable at all over and above "tatars" was entirely dependent on the great man's early morning temper. Fortunately for the establishment, our hero was of a naturally affable temperament, and in the habit of rising from his bed on the best of terms with the world at large and one James Potter in particular.

"Well, cook, and what are we going to have for dinner to-day?"

"Mutton."

"Mutton! Why, I thought it were mutton yesterday. Howsomedever, mutton, is it? Roast or biled?"

"I've got a nice little neck as I thought I'd boil."

"Better biled," assented Mr Potter. "Well, then, you'll want some o' they hinions for the sauce, and then we'll put in a nice cauliflower; 'tatars' mashed, in course, cook."

"That'll be all right, Mr James, and what are you going to do for us to-day?"

"Well, I'll bring in enough hinions to go right round, and mebbe there'll be another cauliflower as wants cutting."

Again, if it was the cook who basted her leg of mutton and seasoned her broths, Master Potter saw to the curing of the hams and salting of the bacon, only intrusting to the lady's charge those more delicate portions of a pig's "innards" as are supposed to profit by immediate consumption.

If it was the parlour-maid who looked after the silver, and who waited at table single-handed when the Master was alone, it was Mr Potter who was responsible for the brightness of the knives, and Mr Potter who, in a pair of wash-leather gloves, played the part of butler when there was company for dinner. To the house-maid might belong the privilege of actually laying the fire and cleaning the grate, but the key of the coal-cellar was in Master

Potter's safe-keeping; he it was who placed the day's supply of coal in the back passage, and woe betide the luckless woman if she ventured to follow *Oliver Twist's* example and "ask for more." Having in truth more thumbs than fingers where delicate manipulation was required, though from an all-round point of view Jack Tar as a handy-man was not in the same street, Mr Potter kindly relegated the minor offices of darning the parson's socks and sewing buttons on the parson's shirts to the parlour-maid, but again woe betide that misguided seamstress if she ventured to overstep the mark and lay profane hand upon those garments which alone Mr Potter dignified by the title of "the Master's clothes." These were of the good broadcloth ever affected by our Rector, conspicuously the best turned-out parson in the countryside, well-out and durable articles which did duty by "the Master" for a good three years, and then passed, as matter of course and principle, into the possession of the man. The brushing and the folding of those garments, the final polishing of the Master's boots, the calling of the Master, and the morning valeting, even to the stropping of his razors, were Mr Potter's of choice and of prescriptive right. In short, barring the accident that the tenant—even then *pace* Mr Potter—had the right of shooting over the parson's glebe, and that Mr Potter did not affect so volatile a form of attire as that which adorned

the person of Mr Samuel Weller, he might well have wondered with that illustrious individual whether he was "footman, groom, gamekeeper, or seedsman," and with more justice than Mr Pickwick's attendant might, apart from his exterior appearance, have claimed to be "a compo of every one on 'em."

It would be wellnigh impossible to exaggerate the impression made by James Potter's ubiquity, versatility, and all-round capability upon a college Don, an old Oxford crony, who came to take our Rector's work on an occasion when the latter was confined to his room by a heavy cold. On the day of his arrival the visitor was met at the station by a waggonette driven by an eminently respectable coachman, and as the day was fine and the country new to him, he had elected to put his paraphernalia inside, sit on the box himself, and talk to the coachman, whom he found most ready and anxious to impart information. Strolling out into the garden an hour or so after his arrival, he had watched with some interest a gardener in a costume distinctly the worse for wear—for I am fain to confess that Mr Potter in his workaday clothes recalled the vision of "the man all tattered and torn" in 'The House that Jack Built'—tying up some carnations, and on passing the time of day to him seemed to fancy that there was something familiar about the scarecrow's face and voice. After tea the visitor, venturing out afresh, took a short walk into the country, and on his

return journey managed to hit upon a path which promised to take him somewhat handy to the Rectory, and presently found himself in the Rectory close, where he could not help stopping to admire a shapely Alderney cow which was enjoying the process of being milked by a man in the white smock commonly affected by the country dairyman. On his admiring the cow, the milker, without for an instant suspending operations, chatted away merrily about the merits of different breeds of cattle, proving entirely to his own, and partly to his auditor's satisfaction, that of all varieties an Alderney, and of all Alderneys that particular specimen,—“my” cow he called it,—was the very best animal either in or out of the market. Again the voice and the face of the lecturer seemed familiar, and our stranger, to whom rural life was a novel experience, made a mental note of the fact that the male inhabitants of a remote country village are, like Mr Kipling's animals, “all of one blood,” and — unlike the animals—of one intonation.

Before, later on, he sat down to his solitary dinner, the manservant, in whom at last he was pretty certain that he recognised the coachman, fairly made him jump by volunteering a sonorous “Amen” to the short blessing which he had *sotto voce* invoked on his food, and later on made him smile by inviting his attention to each vegetable in turn.

“The Master he do set such store by they Dalmahoy 'tatur,

sir, they do be much more mealier than kidneys. I reckon as they can't grow 'em down your parts, as wants a stiffer soil nor most; them 'Roosalem hartichokes, sir, do go best with roast mutton; the Master he allers likes a yaller 'mato along o' his cheese; there's some I knows as favours the red, but you'll find as there's a delicater taste-like to the yaller.”

In the morning the coachman, man-servant, butler, or whatever he styled himself, not only called him, brought his clothes and hot water, and put out his bath, but even carried his friendly attentions so far as to strop the visitor's razors for him, performing this delicate feat with an amount of expedition and success that a first-rate barber's assistant might have envied.

Having made his toilet rather leisurely, the reverend gentleman was on the point of sallying downstairs, when the sudden erection of a ladder against his window-sill caused him to pause with his hand on the handle of the door just long enough to see the tattered gardener commence operations with a pair of clippers on a creeper which partially overhung one side of the window.

“Begging your pardon, sir, but thinking as how you was gone down, I reckoned as how I'd give you a mossel more daylight.”

“Must be brothers,” muttered the stranger from afar, as after listening to a few remarks on the “okkard” habits of various kinds of creepers, he

made his way to the breakfast room.

"I hope, my dear fellow," remarked the Rector, when his *locum tenens* paid a visit to his bedroom in the course of the morning, "that you are quite comfortable, and that James Potter is making you feel at home?"

"Most comfortable, thanks. But is James Potter that very nice coach—eh—ah—I mean butler—that is—ah—eh—not butler, exactly, but the ah—nice man who called me in the morning?"

His friend's difficulty in supplying the correct title to James Potter not a little amused the Rector, who proceeded to explain.

"The man who called you in the morning, and who drove you from the station, and waited at table, is my factotum, James Potter. If you ask him, he will be delighted to show you his garden, and if you get on very intimate terms you may even be invited to help to milk his cow, feed his poultry, and admire his pig."

"My dear Adams, you're not going to tell me that the man who stropped my razors, and the ragged rascal who looked in at my window from a ladder, and the coachman, cowman, and butler are one and the same person! Why, he must be the eighth wonder of the world."

"Not the eighth, but the first,—at any rate, so thinks the worthy James."

And when on the following day our visitant beheld James Potter in the sombre glory of

his Sunday attire, listened for a brief space to the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of the Sunday-school teacher, received in the vestry, from the parish clerk, sundry minor instructions as to our interpretation of the rubric, heard in the service his manifold enunciation of the responses, watched the chief singer at one minute setting the tune for the choir with his pitch-pipe, at another enforcing discipline with the white wand,—it may well be that "there was no more spirit in him," that with the Queen of Sheba he avowed that "the half was not told" him, and that he left our parish with the full conviction that neither Colossus of Rhodes, Sepulchre of Mausolus, or any other of the wonders of the world, quite came up to the standard of James Potter.

It must not, however, be supposed that the great James performed all his duties entirely single-handed. For on most days of the year there was in evidence, whether in the garden or the stable-yard, an understudy in the form of a ragamuffin boy, not always or for long together the same boy, but a boy of sorts enjoying the privilege of being trained by "Muster Potter." There was no doubt that the Parson's pocket was considerably saved in the matter of these urchins by the Parson's Man's high reputation in our parts as a trainer of the young idea. For the boys employed in the Rectory garden worked for abnormally low wages, and it is

highly probable that if "Muster Potter" had made a point of it, the parents might have been willing to pay a fee for the usual six months' apprenticeship in the hope of presently receiving substantial interest on the capital thus looked up. For if the Rectory boy was neither a born idiot nor a cripple, and did not get bundled about his business prematurely, he might be sure of a better place and higher wages in the future than any other boy of his standing. The exception boy, the one perhaps in a dozen who was ejected from the earthly paradise in ignominy, was henceforth doomed to be like Cain, a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth. For that was recognised to be "an 'ard nut as old James Potter couldn't crack," and none of our farmers felt much inclined to try his teeth upon it.

It was not perhaps the idea that Master Potter imparted to his understudy a double or even a fractional portion of his spirit which caused his stamped and warranted cast-offs to stand at a premium in the labour-market, as the downright certainty that any boy who had worked under him was likely to carry into practice that very essential part of our duty towards our neighbour, whereby we are enjoined to order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters. No stronger recommendation was required in our village than the following:—

"You won't find no sarce nor no rubbidge about my Bill,

seeing as he've worked along o' James Potter for these six months."

Most of us, if we take the trouble to reflect, may discover on which side, as the saying goes, our bread is buttered, and the Rectory boy had ample opportunity for learning that his bread at all events was singularly dry on the side of independence, self-assertion, malingering, or sulkiness.

I am writing of a less humanitarian age than the present, of an age when that child was reckoned to be spoilt who did not occasionally feel the rod, and there is evidence to show that Master Potter in training the young plant now and again employed more convincing methods than those embraced in "moral suasion."

On a certain May morning, as I chanced to be talking to the great James in his potting-shed, a sharp though short hail-storm came on, and the garden-boy for the time being most unwisely sought shelter in that one place of refuge which a longer-sighted policy would have avoided.

"Ha' you finished weeding they hinions, then?" inquired Mr Potter, sharply.

"Please, Master Potter, it do be raining stoanes."

"Raining stoanes, is it?" echoed Mr Potter, without taking his eyes off his work; "and it'll be raining thumps on th' ear-hole in 'arf no time, if them hinions isn't weeded."

Exit that boy instant.

Wholly apart from his management of the Parson, the Parson's house, garden,

stable, and all that there was therein, Master Potter had in our village the reputation of being the "weatherest-wisest outside o' London"; the special exception in favour of the metropolis being made because it was supposed to be the market-town for Royalty, Members of Parliament, and other great folk who regulated the seasons. In some degree, possibly, he was indebted for his reputation to that strong personal belief in his own infallibility which I have already mentioned, but it rested also on a cautious and masterly ambiguity of language which the Pythia might have envied, and which might have baffled the ingenuity of an *Œdipus*.

Even the worthy Higgs, who as churchwarden was apt to fancy that the parish clerk took too much upon himself in the yearly vestry meeting, and as a farmer preferred his own method of fattening hogs, was not above stopping his cob under the wall of the Rectory garden and discussing the prospects of the hay crop with the Old Moore of the district. To me, who in my infancy listened more than once to these confabulations, and who have ever esteemed my neighbour James an honest and an able man, it has come in the light of a discovery of maturer years that the *Polonius* of that date left the questioning *Hamlet's* mind very much *in statu quo*—in doubt, that is, whether the clouds were more like camels or whale-backed weasels.

"I've half a mind to get

that Long medder cut o' Monday, James."

"Better to have an 'ole mind nor 'alf a mind, ain't it, Master 'Iggs?"

"Then you'd have it cut if you was me, James?"

"Well, I don't know as I shouldn't; though, mind you, I ain't a-going to say positive sartin as I should. It be your 'ay, after all, beant un?"

"You think the weather is going to hold up, then?"

"She'll hold right enuch so long as t'wind lasts, and all said and done I dunno as a drop or two of rain do do an 'aycrop no great 'arm so long as there beant too much on't. There's here a one and there a one as holds that the scent don't come proper-like out of 'ay as aren't had a sprinkling, and then again there's them as likes to get their 'ay as dry as 'Zekiel's bones. You set to and cut your 'ay, if you've a mind that way, Master 'Iggs, and I dunno as you'll come to no great 'arm, nor do I know as there'll be no great 'arm done neither if you was to let it stand a week longer."

And when the worthy farmer had out his hay and carried it successfully by the end of the week, Master Potter most graciously walked down to admire the rick for the express purpose of saying, "Ah! didn't I tell-ee?"

If I myself had in those days a mind to go fishing, I seldom started without previously consulting our Delphic Oracle; and where success enhanced my opinion of James Potter's omniscience, either I myself was

modest enough to ascribe my failure to my own want of skill, or else he was kind enough to explain to me that I had made some vital mistake, and that even under the most favourable circumstances fish were "okkard and contrariwise crittura."

"Where did-ee try for 'em, Master George—in the shallers or the 'oles?" And, of course, I was bound to have tried in the wrong sort of water for the day in question.

On one occasion I happened to be returning with my empty basket at the time when Farmer Higgs had stopped to consult, and being accosted by Mr Potter, explained that I had fished for three hours in deep and shallow waters alike without having a single nibble.

"And you said it was a good day, too!" I added, rather disconsolately.

"And so it were a good-un when you started and all, Master George," he asserted; and then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, "But what had-ee got on your 'ook?"

"A worm."

"Ah! that's where you was wrong, then—it ought to ha' been a fly on a day like this. I could ha' told-a all along as they wouldn't look at no wum!"

"But I don't know how to fish with a fly!" I exclaimed, almost in tears.

"Ah, then, Master George, it was time as you larnt!"

It was then that Farmer Higgs struck in cheerfully—

"Them as lives, larns—don't they, James?"

Mr Potter was at all times, I think, inclined to resent "that there 'Iggs's" familiar use of the Christian name, nor did it in any way appeal to his liking that either the farmer or any other man should play the part of interlocutor when he was instructing.

"Mebbe there's some as does," he muttered doubtfully, "but then agin there's a smartish few in these here parts"—here he looked so pointedly at the farmer that the latter rode off with a hasty "Good morning"—"as goes on living and don't larn nothing, not sense nor manners neither."

And with this wise aphorism we will take leave of our Parson's Man.

Good-bye, then, dear old James. Since those happy days you and I have weathered many a storm together, and nothing has ever interrupted our friendship. The sands of life are running down apace for us both. Let he of us who is gathered first stretch out his hand like good old Trollope, and take kindly adieu of the other from the farther shore. And if, old James, the voice of carping critic shall ever suggest that you fancied yourself a better man than you were, we will tell him, you and I, that after all you safeguarded in your old age the veneration which you won in your youth, and we will take comfort in the thought

"Livor post fata quiescit
Cum suus ex merito quemque tuetur
honor."

THE MYSTICS.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

CHAPTER X.

FOR one instant Enid stood spellbound; then involuntarily she stepped backwards, crumpling the slip of paper in her hand.

At the movement Bale-Corphew advanced, and passing the Mystic, indicated the Sanctuary curtain.

"Go!" he commanded in an unsteady voice. And as the man slunk away, he wheeled round and confronted Enid.

"So this is your action?" he said tremulously. "This is your conception of honour? Truly, woman is the undoing of man!" With an excited gesture, he lifted his hand and extended it toward the white Scitsym lying upon the lectern.

But Enid turned to him. With the sound of his voice her half-superstitious fear of him had been eliminated.

"A just man need fear no woman!" she exclaimed. "It is because you are unjust and a coward that you fear—that you suspect—that you find it necessary to hide and spy."

The colour surged over his face in a crimson wave.

"I have been outraged!" he cried thickly,—*"I have been outraged!"*

"And, like an unreasoning animal, you turn to devour the thing that has hurt you?"

"I demand justice."

She threw out her hands, and laughed suddenly and hysterically.

"And you call this justice? You call it justice to trap one man and set a hundred others loose upon him?"

But Bale-Corphew turned upon her.

"And what is this man to you?" he cried. "What spell has he cast upon you that you can forget he is a blasphemer—an impostor?" In his jealous rage his rolling voice swelled.

But neither he nor his companion heeded the tumult of his tone. His words, and their meaning, ruled both their minds. As he finished speaking, Enid met his gaze with flashing eyes.

"I care nothing for what he is," she said, "I care nothing for what he has done. Once, I believed that I admired him—that I looked up to him—because he was a Prophet. Something higher and better than myself. Now I know that my belief was wrong and false. It is because he is a man—because, before everything else in the world, he is a man—that I turned to him, that I relied upon him."

Bale-Corphew gave a short, venomous laugh.

"So that is it? That is the secret? He is a man? Well, I will strip him of his manhood! We have had our disillusioning; yours is to come. Here, on this sacred spot where he has been so exalted, he will bite the dust."

He paused triumphantly; and in the pause there rose again to Enid's mind the picture of one tall, white-robed figure confronting a sea of faces—all incensed—all passionately, vindictively unanimous in desire.

"Oh, no!" she said suddenly. "No! No! You cannot. You must not. Be merciful! Let him go. And if there is anything—any recompense—" But even as it was spoken, the appeal died. Somewhere in the heart of the house a solemn clock chimed the hour of eight; and as though the sound were a signal, the curtain of the chapel-door was drawn softly back, and a stream of dark-robed figures poured over the empty floor.

For a moment she stood immovable before the imminence of the crucial scene; then, with a sensation of physical weakness and helplessness, she turned, moved blindly forward, and sank into a vacant seat.

At the same moment Bale-Corphew left her without a word, and passed rapidly down the aisle.

When great fear seizes upon the mind, it frequently exercises a paralysing effect upon the body. With the undeniable knowledge that the time for

action—the time for hope—was irrevocably passed, Enid felt deprived of the power to move. She sat crouching in her seat, every sense alive and strained, but with limbs that were overpowered and weighted as if by tangible fetters.

With this numb and impotent sense of dread, she heard the devotees enter the chapel, one after another, and pass to their chosen seats with soft, gliding steps. With a sickening knowledge of approaching action, she saw another of the unconventional black-robed servants emerge from behind the Sanctuary curtain, and proceed with maddening deliberation to light the sixteen groups of wax tapers that were set at intervals along the walls. Mechanically her eyes followed the man's movements; and it seemed that each new taper that spat, flickered, and shot up into a light was a symbol, a portent of the scene to come.

As the last candle was lighted the shuffling of feet and the stir of garments that, since the entry of the first devotee, had unceasingly filled the chapel suddenly subsided; and nerved to motion by the lull, she turned and glanced behind her.

The scene, familiar though it was, impressed her anew. It was a strange effect in black and white. The black clothes of the congregation seemed massed together in a sombre blur; their strained, fanatical faces looked white and set; while the marble walls shone out, sharp and polished, in the same contrasting hues. Over the whole scene the concen-

trated light and accentuated shadow thrown by the great sconces glowing with tapers, made a variation of tone almost as vivid as that seen on a moonlight night.

Unconsciously she recognised the curious and almost barbaric picturesqueness of light and grouping; but her eyes had barely skimmed the scene when the meaning of the hush that filled the place was brought home to her mind.

Glancing towards the curtain that hid the entrance, she saw the figure of the Prophet move slowly into the chapel and pass up the aisle, attended by the Precursor and the Six Arch-Mystics.

He moved forward with grave, dignified steps, and with a head held even higher than usual; and reaching the Sanctuary gate, he passed through it without hesitation.

The action was so calm—so natural—so like what she had witnessed night after night—that Enid sat newly petrified, her senses striving to associate the strong, white-robed figure with the man who only a few hours before had humiliated himself in her presence. For one moment her mind refused the connection of ideas; but the next, a full realisation of the position swept over her, galvanising her mentally and physically, as she turned in her seat and glanced at the seven who were following in the wake.

First behind his master, came the Precursor. And to Enid's searching gaze it seemed that his face was set into un-

familiar and anxious lines; that under his black cap and red hair, his skin looked colourless and drawn. But after a first glance, her eyes were not for him. With swift apprehension they passed to the six Arch-Mystics who, walking two and two, formed the procession.

Animated by the speed of actual fear, her gaze passed from the abnormally agitated face of old Arian, the blind Arch-Counsellor, to the dark, turbulent face of Bale-Corphew, who brought up the rear. The survey was rapid and comprehensive; and to her uneasy mind the thought came with unerring certainty that, on all the six faces—differing so markedly in physical characteristics—there was a common look of suppressed excitement, of suppressed resolve.

As they passed her seat, Sergius Norov turned and shot a glance of cold curiosity in her direction; but otherwise the whole group seemed unaware of her presence. Still inert and petrified by apprehension, she sat on, watching every movement in the scene before her as one might watch a drama that would, at a given moment, cease to be entertainment and become real life.

Very quietly the Prophet advanced to the Soitsym and, following the customary routine, opened it and began to read.

The words were a strange jargon of mystical counsel interspersed with the relation of mystical visions and ecstasies. On ordinary lips, the long, disjointed sentences and discon-

nected phrases would have sounded vague and incomprehensible; but, from the first, it had been one of the Prophet's special gifts that his deep, grave voice could lend weight and meaning to the fantastic utterances. And to-night it seemed that he intended to put forth all his powers; for scarcely had he opened the Book and begun to read, than a stir of interest passed over the congregation; and even Enid, enmeshed in her own terrors, bent forward involuntarily.

He spoke very slowly, enunciating every word with deep seriousness; and from time to time he paused and looked across the sea of fixed and almost adoring faces turned in his direction. It was as if, by strength of will, he had determined that no point, no syllable, of this his last reading should be lost upon his hearers. More than once, Bale-Corphew moved uneasily and shot a glance at Norov; but the Prophet was unconscious of these surreptitious signs.

For half an hour he read on, slowly, distinctly, impressively; then, still following the routine of the evening service, he closed the Book and calmly moved across the Sanctuary to the Throne. As he neared it, the Precursor stepped forward deferentially and conducted him to the foot of the gilt steps.

Having ascended, he took his seat with calm impassivity and, resting his hands upon the arms of the great gold chair, looked out once more upon the massed faces. This, according to custom, was the

signal for a general movement. The congregation swayed forward, prostrating themselves upon the ground; while the Arch-Mystics gathered their wide black robes about them and assumed attitudes of rapt contemplation.

In obedience to usage, Enid also dropped upon her knees and covered her face with her hands. But though her pose was conventional, there was little place in her thoughts for either prayer or meditation. One idea—and one only—absorbed her being. How, and at what moment, must she gather strength to act? She crouched upon the ground, her hands pressed tightly over her eyes. It seemed to her that all the torture, all the suspense and apprehension of the universe, were gathered into that half-hour of appalling silence. Once she ventured to unlace her fingers and glance through them fearfully; but at sight of the Prophet, calm, impassive, unconscious of his threatened danger,—at sight of the six sombre shrouded figures that sat inside the Sanctuary railing,—her blood turned cold and her courage quailed.

When the sign that ended the evening's meditation was given, she rose with the rest and sank weakly into her seat. Then, in dumb, stricken helplessness such as envelopes us in a terrible dream, she saw the Prophet rise very slowly and stand on the steps of the Throne, looking solemnly down upon the people.

During his change of posi-

tion she sat vacillating pitifully. The knowledge that in a single moment he would have begun to speak spurred her to a fever of alarm; while a terrible nervous incapacity chained her limbs and paralysed her tongue.

Bale-Corphew's words rose to her mind. "He will fool us—as he has fooled us before." In the apprehension aroused by the memory, she half rose in her chair, her hands grasping the back of the seat in front of her; but suddenly the chapel, the lights, the congregation, seemed to fade from her vision, and she sank back into her place. The Prophet had begun to speak.

"My People," he said, very calmly and distinctly, "heretofore I have spoken to you as a teacher. To-night I will speak to you as one of yourselves."

Something in the tone—something in the words—struck a note of surprise and uneasiness. Again Bale-Corphew shot a swift glance at Norov, and old Michael Arian lifted his head and strained his sightless eyes towards the Throne; while Enid's hands tightened spasmodically on the back of the chair in front of her, and her lips parted in new fear. What was he going to say? How much further was he going to compromise himself? But the body of the congregation swayed forward in absorbed attention, and the Prophet continued to survey the fixed faces with grave, steady eyes.

"My People," he said, "you

are an unusual gathering. Some would call you fanatics—some might even call you fools. But fools, fanatics, or merely Mystics, you are all men and women. You are all human beings!"

Old Arian started; and Sergius Norov's cold blue eyes flashed; but still the Prophet was oblivious of their emotion.

"It is always well to study one's own kind; and to-night I am going to speak to you of a man. I am going to tell you the story of a man—a man as passionate, as headstrong, as weak and vulnerable as you yourselves." He halted for a moment, and his glance seemed to grow more concentrated and intense.

"Once, many years ago, there was a boy born here, in this city of London. Don't lose patience with me! My story has the merit of truth.

"There was nothing pleasant, there was nothing easy, in the circumstances of this boy's birth. His first sight of the world was gained through the window of a tenement house, and the picture he saw was the picture of an alley—dark, foul, teeming with life. His first knowledge of existence was the realisation of poverty—not the free, Bohemian poverty of the country, but the grinding, sordid, continuous poverty of the town, that no tongue can adequately describe.

"These were his surroundings—this was his environment; and yet—so great are the miracles that love can accomplish—every day of this boy's life was illumined and

glorified by one presence. God in his bounty gave him a mother!"

It was the first time in any discourse that he had mentioned the supreme Name; and before the amazement caused by its utterance could take shape, he went rapidly on with his narration.

"To say that a boy's life is made happier by his mother's existence sounds too trite and obvious to bear any weight. But it is through the obvious facts of life that the world's machinery is kept in motion. The inexpressible, unwearying tenderness of this mother for her son, the love of this boy for his mother, grew with the passage of time,—grew into something so significant, so vital and protective, that even the poisonous atmosphere of the alley could not thwart its strength.

"This feeling grew in the boy's heart; and with it—by a necessary law of Nature—another feeling took root and grew also. Fired by stories of a past, in which wealth and position had been won by his forefathers, he conceived the idea of becoming in his own person a hero—a knight-errant. And in the grimy, common alley; in the poor, bare sitting-room where his mother sewed unendingly; in the dark closet under the slates that courtesy called his bedroom, he built castles such as never stood upon the hills of Spain!

"The germ of his ambition fell into his soul like a seed of fire; and, like a seed of fire, sprang into a flame. At what-

ever price—at whatever sacrifice—there must be a golden future, in which the mother he adored would sit in high places; in which the worn hands would never ply a needle except for pastime, the frail figure grow straight and strong, the pale face warm and brighten with the colours of health!

"It was a very simple, perhaps a very childish, ambition, but it sprang from the true, clean source of untainted love, like which there is nothing else in all the world." He paused; and from his grave voice it seemed that a wave of emotion passed across the chapel. The congregation, too fascinated by his words to question the meaning of his theme, drew a sigh of rapt anticipation. Enid, amazed, bewildered, moved beyond herself, sat immovable—her face pale, her great eyes fixed upon the Throne. Only the six Arch-Mystics stirred uneasily, glancing surreptitiously at each other.

Presently, as though he had marshalled his ideas for the continuation of his speech, the Prophet raised his hand.

"My People," he began again, "do not think that I am going to compel you to listen to a psychological discourse upon this boy's development. That is not my intention. But were I to hold up a picture for your inspection, you could not properly appreciate it were you ignorant of the art of drawing. And so with my story. To understand the completed work, you must

understand the manner of its growth.

"Though this boy lived in obscurity, he was bound by one link with the great things of the world. But for the unjust disinheritance of his father, he would have been heir to a vast property; and through all his youth, this had been the golden mirage that had floated before his vision—this had been the fabled country from which his castle rose. Steadily, unfalteringly, one idea had expanded in his mind. By some brave action—by some deed of heroism—he was to win back the lost inheritance.

"Time passed. And with its passage the wheel of fate revolved. By one of those strange chances for which no man can account, the opportunity the boy longed for came his way.

"It came. But alas for the hopes of youth! It came enveloped in no cloud of glory. The path to the lost inheritance was steep and rugged and dark. He was called upon to leave his mother; to leave the place that, however sordid, however mean, was yet his home; and to enter upon a period of servitude with an unknown man—his father's brother, whom report described as an eccentric—a miser—a madman."

As he said these words a curious thing occurred. A wave of colour flushed old Arian's sightless face; an inarticulate sound escaped him, and he made a tremulous attempt to rise. But the movement was instantly checked by Bale-Corphew, who bent close

to him and whispered quickly in his ear.

Neither gesture nor whisper was noted by the Prophet. His own face had paled as if with some deep emotion; and lowering his raised hand, he began to speak again with a new, suppressed intensity.

"Then began the vital period of the boy's career. He left his home—he left the mother he loved—he went into voluntary exile, animated by one purpose. Remember that! He went into the service of this uncle animated by one purpose—the determination to win back his rightful fortune! And for seven weary years he continued in his pursuit. For the seven most vital years of his youth he suppressed every instinct that animates a boy!

"He worked more laboriously; for mental servitude is more galling to the young than any physical strain. But he never faltered; and at last he had the pride of knowing that his end was gained. He had become indispensable to the uncle whom he served. Then, at the point where hope had become assurance, the old man died!" Again he paused, but this time the pause was of impressive weight. Unconsciously, and without analysing the feeling, every member of the congregation felt that some announcement was pending—that some extraordinary revelation was about to be made.

Enid sat rigid, holding her breath in an agony of suspense, fascinated and appalled by the incomprehensible discourse. Behind the high railing, old

Michael Arian's lips moved rapidly and nervously, as though he were muttering inaudible prayers; while Bale-Corphew's florid face turned suddenly livid, as, with a rapid, agitated movement, he glanced over the tense faces of the congregation. For one moment it seemed that he was bracing himself for action, but before his intentions could bear fruit, the voice of the Prophet again rang out across the chapel.

"My People!" he said. "It is now that I appeal to your humanity! It is now that I ask each one of you—men and women—to stand in this boy's place—this boy, built like yourselves of human desires, human hopes, human weaknesses. On the night of his uncle's death, as he stood looking on the body of the man he had served honestly and without flattery for seven years, his thoughts were the thoughts of a boy—unsophisticated—simple—sincere. On that night he was certain, in his ignorance of the world's ways, that his task was accomplished.

"It was the most glorious moment of his life—that moment in which he stood with unshaken faith, looking towards the future. But the darker side of existence was his portion; he had been born to the darker side. Within one hour of his uncle's death his dreams were dispelled. Alone in the presence of death, he learned that the old man who had leaned upon him, confided in him, turned to him in every difficulty, had failed in one particular,—the point of vin-

dicating their relationship! He still stood in his father's place—the outcast—the dependent—whose services were liberally rewarded by the gift of a few hundred pounds. The fortune—the inheritance—the golden mirage of the past, was no longer existent, save as something that did not concern him. By the disposition of his uncle's will, it had passed into the coffers of a religious body—a fantastic, unknown sect to which the old man had belonged!"

The announcement fell with strange effect. Enid, inspired by sudden terror, rose to her feet; Bale-Corphew sat gripping the arm of his chair, his face contorted, his mouth working; while a rustle, an audible murmur of excitement, passed over the whole chapel, and the Precursor, who all along had been crouching at the foot of the throne, turned quickly and anxiously towards his master.

But the Prophet reassured him by a gesture. It seemed that he was exalted by some emotion, lifted above his surroundings by some invisible power.

"Put yourselves in this boy's place!" he cried. "Was there ever a position so difficult, and yet so intensely human? The thing he had striven for—the thing he needed inordinately—had been wrenched from him by a band of people who, in his eyes, were either fools or knaves. What would you have done in his position? What would have been your impulse? What your instinct? If I know anything of human na-

ture, it would have been the same as his.

"He had known for years of this sect to which his uncle belonged; and for years he had held it in contempt. In his normal, youthful eyes, the idea of a creed that denied the high, simple theory of Christianity, and awaited the coming of a mythical Prophet, was a subject for healthy scorn. And now suddenly it was forced upon his understanding that this anæmic sect—that this mystical, anticipated Prophet—were his rivals,—the despoilers of his private intimate hopes.

"Such a knowledge has power to work a miracle; and in one single night it changed this boy into a man. Embittered, hopeless, stranded, inspiration came to him. He conceived the tremendous idea of entering upon a new fight—a second quest of the great inheritance. He conceived the idea; and standing, as it were, upon a different plane of life, he saw——"

But the Prophet got no further. With a gesture of violent excitement, Bale-Corphew rose; at the same instant the Precursor sprang to his feet and stood in a defensive attitude before the Throne.

The whole scene was enacted in a second. Enid, grasping its full meaning, turned very white and dropped back into her seat; while the whole congregation strained forward in unanimous amazement and curiosity.

And then, for the first time, the hot, angry glance of Bale-Corphew met that of the Pro-

phet. He glared at him for one moment in speechless rage, then he turned to the people.

"Mystics!" he cried in a choking voice. "In accordance with a solemn duty, I—I proclaim this man to be——"

But before he could proceed the Precursor interrupted.

"People! Mystics!" he cried, raising his penetrating voice. "Is this right? Is this permissible?"

A murmur rose from the chapel.

Bale-Corphew's face became purple.

"People! hear me!" he exclaimed. "This man is no Prophet. He is an impostor! A fraud! I have proof. I can give you proof!"

Of the extraordinary effect of these words Enid—crouching helplessly in her seat—saw nothing. All her senses were riveted upon one object—the tall, calm figure upon the steps of the Throne. By the power of intuition, rather than by physical observation, she saw the look of intense surprise, of incredulity merging to dismay, that crossed the Prophet's face at the Arch-Mystic's words. And at the sight the real meaning of his incomprehensible discourse passed over her mind in a wave of incredulous admiration. Believing himself secure in his position, he had voluntarily chosen to denounce himself.

That was her first thought as the matter became clear to her; but a chilling second thought followed sharp upon it. What would be the Prophet's reading of Bale-Cor-

phew's knowledge? Would not one solution—and one only—present itself to his mind? The idea that she had betrayed his confidence. With the horror of the suggestion an ungovernable impulse filled her—an impulse to rise—to go to him—sweep the doubt from his mind. But an instant later the merely egotistical thought was obliterated by the greater issues that filled the moment.

After Bale-Corphew had spoken an uproar—a clamour—had suddenly filled the chapel; and now the rapt concourse of people had become as a turbulent sea. The Precursor, pale with intense nervous excitement, stood vainly striving to make his voice heard; while Bale-Corphew, closely surrounded by his fellow-Mystics, gesticulated violently.

At last the Prophet raised his hand; and by habit and training the people subsided into silence.

Instantly Bale-Corphew's voice rang out.

"Listen!" he cried; "listen!"

But again the Precursor interrupted.

"People," he demanded, "will you refuse the Prophet the right of speech? Will you refuse to hear the Prophet's words?"

"This is sacrilege! Sacrilege!" Sergius Norov suddenly raised his voice. "Listen to your Councillor!"

"Listen to the Prophet! The Voice of the Prophet calls upon you. Will you deny it?" The Precursor's voice shook with excitement.

"This is the truth! I tell you the truth!" Bale-Corphew appealed to the people with outstretched arms.

But the tumult broke forth again.

"Mystics! Mystics!" Old Arian's shrill, alarmed tones rose for an instant, only to be drowned in the clamour.

Then out of the confused babel of sound one cry became distinguishable.

"The Prophet! The Prophet! Let the Prophet speak!"

For a space confusion reigned; then, answering to the demand, the Prophet again lifted his right hand.

As though it exercised some potent spell, his calm, imperious gesture subdued the turmoil. When silence had been restored he began to speak; and never, since he had addressed the first Gathering, had so deep a note of domination and decision been audible in his voice.

"Mystics!" he cried. "There is no time for preamble or delay. As the Arch-Mystic says, you must have truth! Perhaps there is no need to tell you that the history I have just related to you has an imminent bearing upon your lives and mine. You probably know, without my telling, that the boy of my story and I are one and the same person; that the fanatic sect for which I was made a beggar is your own sect—the sect of the Mystics. But so it is. On a wild, dark night ten years ago, I learned that the money which should have been mine—the money which should have been the recompense for my mother's hard life—had been given to you.

Given for the use of a Prophet in whose coming you believed!

"My feelings on that night were the criminal feelings that underlie all civilisation. I had only one desire—to destroy—to be avenged. My uncle, Andrew Henderson, was an Arch-Mystic of your sect; and on the night he died, your sacred Scitsym was in his house!"

A thrill of excitement stirred the congregation, and the blind Arch-Councillor turned and clutched Bale-Corphew's arm.

"My first impulse was to destroy that book. Look at it. Look at it!" He pointed to the lectern. "Ten years ago, I knelt before a fire with its pages in my hand and black thoughts of revenge in my heart. But the devil of temptation lurks in strange places. In the very act of destruction, an inspiration came to me. A man was expected! A Prophet was expected! And in the pages of the Scitsym were contained the attributes, the secret signs, the manifold ways in which he was to make good his claim.

"I will not harass you longer. I come of an obstinate stock—of a stock that in the past has overcome many obstacles. That night I copied out the whole of your Scitsym; and afterwards, as soon as I reasonably could, I left Scotland.

"I went at once to my mother; I told her that, according to the disposition of my uncle's will, I was to inherit his fortune in ten years' time; and that in the interval I was to fit myself for wealth by profound study. It was the first time in all my life that I had lied to her!

"But to come to the end, your Prophet was to be a student of Eastern lore. With this knowledge in my mind, I started with my mother for the East. What has happened since then is immaterial. My second probation has been as hard as my first. But I accomplished two things. I fitted myself mentally and physically for the part I was going to play, and I made one staunch, wholly disinterested friend!" With a gesture of grave affection, he indicated the Precursor.

In the opportunity that the slight pause gave, Bale-Corphew sprang forward and, resting his hands upon the Sanctuary railing, faced the congregation.

"People!" he cried hoarsely. "Be not deceived! This man pretends to tell you what he is. He is blinding you—weaving a bandage of specious words across your mental eyes. But I will undeceive you. I will tear the bandage—" He hesitated, stammered, paused.

With a movement full of fire, full of authority, the Prophet stepped from the Throne.

"Silence!" he cried. "There is no need for interference. This matter is between the People and myself." With a pale face and burning eyes he stepped forward, and standing beside the Arch-Mystic confronted the congregation.

"I will tell you everything that this man would tell you," he said in a steady voice. "I believe I will even use the word he himself would choose. I am a thief! I am a thief—in intention if not in act!"

The effect of the word was tremendous. A perfectly audible gasp went up from the breathless crowd; and by one accord the people rose and swayed upward towards the Sanctuary.

Calm and immovable as a rock, the Prophet held his place.

"Yes," he said steadily, "until this morning I have virtually been a thief. Until this morning it was my firm intention to take by force that which should have come to me as my right. The fact that my intention faltered at the last moment does not affect the case. I wish to make no appeal. My desire"—his voice suddenly quickened—"my desire is plainly and simply to state my case.

"Morally I have done you no wrong. My teaching has been the expounding of simple truths, that my personal action could not desecrate. I stand before you to-night empty-handed as I came. The one thing I claim from you is judgment!

"Judge me! I am in your hands. If you think I deserve punishment, punish me! If you think circumstances have made me what I am, then stand aside! Let me pass out of your lives!"

There was a great silence; then a woman's sharp cry rang out across the chapel, as, with a savage movement, three of the Arch-Mystics sprang upon the Prophet.

"Sacrilege! Sacrilege!" Bale-Corphew's voice rose loud and violent.

But he had calculated with-

out his host. The fanaticism of a crowd is a dangerous weapon with which to tamper; and the dethronement of a king is not accomplished in a day. With the speed of light, the element he had unloosed turned upon himself.

Again one word disentangled itself from the medley of sounds,

"The Prophet! The Prophet!" Like an ignited fuse, instinct had been lighted in the people. The man who for months had been exalted—honoured—wellnigh worshipped—was in imminent peril! That one thought submerged and demolished every other.

There was a forward movement—a roar—a crash—and the high gilt railings of the Sanctuary went down as before a storm.

To Enid, who had been borne irresistibly upward on the human tide, there was one overpowering moment of fear and clamour, in which the cry of "The Prophet! The Prophet!" dominated her consciousness; then, to her, the world became suddenly and mercifully sightless, soundless, and void.

When at last her eyes opened—when at last her senses falteringly returned to the consciousness of present things—she was in her own familiar room. The atmosphere breathed of repose and peace; through the drawn curtains the hum of London came subdued and soothing; in the room itself the lights were modulated and the fire glowed soft and mellow, while a faint, pungent smell of restoratives filled the air.

But these details came but vaguely to her appreciation, for the first object upon which her glance and her ideas rested was the figure of John Henderson, kneeling beside the couch on which she lay.

For a long silent space she gazed bewildered into the grave, solicitous face bent over her own, striving to fathom whether this was another phase of an extraordinarily prolonged and harassing dream, or whether it had any bearing upon real life: then, as the pained, bewildered sensation deepened in her mind, it was suddenly dispersed by the consciousness that in a distant corner of the room Norris—Norris, reassuringly conventional and material—was listening intently to the murmured instructions of a quiet, black-coated man, whom instinct told her to be a doctor.

The knowledge nerved her, and with a weak gesture she turned to Henderson.

But before she could speak he laid his fingers gently over her eyes.

"You are not to have one disturbing thought," he said. "To-night is passed."

"But the Place?" she said hurriedly. "What happened after—after—?"

Again he made a soothing movement.

"Don't speak of it," he whispered. "Bale - Corphew couldn't stand against the People! They gathered round me. They were generous—chivalrous. They heaped coals of fire."

Enid lay silent, conscious with a keen yet poignant

pleasure of his hand upon her face. Then suddenly a new thought obtruded itself, and drawing away his fingers, she looked up into his face.

"But the future?" she said, in a low, unsteady voice.

For a moment he did not answer; and in the soft light it seemed to her that a shadow of pain, almost of weakness, passed over his face.

She put out her hand and touched his.

"What are you going to do?" she asked below her breath.

At last he raised his head and looked fully at her.

"I am going back to the East," he said quietly. "The hardest task of my life is awaiting me there. It is a very bitter thing to disillusionise any one we love."

She looked at him quickly.

"You mean your mother?" she whispered. "You are thinking of your mother?"

He bent his head.

For a moment neither spoke. Vaguely, and in distant accompaniment to their thoughts, each was conscious of the hum of traffic; of the softly crackling fire; of the subdued murmur of the doctor's voice. Then at last Enid stirred; and with a gesture full of comprehension, her fingers closed round Henderson's.

"Let me tell her the story!" she said, almost inaudibly. "Take me with you—and let me tell her! We are both women, and——" Her head drooped slightly, and her face flushed. "And we both love you."

A RADICAL CHANGE.

SIR,—You will, doubtless, be distressed to hear
That, at th' ensuing General Election,
Which, we are loudly told, is drawing near,
I, as a simple means of self-protection,
Hereby resolve to turn a party coat,
And give the Opposition gang my vote.

Not that I falter in my Tory views:
Rather the other way—my sole ambition
Is not to put them in their betters' shoes,
But to get rid of them in Opposition;
I would do anything that might afford
Some probable escape from being bored.

And oh, to see those brilliant times again,
When Mr Balfour laid an airy lash on,
While the obliging Mr Chamberlain
Gave them the butt in his convincing fashion!
These, with Sir Michael, avid of retort,
Made for us most exhilarating sport.

Pungent in satire, apt and crisp of phrase,
Hopeless in repartee, the famous trio
Lent to the morning journals of those days
Light literature of surpassing *brio*.
That daily tonic, regularly taken,
Gave quite a sparkle to one's eggs and bacon.

But first Sir Michael wearied of the fight,
And, later, Mr Chamberlain got sick of it,
And Mr Balfour, tirelessly polite,
Courtly and courteous, labours in the thick of it,
Facing a pack, whose little snarling cry
Hardly deserves a gentleman's reply.

And oh, that pack! Shrill men and shriller boys,
Each one his own self-advertising medium,
Seekers of notoriety by noise,
And champions only in the art of tedium:
Manners they have not, taste they never knew;
Lord! They're a cheap and melancholy crew.

Then, Sir, I know no other course to take
Save to eject this uninspiring rabble:
Idle, they bore us; then, for heaven's sake,
Give them some work to do, and stop their gabble.
Ev'n at the worst, we shan't have long to wait
Ere the old trio rises at that Bait.

And when Sir Michael issues from his lair
And leaps hilariously on the prey,
When Mr Balfour, fresh and debonnaire,
Flicks them with relish in the old, sweet way,
The Government may stumble in their ruling,
But there should be some exquisite good fooling.

And I look out for many a pleasing hour,
When their reluctant chief's peculiar fitness
Has poised him on the slippery peaks of Power,
And it will be our privilege to witness
That lofty but disgruntled politician,
With Mr Chamberlain in Opposition!

J. K.

RICHARD HARTLEY, PROSPECTOR.

BY DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.

CHAPTER IX.—PRETORIA JAIL.

THE moralists who find material for sermons in the far-reaching potency of personal influence would probably not select Jim Steevens as an exemplar, unless as an illustration of the obverse of the medal. But in the after-days, when he could review the matter calmly, Wilmot always confessed that he had never really known what personal influence meant until he walked with the reckless philosophical ne'er-do-well inside the gate of Pretoria jail. The cheerful optimism and refusal of the man to look at fate seriously was infectious, and robbed the thought of arrest and unjust punishment of half its horrors. Very shame prevented his yielding to the despair and humiliation he felt, in the presence of a man who met misfortune with a smile; and when he found himself standing in the great yard of the jail, surrounded by fellow-convicts as cheerful as Steevens, the sense of novelty and curiosity was dominant over all other feelings. Another and very important factor in the sum-total of circumstances that contributed to Wilmot's equable frame of mind was the absence of that repellent gloom and atmosphere of silent woe that, like most persons, he had always associated with pris-

ons and all that appertained thereto.

Pretoria jail, never an abode of gloom, was at that day famous for laxity of discipline and its freedom from most of those features that render such institutions unpopular, as was proved by the extraordinary rarity of unauthorised and premature departures on the part of its inmates. It is true that long-term prisoners, indulgently allowed to go into town to transact urgent private business, were no longer refused readmission on returning late; but at this period the jail was, in the opinion of authorities, more than endurable. The presence of a large crowd of the victims of the Revolution, though it inconvenienced the ordinary prisoners in the matter of accommodation, called for so much attention from the always undermanned staff that normal conditions were relaxed; and it speaks well for the considerateness of those thus inconvenienced that they not only refrained from exacting from their guardians a full and strict performance of their duties, but overlooked numerous derelictions, and even undertook many little offices, thereby giving their warders more time and opportunity for making themselves useful to the politi-

cal prisoners, who were not tardy in recognising such services in the form most familiar and eloquent on the Rand.

Thus it came about that several prisoners had been deputed to perform for their fellows offices that, in the ordinary course, would have been expected of the warders; and except for occasional accusations of favouritism or shirking, the arrangement worked well. One of these deputies recognised Wilmot, and advised him to carry his bed from the gloomy cell at first assigned him to No. 4, a spacious apartment where the more experienced eye of Steevens detected evidences of a settled and advanced civilisation. As usual, his judgment proved sound, for the prisoners there were the *élite* of the company. They consisted of a Government railway clerk of indeterminate nationality, but speaking most European tongues, expiating the crime of embezzlement; an illicit liquor defaulter, who had taken the option of six months, yet had a convenient and puzzling command of ready cash for the purchase of forbidden luxuries; two famous highwaymen, who had come to grief over the holding up of the mail-coach; and a genial old Boer of ruddy and cheerful countenance, who had yielded to primordial impulse under the provocation of a vrouw with a bitter tongue, and silenced her with an axe. He had gone through the formality of listening to the death-sentence, and was now

meandering placidly through the two years' imprisonment which was the Draconian alternative to hanging.

A less criminal-looking assembly, judged by the traditional standard, could scarcely be conceived, and certainly no community could have been more harmonious and mutually considerate. They received Wilmot kindly, and made him free of the "club" at once,—a privilege that was not extended to Steevens, who found congenial companionship elsewhere with a fellow-victim of the Pretorian prejudice against demonstrative drunkards.

The cell-system usual in most prisons did not exist in the Pretoria institution. Originally a fort erected during the British occupation, it retained practically its first form. A large open space capable of providing a cricket pitch was surrounded on four sides by one-storeyed buildings that had been converted into receptacles for prisoners by slightly strengthening walls and doors and piercing small windows high up and barring them. These bars were the only evidence of restraint visible except the one or two Kafir prisoners who were in irons as the consequence of an attempt to escape. The white prisoners occupied the series of low rooms to the left of the entrance. They opened out of an open corridor, and were built with an irregularity and absence of system that suggested they had been added as required. On the right were a row of iron cottages

or single rooms devoted to debtors and special prisoners. The Reformers occupied several detached buildings that at various stages of their history had been residences and store-rooms. The natives were kept well segregated at the top end of the yard, a wide white line across the ground marking the limits of their domain.

During the day prisoners had the run of the yard, though according to the rules they were supposed to keep to their cells; but only an officious young warder ever attempted to enforce this regulation, which was not abused, the prisoners squatting or walking in the sunshine, and reserving any exuberance of manner or speech for the seclusion of their apartments, which accommodated from ten to four occupants apiece.

Wilmot soon found that Steevens was right when he observed there were worse places than Pretoria jail. Doubtless there was room for improvement in the diet, which, though ample, was coarse and unequal in quality; but, as an old hand explained, if the prisoners complained, and insisted, as they might, on the due performance of the Government's feeding contract, the authorities might retaliate by compelling the malcontents to perform their more onerous and well-defined obligations. As the balance of advantage at present lay with the prisoners, they discreetly held their tongues, and put up with weevily mealies and leathery trek-ox beef, in consideration

of the extra indulgences that uninterrupted laxity permitted.

"We are only waiting till our friends send our fine-money," Steevens explained to the orderly clerk who took names and particulars next day; and on the strength of that assurance, backed by the letters he and Wilmot wrote as soon as they could get material and permission, they were exempted from having to put on prison clothes, and by virtue thereof gained that respect and prestige which the other prisoners attached to *détenus* during their own pleasure.

Wilmot wrote a guarded letter to Hartley, giving a full account of his misfortune, authorising him to take from his bag the fifteen pounds that he would find there. As to the balance, he ventured to hope that Hartley would provide it somehow, for the energetic Yorkshireman was hardly likely to allow an important ally in a great enterprise to be put out of action for the sake of sixty sovereigns; and, as prison-life had not proved so irksome as he had feared, he was quite content to wait till rescued. Steevens was equally resigned. He had appealed to a friendly canteen-keeper.

"I'm worth two hundred a-year to him," said he, "and he's not going to lose a good customer for the sake of a tenner! Self-interest keeps more friends than love." And he ticked off the instances in which his fines had been paid by the canteen-keepers among whom he regularly distributed his earnings.

Steevens was a type of the skilled artisan much in evidence on the Rand,—a thoroughly capable mason, earning easily fifty pounds a-month when sober, and equally thorough in the alcoholic outbursts which were the objective point of his life.

“Every man has his own idea of pleasure after toil,” said he; “mine’s a good spree, and I always get it, but I don’t generally get as far as this. In Johannesburg I should have raised the money before I left the court, but I’m out of my bearings in Pretoria. Never get drunk outside your own lines.”

Wilmot reckoned on hearing from Hartley within the next four days, and settled down to exercise that power of adapting himself to circumstances which Adam had denied as an attribute of Englishmen. There was much that was novel and interesting in this strange experience. The other prisoners were extremely friendly and sympathetic, and in a day or two made him an honorary member of the “Gang.” This means that he was initiated into numerous ingenious tricks for obtaining indulgences and evading the irksomeness of such regulations as were insisted upon. He was shown how to conceal the forbidden tobacco, matches, and pipe; how to arrange his bedclothes into a tent, under which he could read by the light of a little lamp, made out of an ink-bottle and a wick twisted out of strands pulled from the coarse blankets. He was put in possession of the

peculiarities of the various jail officials, from the irascible old governor, ruled by his wife and daughters, down to the youthful boy-warder, whose joy and delight was to have charge of the flogging that provided a daily excitement and diversion. He had ample opportunity for noting how keen and accurate readers of character men may become when the question of their own ease or suffering is dependent upon their quickness in diagnosing by a glance the temper and humour of a warder; and knowing the right thing to say, or, what was equally important, the thing not to say. He was promised, after portentous warning of the consequences of betrayal, admittance to certain secrets by which the doctor could be bamboozled into ordering a prisoner to that Elysium, the Infirmary. But this most appreciated of the privileges won by cunning was held too precious to abuse, and no prisoner dared attempt to avail himself of the key without consent of the Gang. A systematic order was observed in the exercise of the right to “lay up,” and as the connivance of the others was always necessary to ensure selection, unauthorised malingering was rarely attempted, and never successful.

As is ever the case with officials, those who required the greatest care in handling were the young and freshly appointed, whose zeal had not been tempered by experience. One such would detect, apparently by scent alone, the unlighted pipe thrown hurriedly

beneath a bed, while an older warder on his tour of inspection would be so blinded by the smoke from half a dozen pipes that he was unable to observe the glowing bowls held in the hollow of the palm, and would go out to report "no irregularities." It was the same with the sense of touch. A young warder would discover the end of a cigarette or the "striker" of a match-box in a turned-up trouser on a prisoner returned from working with the road parties, while an older man would fail to notice the flask of whisky or paraffin-oil inside the shirt or cap.

The task of breaking-in and educating these over-zealous youngsters was left to the old hands. It was easy to ensnare the youth into some glaring breach of regulations after a time, and the rest was easy. "If you cannot pay me, don't worry me," was the old warders' motto, and no prison staff had less cause to complain of undue fussiness on the part of their charges. The discipline exerted by the potent Gang was more severe than that at command of the guardians. The man who irritated a warder became a common enemy, and rarely repeated the offence.

Of the subterranean passages for communication with the outside, Wilmot was not made free. That was the best preserved of all the secrets of the prison-house. He saw only results, and discreetly resisted the promptings of curiosity to know more, though the secret

would have been safe with him, as it is with every man who has learned it. It is a strange but well-attested fact that the higher degrees in the freemasonry of prison-life are rarely revealed to the outside world. May it not be that the sympathy that is best learnt in suffering acts as the seal? There are old and experienced jail officials who know less of these secrets than many a prisoner who has been but a few months under their care.

The fourth day came, but brought no letter from Hartley. Wilmot made anxious inquiry through half a dozen channels, official and otherwise, but no envelope addressed to him lay in the gatekeeper's lodge; and for the first time he gave way to depression. This was noticed by the storekeeper, an educated, handsome young German, serving two years for an ingenious cheque fraud. There were few secrets among prisoners, and the storekeeper guessed the cause of the Englishman's heaviness.

"You shall have diversion," he said kindly. "You shall help with the floggings. There are eight for noon to-day."

Wilmot winced, but Carl hastened to explain that the help would be limited to taking charge of the cats and the bucket of salt water.

"There's a coolie and a Shangaan to be lashed; they squeak funny, and make you laugh."

The prospect of amusement did not weigh so much with Wilmot as a morbid desire to see

for himself a thing much talked of. These lashings were justified or condemned so vigorously that he felt interested to know the truth about them, especially as those who had so much to say had not been able to speak with the authority of knowledge.

Wilmot carried a pail of salted water and four cats to a corner of the jail-yard, screened by the end of the cells. Up till a few months before, the triangle had been sloped against the wall of the prison in full view of all in the yard; but out of consideration for the feelings of the Reform prisoners, and possibly of those of their numerous visitors, the comparative privacy of the sheltered corner had been adopted. Wilmot examined the cats before he left the store, and was surprised at their innocent appearance — a handle fifteen inches long, with nine lashes of what looked like ordinary blind-cord, each lash knotted towards the end with nine small knots. An ordinary riding-switch seemed a terrible thing by comparison, but he had not seen them in use.

The eight victims were the first-fruits of the harvest of the Criminal Session Court then sitting, and ranged from an umfaan of sixteen, sentenced to fifteen and six months for stealing some trifle from his mistress, to a grizzled old Zulu of nearly seventy, who had earned two years and thirty-six lashes for that most heinous of crimes, sheep-stealing. The German jail doctor had certi-

fied them all fit for punishment by applying a stethoscope to their lungs and heart. The regulations required his attendance during the flogging; but he did not put in an appearance till the third man was being dealt with.

When Wilmot reached the corner the eight natives were standing in a group watching a native constable placing in position against the wall a wood frame like the back legs of a very wide step-ladder. This was the triangle, so called probably because it was a trapezoid. Three or four warders lounged around, awaiting their turn to use the lash, among them the boyish warder, whose prowess in the art of wielding the cat was the talk of the jail.

The first victim called was Sixpence, a big, well-developed young Zulu, with a round, stupid face and a fixed smile of mingled amusement and curiosity. He had looked on at the preparations with interest, and stepped briskly up to the triangle and watched the fastening of his wrists by the Kafir constable, as if trying to find out how it was done. When properly spread-eagled, he turned and glanced over his shoulder and grinned good-humouredly, eyeing the warder as he shook the brine from the cat with a preliminary crack. The nine lashes spread out widely over the naked shoulder and back. Sixpence gave a startled spring, remarked "Inkoos!" as a petulant child might say "Don't," and tried to see what the cat had done

to his back. A warder counted "een, twee, drie," till "fijftien." During the lashing Sixpence made no other sound; but the smile and look of surprise had given way to an expression of genuine annoyance, as if the joke he had anticipated had been carried too far. When cast loose, he made further efforts to examine the work of the lash, which was interrupted by the Kafir constable sousing him from neck to waist with a sponge dipped in salt water. He gave a writhe, and set about dusting and straightening his shirt, that had been lying on the ground. The stolidity of the creature astounded Wilmot, who could hardly believe his eyes when he saw him coolly squat against the wall, and with a laugh settle himself to watch the next performance. The subject was a Shangaan, one of a tribe held in contempt by Zulus, and reputed to be the most cowardly of the natives known in the Transvaal. He did not belie the reputation. He began to whine before the tying-up was completed, let out a piercing shriek as the boy-warder cracked the cat, and drowned the swish of the first cut with a howl that sent a curious thrill through Wilmot's entire body. The cut had brought blood, as the boy-warder boasted his cuts always did, for he employed the drawing stroke, which ploughs the flesh into nine furrows from shoulder to waist. The incompetent flogger allows the thongs to rebound from the flesh, leaving little more than a number of bead-

like lumps and discolorations. Before the twenty lashes were half counted Wilmot quite understood what he had heard urged against the inequality of the punishment of the lash, since ten strokes by an expert like this young savage would cut the flesh to ribbons, while thirty from another wielder of the cat would barely mark the skin.

A half-starved, frightened coolie was next spread-eagled, and the fun began, as promised by the young German. He struggled, shrieked, and implored in Dutch, Kafir, and his own language, and was half-dead with terror before the exertions of three Kafir constables had secured him. Sixpence enjoyed the spectacle immensely, and stopped rubbing his own lacerated back to stand up and watch the scene. Even the wretches awaiting their turns laughed at the contortions and howls, and the boy-warder was too convulsed with merriment to be able to begin. He had volunteered for the task, because, as he remarked, he hated coolies worse than Kafirs—a comment heard and understood by its subject, who renewed his anticipatory howls and struggles.

The butchery that followed turned Wilmot sick and faint. Every stroke left nine bleeding furrows on a back that had little flesh to cut. The fifth lash brought away a strip of skin and blood, that alighted on Wilmot's hand. To prevent himself from fainting, he plunged his hand into the

bucket of salt water and sprinkled his face.

The boy-warder noticed the effect produced on Wilmot. He paused in his work, looked at him with a grin, and remarked in English—

"I can flog—eh?"

"You are a brute—worse than a Kafir," Wilmot replied, burning with indignation and disgust.

It was a foolish speech—foolish, because, as an educated man, he should have known that the artistic temperament is always sensitive to praise or blame; and this Afrikaner was an artist in his special line, and expected appreciation. He not only did not get it from Wilmot, but had thrown at him instead the greatest insult that could be put upon his race. He had been compared to a Kafir, and by a Rooinek—a prisoner! The young German took in the situation, and drew Wilmot away.

"Go back to your room," he said kindly.

Wilmot went, and the boy-warder looked after him, then returned to his work. The doctor stopped him after five more strokes: there was not an inch of flesh remaining that was not gashed and quivering.

An hour later the boy-warder entered No. 4, where Wilmot was lying on the bed, heart and body sick.

"Come this way, Kerel."

There were other five men in the cell, but Wilmot knew without looking up that he was addressed. He followed

the young savage to the storeroom.

"Strip and put on those clothes," came the order. Wilmot protested that he was exempt,—that he was going to pay his fine.

The warder went to the door and called to three officials, who came up.

"This Rooinek says he'll see me damned before he strips," said he.

The three men rushed at Wilmot, forced him against the wall, and began to tear his clothes from him. Wilmot made a struggle for it, and got in several scientific blows that caused his assailants to stand off. Before they could recover and renew the attack, the deputy-governor, attracted by the sounds of the scuffle, looked in. He was a Hollander, and one of the few jail officials respected by the prisoners.

"Don't be a fool, Wilmot," he said kindly; "you'll do yourself no good."

Wilmot stated his case; the boy-warder stated his.

"Go back to your cell; never mind changing now."

Wilmot retired jubilant. He did not know that the friendly intervention was worse for him than the rough usage it had averted. The boy-warder was a true son of the soil, therefore had influence in high places which the deputy-governor had not. The private was often more powerful in the Transvaal than the captain.

Within twelve hours Wilmot had learned what it meant to irritate a jail official. The wrath of the Gang, when the

story was known, was intense. The boy-warder had for long been an object of their solicitude, for he had so far escaped corruption, and, strong in his knowledge that he was the *protégé* of an influential member of the Government, had displayed an independence and fearlessness in his tyranny that was the despair of the older hands and the terror of the new. They marked their disapproval by ordering Wilmot to return to the gloomy cell that had been at first assigned to him, now occupied by a morose and brutal Italian who spoke no English or Dutch, and was as dirty as the elastic rules of the jail would allow. He was also addicted to pacing the cell half the night gesticulating and shouting. The doctor was reported to have declared the man insane, but not sufficiently dangerous to justify removal.

"You're booked for the road party," said Steevens, when they met next morning in the yard. "You were a fool to quarrel with that young brute. He'll make your life a hell. Hurry up that fine-money, or you'll not need it."

Wilmot spent a miserable night. It was dark in the cell soon after six, and he had neither the light of the surreptitious lamp nor the cheerful companionship that made the evenings in No. 4 pass so agreeably. The horror of his wakefulness was intensified by the proximity of his cell to the quarters of the Kafirs. Some of the poor wretches who had been flogged that morning were separated from him only by a

grating-pierced wall, and their piteous groans and outcries, as they writhed on their faces in agony, tortured him. He could believe what one of the white prisoners who had "passed the triangle" for insubordination had remarked: "The five minutes under the lash are paradise compared with the forty-eight hours that follow. The agony doesn't begin till your arms are cast loose; then you know why the recollection of a flogging will keep the pluckiest a cowed cur for the rest of his life."

Wilmot discovered next day that the author of the most heartrending groans and wails was Sixpence, the Zulu who had taken his fifteen lashes without a cry.

It was an anxious quarter of an hour he passed next morning while the road party was being mustered, and he saw them go out with a thrill of delight. It was not the labour he feared so much as the march through the streets where he might be recognised. Had he but known he would have begged to be allowed to court the exposure he shrank from.

He remained in the gloomy cell and corridor for an hour or two to avoid the boy-warder; but the solitude and inaction at last impelled him to seek the warmth and sunshine of the yard. As he stood against a wall, he noticed a well-dressed young man looking hard at him. He was, apparently, an official of some kind, for he had been chatting familiarly with the deputy-governor, and walking about with the air of one having

the freedom of the place. Presently he sauntered towards Wilmot, and gave him a cheery "Good morning."

"Not raised that fine yet?" he remarked.

"I'm expecting it every post," Wilmot answered.

"Easier to get in than out, eh? Friends inclined to forget you when once behind these walls."

"Mine won't," Wilmot answered, with some asperity.

"Hope not," was the laconic retort, uttered, Wilmot thought, with some meaning.

"Are you on the staff here?"

"No; got business here, that's all. Got a friend there." He jerked his head towards the quarters occupied by the Reform prisoners. He lit a pipe and placed his back against the wall, as if disposed to continue the conversation.

"Treat you well?"

Wilmot added cautiously that things might be worse.

"Then you're lucky. Wait till they get you on the roads, as they will if that fine doesn't turn up."

Before Wilmot could reply to this disconcerting remark, the speaker walked quickly across the yard, took the arm of a warder, and disappeared through the main gateway.

A sickening sense of despair and abandonment settled on Wilmot. He had up till now felt only the vexation of postponement. He had invented fifty satisfactory reasons for the strange silence of Hartley, but hope and faith were killed by the parting remark of the stranger, for he seemed to speak

as one having a knowledge he would not fully reveal.

The rest of the day became an extension of the gloom of the cell, and the night one that filled an eternity of blackness.

Eagerly next morning he watched for the orderly who brought round the few and infrequent letters for prisoners, but his name was not called. Then came the suspense attending the mustering of the road party, and the relief as they marched out without him.

Two maddening days passed in solitude, save for the night companionship of the demented Italian. Even the cheery Steevens came not near him. He had been put to his work in the women's quarter of the prison, and as willing skilled workmen were always indulgently treated in Pretoria jail, the mason found means of killing spare time away from the gloomy area to which Wilmot was restricted. The cautiousness of self-interest prevented any member of the Gang showing friendliness to a prisoner under the ban of a vindictive and influential warder, who ordered Wilmot to his cell every time he noticed him in the yard. Fortunately the young brute was much away from the prison, being able to nominate himself for those light and agreeable duties that entailed day-long visits to town. Wilmot was thereby saved much persecution, but he felt keenly the injustice of the boycott. On the eighth day the young stranger, whom Wilmot learned was named Vollmer, appeared in the yard. He walked

straight past him into the building, signing him to follow, and led the way to the gloomy cell. Shutting the door, he produced a small parcel of cigarettes, some newspapers, a novel, and a flask of whisky.

"I brought them for my friend over there," he said, as he signed to Wilmot to put them under the bed; "but it would be dangerous to run them through. The warders have a concession for smuggling, and won't have any opposition."

There was a breezy spontaneous good-nature about young Vollmer that was particularly comforting to the lonely friendless prisoner, and his thanks were heartfelt, for he had been reduced to that condition of hopeless helplessness when sympathy is above rubies. It was an hour when the warders, having performed their routine duties, were least obtrusive. So Wilmot enjoyed the cigarette and whisky with the added zest that comes with the unexpected and forbidden luxury.

He lost no time in opening up the subject that was wearing him,—the non-receipt of a letter from Hartley.

Vollmer, sitting on the bed, made no reply for a space, but carefully rolled a cigarette. Then with significant deliberation, and without looking up, he asked—

"Is there any reason why your friends should keep you here?"

"What on earth puts that idea into your head?"

Wilmot made his reply

boldly, but the question had filled him with vague apprehension.

Vollmer was a long time rolling the cigarette. He answered with lackadaisical slowness—

"Well, you see, I'm more or less in a position to hear things, and I had an idea there might be more in your case than appears. I happened to be in court that morning, and I didn't like the look of the case. That story of the detective shadowing you as an illicit liquor hand was too thin. It's my opinion you are being kept out of the way for some reason. It's an old dodge here. Just turn over in your mind any little thing you may have said or done—for instance, any bit of dangerous information you may have got hold of that would be awkward for other people. It looks to me very much like a put-up job, and what you've got to find out is who would be most benefited by your being out of the way."

Wilmot stood speechless. This man was putting into words the vague suspicions and fears that forced themselves through the weak spots in the wall of reason which he had built on his theories to account for Hartley's non-intervention. It was a minute before he could frame a sentence to express his feelings.

"What do you know? Do you really believe what you suggest?"

Vollmer flicked the ash from his cigarette and cleared his throat before answering. His hesitating deliberation maddened Wilmot.

"Speak out!" he ejaculated. "Well, I can't say I *know*; but I suspect a good deal." He rose and moved to the door. "I must go now; but I'll keep my eyes and ears open outside, and let you know what I pick up. I shall be here again to-morrow. Good-bye. Keep your heart up, and think of what I've said."

Wilmot needed no prompting to think on what had been said, or rather suggested. Who would be benefited by his being out of the way? The obvious answer was Hartley and, indirectly, old Adam; but to suspect the former meant the wrecking of the absolute and pleasant faith with which that lovable though rugged fellow had inspired him, and the thought was bitter. There are few more poignant pains than those which come with the awakening knowledge that a genuine devotion and confidence have been misplaced and spurned, for to the sense of wrong suffered is added the humiliation of having proved so credulous and poor a judge of character.

Wilmot had ample time for tasting the bitterness of the draught. Vollmer did not visit the jail next day, neither was the monotonous loafing interfered with by the warders. When the first rush of indignant anger had worn itself out by its intensity, Wilmot began to reason, and stopped short at one impassable boulder. If Hartley had a hand in this, how could he, how dared he,

make the authorities parties to his action? Surely they were the least likely to be sought in alliance.

Two days later Vollmer again entered the cell. He brought a few luxuries, and talked gaily and genially of anything but the one subject that absorbed his listener, who could stand the suspense no longer, and boldly asked Vollmer if he had learned anything.

"Yes and no," he answered, with the old provoking dubiety. "It may be only rumour, but I have heard quite indirectly, and in a patchwork sort of way, something to the effect that you found out where some guns were hidden; that some other parties used your knowledge, then worked this plant on you, to get you out of the way of sharing the reward."

"Are they selling the secret to the Government?" Wilmot almost shouted, completely thrown off his guard.

"Yes; and they are holding out for a bigger reward than the Government will pay. In the end they will get their price. It's rough on you, for I hear they would have known nothing of it but for you. I know what I would do if I were in your place."

He paused and examined his cigarette.

"What?" Wilmot was feverish with indignation and anxiety.

"What any man would do. Get in first, collar the reward, and spoil their dirty game."

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

LORD MILNER'S RETURN—THE FIGHT AGAINST KRUGERISM—THE LAST FOLLY OF THE BOERS—THE CASE FOR INTERVENTION—THE HIGH COMMISSIONER'S DIPLOMACY DURING THE WAR—THE TASK OF RECONSTRUCTION—THE SECRET OF LORD MILNER'S SUCCESS—THE SUPPORT GIVEN BY THE GOVERNMENT—A HAPPY CONTRAST.

LORD MILNER, who returns to England with the secure consciousness of a great task worthily accomplished, is a statesman of the older fashion. He is a "college-bred" man, to use the bitterest term of contempt in the multi-millionaire's vocabulary, and, like Pitt, Canning, and many another, he was a scholar before he entered upon a political career. Nor was his scholarship easily acquired and lightly thrust aside. The High Commissioner in South Africa has not obscured the Fellow of New College, and those who believe that a training in the humanities is still of value cannot find a better example of their faith than Lord Milner. Some years spent in Egypt was an admirable complement to the discipline of a university, and when Sir Alfred Milner, as he was then called, went to Africa, he could look upon affairs through the eyes not merely of a wise tradition but of practical experience.

"A public servant," said Sir Alfred Milner, when he was appointed Governor of the Cape, "must go where he is wanted." And in 1897 South Africa wanted a strong and prudent man. Krugerism was then at its height, and the

cunning old President of the Transvaal had won triumphantly the second round in his duel with Cecil Rhodes. The failure of Dr Jameson's raid had strengthened his hands, as no achievement of his own could have strengthened them. The folly of others had made him omnipotent, and he was not slow to take advantage of his power. He overrode the decisions of his own High Court, in defiance of Chief-Justice Kotze, and affirmed that the resolution of the Volksraad—that is, of himself—had the force of law. He treated the Outlanders with an increasing violence and contempt; and if, in June 1897, he released the last of the imprisoned Reformers, he did so not in clemency, but because he wanted to be rid of them. Nor with Sir Alfred's arrival did the insolence of the Boers decrease. To prove that legal redress was henceforth impossible, Kotze was dismissed; and that the English might harbour no illusions as to their influence in the Transvaal, the Government of the South African Republic presently affirmed that the suzerainty of her Majesty had ceased to exist. At the end of 1898 Edgar, a British subject, was shot in

cold blood by a policeman, and, as though Providence, intending to destroy the Boers, had first driven them mad, the policeman was honourably acquitted. Immediately after this a meeting of British subjects, held at Johannesburg, was broken up by order of the Government, and at last the unredressed grievances of the Outlanders made war inevitable.

Such was the situation, already half-forgotten, that Sir Alfred Milner was asked to face, and, had he wavered, Krugerism might still have preserved its ascendancy. But he did not waver. Whatever views he may have entertained when he left England, in May 1899 his mind was made up. In a lucid and dignified despatch he set forth the difficulties of the situation. "The case for intervention," said he, "is overwhelming. The spectacle of British subjects kept permanently in the position of helots, constantly chafing at undoubted grievances, and calling vainly to her Majesty's Government for redress, does steadily undermine the influence and reputation of Great Britain and the respect for the British Government within the Queen's dominion." From this time until the declaration of war Sir Alfred Milner's policy was frank and firm. He was determined that British subjects should no longer suffer the indignities which the Boers had put upon them; and his task was rendered easier by the recklessness of President

Kruger. Had that cunning politician been capable of moderation, he might have deferred for many a year the triumph of Great Britain in South Africa. But his narrow vision permitted him to see no more than lay at his feet, and for an immediate "score" he was willing to forego a great advantage in the future. Lord Milner took full advantage of his indiscretion, which, each time it was repeated, strengthened the British case; and when the conference was held at Bloemfontein, it was instantly clear that the negotiations would fail. Thus, by his firm advocacy, Sir Alfred Milner had supported the cause of his neglected compatriots, and had prepared the way for the war which Kruger had long intended, and which nothing save dishonour could avoid.

But though the issue was now changed from the council chamber to the battle-field, Sir Alfred Milner's work was not finished. Mr Kruger had relied upon the help of Cape Colony, and it was Sir Alfred Milner's duty to check disloyalty and to keep Mr Schreiner and his Africander ministry in good temper. The task was delicate enough, and Sir Alfred performed it with infinite tact. In the months of disaster, the High Commissioner saved Cape Colony from revolt, and his authority kept upon our side many whose frank sympathies were with our enemies. But even before peace was made, the High Commissioner understood the paramount necessity

for reorganising the industries of the Transvaal; he transformed the concentration camps into schools; he already began to think of another harvest; and when the terms of peace were signed, the difficult task of reconstruction was well commenced.

Few statesmen have ever been asked to solve a darker problem. Still fewer have arrived at so wise a solution. The South African republics, impoverished by a war brought upon them by their own reckless folly, had neither the means nor the energy to rebuild their own industries. Two methods were open to us. We might have treated the Boers as the North treated the South after the American war, and left them to find their way back to prosperity as best they could; or we might have given them a helping hand. Fortunately, we realised that the future happiness of South Africa depended on the contentment of its people, and it was Lord Milner's duty to see that the colonists were resettled and the land reclaimed. The High Commissioner, therefore, was asked to satisfy not merely the conquerors, but the conquered,—to treat with an equal hand those who had attacked, and those who had upheld, the British rule in South Africa. It was for him to reward friends and to conciliate foes,—to make the loyal Boers feel that they were not forgotten, and to give to our most desperate enemies the means of carrying on their ancient activities.

There was commerce to be revived; there were ruined farms to be re-stocked; and even in these necessary processes there were fierce hatreds to be softened and bitter jealousies to be mitigated. Yet, though the terms of peace were the most generous ever given to a beaten foe, the Boers were not content, and, when the National Scouts were mentioned, they obstinately refused to forget the past. This animosity was intelligible, and it was not easy to overcome. But Lord Milner hit upon a sound expedient: he "collected the National Scouts of the poorer class in a certain number of farms capable of closer cultivation, which were either owned or hired by wealthier men in political sympathy with them, or at least not bearing them any grudge." The result was in all respects satisfactory. Not only were the Boers, who had fought for us in the war, protected against the insults of their fellows, but work was found for the "poor whites," whose misery had long been a disgrace to South Africa. Several thousands of landless men were given the chance "not only of maintaining themselves but of gradually acquiring a small capital." Such is one episode in an indefatigable campaign of reconstruction, and when the history of these times comes to be written, the restoration of the South African republics from penury to competence will be written in the language of panegyric.

Thus Lord Milner has performed his ungrateful task. He has watched the gold mines—upon which, after all, the fortune of the Transvaal depends—recover a semblance of their ancient prosperity; he has watched the gradual improvement of agriculture; and he returns to England with a clear consciousness that the future of South Africa is secure. Meanwhile the prejudices of race have been softened, and, thanks to an efficient diplomacy, we may yet realise Cecil Rhodes's ideal of "equality for all white men south of the Zambesi." But, even if this high hope be not fulfilled, the Boers will never sink to that condition of helotry into which, if they could, they would have plunged the Outlanders. If much remains to do, much has been done; and we may well ask what is the secret of Lord Milner's success? In the first place, he has always had the courage of his opinions, and he has never hesitated to express them. When he first went to Africa there was a general disbelief in the hardships of the Outlanders. The English public persisted in declaring that the evidence of Cecil Rhodes and other patriots was tainted by self-interest. But Lord Milner never refrained from plain speaking, and he made it clear from the first that if President Kruger did not respect the legitimate demands of the British Government, war must follow. The same courage which persuaded him to tell the unpalatable truth, compelled him also

to take an unpopular course when he believed it the right one. Recognising that the mines could only be made to pay by imported labour, he successfully urged the introduction of Chinese coolies upon the Government. A weaker man would have bowed to the storm which broke about him; but Lord Milner has never listened to the voice of ignorance, and has always done what he thought right, in defiance of popular clamour. And, after his courage, he has been best served by his perfect understanding of the imperial idea. He saw as clearly as Rhodes himself that Britain's supremacy in South Africa not only must be fought for, but also was worth fighting for. He, at any rate, would never take refuge in Little Englandism because a few hard knocks were threatened; and though, until the conference at Bloemfontein had failed, he did his best to further the cause of peace, he soon realised that the real object of Krugerism was to drive the English into the sea, and he did not shrink from the consequences of this discovery. He does not share the cynical opinion of Cecil Rhodes, that every man has his price, but he has accepted with perfect confidence that statesman's faith in British rule, and during his years of office he has seen Kruger's medieval despotism replaced by a freedom which is based upon an honourable loyalty to the British Empire. Lord Milner has achieved much,—more, perhaps, than is understood to-day; but he

could have achieved nothing had he not been most loyally supported by the Government. Hitherto Africa has been the grave of reputations. While the country has been governed by many distinguished statesmen, they have one and all, save Lord Milner, been compelled to contend with ministers at home. Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Sir George Grey, Sir Bartle Frere, all had the same sad experience, and neither party in the State can lay claim to a monopoly in evil-doing. Again and again during the last seventy years distinguished public servants have told the English people the truth about South Africa; and again and again the English people, represented by its Ministers, has preferred falsehood. The knowledge which has been rejected with cold-blooded impertinence might have saved the country thousands of lives and hundreds of thousands of pounds; but politicians have cared less for truth than for votes, and British lives and British governors have been sacrificed too often to the lust of popularity. It is less than a quarter of a century ago that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr Gladstone vied with one another in censuring Sir Bartle Frere. Neither the one nor the other recognised that it was his duty to support his subordinate; but while Sir Michael erred merely from lack of understanding, Mr Gladstone cannot be so easily absolved. Throughout the Mid-Lothian campaign he pleaded the cause of the Boers

with his customary eloquence, and he received the worst insult that has ever been put upon a British Minister in a vote of thanks from the Boer Committee. Happily for Mr Gladstone, the thanks were undeserved, for no sooner had he been returned to power than he repudiated his new friends. However, if he did not hand back the Transvaal to President Kruger, he did the next best thing—he recalled Sir Bartle Frere. A memorial, signed by ninety of his friends, left him no doubt as to the propriety of sacrificing a distinguished governor to the caprice of the Liberal party. The memorial, a monument of cynicism, cannot be too often quoted. It set forth in plain terms that the recall of Sir Bartle Frere “would greatly conduce to the unity of the party, and relieve many members from the charge of breaking their pledges to their constituents.” The party was united for a while, and some refractory consciences may have been appeased. But at what a cost! Had Mr Gladstone not thrown Sir Bartle to the lions of his party, the surrender after Majuba would not have taken place, Mr Kruger would not have been permitted to insult our fellow-countrymen for many years while he was preparing the means which he hoped would drive them into the sea, and we should have been spared three years of desperate fighting.

It is well to recall the fate of less fortunate governors when we estimate Lord Milner's services. As we have said, he

alone of all those who have represented us in South Africa has been given a full measure of responsibility. And, while we do honour to him who has not fallen below a lofty occasion, we may congratulate ourselves that a better system now obtains: we may hope that, even if the too-confident Radicals be returned to power, they will not again disgrace their country merely to please their constituents, or to rock a restive conscience to sleep. But if Lord Milner had the support in a troubled time of the most powerful Minister that ever governed our Colonies, he amply justified the trust reposed in him. His unpopularity is a proof of his strength. He has never stooped to conciliate his opponents, either at home or in Africa. The Boers, who at the outset affected to despise him, have at last paid him the tribute of a hostile respect. The pro-Boers of London, the more indignant because they hoped that he would play their game, have insolently dismissed him as a "garden - party

satrap." But he has done his work completely detached from the strife of parties, and gaily heedless of adverse criticism. His has been the rare good fortune to "see the thing through." He arrived in Africa two years before the war; he watched the progress of hostilities; and he brought back peace into the wilderness. To few men is it given to observe with perfect clearness the result of their own actions, the triumph of their own policy. It is the fate of most men to play their little part in a corner of the stage, and to let posterity harmonise their performance with the performance of the others. But Lord Milner has remained long enough in South Africa to see a finished piece of history steadily and to see it whole. Moreover, he returns to us still a young man, experienced in the difficult arts of government, and ready to serve his country in Parliament or abroad with the loyalty and courage of which in Africa he has given so splendid an example.

MR BALFOUR AND LORD BEACONSFIELD.

WE know not if it has been generally observed that coincidentally with a reissue of Lord Beaconsfield's political novels events have been occurring in the House of Commons which clothe with fresh interest the speculations to be found in 'Coningsby.' One very competent critic, Mr Sidney Low, would, we fancy, see nothing unreasonable in regarding them as symptoms of an approaching change in our parliamentary system, such as Lord Beaconsfield foresaw. In his latest published work, 'The Governance of England,' Mr Low has some interesting remarks on the relations between Parliament and the Government, which at the present moment seem particularly opportune. Without going the length of assuming that the fulfilment of the 'Coningsby' prediction is either near at hand, or even so far within the range of probability as to call for serious consideration, it is worth while, we think, to ask in what direction recent parliamentary proceedings would seem to be leading us, and whether we are justified in viewing them as a first stage in the evolution of that political future which the great Tory statesman believed might be in store for us.

As we do not propose to make this article a very long one, we may find room for a few extracts from 'Coningsby,' which will be the shortest way of introducing the comparison

which we wish to institute between the House of Commons as it is under Mr Balfour and as it was described in his own time by Lord Beaconsfield.

"'You will observe, says Sidonia, 'one curious trait in the history of this country, the depositary of power is always unpopular—all combine against it, it always falls.'

"Power was deposited in the great Barons; the Church, using the King for its instrument, crushed the great Barons. Power was deposited in the Church; the King, bribing the Parliament, plundered the Church. Power was deposited in the King; the Parliament, using the People, beheaded the King, expelled the King, changed the King, and, finally, for a King substituted an administrative officer. For one hundred and fifty years Power has been deposited in the Parliament, and for the last sixty or seventy years it has been becoming more and more unpopular. In 1830 it was endeavoured by a reconstruction to regain the popular affection; but, in truth, as the Parliament then only made itself more powerful, it has only become more odious. As we see that the Barons, the Church, the King, have in turn devoured each other, and that the Parliament, the last devourer, remains, it is impossible to resist the impression that this body also is doomed to be destroyed; and he is a sagacious statesman who may detect in what form and in what quarter the great consumer will arise."

Such was the opinion of a man who, with great political sagacity and a practical experience of Parliament, combined the advantages enjoyed by a detached observer comparatively free from party prepossessions or the tyranny of parliamentary shibboleths.

"As Parliament has made itself more powerful, it has only become more odious." This is strong language. "Odious," of course, is a manifest exaggeration, but let us see what follows:—

"An educated nation recoils from the imperfect vicariate of what is called a representative government. Your House of Commons, that has absorbed all other powers in the State, will in all probability fall more rapidly than it rose. Public opinion has a more direct, a more comprehensive, a more efficient organ for its utterance, than a body of men sectionally chosen. The Printing-press is a political element unknown to classic or feudal times. It absorbs in a great degree the duties of the Sovereign, the Priest, the Parliament; it controls, it educates, it discusses. That public opinion, when it acts, would appear in the form of one who has no class interests. In an enlightened age the Monarch on the throne, free from the vulgar prejudices and the corrupt interests of the subject, becomes again divine!"

If the words "a body of men sectionally chosen" were true of the Commons sixty years ago, how much more true are they at the present day! The House of Commons is now, and threatens to become more and more so with every fresh general election, a conglomeration of sectional interests, without any cohesion or common object of pursuit. The labour party, the church party, the military party, the non-conformist party, the temperance party, each intent on its own speciality, make up a heterogeneous body quite incompetent to deal with great national or imperial subjects, to which each group, of course, will only assign a second place

after the question which interests itself. Such a body, in fact, no longer represents the nation as a great imperial unit.

With one more quotation we turn from Lord Beaconsfield to Mr Balfour:—

"I would accustom the public mind to the contemplation of an existing though torpid power in the constitution capable of removing our social grievances. The House of Commons is the house of a few. The Sovereign is the sovereign of all. The proper leader of the people is the individual who sits upon the throne."

A passage which acquires some significance from the declaration lately made on King Edward's behalf by Lord Knollys.

The above extracts convey a general impression of what Lord Beaconsfield, when Mr Disraeli, thought about the House of Commons in the middle of the last century. It was no longer popular; it was not fairly representative; yet it exercised despotic power, and used it only for the promotion of class or sectional interests. It was sinking, he thought, in public opinion every day; and supposing this to be true, what has occurred since then to restore it to any higher level? The Coalition Ministry and the Crimean War certainly had not that effect. The censure on Lord Palmerston in 1857 certainly had not that effect. The Reform Bills of 1867 and 1885 have certainly not had that effect. And lastly, the system of Obstruction, inaugurated and brought to perfection during the last thirty years, has degraded the

House of Commons in the eyes of all thinking men, and has half accomplished what the Irish Nationalist Party have openly avowed to be their real object. Some of these changes have all but destroyed the ancient parliamentary traditions which ensured the decorous and efficient despatch of public business, and have given prominence to a class of members for whom such words as tradition and prescription have no meaning. Other circumstances have combined to render the floor of the House of Commons a frequent scene of brawls and personal altercations, from which the public turn away in weary disgust. If the standard of parliamentary eloquence has been maintained, the standard of debate has not. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Sir William Harcourt, Mr Chamberlain, Mr Bright, and Mr Balfour, need fear no comparison with the great orators of the past. But there is a marked inferiority in the rank and file, owing no doubt to the new elements infused into the House by the Reform Bills, and the selection of members from a different class of society. The art of debating seems almost extinct, except upon the two front benches, and even there it has not many professors of the highest class. One of the members of the House of Commons in former days, who, without being a leading orator, was an almost perfect debater, was the present Duke of Rutland when he sat in Parliament as Lord John Manners. There is no one like him now; and when people talk of the dulness

of modern debates, and declare that nobody ever reads them, here they have one of the reasons for it.

Thus, while some causes have undermined the efficiency of the House of Commons, others have impaired its dignity and lowered its character; and can we honestly say that if Lord Beaconsfield returned to life to-morrow he would find it either more popular or more respected than when he wrote 'Coningsby.' The answer which most people, Lord Hugh Cecil among the number, would give to this question, is that so far from having gained ground in public esteem since that date, the House of Commons has lost a good deal of what it then possessed. It doesn't matter whether we accept Lord Beaconsfield's estimate or not. Whatever the position in which the House stood sixty years ago, it stands in a lower one now. Of that there can be no doubt. It has declined, says Lord Hugh Cecil, both "in reputation and efficiency," and the Opposition would do well to remember that they must not rely too much on a prestige which is fast waning, or on conventions which, thanks mainly to themselves, are fast becoming obsolete.

Can they suppose that the public will continue to listen without a sneer to tedious repetitions of exhausted arguments from the lips of third-rate subordinates, with whom the tone proper to an assembly of statesmen degenerates into a mere scold; while the whole argument in the end dribbles away into a swamp of muddy

invective? And this, too, when time is so urgently needed for the consideration of really important measures in which the national welfare and the interests of the working classes are so deeply concerned. Lord Hugh Cecil thinks that these several discussions will have a powerful effect on the country; and we should not be surprised if they had, but not in the direction which his lordship anticipates. The verdict of the country will be that it is the Opposition, and not Mr Balfour, who are bringing into contempt that great National Council which was once the pride and glory of Great Britain. It is they who are dragging it down, not only by the weight of that vapid verbiage which is like sawdust in the mouth, but by the persistent repetition of false issues which are too transparent to escape detection, and too disingenuous for even parliamentary morality to condone.

Of the four attacks, which Mr Balfour has thought it the wisest plan to ignore, the first was led by Mr Ainsworth, the member for Argyllshire, on the 22nd of March,—

“That, in the opinion of this House, the imposition of a general duty on all manufactured goods imported from abroad not exceeding 10 per cent on the average, and varying according to the amount of labour in these goods, would be injurious to the commercial interests of the United Kingdom.”

The second was led by Mr J. Walton, the member for Barnsley, on the 28th, with a resolution simply stating that “the House thinks it necessary to record its condemnation of

the policy of fiscal retaliation.” Mr Osmond Williams, member for Merionethshire, followed next day with a resolution declaratory of the injurious effect likely to be produced on British shipping by Mr Chamberlain’s proposals; and on the 4th of April Sir Joseph Leese, member for Accrington, returned to the attack with a motion directed against the taxation of corn, meat, and dairy produce, and asserting that no remission of duties on tea, sugar, coffee, and cocoa would compensate for such taxation. We have put all four resolutions together, because they all point to the same end, and Mr Balfour’s remarks on the first of them serve as a reply to all. If more should be moved before this article goes to press, we do not anticipate that they will in any way affect its general tenor. Before, however, proceeding to the great topic of the day, “the Ministerial secession,” we must notice one statement which has been so frequently repeated by the Free-Fooders as to be commonly accepted even by many Tariff reformers. One example of it will suffice. Sir Joseph Leese asked, why depart from Free Trade after “the sixty years of plenty and cheapness” which had followed its adoption? This is a convenient assumption so confidently put forward that it generally passes unquestioned. But how does it agree with the rapid increase of pauperism, the decline of trade, and the ruin of agriculture?

In his speech on the 22nd of March, Mr Balfour gave his reasons for declining

to take any part in these debates. The first was of a general character. He thought the time had arrived when it would be well for Government as a rule to give up all interference with the action of private members, and leave the House to deal with them as it chose without bringing "the ordinary party machinery" to bear upon them. We shall notice these words again presently. They constitute, in our opinion, the most important part of the speech. His second reason was, that the only possible object which the mover could have had in mind was to embarrass the Government. Mr Asquith had admitted that the subject had been threshed out in the country, and it was idle to talk of instructing or influencing a House of Commons which could have nothing to do with the settlement of the question. The time to influence the House of Commons would be after the next general election.

To this, of course, there could be no answer. But the Opposition have contended all along that it was the duty of the Prime Minister and his party to sit quietly and be talked to for a whole evening, though the speeches addressed to them could lead to no practical result, and might just as well have been addressed to the four winds. If, then, the object of the Opposition was merely to embarrass the Government, Ministers had a perfect right to refuse to be embarrassed. If they saw that a trap had been set for them, they were

perfectly justified in stepping on one side, instead of walking into it. If the object of the attack was solely to waste time, the Opposition could hardly expect Mr Balfour to help them in that. And if—and now we come to their real purpose—their end and aim was to set a false issue before the country, and to use the opportunities afforded by the House of Commons for hammering it into the public mind, Mr Balfour knew well enough that nothing could be done by replying to them, and that the more answers they got the more they would demand. They only wanted to be contradicted. More fuel for their eloquence was their pressing necessity. The more that was said on the subject from the Ministerial benches, the more scope for misrepresentation would the Opposition enjoy. Mr Balfour declined to accommodate them. His views were perfectly well known, and he was not going to reiterate them for the fiftieth time merely to provide excuses for renewed displays of that sterile tautology in which his critics take so much delight. These tactics exasperated the Opposition. But it was the best thing Mr Balfour could do. When a house is in flames it is sometimes necessary to pull down adjoining buildings to prevent them from spreading; so in this case the best way to abate the nuisance was to give the Opposition nothing further to lay hold of. Cease to feed the devouring element and it will gradually die out. Cut off the

supply of provocation which argument is sure to breed and you starve the fire.

Regarded as a question of parliamentary tactics, Mr Balfour's mode of meeting the attack was excellent. It showed not his weakness but his strength. A weak Minister, or one conscious of a bad case, would not have dared to do it. If it was unprecedented, we have reached a stage in our parliamentary history when more novelties may be expected. And now we see how Mr Balfour's action and Lord Beaconsfield's reflections show signs of converging. When Mr Balfour announced that questions or measures introduced by private members should be discussed on their own merits, and left to take their chance among the various sections of the House without being subject to the "ordinary machinery of party," he was taking a most important step towards securing the independence and the stability of Governments. If Ministers were relieved from all responsibility for the action of private members, the Opposition would lose one powerful weapon of attack, such motions being often used as stalking-horses for striking a blow at the Government, which, according to prevailing usage, may, and often does, prove fatal. To what extent such a change would strengthen the hands of Government and disable the tools of faction can be understood at a glance; and it is clear that whatever tended to fortify the position of the Ministers would extend at the

same time the authority of the Crown. Lord Hugh Cecil approved of Mr Balfour's suggestion. He said it was the only way by which "the reputation and efficiency of Parliament could be restored." And this independent testimony to the necessity of raising Ministers above the level of minor parliamentary conflicts, and reserving the pressure of party for questions of first-class importance endorsed either by the Government or the leaders of the Opposition, is of great value. Such a system would go far to cut the claws of the "Thirty Tyrants," as Lord Beaconsfield called them, of whom a most amusing and instructive picture is to be found in 'Sybil.'

To put it shortly: if on a very large class of questions introduced by private members Ministers could act as private members themselves, without their support to whichever side it was given being regarded as official, their defeat would not affect the Cabinet in the smallest degree. A Minister on taking his part in the division would be acting simply as member for Manchester, or Monmouth, or Kent, or Sussex, and not as Secretary of State, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, or First Lord of the Admiralty. Whether all the occupants of the Treasury Bench voted together, or some on one side and some on the other, would make no difference. They would be voting, so to speak, *incognito*, and no official significance would attach to either the success or the failure of the cause which they

espoused. If it were generally understood that such was the attitude adopted by Government towards this whole class of questions,—not, of course, without some necessary exceptions,—a pregnant change would be effected in our parliamentary procedure. This is the change which Mr Balfour, as far as his own influence extends, undertakes to carry out, and to recommend all future Governments to adopt. This is the principle of which he has now given a leading illustration in his demeanour towards the four Free-Feeders, and the solemn lectures which they had prepared for him. And it is one completely in accordance with the views expressed by Lord Beaconsfield.

Oh, but, it is said, to walk out of the House and refuse to hear the lesson to be read to him by his appointed monitors showed a great want of respect for Parliament, and was an “insult” to the Opposition. As the Opposition at the present moment seem to have little respect for themselves, we do not see that the Government is bound to show them any more. At all events, if Lord Beaconsfield’s description of the House of Commons as it was in 1845 was true, and Mr Balfour’s and Lord Hugh Cecil’s account of it as it is in 1905 is true, the public will hardly complain if sharp remedies are applied to the disease. If to dispense with “the ordinary machinery of party,” in the case of private members, is calculated to diminish the multitude of vexa-

tious proposals which are now introduced, as Mr Balfour said, for the sole purpose of embarrassing the Government, a great deal will have been done towards “restoring the reputation and efficiency” of the House of Commons. When it is found out that Governments can no longer be embarrassed by such proceedings, it will no longer be worth while to encourage them, and the field will be left clear for more honest and necessary work. By embarrassing the Government is meant, of course, placing them in a dilemma, by setting some resolution or some measure before them which they will have a difficulty in either supporting or opposing. But if Ministers gave their votes only as private members, and not as representing the Government, or did not give them at all, the difficulty could not arise. For all that Mr Balfour has said or done in this matter must be read in the light of his remarks on the motives of private members:—

“On what principle do private members draw the resolutions that they submit for discussion within these walls? I am making no criticism of hon. gentlemen opposite as distinguished from hon. friends of mine on this side of the House; but does any private member in drawing a resolution, on a subject which is matter of party controversy, draw it in order to get a perfectly plain and unmistakable issue embracing the whole subject before the House, or does he draw it in order to embarrass his opponents? According to my observation—I make no criticism of the member—it is always done, in these matters, to embarrass his opponents. And why should it not be so? Quite right. We meet here,

no doubt, to further national business, but we also meet here to fight out our differences; and we cannot ask a private member to be so above the influence of that party atmosphere in which he lives and moves and has his being as deliberately to set to work to make the issue he raises as convenient, as clear, and as unambiguous as possible, in order that a decision may be taken upon it. He does nothing of the kind, and you will never get him to do anything of the kind."

If to defeat such tactics as these, by dispensing with the party machinery which alone enables them to succeed, and thereby to increase the time at the disposal of the House for national business,—if to put such a method in force, at a moment when affairs seem specially to call for it, is an insult to Parliament and the Opposition, let the latter carry their complaint to the hustings, and see what change they will get for it.

The ironical compliments which Mr Balfour paid to the Opposition on the cleverness of their scheme for entrapping him, reminds us of what Lord Beaconsfield, when still Prime Minister, once said across the House of Lords to Lord Granville, in commenting on some affair which the latter had brought under his notice: "So your Lordships will see that there is not one word of truth in the statement which the noble Earl, as leader of the Opposition in your Lordships' House, has very properly put forward." It was all right. Lord Granville was only discharging a function appertaining to his office. And so with the Opposition of to-day. But

if they are well within their rights in drawing up resolutions intended only to bother the Government, and without any practical bearing on the question to which they nominally refer, the Prime Minister is equally within his rights in taking such steps to counteract their manœuvres as his judgment may dictate. There is nothing in the law or usage of Parliament that we know of to compel Ministers to sit through any debate whatever, and much less one which is wasted on the present House of Commons, and will have to be all gone over again when its successor is elected. If there has been any violation of the comity of Parliament, the Opposition began it by refusing to accept Mr Balfour's assurances that in their sense of the word he was no Protectionist, and by putting him on the rack in order to extort from him a confession of something which he never either said or did:

"belli commercia Turnus
Sustulit ista prior."

The Opposition have egregiously failed, and it remains to be seen whether they will be stupid enough to go on knocking their heads against a stone wall during the remainder of the session.

It is time it was recognised to what an extent the action of Parliament has changed within the last half century, and that methods which might have been censured under one set of conditions may be not only justifiable but absolutely necessary under another.

A STUDY OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

BY CHASSEUR.

V. PORT ARTHUR. (WITH MAP.)

IT is now our intention to turn aside from the main issue of Oyama's advance into Manchuria and to study briefly the conditions which last year centred round Port Arthur. We have already dwelt upon the fundamental strategical error which placed Stössel's garrison at the mercy of the Japanese as soon as the latter were moderately successful. It will not be necessary in this paper to refer back to these dogmatisms; but we will point out that of itself the actual siege of Port Arthur, as far as the Russian army is concerned, is but an incident in the great campaign. Yet, when we consider the importance which sea-power has upon all strategy, we must realise the significance both of the effort which was made by Japan to reduce Port Arthur in the shortest possible time, and of the stubborn front shown by the defenders. In the peculiar circumstances of Russia's position in the Far East, the defenders of Port Arthur were fighting for the only means which could ultimately turn the balance of success with any certainty in their country's favour, while the attackers were struggling to succeed with equal knowledge of the value of the naval base, which uninvested would command their own communi-

cations. The whole thesis of the importance of the struggle is to be found in Nogi's simple and manly general order to his troops, made on August the 24th, when it was certain that Russia would despatch an armada to the Far East:—

"SOLDIERS,—The task you are about to undertake is exceedingly important. I may almost say that the safety of Japan and the honour of our army depend on the issue of this fight. Think of these things. Overcome all difficulties. Pay the debt every soldier owes to his country. The enemy will resist obstinately. If your commanding officers fall, let their juniors replace them. If these fall, let non-commissioned officers be their substitutes. If the non-commissioned officers fall, let privates succeed them. Whatever obstacles you encounter, fight to your last man."

It is not our object here to trace back the past history of Port Arthur. In our opening paper we touched upon this point, and we will now proceed to handle the blood-stained narrative which centres round the modern history of this citadel, taking the fortress as the Japanese found it, when on May 28 Nogi first threw out his outposts on the north-eastern end of the Kwangtung promontory. Since the days of Todleben and Sevastopol, the Russians have always possessed a character for military fortification. And from the moment that they were quietly

allowed to possess themselves of Port Arthur, they proceeded to put to its best use this faculty for which they held a European credit.

The defensive works at Port Arthur may, for the purpose of generalisation, be divided into three classes. There were the forts which frowned along Golden Hill and Liau-ti-shan, constructed directly for the purpose of guarding the narrow and difficult fairway into the naval base. There were the main and permanent fortresses which girdled the old and new towns of Port Arthur, and which were destined to be the keep and citadel of the Russians in this limb of their possessions in the Far East. Besides the permanent forts, there were existing before the outbreak of war certain subsidiary works which were intended in the event of disaster to keep at arm's length from the final citadel any hostile force pursuing a land campaign. What is most remarkable, perhaps, is the natural strength of the country in the immediate environment of the Port. The conformation of the hills which raise themselves proudly round the lagoon which furnishes the inland harbour, seems by nature to have been adapted for the very object of defence. This lagoon is practically encircled by a curtain of saw-topped ridges, which vary in altitude to anything from two hundred to fifteen hundred feet. They stretch away landwards in a mass of succeeding folds and

ridges, so that one can almost sympathise with the belief which the Russians held that this, their Far Eastern first-class fortress, was impregnable. The main trace of the inner and permanent works was ready made by the hand of Providence. This is evident, since we find that the Russians selected for their permanent defences practically the same alignment as the Chinese had fortified years before.

These permanent works, intended for land defence, consisted of a chain stretching from Tahke Bay on the west to Ehrlung, due north of the old town of Port Arthur, including Kikwan or Cockscomb Hill, Kinkeeshan, and the Shaoku-shan group.¹ East of the railway and north-east of the new town are Wangti, Antzu-shan, and Itzushan. These were the main defences—permanent as opposed to the subsidiary line beyond them, which in reality, since the war, had been rendered almost as powerful as the fortress they were intended to protect. To the west, in the subsidiary line of outer fortifications, we have north of Tahke Bay, Wankiatu, Takushan, the Kikwan outer forts, Banjusan due north of Kikwan, and the lesser Ehrlung forts protecting the waterworks. North of Wangti, again, are the powerful lunettes of Sueizayang and Fort Kuropatkin; to the east of this is the Metre Hill group, covering the powerful redoubts of Panglu-shan; whilst south of the Metre

¹ See Map at end of article.

group we have the now far-famed 203 Metre Hill fort with its buttresses, 110 Metre point and Akasakayama, which has played so great a part not only in the history of this siege, but in the history of the whole war. The perimeter enclosed by this girdle of subsidiary works averages just about fifteen miles, yet even outside these limits there were further subsidiary works,—to the north, Wolf Hill and the Ehrlung lunettes; and swinging round again to the east, the forts and redans which cover Louisa Bay. To these we will refer subsequently.

The main defences are closed works of enormous strength. Their ditches are completed with caponiers and galleries, and for the most part the escarp and counterscarps are formed by cutting down or blasting into the solid rock. Also, the forts being situated on the tops of high hills, it must always have been difficult for the besiegers to have observed and judged the effect of their breaching operations, even if it were possible for modern artillery to breach such heavy parapets. In front of these permanent works the Russians, after the outbreak of war, completed three lines of defence. The first we have already described in our account of the battle of Nanshan on the Kinchau Isthmus: eight miles south of this was their second line, which stretched from Ingentsi Bay on the north to Liautishan on the south-east of the Kwangtung promontory, and consisted of a powerful chain of lunettes and redans. Ten to

twelve miles south-east of this line was a third line of defences. Apart from caponier and gallery, each separate work was protected by *fougasse*, mine, abattis, and entanglement; and in some of the lunettes even fish-torpedoes were found, giving evidence of the infinite resource to which these desperate electricians gave effect when it became evident that the garrison of Port Arthur would have to struggle in hand-grips to preserve their nation's honour.

To hold these mighty lines Stössel had between thirty and forty thousand Siberian troops,—an army corps behind intrenchments. And such intrenchments! What a stupendous task lay before the Japanese. Yet with the memory of Nanshan before us, and the knowledge of the naval support that Togo would be able to give to the army, there were few who deemed that the task was impossible. We can now turn to considerations which are of greater import than the mere record of spade, mattock, cement, and mortar. Captain Thuillier, in his excellent work on 'The Principles of Land Defence,' says:—

"It is believed that the teaching of all past history, as well as the experience of our last war, alike bore out the opinion that the following are the prime conditions which every defensive work should fulfil:—

1. It should admit of the utmost possible scope for the effective use of the weapons employed by the defenders.

2. Conversely, it should restrict to as great an extent as possible the effect of the attackers' weapons.

These conditions apply equally to

all times, and all weapons,—to the days of pikes and broadswords, of bows and arrows, battering-rams and catapults, and to those of magazine rifles and quick-firing guns.”¹

From what we have read and described of the massive strength of these great defensive structures, it would be inferred, if one had not such admirable axioms as the above at one’s elbow, that Port Arthur was the veritable impregnable fastness that the Russians themselves believed it to be. But the expert may possibly see in the appearances which most impress the layman the greatest weakness. We have on record the impressions of a very able British Sapper, who, writing in the leading journal with regard to these very fortifications, committed himself to the following opinion:—

My general impression of the half-dozen forts which I passed close to, and others I saw in the distance, was that, though powerful to a degree, they were perched on such elevations as with difficulty to search the ground before them with their fire. An enterprising enemy, it struck me, would find in these declivities, depressions, and valleys quickly becoming dark in the gloaming, many a spot technically termed “dead ground,” in which he might mass companies or battalions before leading them onwards.

If a British expert came to this conclusion during a more or less perfunctory visit, how much more likely were the Japanese sappers, some of whom themselves had worked as coolies in the completing of this fortress, to realise their weaknesses and shortcomings.

The final issues of the siege have proved how right is the mental impression left upon that English officer’s mind. The very strength of the Russian fortresses proved their undoing, since even though those great keeps towered above the surrounding country, they did not admit of the utmost possible scope for the effective use of the weapons employed by the defenders, nor conversely did they restrict to as great an extent as possible the effect of the attackers’ weapons.

In an earlier paper it was shown how, when Oku defeated Stössel’s lieutenant at Nanshan, the Japanese 2nd Army pressed the defeated Russians back upon their second line of defence. The three divisions of Oku’s army kept touch with the Russian outposts until the first of Nogi’s divisions was able to land; then, leaving the 1st Japanese Division, Oku commenced his march north up the Liautung peninsula, on which we have followed him as far as Liauyang. Nanshan was fought on May 27. The second of Nogi’s regular divisions, namely the 9th, did not land in Kwantung until a month later. We make this point here, as it was, in our opinion, over the handling of the Port Arthur investing army and the retention of Oku’s two divisions in the Kwantung peninsula that the Japanese made their most far-reaching strategical blunder.

But this we have already

¹ The Principles of Land Defence. By Captain H. F. Thuillier, R.E. Longmans & Co., 1902.

dealt with in a previous paper, and we will now proceed to examine the incident of the investment and siege of Port Arthur, as far as the materials to hand will allow. It must be said with every regret that the materials at the present moment, upon which it is possible for the historian to work, are scanty in the extreme. As is our custom, we turn to the library list, and we find that up to date only one volume has been published from the pen of those Europeans who have been privileged by the Japanese to be eye-witnesses of these stupendous operations. This is the work of Mr Frederick Villiers.¹ We had hoped that this veteran war artist would have seized this as the opportunity of his lifetime, to give to the world a really valuable study of a modern siege. We have heard a great deal about the difficulties which the correspondents attached to the Japanese army experienced. But as Mr Villiers' book is full of graceful compliment to the Japanese for the treatment which they gave him and for the facilities which they afforded him, we anticipated that, at least, he would have made good opportunities which apparently were not universal. As we close the book it is difficult to refrain from expressing our disappointment. Mr Villiers has missed the chance of his lifetime, for though the subject is the greatest that has ever been before him in his career of varied

experiences, although the Japanese gave him the facilities they denied to others, yet he has failed to use his opportunity, and his book will be put aside as valueless to the historian and barely interesting to the casual reader. But though the letterpress is insipid and in places almost puerile, yet Mr Villiers' sketches are generally illuminating, and one does not hesitate to say that, for the purpose in hand, a portfolio of Mr Villiers' sketches would have been infinitely more acceptable than his diary.

Nogi was not in a position to do more than keep touch with Stössel's outposts for nearly a month, and during this period we have the now familiar picture of the two armies fully intrenched almost within pistol-shot of each other. The Russians held the line which included Hsiau-shan and Kenshan. Both of these latter positions are hills of considerable height, standing up from the plain, much after the manner of the kopjes in South Africa. In fact, in the whole group of hills which furnish Kwantung there is to be found a considerable similarity to many landscapes in Natal and the Transvaal, now familiar to the British army. On June 26 Nogi was finally reinforced, so that his strength was brought up to three divisions, which made him in the matter of numbers well superior to the Port Arthur garrison. The same day that his latest

¹ Port Arthur: Three Months with the Besiegers. By Frederick Villiers. Longmans.

reinforcements arrived, Nogi issued orders for the attack of Hsitaushan and Kenshan. On the following day a division marched against each position, and in spite of its strength the former hill was carried by noon, by the same troops that had stormed the centre at Nanshan. The glacis of Kenshan, however, was difficult and steep in the extreme. The Japanese divisional general, who had only at his disposal mountain guns with which to prepare his advance, delayed longer than the divisional general on his right, with the result that just as he commenced his assault, his troops came under a searching fire from the guns of certain of the Russian gunboats which had slipped out from Port Arthur. These vessels successfully checked the infantry until they themselves were driven back to their shelter by a portion of Togo's fleet. This little interlude delayed the advance, but not for long. About four in the afternoon a regiment of Japanese infantry was loosed against the steep glacis, and though two Siberian regiments held the work and the assaulters had to pass over a prepared mine-field, by sundown the Rising Sun was waving over the table-land, while the Siberian regiments were in full retreat to the south. This was a very significant engagement, and observers at the time realised that everything that had been said in praise of the Japanese infantrymen was justified. They also realised that in view of an assault by such infantry

as these, no one had a right to link the word impregnable to the frowning citadels massed to the south of them. Four battalions of little white-gaitered infantry had driven their enemy, who were at least equal in numbers, out of this prepared position, with a loss of under five per cent. Nogi immediately occupied and intrenched the captured positions.

The Russians realised at once the serious nature of this Japanese success. In the first place, it wrested from them in Kenshan an observation post which placed them in complete visual command of the Japanese sea base and land movements: also, it enabled Nogi to throw up his right to such an extent as to restrict the sea-board on the north of the peninsula, which still remained open for the purpose of supply-running. General Fock, who at the moment was in command of the Kwantung field army, made three heavy and distinct counter-attacks on July 3 and 4, in the hope of regaining the positions. These counter-strokes were delivered with great gallantry, and the disregard of casualty was equal to that of their adversaries. Eye-witnesses speak of the strange phenomenon of Siberian Rifles advancing across the plain in a solid phalanx to the beat of drum and with colours flying. What is more remarkable, the Japanese allow that these dense columns of charging infantrymen succeeded in getting in places to within six hundred yards of the magazines that were pumping nickel into them.

By day and night Fock endeavoured to carry out Stössel's instructions that he should retake the positions at any cost. On the night of July 3 his infantry actually made their way into the Japanese trenches, and for the first time in a war which was soon to be prolific with similar instances, the men armed with weapons that kill at three thousand metres used the same weapons, in juxtaposition, to destroy each other. For an hour the Russians remained in possession of the regained trenches, to be driven out at last by the Japanese reserves.

When his third counter-stroke failed, Fock gave up all hope of driving Nogi back upon the narrow isthmus of Nanshan, and fell back to the second line of subsidiary works protecting Port Arthur from the land side—that is, the line from Liau-ti-shan to Ingentsi Bay. For the moment Nogi was not in a position to follow up his success. The Japanese supply services were beginning to fail, and the executive was feeling the strain of four armies based on the sea: moreover, the time that would be required for the purpose of clearing the port of Dalny of the hostile mine-fields had not entered into the calculations of the Japanese War Department. Matters were not running very smoothly just at this period, but early in July the sailors managed a fairway between Dalny and the Elliot Group, and towards the middle of the month matters began to improve—so much so that Nogi's reserve battalions ar-

rived, together with the howitzers and a sufficient supply of war material to allow him to renew his advance.

On July 26 Nogi set his army in motion, with the object of driving the Russians in from their advanced works. He was now fully mobilised both in men and artillery to enable him to undertake, if successful, the investment of the Russian garrison. If he could force them back from their present position, their next line would be the semi-permanent subsidiary works of the main trace. Near the centre of the Russian line, and practically due north of the Tiger's Tail, stood Wolf Hill fort. It was this that Nogi had selected as the objective of his attack, and against this work his massed artillery opened. After a sharp though severe bombardment on the 26th, the Japanese were committed to an assault. We have had many striking instances in the campaign of the Japanese attempting to carry a position by infantry assault without waiting until it had undergone a sufficient artillery preparation. Tashichiao and Liauyang possibly are the best illustrations of this. The first infantry assault on July 26 was a similar failure. The gallant little men went through to the foot of the steep hills which they were called upon to climb, and then came to a standstill: the divisional generals, realising that more preparation was necessary, stood fast while the gunners swept and tore the bevelled edges of the Russian works with a

continuous stream of shrapnel and common shell which must have proved a revelation to the Siberian riflemen subjected to it.

It would appear that this struggle for Stössel's second line presented a foretaste of the terrible, horrible carnage which was destined finally to place the story of this siege before all others of its kind. Most frightful tales of the carnage are given, which, though they prove little in the consecutive narrative of the operations, are of themselves horrible monuments of the degrading minutiae of modern war,—a minutiae which the historian is prone to forget in his ordering and shaping of the broader issues of the struggle. We read of the intrepid infantry of Japan seizing the lower trenches on the Wolf Hill fort. Of the men clinging to the dead ground afforded by a line of *krantz* being lassoed by the Russians from above, and dangled in mid air until they could be conveniently despatched. Of a repetition of the Inkerman story, when, ammunition failing, the combatants resort to the missiles of primitive ages. Of assaults that wither in the open, and are swept back to cover by a "nickel blizzard" that nothing could face or stem. Of a company commander who, motionless, with a handful of his men, lies for hours amongst the shattered *débris* of his command, feigning death until

nightfall, and then, instead of selfishly seeking safety under cover of darkness, ultimately makes a lodgment which on the morrow proves the lever to victory. Of the devotion which was required from each individual rifleman taking part in these assaults we can form a very fair estimate from the following description given by a wounded private, and placed on record by the Japanese in their own pamphlet entitled 'The Russo-Japanese War'¹:—

"On the morning of the 24th, at five, we charged the enemy's fort. No battle is so terrible as an assault on a fort. All the machine-guns on the forts all around fired on us without intermission; half of our men perished before the object of our attack was reached. But we were determined to carry the fort at all costs, and after severe fighting we finally succeeded in capturing it. We had barely occupied it when the Russian forts on the right and left and in our front fired their machine-guns with increased energy. Our soldiers fell one after another, and our force was shortly reduced to an insignificant number. Moreover, the Russians attacked the battery in great numbers, and we were at last compelled to abandon the fort, which had been occupied after such arduous efforts. During the retreat I was wounded, and fell beside the wire-entanglements, being unable to continue my retreat. I resigned myself to my fate, and wrapped a bandage round my wound. I could not, however, lie at ease, for fear that the Russians might discover me. Happily a hole had been created by the explosion of a shell in the ground some ten yards from where I lay, so I crawled thither and concealed myself in the hole, where there were several Russians killed lying on top of each other. Three or four hours afterwards I felt

¹ The Russo-Japanese War. Fully Illustrated. Part V. Kinkodo Publishing Co., Tokio.

exceedingly thirsty, but my water-bottle was empty. In searching for water I discovered a pool of blood beneath the dead Russians. No idea of the nature of the liquid entered my brain : I at once scooped up the blood with my hands and drank it."

Once their centre was pierced the Russians fell back in good order, taking their wounded with them to the third defensive line in front of Port Arthur. But General Nogi showed a spirit of military initiative which at this period was generally foreign to Japanese commanders. Though the assaults of the last three days had cost him over 5000 casualties, on the 30th he launched his army against the new positions which the Russians had taken up on the Tai-ho. The Russian outposts were completely surprised. They retreated, in many cases leaving their arms piled behind them. The consternation of the pickets communicated itself to the troops in the defences, who on the left and centre evacuated before Nogi's advance without firing a shot. With the exception of Takushan, the most eastern of the Russian defences in this line, the garrison had fallen back on the semi-permanent subsidiary defences of Port Arthur. From this date Fock's command ceased to have that mobility which warranted the character of a field army, and the investment proper of Port Arthur commenced.

It would be well at this point, before we plunge into the narrative of horrible carnage which prefaced the fall of this fortress, to study a little of the economic conditions existing in each

army, in order to bring our reflections into focus with the outside operations which were influencing Nogi's dispositions.

Although operations were progressing so favourably before Port Arthur, both the Japanese naval and war departments could not help feeling a certain degree of anxiety with regard to the course that the campaign was taking. As has already been pointed out in these pages, the original outline scheme had considerably miscarried, through influences which, if not altogether unforeseen, had not been fully reckoned upon. First and foremost, although the Japanese possessed sufficient command of the Far Eastern seas to enable them to carry out their military operations, yet Togo had not succeeded in bringing about a decisive fleet action, or in his alternative scheme of completely sealing the entrance to Port Arthur. Moreover, the mischances of war had reduced the fighting strength of his battle squadron by one-third. Thus, while in the Far Eastern waters he possessed a superiority in armoured cruisers and torpedo craft, he was inferior to the existing Russian battleship power. But his moral supremacy was such, that even with his four remaining battleships he could hope, if the Russian admiral would give him the opportunity, to hold his own. If it had only rested with the Russian Pacific Squadron, the Japanese after six months' experience might well have dwelt secure. But Russia was now threatening with a naval reinforcement from

Europe, which, if it arrived in time to join forces with the Russian Pacific Squadron, would be strong enough, even if its fighting value was considerably discounted, to wrest the command of the sea, and with it the fortune of the campaign, from the hardy little Japanese. Consequently, there devolved upon the army now investing Port Arthur a more important, a more far-reaching duty than the mere reduction of a hostile citadel. It was essential that the army should do what the navy had been unable to do—namely, destroy or capture the Pacific Squadron as it lay under the shelter of the Port Arthur batteries, and thus set Togo free to deal with the reinforcement that, it was now announced, was sailing from the Baltic. Also, and in considering the difficulties which were rising up against the Japanese general staff, and which they could not then have hoped to overcome as happily as they have overcome them, the following must not be lost sight of. The Siberian railway had proved of a military value far in excess of the assessment made for it both in European and Japanese military estimates. While Kuropatkin had been delaying and trifling with the Japanese armies of invasion, he had succeeded in concentrating at Liauyang a force which, if it was not sufficient for the purpose of reattempting the initiative, was at least so nearly equal to that which Oyama could bring against it, that the hope of complete and paralysing success could not at this period have entered into the Japanese

calculations. The most they could have hoped to do was to defeat Kuropatkin, and to do this effectively they required the three divisions which, with their reserve brigades, were now detained in the Kwantung promontory. It was these considerations which made it imperative that this vaunted Russian stronghold must be reduced. It was these considerations that allowed Nogi to sacrifice his infantry in battalions in order to achieve the desired end.

We will now turn to the internal state of the fortress itself. Again we are handicapped through a lack of reliable evidence. But there seems reason to believe that the supplies, both military and otherwise, were ample. This we know, that a very large trade both by junk and steamer was entered upon by speculators from the Pe-chili and Shantung coast-lines. That the garrison felt the stress of war there could be no doubt, but that it was reduced at any period to an absolute state of exhaustion there is no reason to believe. The defences were thorough, and consequently the effect of shell-fire could not have been overwhelming within the main *enceinte*; and, as all those who have experienced the trying ordeal of a siege will know, the moral effect of shell-fire lessens with experience. Apparently—and this has been the cry throughout the whole campaign, whether on sea or land—the Russian garrison lacked in the matter of leadership. But when a body of men are gathered

together with the one determination of self-preservation, and it is found that the elected leaders are unworthy of the confidence placed in them, it has ever been observed that somewhere in the company a man will appear who, by superiority in intellect and moral courage, naturally usurps the position of leader. Such was the case in Port Arthur. Stössel, though he may have possessed many excellent qualities, was not of hard enough stuff to carry through without support. In the moment of emergency the best officers will come to the front, and we find in the ill-fated Kondrachenko the heart and soul of the splendid defence which the Port Arthur garrison made against perhaps the most scientific, persistent, and vicious siege that has ever, in the history of war, been pressed against a beleaguered garrison. Until the unlucky shell entered the casemate in which Kondrachenko was issuing his orders, the garrison of Port Arthur showed a front which rendered the advent of the Baltic Fleet a menace not altogether chimerical. But once he was gone, the whole fabric seemed to wither, and within a very few days the permanent *enceinte* was pierced. We have then the pathetic incident of a surrendered garrison. It is difficult, of course, to understand the Russian attitude at any time; and as we have said before, we have little in the way of evidence either from the lines of the besieged or besiegers. But until the death of Kondrachenko the spirit was probably much as

we find it described in 'The Yellow War,' "resigned and determined."

These were doubtless the circumstances which induced Nogi to make the desperate efforts which built up the tradition in his army of "bloody August." At the beginning of August the Port Arthur siege-train had been landed at Dalny and conveyed to the lines of the left division. We have shown how on July 28, while the rest of the Russian line was forced back, the garrison of Fort Takushan maintained their ground. Takushan is practically an outpost in advance of the outer Kinkeeshan forts. It commanded a considerable front, and by doing so was a constant thorn in the besiegers' side, since the gunners on its summit were able to follow every movement in the outpost line of the 11th Division. As soon as the siege-train arrived it was brought into the position that had been prepared for it in front of Takushan, and on August 7 the heavy artillery opened their maiden fire upon it. To show how precipitate are the Japanese conceptions of attack against a defended position, the siege artillery only opened fire at four in the afternoon, and three hours later the infantry were streaming up the nullahs, fissures, and waterways which steal down the faces of nearly all these Kwantung hills. Nowhere do we find an adequate description of the desperate fighting which gave the Japanese the possession of Takushan. The position was fully prepared,

from the crown-works on the main crest to the lunettes at the foot of the glacis. A triple line of barbed-wire entanglements encircled the base, while batteries of machine-guns swept the approaches. It was a case in which the divisional general chose to preface his assault with a venture by a forlorn hope. Fifty men were selected from six companies of the Marugame Regiment. These three hundred were launched in the dusk against this wellnigh impregnable position. It proved a veritable forlorn hope. The three hundred were annihilated. Then followed a section of sappers to clear the entanglements which the few half-demented survivors from the forlorn hope reported as being the cause of their undoing. These men perished miserably before the wire-clippers had cut a third of this scientific abattis. It was a case of not accepting failure until culminative failure produced success. By midnight the wounded men who could still crawl from strand to strand in the entanglements had cut a passage, and, in spite of a ceaseless fire from machine-guns, the 22nd and 10th Brigades drove the Russians out of their works at the point of the bayonet before daybreak. Takushan, and its complementary fortress Shakushan, was a serious loss to the garrison. They had hoped to save it: having lost it through the singular intrepidity of the Japanese infantry, they endeavoured, on the following day, to recapture it by a heavy counter-attack. Again their gunboats coming

out from the roadstead gave them help, but it was no use—Takushan was lost. Realising that indirect fire from Takushan might find his squadron as it lay at anchor in the harbour, Admiral Witgeft immediately entered upon that desperate sortie which was the last nail but one in the coffin of Russia's Pacific Squadron.

The outposts of Nogi's army were now facing the extreme northern outworks of the Port Arthur subsidiary works. On the east, now that they were masters of Takushan and Shakushan, their advance was arrested by the powerful forts east and west,—Panlungshan, and the two similar outworks on the slopes of Kikwanshan. Before they could pierce the main *enceinte* from the north, they had to grapple with a further chain of semi-permanent outworks—namely, Fort Kuropatkin and the Sueizyang group. That the reader may form some conception of the task which Nogi set his assaulting infantry, we will quote 'The Times' expert's description of the Sueizyang works:—

"Two lunettes or flanked redans, each in plan forming the equal sides of an isosceles triangle, with shorter perpendiculars at their unjoined ends, were constructed. Deep moats, in which were built bomb-proof shelters roofed with steel plates covered with earth, surrounded them. In front, connecting the apices of the lunettes, which measured 30 yards across their open bases, was a vast crown-work; . . . the parapets or walls were of earth not less than 25 feet thick. Behind these, baulks of timber, iron-plates, &c., covered with many feet of earth, constituted shelters safe from fire for the garrison. This great

work was defended by no fewer than two field-guns, two mortars, three quick-firing guns, and four machine-guns, disposed in the west and east lunette."

Completing the chain, to the south-west of these works lie the Metre group of outworks, one on 174 Metre Hill and the other on the far-famed 203 Metre eminence.

Prompted by the success which had marked the earlier assaults, and realising that every day which kept his army of first-line troops from the north was of significance in Oyama's campaign, General Nogi determined to make a desperate effort to reduce Port Arthur before the end of August, trusting to the magnificent *élan* of his men, rather than to the prescribed occidental methods of approach to a first-class fortress, hitherto unprepared and unassailed. Once again the wisdom of the west was proved superior to the heroic confidence of the east, and the week ending August 24, covering as it does Nogi's premature attack, is, as far as the Japanese are concerned, the most tragic in the campaign.

On August 19 the first army, directed by General Matsumura, moved out against the 174 Metre range, to the left of Sueizayang. There was no guile in the dispositions for the attack. The battalions selected to make the assault were just hurled at the positions. On the left of Matsumura, Baron Oshima, with

the 9th Division, made a similar assault, his right brigade casting itself against Fort Kuropatkin, and his left up the nullahs which converged upon the crown-works of Panlungshan, the northern Ehrlungshan-Kikwanshan outworks.¹ On their left again came the 11th Division, which had the least success of the three first divisions of Nogi's command. One can imagine the terrible scenes which this week's fighting witnessed. Most of the Japanese assaults were still delivered by night, but, since August, divisional generals found the defences and entanglements so intricate, and the commanding fire so accurate, under the beams of star-shell and search-lights, that the advantages of darkness were minimised by the disadvantages. Subsequently nearly all of the assaults were carried out by day. We have searched for some passage in the material from which we have arrived at our conclusions to adequately describe the scene. Mr Villiers spends himself, for the most part, in feeble personalities, or, in loyalty to his calling of the pencil, indulges in extravagant language, bordering upon the grotesque in its labour after the artistic:—

"So brilliant are these lights that the moon, now nearing the horizon, is but a faint slip of silver in the sky. . . . The deep purple of the mountain against the nocturnal blue, the pale lemon of the moon, the whitish rays of the search-lights, the

¹ Japanese name—Banjushan.

warm incandescent glow of the star-bombs, the reddish spurt from the cannons' mouths, and the yellow flash from the exploding shell, all tempered to a mellowness by a thin haze of smoke, ever clinging to hill-top and valley, make the scene the most weird and unique I have looked on during all the many wars I have witnessed."

The scope of this article will not allow of a minute study of these terrible operations which cost the Japanese nearly 20,000 casualties, and which only resulted in the permanent occupation of Panlungshan—a possession which, though of vital importance, for nearly six weeks cost the Japanese in its retention over 100 casualties a-day. The story of the magnificent courage of the Japanese infantry—how, breaking time after time in face of fearful odds, they re-formed—must be told in a more complete history of the operations. But though we must perforce eschew the detail, yet there are incidents for which space can be made. Every devilish device that modern science could contribute to the defence works was employed by the subtle Russian sappers. The wire entanglements were electrified for miles, dealing death, upon touch, to the eager pioneers who sought to clear a way for the desperate infantry behind them. In places the fire zones were so impassable that the sappers who sought to cleave entanglements had to be provided with light steel shields as well as non-conductive gloves. Hand grenades, loaded with a high explosive, were extensively used by both sides.

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The Japanese forlorn-hopes went into action with two, three, and four of these infernal implements hanging round their necks, until it was found that a premature burst might so communicate itself as to annihilate a battalion more thoroughly than could the enemy. Primitive mortars fashioned from bamboo were substituted, which, with a range of fifty yards, flung these diabolical missiles into the trenches in advance of the assaulting infantry. But Port Arthur, unprepared by artillery bombardment and unapproached by sap, was not to be carried by escalade. Even in those sections where, using every ingenious device, such as spar-torpedoes for destroying the death-charged entanglements, the infantry were able to gain a foothold, even in Fort Kuropatkin, and subsequently in the famous 203 Metre Hill, the Japanese heroism proved abortive. Russian shrapnel and counter-attack turned the Japanese out, so that at the end of the sixth day Nogi's army fell back panting from all it had attempted, except from the Panlungshan secondary works, and in carrying these the 7th Regiment, which went into action 2700 strong, was reduced to 208 bayonets. A grisly tale with a dramatic sequel, which already has cost Russia and Japan almost a million of men. Port Arthur was not yet to fall to the fiery onslaught of Japanese escalade, and the telegram on August 21 went to the War

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Department in Tokio which informed Oyama that he must operate against Kuropatkin without counting upon the 100,000 men with Nogi at Port Arthur.

Nogi now set himself to sap up to the works which he desired to carry. For once the teaching of the decadent occidental had been right. The spade, the mattock, and the large-calibre howitzer are the prime implements in the reduction of a first-class modern fortress, notwithstanding the fact that the besieging general commands incomparable infantry. Hitherto, for artillery support, Nogi had depended upon his field-artillery, howitzers, and the 4.7 and 6-inch guns of the Naval Brigade. Now the legitimate siege-train was demanded, together with guns of large calibre from the coast defences in Japan. These latter, 11-inch howitzers, arrived at Dalny on September 14, and were in action from October 1. After August 26, the investment of Port Arthur settled down to the monotony of siege operations; while the Japanese toiled with a very stubborn soil to push parallel after parallel up towards Port Arthur's subsidiary line of defences. For a month the besiegers gave themselves up almost entirely to the spade and platforms. The besieged did not bear this steady menace mildly. Shot for shot, heavy Oboukhoff and Krupp gave back the Japanese preparations; while sortie upon sortie delayed and impeded the work in trench and parallel.

But by the 19th of Septem-

ber the Japanese had broken sufficient ground to again put into practice the tactics in which they excel. Parallels had been pushed up to within assaulting distance of Fort Kuropatkin, the Sueizeyang lunettes, and the forts south-east of 174 Metre Hill. The 1st Division had been stiffened by the arrival of large drafts from the Second Reserve and the 1st Kobe (Reserve) Brigade, and in co-operation with the 3rd Division it was to attempt the assault of the outworks to the Russian perimeter, while the 11th Division demonstrated against the Ehrlungshan fort. Fort Kuropatkin and the Sueizeyang group were carried on the second day (20th) with heavy losses, and Nogi stood possessed of the garrison's main water intake; but Matsumura with the intrepid 1st Division had not the same good fortune. He selected to assault 203 Metre Hill and its complementary peak, Namaokayama. Both hills had considerable crown-defences, and the Russians had placed batteries of heavy guns in each. But the main advantage that the Japanese would reap from the possession of the 203 Metre range was that from its reverse slope they would be able to render the old town, roadstead, and docks untenable. Success was, however, not yet to come. Matsumura launched his fifteen battalions against the Russian works. After a bitter struggle his troops occupied Namaokayama, and secured a foothold on 203 Metre Hill. In fact, on the night of September 21 it was reported that the whole position was

held. But, as a writer in 'Maga' has said—

"The first line of the defence was taken. It had cost much in the taking, but this was trifling to the cost of holding it. . . . What the bayonets had not been able to do shrapnel quickly accomplished. The Japanese officers tried to find cover for their men, but there was no hiding from that pitiless rain of lead, and in a quarter of an hour the captured trenches were three times as full of Japanese casualties as they had held Russians."¹

At daybreak the Russian gunners had concentrated every available gun they could bring to bear on the reverse of their lost work, and had literally swept the Japanese out of it. General Yamamoto, commanding the 1st Brigade, was killed, and the gallant 1st Division left three thousand men on the slopes of Metre Hill and another thousand on the glacis of Fort Kuropatkin.

After the heavy losses and ill-success at the Metre range, Nogi and his engineer advisers came to the conclusion that 203 Metre Hill was too well supported from the citadels behind it to be the real stepping-stone to success. It was therefore determined to transfer the active operations to the eastern face of the perimeter, and to drill and burrow into the great rock-masses at the foot of the Cockscomb forts. The rest of the brilliant story must be told in few words. The sappers set themselves to sap right up to the counterscarps of the outer works. Slowly, with infinite pains and infinite loss,

fort after fort was torn from Stössel's grasp: Hachimokoyama and North Ehrlungshan on October 16; the trenches and redoubts on the Ehrlungshan glacis ten days later; and on November 4 the glacis-crests of Ehrlungshan, Sungshushan, and E. Kikwanshan were reached, and the caponiers within many of the ditches destroyed. But in the meantime the Baltic Fleet has left Libau, and another fifty thousand men have reached Kuropatkin in the north. Although the Russians were unsuccessful on the Sha-ho, yet Oyama's force suffered almost as heavily. If Kuropatkin is to be crippled completely, the investing army should no longer be in Kwantung.

We have now come to the closing scene in this terrible and yet magnificent drama. Generals Kodama and Fukushima, the reputed mainsprings of the Japanese General Staff, had come down from the north to help Nogi with their professional advice, and doubtless to press upon him the urgency of Japan's present necessity. The Russian Pacific Squadron must be destroyed before either it leaves the harbour, and in despairing effort damages Togo's remaining strength, or the arrival of the reinforcement from the Baltic changes the balance of power in the China seas. Again the calculating brain of the great Nogi was concentrated upon the Metre range. The possession of Namaokayama had given him

¹ The Yellow War. By "O." William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

the command of the western roadstead, and his fire from this point had driven the Russian ships, like a flock of sheep in a hurdle angle, into the inner and eastern basin. Here they were practically immune from his fire. But 203 Metre Hill would lay the inner basin open to a bombardment which nothing in this world could sustain, much less such a vulnerable quantity as ships.

The Metre range was to be taken. Circumstances also had somewhat changed since August. Then the gallant 1st Division had been asked to advance across the open with little help from parallel and covered way. It had been a desperate measure without due precaution and under inadequate preparation. Now it was different, and as a counter-balance to the time the Russians had had to improve the position there existed the three months' loss of *morale* under the severe strain of the unsuccessful defence of secondary works. A 'Times' correspondent gives the best minute description of the Russian position that we can find :—

Royusan—to employ a term which includes both the 203 Metre and the 210 Metre peaks—is very steep ; on its west front, about two-thirds of the way up, the rocks buttress out, causing a sheer drop of about 30 to 40 feet. It is possible to climb up this, but the feat is not an easy one. Above this natural obstruction comes the first of the artificial ones, in the form of a broad trench running completely round the hostile front of the mountain. This was the first of the positions held by the infantry. On the crest there are numerous trenches and cross passages dug fairly deep and made of sandbags.

This position is also flanked by Akasakayama, still in the possession of the garrison. It was determined that new troops should be utilised in this assault, which it was intended should be final as far as the subsidiary works were concerned. The 7th Division under General Osaka had just arrived from Japan. It was the last of the thirteen territorial divisions to leave Japan, and the strapping sons of the northern island were dying to emulate the deeds of their brothers. To General Saito, the senior brigadier, was assigned the tactical direction of the assault. The whole of November 27 was given up to artillery preparation. It was no apology this time. The infantry were not to be turned loose upon the hillside. The parallels had been pushed up as near as possible to the objective, and giant howitzers throwing six thousand pounds in a battery salvo were in position. Something of the full extent of the inferno this preparation must have been we can gather from the too brief description which 'The Yellow War' gives us :—

"But there are other scenes and sounds which dispel as an illusion the suggestion of a peaceful working day. The still winter air quivers and vibrates as the huge watershed in the west catches and hurls back in deafening reverberation a continuous din of war. Just watch that nearest crest-line for a moment. Flash after flash gleams out against the embelvelled top ; great geysers of snow and *débris*-dust spurt skywards to swell the lowering yellow cloud drifting sullenly along the valley. . . . Look down in the parallels below. Your ear squirms to the laboured whirr of enormous shells as they displace the frosty air."

On the 28th Saito is prepared to develop the dispositions he has made. The men of Hakodate and sappers are crowding the advanced parallels. They are loosed against the southwest corner of the hill—the 210 Metre point. Eleven companies of little karki-coated riflemen struggle upwards in face of a devastating fire. By three in the afternoon 150 men have made a lodgment, and cling desperately to a mean summit of the underfeature. At the same time two battalions essay the assault of Akasakayama, the flanking fortress. With all the *élan* of fresh, unblooded troops they debouch bravely from the parallels. Then the full shock of the defence opens upon them. For a time they battle manfully against the blizzard of rifle-fire and shrapnel; and then the terrific slaughter quenches the *élan*, and they are driven back to the shelter of the trenches.

By nightfall the maiden effort of the 7th Division had failed. The little group of stalwarts were driven in from 210 Metre point. Its loss was fatal to the major assault worming its way up the main face of 203, and on the 29th all the infantry that had escaped the carnage attendant alike on success and failure were back in the trenches. The 29th was given up to recalculation. As has been noticeable throughout these stupendous operations, at the moment when failure seemed to face the efforts of the whole, some small insignificant unit would, in a manner inexplicable, score a

tiny advantage upon which it became possible to build success on the very crest-line of failure. On the morning of November 30 a handful of infantry, holding an underfeature-knoll on the face of 210 Metre point, suddenly pushed on to the summit and surprised the wearied Russians there. The Japanese made no Spion Kop errors: Sappers with sand-bags were ready, and immediately the crest was seized it was hurriedly intrenched. Again Saito was in possession of a firing-line to support his main assault.

But open assault was impracticable still. Again recourse was made to the sapper, and during the night of the 30th the engineers commenced a rough sand-bagged covered-way at right angles from the advanced parallel running up the face of 203 Metre Hill. On the 1st of December it was determined to make a general final assault. The assaulting columns had been reinforced, and the men were filing along the covered-ways into the parallels, when suddenly, without warning, two detachments holding the advance positions on the face of "203," seized with panic, broke cover and came pouring back to the shelters in the plain. Again had a postponement to be made. But all the time the 11-inch howitzers, the naval guns, and the siege-train were casting ton after ton of metal into the stubborn and devoted defenders. The *glacis*-approach was a veritable shambles. During the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th the giant

engines of war in rear were allowed to do their work. And right well they did it, for on December 5, when, at 2 P.M., Hailo launched eight battalions against the position, they crumbled into the devastated Russian works with comparative ease. The garrison had shot its bolt. We cannot proceed to the miserable sequel without one more reference to the work we last quoted, which alone gives us any appreciable idea of the ghastly nature of modern war. "()," the anonymous, describes the captured position in the following sentences:—

"Only those who have seen an abattoir in a Chicago packing-house can form the least conception of the spectacle. Upon the summit of the highest level of the works the morning rays of the wintry sun caught the white and scarlet of Japan's symbolic flag. On the bunting scarlet predominated, and thus it was on this war scarred crest. The virgin snow was stamped out, and in the slush and debris that remained, scarlet—the life's blood of hundreds—predominated. By that strange perversity which rules our moral code, the work of brutal killing had barely ceased before the softer touch of human resolve had commenced its charitable operations. The surgeons and their orderlies were hard at work. They waded into the shambles and handed up the living when it was possible to separate them from the dead."

What it cost Japan to finally carry 203 Metre Hill is not exactly known. But the 7th Division had over 7000 casualties alone within a week of its arrival at the seat of war. Yet it was worth it, for within a week the 11-inch howitzers

were in position, and Togo able to report "the destruction of almost the whole of the enemy's fleet in these waters." The miserable end to a magnificent squadron we have already commented upon in a paper devoted to the study of the naval strategy. A few words will now suffice to bring the melancholy story of Port Arthur to a close.

On December 28 that incomparable force, the Japanese Sappers, had tunnelled from the glacis-crest of Ehrlungshan beneath the scarp of the main work. A ton of dynamite will accomplish much. The revetted parapet crumbled away, and before the garrison could recover from the stunning effect of this gigantic explosion or be reinforced, the men of the 11th Division and the Kobe Reserves were into the breach and had the main *enceinte* of Port Arthur pierced. Three days later Sungshushan, a complementary defence to Ehrlungshan, was carried in a similar manner, and on the following day Stössel opened negotiations for the surrender of his trust. On January 2nd Port Arthur capitulated to General Nogi's army after a fine resistance which lasted 155 days. The siege is perhaps most remarkable for the extraordinary, disgusting, and selfish cowardice of the officers of the Pacific Squadron. The fortitude and gallantry of the garrison is only eclipsed by the magnificent military energy of the Imperial Japanese Third Army.

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

THE CREATION OF AN IMPERIAL MILITIA SERVICE AND
THE REINFORCEMENT OF INDIA IN TIME OF WAR.

IN a previous paper¹ we endeavoured to state fairly the problem of the Defence of India against Russia. We said that it was not a new one, having exercised the minds of our statesmen and soldiers since 1873, and that nothing which has recently happened can be truly said to have rendered it more acute: it is always with us, and its proper solution must be the basis of the reorganisation of our military forces.

We have already stated the steps we believe to be necessary to place India in such a position as, on the outbreak of war, to be independent of immediate reinforcement, and capable, if necessary, of offensive action—viz., the permanent increase of her European garrison by 25,000 men (to be supplemented on the first threat of warlike complications), by the despatch of the annual drafts, together with the development of her arsenals and manufactories of material of war. Such measures should provide adequate security against any danger of invasion.

The object of the present paper is to indicate further how it may be possible, in the event of a prolonged war of first-class magnitude, to provide India with such reinforcements of Anglo-Saxon soldiers as will enable her to place in the field the overwhelming

numbers necessary to ensure victory.

For such reinforcements we shall have to look elsewhere than the British Isles, but fortunately other possibilities are open to us. To understand what these are, it is necessary, in the first place, to refer to the action of the Parliament of New Zealand, which, so long ago as the year 1900, passed an Act providing for the establishment in the colony of an Imperial Military Reserve for service, in certain cases of emergency, outside the limits of the colony.

When the question of Military Defence came before the Colonial Conference of 1902, the Secretary of State for War referred to a motion submitted by Mr Seddon, Prime Minister of New Zealand—

“That it is desirable to have an Imperial Reserve Force formed in each of his Majesty's Dominions over the seas, for service in case of emergency outside the dominion or colony in which such reserve is formed. The limits within which such reserve force may be employed outside the colony wherein it is raised to be defined by the Imperial and Colonial Government at the time such reserve is formed, and to be in accordance with any law in force for the time being respecting the same. The cost of maintaining and equipping such Imperial Reserve Force to be defrayed in such proportion and manner as may be agreed upon between the Imperial and Colonial Government.”

¹ “The Fear of Russia and the Defence of India,” *Maga*, April 1905.

Mr Brodrick, in a long speech, declared that he "heartily concurred with the terms of the motion generally": he pointed out that, "in case of a war which involved European Powers, our striking effect would necessarily be exercised on some of their dependencies," and that, "should we find it necessary to protect our trade with China against encroachment and aggression," or "to give support to Japan our ally," "nothing could assist us more . . . than that we should be able to support our ally in China with a small body, but at the same time a well-organised body, of Colonial force from those Colonies which are nearest and which are most conveniently situated for supporting us in China."

The discussion which followed, however, revealed decided differences of opinion amongst the Colonial delegates. While some of them, the Prime Ministers of Cape Colony and Natal, were inclined to agree to the policy advocated by Mr Seddon and Mr Brodrick of having a special body of troops specially enlisted for Imperial service, the representatives of Canada and Australia objected, holding that it would be better to raise the standard of their general forces, and to trust to the growth of Imperial sentiment to come to the assistance of the mother country when needed. They urged that—"To establish a special force set apart for general Imperial service, and practically under the absolute control of the Imperial Government, was

objectionable in principle as derogating from the powers of self-government enjoyed by them, and would be calculated to impede the general improvement in training and organisation of their defence forces, and consequently their ability to render effective help, if it should be required."

As a result of this diversity of opinions, the Conference broke up without coming to any conclusion on this question.

In considering, therefore, how the local forces of our self-governing Colonies may be organised for Imperial Defence, we must bear in mind that any scheme likely to be acceptable must recognise the right of the Colonies equally with ourselves to a voice in the matter. Their local forces are at present organised for home defence on what is practically a Militia basis, and though there should not be any great difficulty in arranging for their taking part when necessary in any war in which we might need their aid, the initiative must be left to their own Governments, and they should be allowed to volunteer for service in other parts of the Empire.

Another Colonial Conference is due in 1906, but the matter presses for settlement, and seems of sufficient importance to justify the calling of a special Conference. The provisions of the New Zealand Act of 1900 might serve as a basis for the discussion, which should result in the establishment of an Imperial Militia throughout the King's dominions.

The present Cabinet has decided, in accordance with what is undoubtedly the true feeling of the nation, to rely on a voluntary army and to reject conscription; but we must have no half measures. It is a matter for regret that the principle has already been departed from, with regard to the home militia, in the proposal to make them liable to serve abroad without their consent, but it is probable that much harm will not have been done before the whole question of militia organisation will have to be considered afresh. We must recognise that the militia is a real reserve of the army, and cease to treat it as a feeder for the army: its units must be strictly localised, and men must be enlisted for the units in which they are to serve. The militia should be placed directly under the General Officer Commanding the District, and he should be responsible for its numbers and efficiency, subject only to the inspection of the Inspector-General of the Forces. The whole department of the Director of Auxiliary Forces should disappear, and the militia throughout Great Britain be dealt with as an integral portion of a territorial army. As soon as we have adopted sound measures of militia organisation, we shall be in a position to give our Colonies an example of what may be done in making a constitutional defensive force, capable of becoming a true source of strength in time of war.

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The Colonial forces are, as has already been said, essentially militia, for local defence; but not the least important of the lessons taught the nation by the war in South Africa was surely that we possessed the ability as a great Empire to assemble the fighting strength of our Anglo-Saxon manhood in any portion of our Imperial possessions. The Indian Government maintains British troops for the defence of India, yet it despatched a contingent of 11,000 men, which practically saved Natal and British rule in South Africa. Canada, Australia, and New Zealand needed no other appeal than the necessities of the mother country to hasten to her aid; while, more remarkable still, the Boers with whom we had been fighting seized the first opportunity, after peace was declared, to offer their services for the war in Somaliland.

What is it, then, that prevents the Government and the nation from accepting the idea that, if we are ever to place in the field a force sufficiently numerous for a war of first-rate importance, it can only be through the help and co-operation of our Colonies?

We would suggest three causes for our obtuseness:—

1. That while rejecting conscription, we still cling to the idea of compulsion in some form, and do not rely entirely on the voluntary principle.
2. That in considering Imperial defence we do not trust our Colonies com-

pletely: we only half admit them to our councils, and only consult the interests of Great Britain in arranging our plans for the defence of the Empire.

3. We have adopted an exaggerated idea of the difficulties attending the defence of India, while failing to grasp the fact that on the outbreak of a great war it would be

impossible to send reinforcements from home to India until our Navy shall have met and beaten the enemy, thereby securing a safe passage for our transports.

The problem of Army reorganisation has been hotly taken up during the last four years, but it has been considered mainly from an insular point of view, without due re-



gard to our Imperial obligations or to the application of the principle of sea-power, because we have never yet been able to obtain from the Cabinet a clear definition of the duties of our Imperial forces, or of the objects to be aimed at in the organisation of the Army.

When at the close of the Boer war the question of the government of the newly acquired Colonies had to be considered, the military side of the problem appears to have been ignored, and no account taken

of the share which the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony must one day possess in the matter: the military chiefs and their staffs were not consulted except as to the number and distribution of the troops to be retained in the country, which was treated as though it remained foreign territory, and were not henceforth an integral part of the Empire and a possible source of military strength to it.

Lord Selborne's appointment as High Commissioner for

South Africa may prove a new point of departure: his experience at the Admiralty and on the Defence Committee has enabled him to grasp the needs of the situation—viz., that we should be in a position to place a large army in the field without burdening the taxpayers unduly, or withdrawing a large proportion of the manhood of the Empire from their civil occupations: and he should be able to secure a reconsideration of the question as it affects the South African Colonies. For to them as well as to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand we ought to look for the reinforcements that India may need in the course of a prolonged war. The internal development of India is proceeding apace, and the growth of her manufactures, and of her tea and mining industries, will without doubt speedily lead to a great increase of her commerce, especially with such of our Colonies as lie nearest to her; while she has long been dependent for her supply of horses upon Australia. Indeed, from that continent and South Africa, India will have to draw almost entirely for all the horses she may need for military transport in time of war.

Clearly, then, it has become a problem for thoughtful statesmen, how India may in time of war be reinforced from those portions of the Empire which are most conveniently situated for supplying her with men or horses; and on the other hand, how a force of 30,000 men may be despatched from India to

Australia, South Africa, or any other colony that may be in danger. These are questions that should not be left to be decided when the moment for action arrives, but should be carefully thought out in peace, so that the measures decided on may be put into practice without unduly disturbing the ordinary arrangement of the countries affected. The working out of such schemes will tend to the growth of confidence and a feeling of mutual dependence between the different portions of the Empire, which may lead to federation, as the bonds of common interest are strengthened with the increase of commercial prosperity.

If, by the time that the question of the renewal of our alliance with Japan has to be decided, we have considered the defence of India from a proper standpoint, and have worked out a plan based upon sea-power, and arranged for reinforcement by means of an Imperial militia from the nearest Colonies, we shall be in a far better position to form an alliance by which we may ensure the peace of Asia, than we are at present.

The plan for the redistribution of the fleet, announced by Lord Selborne on March 15, more particularly as it relates to the Eastern Fleet, is very instructive, and illustrates the naval idea of world policy very distinctly, although, as is shown in the article which opens this number, the Admiralty appear to be drifting from the principles which have so long guided them.

Lord Selborne has a great opportunity: he has graduated in a good school, and has, if we mistake not, grasped the idea of organising the Army on a Militia basis. If he can apply this principle to the problems of Imperial defence that will come under his notice as High Commissioner in South Africa, he will render a great service to his country.

In conclusion, a few words may be said with regard to the debate in Parliament on the Army Estimates on the 3rd and 4th April. It must be a matter of deep regret to all Englishmen that the Government should have allowed the subject of Army reorganisation to have become a question of party politics, by refusing to give the House of Commons that measure of confidence to which it is surely entitled. It almost seems as though the Cabinet, the Committee of Defence, and the Army Council were not really agreed as to the main principles that should guide the necessary reconstruction, for lack of a clear definition of the duties which the Army may be called upon to perform. During the last four years several more or less abortive schemes have been undertaken, and enormous sums of public money have been spent on their initiation, Parliament

in each case giving its confidence to the Secretary for War, and passing the Army Estimates with but comparatively slight criticism.

The speeches of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Edward Grey, and Sir Charles Dilke, indicate the principal points on which it is necessary to get a clear idea of the policy to be pursued—viz., Do we need to maintain an army so large as to be able to carry out offensive operations on a large scale against Russia, in defence of the Afghan frontier? Would it be possible, in the event of such operations, to reinforce India from the shores of Great Britain? Is a militia force, acting as a reserve to the Army, capable of being made ready to furnish reinforcements at short notice in war? Or must such force be trained sufficiently to be able to take the offensive immediately?

The answer to the two first questions is surely No! On the answer to the two last the whole question of the usefulness of the militia rests. Our answer is, A properly organised and well-trained militia can, three months after embodiment, be made fit to fight in line with regular troops, and can, at a still earlier date, be employed on the lines of communication of an army in the field.

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ADMIRALTY POLICY HISTORICALLY EXAMINED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A RETROGRADE ADMIRALTY."

OUT of twenty-eight so-called obsolete ships sold at Chatham Dockyard on April 4, thirteen were less than eighteen years old but only fetched £91,250, although their original cost was nearly £2,500,000. This will be admitted to be a startling fact, when it is understood that these thirteen ships were each capable of efficient war service. Among them are included the *Warspite*, a sister ship to the Russian *Admiral Nakhimoff*; the *Australia* and *Galatea*, the equals of the Russian *Dmitri Donskoi* and *Vladimir Monomakh*, which have been recently refitted and are now with *Rojdestvensky* in the Far East; the *Arethusa*, *Severn*, and *Mersey*, each fully a match for the Japanese *Naniwa* or *Takachiho*. All

these Russian and Japanese ships have been used during the present war. The two last completed the defeat of the *Rurik*.

This particular sale increased the misgiving aroused in the public mind by the extraordinary statement made by the Prime Minister at Glasgow, that about 130 ships had been removed from the list of the Navy without weakening its strength. To the plain man this seemed so improbable that he began to think there must be exaggeration or error somewhere—that Mr Balfour must have been misled by professional opinion on a technical question. It was hard to believe that the Admiralty could have stultified themselves to the extent indicated; but that

they were more or less aware of the unsound position in which their hasty and impulsive action had placed them was shown by the loose and confusing explanations offered to Parliament. The debates, memoranda, and returns all point to a want of clear understanding of the nature and extent of the demands which war will force on the Navy. In a former number¹ we pointed out that this misconception was traceable to neglect of the study of war. We now propose to show from the experience of former wars what these demands may be in the future.

The difficulties in which the Admiralty find themselves appear to be due to a want of clear comprehension of the nature of war. They seem to have pictured to themselves one particular sort of war in which great fleets and squadrons are alone to bear a part, whereas, as will be shown, there have been in the past various sorts of wars each having its peculiarities and requiring special treatment. That the future, like the past, will produce differences can be shown from the nature of war, but space does not permit here more than an indication of the line of argument.

War is the result of a difference of opinion based on a real or supposed clashing of interests between two nations or groups of nations. When this difference cannot be reconciled by reason and argument—by

diplomacy—and is founded on opposing interests of sufficient importance to justify a resort to force, the one party tries to compel the other to accept its views. Thus the Venezuela boundary was the subject of a difference of opinion between Great Britain and the United States, but the interests involved were held to be insufficient to justify a resort to force, and were reconciled by diplomacy. On the other hand, the existing Russo-Japanese war is an instance of the collision of grave and important interests. The presence of Russia in Manchuria and Korea was considered to be a menace to the independence and liberty of Japan. A difference so vital could not be settled by diplomacy, and justified a resort to force.

The manner of applying the pressure required to produce a change of view varies, but whatever form the pressure takes, it rests ultimately on physical force,—in other words, on fighting. As the instrument used for fighting is the armed force of the nation, the end and aim is either to convince the opponent that resistance is hopeless, as was the case during the international blockade of the Piræus in 1886, or to destroy or isolate his armed force as a whole or in part.

The general arrangements required depend upon the character of the war, which is influenced by a great number of conflicting considerations.

¹ 'Maga,' May 1905, "A Retrograde Admiralty."

Among these may be mentioned the political object as one of the principal. For instance, in the present war if Japan aimed only at defeating Russia at sea, and was not under the political necessity of driving her out of Manchuria, the general plan would be altogether different. Whatever may be the influence of political and other considerations on the arrangements, the result of the fight is ultimately the ruling factor. The strategic dispositions of the armed force must therefore be such that the general results of the fighting, if there be any, are favourable. At the decisive point superiority of fighting power must be assured. Not only must the great battle be won, but detachments, and especially important ones, must not be unnecessarily exposed to defeat.

That wars differ in character, and that the nature of the force required to carry them on varies, can be best shown by reference to particular examples.

In the Dutch wars of the seventeenth century the differences between England and Holland were due chiefly to clashing commercial interests, and to their mutual jealousy of sea-power. Each nation aimed at the destruction of the military navy of the other, with a view to the commercial advantages which would accrue to the victor. The problem presented itself in its most simple and direct form. The principal field of action—the

North Sea and the English Channel—was so small and confined that the hostile navies came directly into collision. Both sides necessarily concentrated all their forces, which met and fought a number of great battles. The number and power of the capital ships became of supreme importance. The ship of the line or battleship was steadily developed, and the art of handling large fleets was evolved. The war is an example of concentration carried to an extreme.

In the American Civil War, 1861-65, the conditions were altogether different. The object of the war was to preserve the union—to convince the Southern people that separation from the North was impracticable. The method of doing this was the process of exhaustion. The power of the South was undermined by cutting off its supplies through the action of a close blockade, and was eventually destroyed by armies which were largely supported from over-sea, and in some instances transported by water. The Confederate States were practically without a navy, and in consequence ships of the smallest fighting power were adequate to maintain this blockade along a coast 3000 miles in extent. Not only were ships of the line quite unnecessary to the North, but even powerful cruisers had no place in a war which was more effectively carried on by small ships. The operations are an example of extreme dispersion, and are thus the very opposite to those of the Dutch wars.

The present Russo-Japanese war is differentiated widely from either the Dutch wars of the seventeenth century or the American Civil War. Unlike the former, it is not chiefly commercial and maritime. It differs from the latter in that there is no question of overcoming the will of a whole nation by the slow process of exhaustion. The object of Japan is to drive the Russian military forces out of Korea and Manchuria, where their presence would be a menace to the liberties of the Island Empire. This involves the defeat and isolation of the Russian fleet, with a view to ensuring a free passage to the Japanese army across the sea, and following that, the destruction of the Russian army. The first can only be ensured by a powerful squadron of battleships, but the transport of the army and its subsequent operations require the presence of a number of cruisers and small vessels to act as convoy, cover and assist disembarkations, aid the army in its advance along the coast, watch and blockade the military ports of the enemy, and generally push inshore into positions where it would be unwise to hazard the capital ships.

The war between Great Britain and the United States in 1812 was due to differences relative to the rights of neutrals. These differences arose during the wars of Napoleon, and disappeared with the downfall of that remarkable man. With no great political object at stake, the war was carried on

in a desultory and half-hearted manner, and assumed the form of a maritime attack on trade, coupled with a series of ineffectual land raids on territory. In its broad features, the war was similar to the American Civil War of 1861-65. In either case a greatly superior navy established a close blockade of the hostile ports; but in 1812 the weaker side—the United States—owned a small navy, backed by a cloud of privateers, whereas in 1861 the Confederate States possessed neither navy nor privateers,—unless the *Alabama*, *Sumter*, and others be reckoned as such. It is the small American navy of 1812 which makes this war so instructive and interesting, that its examination with some minuteness is necessary.

The United States declared war on 18th June 1812. On the 21st Commodore Rodgers put to sea from New York with the *President* and *United States* rated of 44 guns, the *Congress* of 38, the sloop *Hornet* of 18, and the brig *Argus* of 16. His object was to intercept a large convoy which had left Jamaica on May 20 for England. On the 23rd he sighted the *Belvidera* rated 32 guns, which was chased by the whole squadron. The *Belvidera* escaped by throwing overboard stores, and starting water to lighten herself. After an interval the chase of the convoy was resumed, and continued until July 13, when, being within twenty hours' sail of the English Channel, and no sign of the supposed convoy, the squadron altered course

and reached Madeira on July 21. Rodgers then steered for the Azores and Grand Banks, and reached Boston on August 31. He had met and chased without success the *Statira* 38, and had taken only seven prizes during a cruise of seventy days, but indirectly his expedition had exercised a far-reaching influence.

The *Belvidera* reached Halifax on the 27th, but it was not until some days later that the admiral at that port received definite news of the declaration of war. On the 5th July the British squadron sailed from Halifax under the celebrated Captain Broke of the *Shannon* rated 38, *Africa* 64, *Belvidera* 36, *Æolus* 32, and was joined off Nantucket on the 9th by the *Guerrière* 38. On the 14th the squadron was off Sandy Hook, and learnt that Rodgers' squadron was at sea. On the 16th the *Nautilus* 14 was captured, and on the following day the squadron chased the *Constitution* 44, which had left Chesapeake Bay on the 12th for New York. After a chase lasting upwards of two days the American frigate escaped, and not being able to enter New York, reached Boston on the 26th.

The uncertainty as to the movements of Rodgers' squadron not only forced Broke to keep his squadron concentrated, but made him anxious for the safety of a homeward-bound fleet of about sixty sail from Jamaica under convoy of the *Thetis* 38. He therefore met it on 29th July at a position some 500 miles from the coast of

America, and accompanied it for a distance of about 500 miles. He left it on 6th August, detaching the *Guerrière* 38 to Halifax to refit, and proceeding with the remainder of the squadron towards New York, off which port he was reported on the 10th September. He had thus been absent from the American coast—the most important cruising ground—for more than six weeks. During this interval Rodgers' squadron had been able to re-enter Boston unmolested, and the American privateers had been free to attack British shipping.

On 2nd August the *Constitution*, Captain Hull, sailed from Boston in the hope of meeting the British frigate *Spartan* 38, reported to be to the eastward. Not meeting her, he stretched along the coast towards the Bay of Fundy, then proceeded off Halifax, and thence to the trade route off Cape Race, where he captured some prizes. Learning on the 15th that Broke's squadron was off the Grand Bank, and therefore not far off, Hull stood to the southward to avoid him, intending to go off the southern coast of the United States, but on the 19th met, captured, and burnt the *Guerrière*, and returned to Boston on August 30.

On October 8 Rodgers left Boston with the *President*, *United States*, *Congress*, and *Argus*, and on the third day out chased, but soon lost sight of, the *Nymphe* 38. On the following day, being outside the supposed line of the enemy's cruisers, and no longer fearing attack by superior force, the

United States and *Argus* parted company with the squadron, and each proceeded to cruise separately. Fourteen days later the *United States* captured the *Macedonian* 38, and then returned to New London, where she arrived on December 4, her prize going into Newport and thence to New York by Long Island Sound. The *President* and *Congress* also nearly captured a British frigate—the *Galatea* 36—which was chased on October 31, but managed to escape during a dark night with the loss of a ship under her convoy. The two ships returned to Boston on the last day of the year, having captured nine prizes.

On October 26 the *Constitution* 44, Commodore Bainbridge, and *Hornet* 18 left Boston, intending to meet at a rendezvous in the South Atlantic the *Essex* 32, which left the Delaware two days later, but never joined. On December 29 the *Constitution* captured and destroyed the *Java* 38 off the coast of Brazil. The need for repairs then caused Bainbridge to return to Boston, where he arrived on February 27.

The *Chesapeake* 38 left Boston on December 17, and returned on April 18, having taken five prizes, been chased by a line-of-battle ship and a frigate, and chased a British sloop unsuccessfully for two days.

The general direction of the cruises made by the *President* and *Congress*, by the *United States* and *Chesapeake*, was to pass about 250 miles south

of the Azores, and thence to the Cape Verd Islands, whence they stretched across to the South American coast, and thence back to the United States, passing eastward of the West Indies. The intention was to intercept the trade to South America and round the Cape. It will be noted that in making for the centres where the trade routes crossed they were anticipating the movements of the *Alabama* fifty years later.

The proceedings of these frigates are very instructive. They show the risks run by an inferior force in the neighbourhood of a superior enemy. Two American frigates—the *Constitution* and *Chesapeake*—and four British frigates—the *Belvidera*, *Statira*, *Nymphe*, and *Galatea*—were nearly captured by squadrons, while three British frigates—the *Guerrière*, *Macedonian*, and *Java*—were actually taken in single action by the larger and more powerful American frigates of the *Constitution* 44 class. They afford proof that if one side concentrates the other must follow suit, unless it is prepared to see its important units picked up singly. Thus the concentration of Rodgers' squadron compelled the formation of Broke's. The heavy American frigate forced the British frigates to cruise in pairs, after which no British frigate was captured.

The lessons are equally applicable in the present day, since strategical principles are independent of the motive power.

The use of steam reduces equally for both sides the time required to traverse any given distance, and the general result is simply to increase equally for both sides the effective sphere of action. Napoleon concentrated his "Army of England" in the neighbourhood of Boulogne, whence the sea passage was shortest and the uncertainties of the voyage least. The sea area to be held by our ships was thus small. In these days of steam more distant ports could be used with the same certainty, and our cruisers would have to hold a larger area. The defence derives no more advantage from steam than does the attack.

Recent experience confirms this view. In the very instructive manoeuvres of 1901 the same lesson was taught. Both sides properly concentrated their cruisers, which met and engaged off the Lizard soon after the commencement of hostilities. This method of using the cruisers was somewhat criticised at the time, but it was quite in accordance with war experience. It is true that the result of the action reduced greatly the number of scouts available, but the want of them was of no moment, as the two fleets, being equal in fighting power, could not do otherwise than seek each other, as they did. If the cruisers were to be eventually used to attack or defend the trade, each was best preparing to fulfil either rôle by destroying the enemy's ships of war. Again, during the present war the Russian cruisers from

Vladivostok, equally with the Japanese under Kamimura, have been compelled to keep concentrated by the reciprocal and threatening action of the one on the other. But this concentration may be, and probably will be, carried further, since it is a first principle in strategy to be as strong as possible at the decisive point, and the armoured cruisers are now so large and powerful that they form a great proportion of the available fighting strength. If the one side concentrates its battleships and armoured cruisers, the other side will be obliged to do the same. This really means that the armoured cruiser is a second-class battleship, in which fighting power has been sacrificed to speed. The true cruiser, like the frigate, must not be so large that her detachment or capture reduces the fighting power of the main fleet, nor so small that she has not the best sea-keeping qualities. What would not both Togo and Rojdestvensky now give to have the money's worth of the armoured cruisers in good battleships! If these concentrated squadrons are nearly equal in fighting power they will seek each other and fight, as occurred during the manoeuvres of 1901. If they are not equal, and both remain in the same waters, they will meet sooner or later by accident, as occurred when the *Russia*, *Gromoboi*, and *Rurik* were intercepted by Admiral Kamimura, and the last-named ship was sunk. If the fight is to be avoided, the weaker force must

either remain in port, or move into more distant waters as the Americans were driven to do during the war of 1812 by the overwhelming superiority of the British force on their coast. On the outbreak of the war this force was very small. Great Britain could not then concentrate a force any stronger than that of America, whose entire navy at the beginning of the war consisted of seven frigates, including two not available, one corvette, and eight small craft.

The British force on the North American and West Indian station was gradually increased, and on the under-mentioned dates approached—

	Sept. 1812.	Jan. 1813.	July. 1813.
Ships of the line .	4	7	14
Frigates . . .	22	29	46
Small ships . .	60	61	78

When the weaker force leaves the principal theatre of war and threatens other trade centres, it is an admission of inferiority, and an indication either that he can only hope for success by causing the stronger to disperse his forces—as was the object of Napoleon in sending Villeneuve to the West Indies in 1805; or that he renounces altogether the struggle for the command of the sea, and is content to confine his effort to an attack on trade, an altogether secondary object—as was the design and aim of the United States during the war of 1812.

The policy of dispersion adopted by the United States after the first three months of war acted reciprocally on

the British, who sent detachments to St Helena, Madeira, and the Azores to cover the trade in those waters. The force employed on this service towards the close of the year amounted to seven sail of the line, twelve frigates and small vessels, and in addition to these numerous ships were employed on convoy service.

The strength of detachments is governed by the principle that superiority in fighting power at the main decisive points is maintained and assured, and that each detachment is at least equal to fighting any enemy which it is likely to meet. This was achieved by including one or two ships of the line in each of the more distant detachments,—a proceeding which would not have been possible if the United States had possessed a fleet of ships of the line, because important units would then have been exposed to destruction in detail.

The system of meeting the attack by strong detachments and powerful convoys was neither effective in practice nor economical of force. It was soon seen to be a better plan to blockade the frigates which when free threatened every weaker force. This was done, and after April 1813 the American frigates with difficulty got to sea. To prevent further captures of frigates by such of the powerful American 44's as might break the blockade, the British frigates, as before mentioned, were ordered to cruise in pairs, which proved to be a very effectual remedy.

The effect of the concentration of the frigates was that on both sides they made few captures of merchant ships. Up to April 1813 six American frigates captured, as far as can be ascertained, only forty-two prizes, although the total number of captures of British ships reported in the United States up to the end of September 1812 was 190, as against, for the same period, about seventy taken by the British ships of war, no letters of marque having as yet been issued. During the remaining two years of the war concentration was abandoned, and the American frigates cruised singly: three out of the seven were captured, and they only took thirty-six prizes, or a total of seventy-eight for the whole war, out of about 2500 taken—or 1750 if the recaptures, according to Mr Adams, are omitted. Their want of success was due to small numbers, to difficulty in getting to sea past the blockading squadrons, to being driven out of the more frequented waters into distant seas, and to the convoy system which made it more difficult to pick up prizes.

The large number of captures made by the Americans was due to their small ships, and mostly to their privateers, which, at the outset of the war, issued from American ports in considerable numbers. During the first few months of the war any craft which could carry a gun and keep the sea was considered good enough. Many were armed with only one or two 9- or 12-pounder

guns, and carried crews of eighty men or less. The multiplicity of these small ships, combined with their moderate individual value and importance, favoured dispersion, which is the true rôle of the small ship as against concentration for the capital ship. But the presence of British squadrons on the coast soon made themselves felt. While the American frigates were concentrated, and later on, when they were blockaded or driven away to distant seas, the British cruisers were free to deal with the American small craft. Twenty-four privateers were captured between July 1 and August 25, 1812. Four out of eight United States sloops and brigs were captured during the first seven months. During the war about 250, or one-half the total number of American privateers, fell into British hands. This was the result of superior fighting power and not of superior speed. The pressure of the British cruisers was such that sloops and privateers of a special type were built at a cost of about one-fifth that of a frigate. They were fast enough to get away from a frigate except in heavy weather, and powerful enough to fight any ship of their own class. These vessels broke the blockade of the American ports with less difficulty than the frigates, and cruised in distant waters: they met with the greatest success in the British seas and West Indian waters, where the shipping was most numerous and was mostly unprotected by convoy. During the last eighteen

months of the war upwards of one thousand merchant ships were captured, of which more than seven hundred were taken in seas remote from America.

The war of 1812 showed that during the sailing era a small number of frigates was not a great danger to commerce, but that a large number of small craft was much to be feared. The experience of the Russo-Japanese war is limited, but, so far as it goes, teaches similar lessons in these days of steam. The Russian armoured cruisers have made few captures, and Japanese trade has been practically undisturbed, because those ships are few in number, and have been forced not only to remain concentrated, but to limit their action to short raids. They have not been able to operate on distant trade routes as did the American frigates. The Russian small ships have been too few in numbers to be able to act with any effect; but the smaller Japanese cruisers, like the British small ships in 1812, have enjoyed almost complete immunity, and have been of great service. This immunity has not been due to the possession of superior speed, but to the fighting powers of their capital ships, which have been used as a menace, and have held the enemy either blockaded or at a distance.

Given small ships in sufficient numbers, it is reasonable to infer from the history of the past that the necessary concentration of the armoured cruisers and capital ships will leave

these small ships free to prey on the trade. British merchant ships have mostly less than 12 knots speed, and during any future war will be at the mercy of any moderately fast—say 15 knot—ships which can carry a gun and keep the sea, if no steps are taken to meet them. Former Admiralties have recognised that the attack would be made at an early period of the war, and provided for it by placing ships to meet it. For instance, the South Atlantic squadron—now abolished—covered the large trade which passes Cape Verd from the Cape and South America. The new departure, under which many small ships have been condemned, will sweep away “with one courageous stroke of the pen” a large proportion of the force available for this service, unless wiser counsels prevail.

Up to the present date the war now proceeding has shown that neither the destroyer nor the torpedo-boat has introduced any change in general principles. These craft have a certain utility, but are not able to stand alone, and, like other small ships, need the support and protection of larger vessels. The Russian ships of this class have shared the fate of their battleships: they have been powerless to drive away the Japanese watching squadrons, to keep open the sea communications, or to prevent the disembarkation of troops on the coast of Manchuria and Korea. The value of these craft must remain an open question until

more is known of the operations now in progress between the forces under Togo and Rojdestvensky; and when these operations terminate care must be taken to weigh well the whole of the facts before coming to any conclusion.

The general argument of this paper may now be shortly stated. During the early stages of a war, if the command of the sea is disputed, the battleships and armoured cruisers will be concentrated, and will be fully occupied in dealing with each other. During this time the small ships will be free, and will spread to operate on the communications—to attack and defend the trade. After the decisive action between the main fleets, if such be necessary, the winner will gradually dominate the seas forming the principal theatre of war, and will drive from it the hostile ships. His own small ships will be more or less free from attack, but those of the enemy will be exposed to attack by superior forces.

The German shipbuilding policy is apparently based on this view of war. Its main efforts are concentrated on battleships, third-class cruisers, and destroyers. The armoured cruiser is only sparingly developed. The battleship is intended to fight the decisive action, while the small cruiser will be free to attack the sea communications. The destroyer and torpedo-boat are the unknown quantities which, it is hoped, will assist the battle-

ship in the narrow waters of the North Sea.

Looked at in the light of these views, the hasty withdrawal of so many cruisers and small ships from foreign stations seems to have been founded upon a misapprehension of the nature of war, and of the wants and requirements of the British Empire. It is a mistake to suppose that, because a ship is small and of moderate speed, therefore she is of no military value. A small ship inside the bar at Taku during the Pekin Expedition was of more value on the night the forts were taken than the battleship outside the bar, fifteen miles away. The Japanese small ships, which pushed in to shoal waters to support the attack at Nanshan, were of priceless service. The true *raison d'être* of the small ship is that it is economical and helps concentration. The South African War affords a good example of its use. A considerable number of ships were required on the station to stop the supply of arms and for other services. The demand was met by transferring small ships from other stations. Had these ships not been available, it would have been necessary to send larger ships. This would have weakened the British Fleet in European waters at a time when the political situation required that force to be strong. If similar demands were made at the present time they could not be met in the same way, because upwards of thirty cruisers and smaller vessels have been withdrawn from

foreign stations. Some reduction may have been advisable, but that it has been overdone is proved by the fact that it has been already found necessary to replace one ship in the West Indies, two on the Newfoundland station, and two if not three sloops on the China station, while it is intended to send out four small ships of the new type to replace those withdrawn from the Mediterranean.

Sufficient evidence has perhaps been given to convince the reader that recent changes in Admiralty policy have been carried out somewhat hastily, and without fully considering the conditions of war or recognising the wide and complex interests involved. Even where the principle of some recent arrangement is a good one, the method of carrying it into effect has been such as greatly to diminish or destroy its value. Take the case of the Reserve ships at home:

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it may be said that these ships could not have been provided with nucleus crews without the five thousand and odd officers and men who manned the ships put out of commission. It is permissible to doubt this, in view of the fact that upwards of forty thousand officers and men were already in the home ports, many of them undergoing a pedantic system of training. Incredible as it may appear, it is true that the present system of training men in the Navy is based on the fundamental idea that they cannot learn their work on board a sea-going ship, but must be taught it on shore. A century of peace is responsible for much. Had the system been reformed with a view to avoiding the constant movement of officers and men which it involves, the excellent idea of the nucleus crew might have had a chance of meeting with success, instead of running the risk of the failure which it is much to be feared awaits it.

CROCODILE-FISHING.

AH CHOW, my China boy, looked on with a quiet appreciative smile, hovering gently in the background a yard or two behind my chair. We were in the back verandah of my bungalow; in front of me a strange Malay squatted on the floor, and beside him were weird implements—some gigantic hooks, four or five coils of rattan, a basket full of odds and ends, and four dead fowls. The Malay, as he came into the house, had told Ah Chow in answer to a question as to his business that we were going to catch crocodiles, and had imagined that by the bald communication he had conveyed to the China boy all that was necessary for a full comprehension of the matter. Ah Chow was naturally only the more puzzled by the information. Shooting, he flattered himself, he knew all about; he knew every gun and rifle in the glass-fronted baize-backed gun-rack, and the class of game that each was intended for. He rather thought that he knew something about fishing too, and that there was not much one could teach him about the proper care of rods and tackle. Golf-clubs, raquets, and such accessories of mere amusement he did not see to himself,—the Tamil orderlies could be trusted to do that; but his eye was always upon them, and his hand ever ready to correct. He thought that he had seen every form of

“play” the East had to offer, but frankly admitted to himself that the Malay’s extraordinary paraphernalia was something new. He held it to be his duty in my interests to learn all he could of this new thing, and, though too proud and too shy to question the Malay in my presence, and thereby admit his ignorance, was determined not to miss anything that he could see.

Manap was the name of the Malay,—Abdulmanap bin Mohamed Ismail, to give him his full ceremonial name, and Manap Rimau or Tiger Manap, to give him his distinguishing name. He was a professional crocodile-catcher, making his living out of the reward offered by Government for the extermination of these animals. His skill and extraordinary daring in shooting tigers, also of course for the Government reward, had earned him his *sobriquet*. He lived near the sea, close to the mangrove swamps where his work lay, and had come up to Taiping in answer to a letter from me. As he sat on the floor amid his paraphernalia he talked of indifferent subjects for the period prescribed by etiquette, and then I asked him to show me the lines he had brought with him.

“It is cooler in the house, Tuan, than by the lake; shall I bait the hooks here?” He pulled out a knife some twenty inches long and carefully

thumbed the blade. "And the Tuan wants to know not only how to catch crocodiles but to learn the charms and lore in connection with it? Well, whatever it be that one intends to learn, one must start from the beginning. The boys at school begin with Alif, the first letter of the alphabet, and to catch crocodiles one must know the beginning of crocodiles. The first crocodile had its origin in the following manner. Siti Fatimah was the daughter of the Prophet Mahomed, and Petri Padang Gerinsing was the name of her nurse. One day the nurse took the sheath of a betel-nut palm-leaf, and on it moulded some clay into the shape of what is now a crocodile, and the palm-leaf sheath formed the belly of the animal. Of the joints of some sugarcane she made its ribs. On its head she placed a pointed stone, and bits of turmeric formed its eyes; its tail was a leaf of the betel-nut palm. She then tried to give life to it, but at once it fell to pieces. Twice this happened; but the third time she prayed to the Almighty God for life for it, and at once the animal breathed and moved. For many years it was the plaything of the Prophet's daughter; but at last, with increasing size, it became disobedient, and, Petri Padang Gerinsing being by this time old and feeble, Siti Fatimah cursed the animal, saying, 'Thou shalt become the crocodile of the sea; nothing that thou shalt eat shall have taste for thee, and pleasure and desire shall not be known to

thee.' She forthwith drew out all its teeth and pulled the tonsils from its mouth, and then to close its mouth drove nails through from the upper to the lower jaw and from the lower to the upper jaw. The crocodile was allowed to escape, but soon found a way to open its jaw, and the nails driven in by Siti Fatimah have become the teeth that it now has."

Manap knew the folk-story off by heart, and probably repeated it in the identical words in which he had first heard it. "It is because the eyes of the first crocodile were made of turmeric that to this day a crocodile cannot struggle successfully against a man who knows the properties of turmeric. A piece of turmeric rubbed on the line will weaken the crocodile's resistance, and if we sprinkle the boat with water in which turmeric has been soaked the crocodile will not attack it. Turmeric rubbed on a crocodile's head quickly kills it."

"And this, Tuan, is the way to bait the hooks." From the coil of rattans he produced one about twenty yards long, a piece of stout native-made rope about three yards long attached to one end of it, and at the end of the rope was a hook. The fine strands of which the rope was composed were separate from one another, so that when the hook was taken by a crocodile they would slip into the interstices of its teeth, and afford nothing on to which the animal could bite.

The hook was some 7 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches across from

point to shank. It was of native-wrought iron, and half-way up the shank, on the side towards the point of the hook, was a loop. The rope was attached to the hook at this loop,—that is to say, it was attached to the hook half-way up the shank instead of at the end of the shank, as is the case in the ordinary hook. The point of the hook was not barbed, and the end of the shank was sharpened. The effect of this curious attachment is obvious: supposing the bait to be swallowed, a strain on the line would tend to pull the hook transversely across the gullet of the animal, the point of the hook would catch in some part of the throat, and as soon as this happens the sharpened shank-point would catch in the opposite side of the throat. An animal thus hooked could only escape by breaking the line.

"I brought fowls for bait, Tuan, because I was hurried. White fowls are the best, for the crocodile can see them farther; but if I had had time I would have shot a monkey. There is nothing that a crocodile likes better than one of the grey long-tailed monkeys. He sees them playing and leaping in the mangrove-trees at high tide, and trooping over the mud flats at low tide, and at all times they scream and scold and chatter at him. It is seldom that he catches one, but when he does it is very sweet to him."

Manap then took a fowl, which he had previously gutted and half-plucked, and eyed it

carefully, and, after looking at it and at the hook from every point of view, split it open down the breast. He then buried the length of the hook in the incision he had made. The bend of the hook fitted closely to the curve of the fowl's rump, and the hook's point was hidden under a wing, while the sharpened point of the shank could be felt near the fowl's neck. With some native fibre he then bound the bait as tightly as possible to the hook near the loop, taking great care not to impede the pivotal action of the loop. At the two extremities of the hook he tied on the bait with a much finer fibre, and tied it so that, while the meat could not slip and uncover the bone, yet, at a sudden jerk on the main line, the slender bands would snap and the hook-point and shank-point would start from the protecting covering and stand ready to pierce any part of the crocodile's gullet they might touch. It did not take him long to bait the four hooks he had brought, and he was then ready to make a start.

In the meantime I had explained the reason of my having sent for him. Taiping, the town in which we were, is the capital of the leading native state of the Malay Peninsula, and is happy in the possession of a beautiful public garden and an ornamental lake. Until they were made, their site was a wilderness of abandoned mine-holes and spoil-banks. The Chinese method of winning alluvial tin ore (the mineral on which the source of the wealth

of Perak at present depends) is to open an enormous pit and to bodily remove the earth from it until the substratum that carries the tin ore is exposed. When the mine is worked and abandoned, there is left a hole which may vary from 20 to 60 feet in depth, and which, in exceptional cases, may extend for half a mile in length and a hundred yards or more in breadth; and beside this gigantic excavation, which in the rainy climate of the Peninsula quickly fills to the brim with water, there are mounds of corresponding extent where the overburden has been taken out and deposited. To form the Taiping lake a series of such abandoned mines were connected, a dam erected at their lower end, and a small mountain-stream deviated into the enclosure. Many of the old spoil-banks were left to form islands in the lake, some of them covered with closely mown turf and dotted with palms, while others, by way of contrast, were allowed to remain under the wild luxuriant growth of nature. A circular road, some two miles long, runs through the gardens and round the lake, and here the European community rides and drives in the afternoon; the golf-links are on one side, and on the other is the race-course. It is not the sort of place where one would expect to find crocodiles: one looks for them in tidal rivers or backwaters, but not in an artificial lake in a public garden. Crocodiles have, however, the most extraordinary roving propensities, and often leave their native river to make

journeys of many miles overland. In the interior of Perak they have been found in abandoned mine-holes so far from any stream that it is difficult even to guess from which direction they have wandered, or to tell whether it was by accident or design that they discovered an isolated pool in a limitless extent of tropical forest. It made it none the less extraordinary, but it was easy to see how the crocodiles had got into the Taiping lake: the Squirrel river, though a small, shallow, gravelly stream, incapable of affording food or shelter to a crocodile, runs close by, and lower down joins a tidal river. A crocodile could make its way either up the channel of the Squirrel or through the jungle on its bank for a distance of some three miles, and it would then be opposite the lake. After that, to travel some two or three hundred yards overland, and to cross a metalled cart-road, would afford but little difficulty. It is easy to see how it is done, but who can say why it is done? Why should a crocodile leave a river stocked with food, explore for miles an utterly unsuitable tributary, and then wander inland until it strikes a pool? One can only say that it does; and rumour had it that three of these brutes had found their way into the lake. So long as they confined their attention to the fish, and perhaps an occasional duck, no one objected to their presence; but when one of them began to take sheep off the bank as they came down to drink, and had even gone so

far as to make an attempt on a cow, it was felt that the brutes ought to be exterminated. When children and ayahs were playing on the banks, anything might happen, and so I sent for Manap.

When the baits were all ready Manap went down to the lake to wait for me there, and with him went Ah Chow, nominally to see that he got the paddles, but really to gratify what he considered pardonable if undignified curiosity. Everything was ready when I came, and Manap and I pushed off in a Malay dug-out to reconnoitre the lake. It was fairly shallow towards the sides, but in the centre there were some very deep old mine-holes; and to approach these pools, which were almost certainly where the crocodiles were to be found, one had to pass by one or another of the islands that I have mentioned. We decided to leave a line at each entrance between the islands, and Manap proceeded to unwind one of the coils of rattan, and straightened out the curves in it until it followed the canoe, floating on the top of the water like a yellow snake. Out of his basket he produced a piece of wood large enough to carry the hook and bait, and sufficiently buoyant to support its weight above the level of the water. To this wood he fastened the bait with some bamboo pegs, and then gently stopped the canoe between two islands, where a narrow entrance led to a deep secluded pool. Carefully placing the

bait and its wooden support in the water so that it floated true and upright, he muttered the following invocation:—

“Sang Raga, Sang Ragai,
Receive this gift from Siti Fatimah.
If thou receive it not,
The water will choke you,
The bones of animals will choke you,
The skins of animals will choke you,
The blood of animals will choke you.”

He then picked up the paddle and struck the water three resounding blows with the flat blade. “The crocodile will hear that,” he turned to say, “and will come the sooner.” He then pushed the bait about two or three yards away from the land so that it floated in open water, and carefully disposed the rattan-line along the bushes which fringed the island in such manner that none of it lay in the water. The end of the rattan was not fastened to anything, and the crocodile was free to carry off hook, line, and bait whither it chose; but wherever it might go, the rattan would float on the water’s surface and betray the presence of the crocodile. We placed the three other baits in suitable localities, and then had done all that we could for the present. The sun was setting, and as he paddled back Manap explained that a gorge-bait is necessary, and that it is useless to attempt to use a snap-bait. Even if, as sometimes happens, a crocodile seizes the bait the moment that it is put in the water, it must be given time to swallow it, for the hook will find no hold in the bony cartilage of its mouth. What surprised me

more than anything was the smallness of the bait: it seemed strange that any animal addicted to carrying off cattle should deign to notice so insignificant a morsel as a chicken. "They will eat anything," Manap said—"frogs or rats, if they can get nothing bigger."

We were back at the lake a little after sunrise the next morning, and as soon as we got near the place where the first line had been set, we saw that the bait had disappeared. Manap's eyes glistened. He put everything in order in the canoe, pushed his jungle-knife, the boat-pole, and his compendious basket into the bows of the canoe, and paddled gently towards the spot. Suddenly his face fell. "Misbegotten child of Satan!" he muttered, then he turned to me. "See, Tuan, it is not a crocodile, but a scoundrelly iguana that has taken the bait, for there is the rattan still hanging on the bushes. A crocodile would have swam away to its retreat with line and all before it swallowed the bait."

We paddled up and found that the "scoundrelly iguana" had taken the bait out of the water, dragged it a few yards into the land, and had then stripped the hook clear, leaving only the bare metal. There was nothing to be done but to coil up the rattan and take it away. Most loathsome animals are these iguanas, to call them by their popular designation, though I believe that "monitor lizard" is their

more proper name. They have wonderful powers of scent, and are always to be found near carrion. One often sees them, when sitting up for a tiger, over a "kill." They come shambling awkwardly through the undergrowth, and, after a careful scrutiny on every side, tear huge mouthfuls of flesh out of the carcass. The first time that I saw one was many years ago, when the now respected head of department in the Hongkong Civil Service and I were both griffins, with only a few days' experience of the East. He shot it, partly because he did not know what it was, and we both examined the dead beast curiously.

"Iguana," he said; "very good eating, I am told—rather like fricasseed chicken."

I acquiesced, for, like every one else, I had heard of the similarity to fricasseed chicken, though why it should be fricasseed chicken rather than roast or boiled chicken is beyond me.

"I vote we have it for dinner," I added.

"Curious sort of tongue it's got,—forked like a snake."

"It's not double,—by Jove! it's got three tongues. Look here," and he bent down and gave a tug at what he imagined to be the third tongue, and pulled out by its tail an enormous dead rat! Apparently the iguana had only caught the rat the moment before it had met us, and had not had time to swallow it. At any rate we both left hurriedly, and iguana did not figure on the menu that night.

But to return to the subject: we found that the three other baits had not been touched, and we could do nothing therefore but objugate the iguana, and go home to hope that a crocodile would soon be hungry. We went out again the same afternoon, when the heat of the day was over, and found another bait gone. Rattan-line and all had disappeared, and there was no doubt that it was a crocodile this time. We carefully examined a deep pool that lay close by, and then a second pool, and afterwards a third inner pool, from which the other led, and here we found the piece of wood on which the bait had floated. There were marks of crocodile's teeth on it. At the farthest corner of the pool we saw the end of the rattan-line floating on the water, and knew that the crocodile was at the other end of it. Decks were cleared for action: Manap was of course barefooted, and I took off my shoes and stockings, so that my bare feet might have as good a hold as possible on the smooth bottom of the dug-out. Everything was pushed up into the bows except the barbed spear, which was to play an important part in the proceedings. This spear was made on the same principle as a harpoon. A rope is attached to a barbed iron spear-head, into a socket of which the spear shaft fits loosely: as soon as a blow has been driven home with the spear, the shaft detaches from the head, and the stricken animal is held by the rope and the barb.

I stood up in the middle of the canoe, and the spear with its coil of rope lay at my feet. Manap sat in the stern paddling gently. As we approached the rattan-line glided away mysteriously. The crocodile had seen us coming, and, unconscious of the fatal rattan which marked its course, had moved into deeper water. I seized the line and rapidly pulled in the slack: in an instant I felt the crocodile on the line, and jerked the line hard, so as to snap the slender fibre bands round the bait and to set the hook free to catch in the crocodile's gullet. Then I held on and drove the hook well home. The curious electric sensation that thrills a line when a fish is on it told that the crocodile was well hooked. At once it moved off into the deep water at the centre of the pool, dragging the canoe after it: the sensation of blind terror which the brute felt at the pain of the hook, and of the force which bound it to it knew not what, was plainly transmitted along the tautened line. For some few yards it sullenly resisted as I slowly hauled in the line hand by hand: it was numb and sick with fright, but only for a few yards, and then it burst into a wild fury. For years it had been the tyrant of the lake, and since it had left its native river had never come into contact with anything stronger and more powerful than itself; and it would not yield the supremacy, much less its life, without a struggle. Wildly lashing the water, it turned to dive to the bottom

and to break the rattan-line. I was brought almost to my knees, and had to pay out the line I had pulled in, and it was all that I could do to hold on to the end of the line while the crocodile towed us, canoe and all, towards the second pool. Again I hauled in the line with all my might, and Manap skilfully kept the canoe head on to the crocodile. In the contest I had the great factor in my favour that I had not so much to pull the crocodile up to the canoe as to pull the canoe up to the crocodile; but, on the other hand, my foothold in the unstable cockle-shell of a canoe was not always as sure as might be desired. After a protracted struggle I managed to get the crocodile within a few yards of the canoe, and in the clear blue water of the pool we could see its yellow length under the canoe fighting and snapping at the line, and turning and twisting as it fought. But the sight of the canoe was too much for it, and with a desperate effort it tore the line out of my grasp until again only the end of it remained in my hands, and continued the struggle in the depths of the pool. Again I pulled in the line, and yard by yard it yielded. This time I saw that I could get it within reach of the canoe; and when it was within three or four yards of us, I handed the line to Manap and picked up the spear. "Stab it in the soft part of the throat, Tuan, or under the stomach, not in the back or sides; and stab quickly, for the line may be partly bitten through." With strain-

ing muscles Manap hauled on the line, and, swirling like "Ugudwash the sun-fish," the crocodile came up fighting through the water. As it came to the surface the water that had heaved and rocked to our exertions burst into a fury of foam. In the middle of the turmoil one could see four extended claws with every nail outstretched, a swingeing, lashing tail, and a long flat head with open jaw: all were mixed into a horrid interminable knot like a Chinese dragon on a plate. For a second it straightened, and as it did so Manap hauled its head above the level of the water, and I had a clear view of a whitey-yellow throat, at which I stabbed with all my strength. Who is responsible for the travellers' tale that the crocodile's skin is impervious to steel weapons, and even to bullets? Into the soft yielding flesh I felt the spear-head enter to its hilt, and then I wrenched the spear-shaft free from the socket and seized the coil of rope at my feet. Thus we now had double hold on the crocodile, Manap grasping by the rattan-line and hook, and I by the barbed spear and rope. If there had been a storm before, there was a tornado now. At one moment the open jaws would surge out of the broken water and snap together in unpleasant proximity to our legs; the next moment the heavy tail would swing free of the water, and, lashing through the air with the cut of a flicking whip and the weight of a falling tree, would hit the side of the canoe a blow that made it

shiver. More than once the great claws got on the gunwale of the canoe, and it seemed as if in the blind turmoil the brute would get on board. We were both drenched from head to foot in the water, which flew in every direction, and the canoe rocked so violently in the waves of the commotion that there was no little risk of losing one's balance and falling in on top of the raging brute.

"We have him too close to the boat, Tuan; let out more line."

We slowly paid out the two lines, with the result that not only was the struggle continued at a safer distance, but the crocodile entangled itself in the lines. As it writhed and twisted, and turned on every side and in every direction, the rope caught an outstretched leg on one side, made a loop round it, and then caught in a leg on the other side. As each limb was caught we let out more line, so that, while of course the line was always taut, there was sufficient length of it between the crocodile and ourselves to enable the animal to entangle itself still further. In a few minutes all four legs were caught, and the crocodile's struggles became less violent; for although most of its power lay in its tail, yet the legs were needed to balance the body in the water, and without this balance its muscular efforts became ill-directed and uncertain. Twice in its contortions the crocodile slipped the ropes from its legs, and the struggle began anew until they were caught again. In the

restraint of the entangling ropes the crocodile's efforts, though they increased rather than otherwise, had only a diminishing effect, and a few more minutes were all that was necessary. "I think that we can manage now." We both pulled our lines in until the crocodile was a few feet from the canoe. "Will the Tuan take both lines, one in each hand?" Manap handed his line over to me, and picked up a piece of stout box-cord some three or four yards long with a running noose at one end of it. "Now, Tuan, hold steady with the line on the spear-head, and pull hard on the hook-line, so as to bring his head as far as possible above the water." I followed the directions, and as the open mouth appeared above the water Manap dexterously slipped the noose over the animal's upper jaw and pulled it tight, some six inches behind the point of its nostrils. Then, snatching his opportunity, with a quick turn of his wrist he slipped the slack of the cord round under the lower jaw. By pulling on the cord he could now bring upper and lower jaw together and close the animal's mouth. "Pull him closer into the boat." For a fraction of a second the animal was quiescent with its mouth bound by the single turn of the cord. Like lightning Manap in that time had twisted his wrist, and a second circle of the cord lay round the closed jaws. He drew the cord tight, and the teeth of each jaw pressed home into the

sockets of the other. "Now pull his head over the gunwale of the canoe." As the long pointed head appeared over the side of the canoe, Manap firmly seized it by the nostril. It seemed the maddest thing possible. Here was a brute that a few seconds before had been raging like a devil incarnate: we were still half blinded by the spray it had flung in our faces, and the dug-out still rocked in the waves its wild struggles had raised. For a moment it was still, and a cord was round its mouth; but the cord might easily slip with any sudden movement, either of the crocodile or of ourselves, and there was nothing to show that the struggle was over—far from it. One shuddered to think of what would have happened had the cord slipped: the hand that pressed so confidently on the brute's nostrils would be snapped and seized in a second, Manap would be taken overboard and worried and shaken like a rat by a terrier, and would drown before my eyes in the crocodile's embrace. But no such thing happened. Manap grasped the point of the long narrow head with one hand, and with the other rapidly wound the cord round the clenched mouth, ending it off with a half-hitch knot. The extraordinary thing was that while Manap did this, though the time as a matter of fact was only two or three seconds, the crocodile remained comparatively still: the front feet, it is true, clawed wildly at the canoe's side, but they could not reach Manap's hands. The

surging, swirling turmoil ceased, and from the moment that the cord was slipped round its jaws the crocodile appeared to give up all heart. No sooner was the knot tied round the crocodile's mouth than Manap produced another cord and slipped it over a fore-leg, pulling the leg up to the animal's side; he then slipped the line over its back, and caught up the other fore-leg with it. He pulled the two fore-legs together over the crocodile's back as far as he could, and, passing the cord round them once or twice, tied it in a knot. With a third cord he noosed and tied together the two hind-legs. "*Sudah*," he said. "That is finished." What he had effected was perfectly marvellous. In one minute he had transformed a ravening water-devil into a trussed-up monstrosity, and his only weapon had been three pieces of box-cord. The furious monster that, all open mouth, whirling tail, and outspread claws, had bent itself into strenuous coils like the Dragon of China, now lay long and limp beside the canoe. The tightly closed mouth and the legs tied awkwardly over its back made it look almost ridiculous. The fight was over. "If the Tuan will hold the rattan-line, I will paddle the canoe ashore." The crocodile did not make another effort: a deep groan burst from its clenched mouth two or three times, and it allowed itself to be towed alongside the canoe like a dead thing. When we reached the edge of the lake Manap dragged it ashore by

the golf-links, and killed it with a few blows of a heavy wooden bar. It was between nine and ten feet long, and the clear water of the lake had given it a most beautiful bright-yellow colour. The girth of its body and its weight showed that it had been feeding well, and as it had taken to attacking cattle, it was time that it was caught. A man seized by it would have had no chance whatever of escape. Manap dragged the body off towards the police-station for the Government reward, and as I turned to go to the club I caught a glimpse of Ah Chow moving forward from behind some trees to give him a helping hand.

Such was the taking of the first crocodile that Manap and I caught together. Though we often set baits for the other two crocodiles that were said to inhabit the lake, we never caught them. But in the old mine-holes round Taiping I caught many afterwards, some with Manap and some without him. The second time that I went out with Manap I took the cord myself to tie up the crocodile's mouth. It was one of the most exciting moments I have ever experienced. As in other hazardous enterprises that require some nerve, such as playing with poisonous snakes or making parachute descents, that of which one most feels the want in one's maiden effort is the confidence which comes only by experience and success. It is not a thing in which one graduates: the maxim is inverted, and one

must be perfect before one practises.

On another occasion I set some lines in an abandoned mine-hole adjoining a big mine where some twelve or fourteen hundred Chinese coolies were working. They saw us engaged with a crocodile at the water's edge, and, to satisfy their curiosity, flocked down upon us so thickly and so close that they nearly pressed us into the water on top of the struggling animal. It was only by threatening them with the spear that I was able to keep the barest space around us. Another time I set two lines in an abandoned mine-hole, and when I went the next morning could find no sign of them. We paddled round the water's edge and examined every inch most carefully, then we inspected a tiny creek that led into the hole and followed it for half a mile or so. Not a sign of any rattan: we followed the creek where it led out of the pool, and went down it for about a mile. Again not a sign anywhere, and coming to the conclusion that some rascal of a Chinaman had seen the rattans and had stolen them, we cursed him heartily and went home disgusted. About a week afterwards, a note was sent to me from the police-station to say that a Malay had brought a crocodile there and said that he thought it belonged to me. I went over to the station, and there was one of my missing lines and attached to it was a crocodile. The Malay's story was

that he was cutting fire-wood in the jungle about a mile from the pool where I had set my lines, and had seen the rattan lying on the ground. He naturally picked it up, and was considerably surprised to find a crocodile at the other end of it. It was a rather small one, and with assistance he killed it; and having heard of my lost lines, naturally concluded that this was one of them, and brought it to the police-station. To his delight I told the police to pay over the Government reward to him. Nothing was ever heard of the other missing line. I imagine that both lines were taken by crocodiles, and that the animals, after swallowing the baits, had felt suspicious of the rattan-lines that followed them wherever they went, and had left the pool in the hope of getting rid of them. That the animal which the Malay came across should have been resting so far from water is remarkable, and that

the two animals should have taken the baits on the same day and both abandoned the pool to wander overland is most extraordinary.

Sometimes one hooks a crocodile that is too big to be tackled. "One should always have a second spear handy," was Manap's advice, "for sometimes the crocodile may 'amok' and attack the boat. If the crocodile floats up to the top and looks over the water to see what it is that pesters him, then, Tuan, shoot him at once if you have a rifle, or else drop the line and go home; for the next thing that he will do when he feels the line again will be to dash at the boat and board it. And then what is one to do?"

A crocodile twenty-four feet eight inches long hangs in the Taiping museum, and when one sees an animal of this size one may well echo Manap's question, "And then what is one to do?"

GEORGE MAXWELL.

THE WOMAN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

IN the Corranbinnie Channel, oh! the fleet was gathered
thick:
From the bridge to Catharine's Island you could travel deck
to deck.
From the East wind and the West wind smacks were
mustered, big and small,
To the bay of Corranbinnie, 'mid the cliffs of Donegal.

On the shore by Corranbinnie, 'neath a glimmering autumn
sky,
Men spoke low to one another, for the sea ran cruel
high.
No air of wind was stirring, but it stormed the crags with
might,
And on each low black spine of rock the wash was torn
to white.
Yet the bay was full of herring that to-morrow might be
gone,
And a rich and plenteous harvest there lay waiting to be
won,
So they moored their smacks up channel, from the surf they
moored them far,
And they pulled their creaking cobbles out across the plunging
bar.

Sunset flared and flickered wildly as the nets were shot that
night.
Overhead the circling sea-birds screamed in clamorous
delight,
For the shoals were up and moving; men could smell them
on the tide,
Fathom deep could spy the flashing where there turned a
silver side,
And the buoys dipped low and under, as the herring took
the mesh,—
Little cared such lucky fishers tho' the breeze was rising
fresh.

On the sudden with a blackness and a gusty soud of wind
From the west it swung to northward; came a raging sea
behind.

As a whale among the herring, so the storm among its prey
Plunged, and drove them, scattered wildy, broadcast over all
the bay.

Oh! they cast their nets adrift then, with their store of silvery
prize,

But more than nets were missing when the morning cleared
the skies.

Some split on Carrigfodha, some where now the beacons are,
But the most were swamped and shattered in the fury of
the bar.

To the shore by Corranbinnie, when the sea was calm and
fair,

Came a woman out of Sootland, after word had travelled there.
Her face was young and comely, but her eyes were strange
and set:

In her hand she bore a clasp-knife and a trail of herring-net.
She knelt—oh! but her eyes were strange—she knelt beside
the wave,

She knelt as one might kneel beside a newly covered grave.
Then on the bare broad sea-beach she stripped her to the skin,
Out she waded in the water, deep and far she waded in.
Breast-deep by Corranbinnie, looking out across the bar,
She gashed her white breast open, red and wide she left the
scar,

And in the crimson fountain that trickled down her side
She steeped the net to redness, then cast it on the tide:

“I, a widow out of Scotland, lay a curse upon this bay,
On this bay that drowned our husbands, swept our share of
life away.

Too rich in fish you ever were, O Corranbinnie shore!
You lured the men that married us, you lured the sons we
bore.

From the light of our warm firesides to the shade of your
cold cliffs

They were lured to face the winter and its tempests in their
skiffs.

By this net—'twas twined for herring and 'tis barked with
widow's blood—

I lay my curse upon you, O salt and bitter flood!

Let never herring shoal here, let no man dip a net,

Till a widow's nightly sorrow shall have learned how to
forget,

Till the care that eats into me shall have passed and set me
free,

Till the boy that I have growing be too old to go to sea."

Blood flowed while she was speaking, and they say the sea
was red

From the strand by Killyhoey to the cliffs of Breaghy Head.

For a generation's passing, if so be the truth is told,

Came no fish to Corranbinnie, till the young men had grown
old,

But there came no fleet from Scotland, let the fish be there
or no,

For the witchcraft wrought upon them with the weight of
woman's woe.

There are fish and fishers plenty now in Corranbinnie Bay,

There are smacks with goodly tackle laden deep with precious
prey,

There are nets weighed down and heavy while the fishers
count their share,—

And ashore are hearts more heavy with a weight of woman's
care.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

A FOWLER'S DAY IN THE OUTER ISLES.

THE thirteenth century was drawing to its close, when one Mathew Paris, pioneer of early travellers in Scotland, looking west across the Minch from the coast of Skye, wrote: "This part looks only towards a sea where there is nought but the abode of monsters; however, an island exists there."

More islands than one, Mr Paris, and one may cross the Minch and spend a month in the Outer Isles without meeting a single monster wherewith to grace one's page.

Mere wild-fowl may seem sorry substitutes for monsters, yet there may be some who would care to follow the varying fortunes of a fowler's day with the geese. To such, a word of apology is due. Here is no record of some mighty shot with a stanchion gun, for the writer carries no deadlier weapon than a 12-bore, thus belonging to a class despised of all those who go down to the sea in punts, ever since their father, Colonel Hawker, wrote scornfully of "the rabble of pop-gunners and shore-snobs." To-day is the last day of the wild-fowl season. To-morrow brings peace to the geese, doubtless made sweeter could they but see their whilom pursuers facing the Minch, with all its possibilities of attendant horrors, in one of Mr Macbrayne's boats, undoubtedly seaworthy, but very small.

The thought of leaving has come to be a sorrow too, for the island has a strange way of growing on one. First impressions on arriving early one January morning were a trifle disappointing. All looked bleak, barren, and wet. Water everywhere: not a tree, hedge, or even a stone dyke, to break the monotony of a cold and colourless landscape. But gradually one realised the fascination of it all to the full,—the blending of sky and sea in so vast a space, for the horizon is fifty miles away; the great Atlantic with its wonderful colours, deepest blues and vividest greens, and the voice of its breakers for ever in your ears; the distant hills of Harris and Benbecula; the hundred islets and rocks out to sea; the squat little villages, for all the world like Kaffir kraals; the queer little houses, innocent of chimneys and windows, whose doors must serve for ingress and egress alike to men, chickens, light, and smoke; above all, the glorious air, giving that rare sense of perfect fitness. The whole in harmony; and we seem to draw closer to our mother Nature in these her sterner moods than when she wears a more smiling face.

Nature, in truth, seemed stern enough when in the small hours of a February morning a little party of three turned out to face a tempest of

wind and rain, agreeing with Moore that

"The best of all ways to lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my love."

And who shall say that the old hunting spirit, the desire to match one's wits against the wariest of wild creatures, is a lower motive than the softer attractions of a young May moon and a fair companion? At the least a safer pursuit, wherein you shall gain nothing worse than health of mind and body, and a truer perception of natural beauty.

Before dawn broke each gun had safely gained his appointed station on the shores of Loch-na-Féithean. The geese had been roosting on the loch of late, and the plan was to intercept them by a line of guns thrown across their natural line of flight.

Waiting for the keeper to get round to the far side, our hopes were raised by seeing in the half light a mighty host of grey geese on the water and islands. Presently a small gaggle of bean-geese rose and flew straight and high overhead. They were allowed to pass unscathed, though within a long shot, in the hopes that the main body following would give all the guns an equal and a better chance.

But it was not to be: warned by some mysterious instinct, the great mass of geese, after rising and for a few breathless seconds flying straight and low towards us, swung round and

headed for the sea. With a deafening clamour, which had to our ears an unpleasant note of derision in it, they passed low over our unarmed keeper. But we were not to return quite empty-handed. Many ducks had passed the night feeding on the loch. Their flight to the sea was high, but our seaward gun is no mean shot, so a mallard and a widgeon had to pay the penalty of a slight miscalculation of distance. Nor were the other guns altogether idle. A few gadwall loth to leave freshwater, a pink-footed goose crippled and lost the previous day, and a dozen rocketing coots, fell to their share. (The last, though not much esteemed for sport or table, fly very like high pheasants, and, further, make excellent soup.)

Followed breakfast, over which, with its rival merits of scones and oatcakes, of marmalade and heather honey, some writers on sport are too prone to linger. Let us, then, pass on to such time as, with pipes lit, we fixed our beats for the day. One of the party, whose marked predilection for shooting somewhere near home, especially on rough days, had earned him the sobriquet of "the *wild-fowler*," had determined to devote the day to the slaying of a hooper swan, of which there were always a few in company of the mute swans on a loch near at hand. To anticipate the march of events, the wild-fowler returned in the evening much

pleased with a huge swan, which had succumbed to a lengthy bombardment of a Mannlicher rifle and an 8-bore. Obviously too big for a hooper, my tentative suggestion that it might be a Bewick's swan met with warm approval; yet the truth was not in me, for any one with half an ornithological eye could see that the bird in question was nothing but a very large, tame, mute swan, such as you may see any day on the Serpentine.

To my lot fell the island of Kirkebost, some five miles away, and about a square mile in extent, whereof the swamps and grassy flats are the haunt of great numbers of geese, both grey and barnacle. The latter were to be the special quarry to-day, for though during the past month all four kinds of grey geese had fallen to my gun, the barnacles, despite many stalks, had so far eluded all efforts. A special interest, too, attaches to these geese apart from their comparative rarity and beautiful plumage. As little is known of their nesting-ground to-day as was two hundred years ago, when Richard Franck sought to verify with his own eyes the commonly accepted marvel of their birth. Finding that the site of this prodigy always receded northwards before him, he was at length content to accept the story of an eyewitness. "Now that in the pleasant isles of Orkney," to quote his '*Northern Memoirs*,' "barnacles do breed, it's past

dispute: and that they fall off from the limbs and members of a fir-tree is questionless: and those so fortunate as to espouse the ocean, or any other river, by virtue of solar heat are destined to live, but to all others so unfortunate as to fall upon dry land are denied their nativity." Thus far the over-credulous Mr Franck and his complaisant witness; though to this day the rude fishermen of the west of Ireland implicitly believe that these geese are born from the barnacles adhering to some water-logged timber, whose mossy appearance, resembling the down of a gosling, lends colour to their belief.

An hour's drive, a short pull across the ford, and eleven o'clock found us landed on the island. The tide was high and the island undisturbed. At low tide, when the fords connecting it with the mainland are passable, the crofters come in swarms, with their wild little ponies and queer carts, to gather the seaweed. The leafy part they spread in deep layers to manure the sandy soil of their lands. The thicker stalks, or kelp, they make into heaps and burn: the ashes fetch £2 a ton, and are used in the manufacture of iodine. Not a very remunerative pursuit, one would imagine, for it must take a deal of seaweed to make a ton of ashes; but the raw material may be had for nothing, and the supply is inexhaustible. A careful spy with the glass from a point of vantage revealed a host

of barnacles busily feeding on the salt grass. They had unfortunately selected the flattest part of the island; but there was encouragement in the memory of a recent success with some white-fronted geese on the same ground, so the attempt was decided on.

The party, reduced to the ideal stalking number of one by leaving keeper and dog concealed in the sand-dunes, made a long detour to avoid giving the geese the wind, and spent the next few hours in fruitlessly seeking a way that would bring the gun within range. Once indeed an opportunity seemed to offer. Part of the flock were within range of an accessible knoll; but an hour's laborious approach only ended in finding that the geese had meantime fed some hundred yards in the opposite direction. So the hours passed, till two o'clock found me still 200 yards from the barnacles,—hot, breathless, and very wet, having found it necessary to adopt for the last hundred yards a mode of progression modelled upon that of a black slug on a rainy afternoon. Any further advance was impossible; even the last few wriggles that had brought me into the welcome shelter of a tussock of coarse grass seemed to have aroused suspicion in several anserine minds, and every here and there a black head rising above the mass of grey backs subjected my hiding-place to a most embarrassing scrutiny. However, it is difficult, even for a goose, to

detect a man lying perfectly motionless, with the wind in his favour, his obnoxious face concealed in the grass, and the rest of him clad in carefully chosen neutral tint. So, after an anxious minute, the heads went down, and the sentries resumed their monotonous guttural chuckle, which, being translated, means "all's well," and it was safe to stretch cramped limbs and meditate on the next move.

The outlook was far from hopeful: closer advance from any direction meant instant and infallible detection. There was nothing for it but to wait patiently for something to turn up. Wanting four hours of low tide, there were still three hours to run before the crofters and their carts could make the ford and disturb the island; and in three hours lay endless possibilities. Besides, after the exertion of three hours' stalking, a rest was by no means unwelcome. It was still and sunny enough on the island, though to the south the great Atlantic rollers were throwing up masses of white spray from every rock; while a hailstorm swept black over the hills of Benbecula, leaving their summits glistening white in the sun. Westwards, alternately bathed in sunshine or blotted from view by passing shower, lay many islands,—Monach and its lighthouse; big Haskeir, haunt of the great grey seal; little Haskeir, whose five pointed rocks looked like the jagged teeth of some mighty submerged monster;

while far out, some forty miles westward, the cliffs of St Kilda rose sheer from the sea. On the wide expanse of the sands of the North Ford a small black object caught the eye. There are no rocks there, and it was no surprise when the glass revealed a little group of seven bean geese, sleeping but quite unapproachable. Near them were half a dozen sheldrake, busily feeding on the various shellfish with which the stretch of mixed mud and sand is covered; handsome fellows—the contrasting white, chestnut, and deep green of their plumage standing out bright in the sunlight. On the waters of the ford small parties of long-tailed ducks were hard at work fishing for sand-eels: without the bright colours of the sheldrake, they still look very effective in their quiet dress of white and dull chestnut. Sea-pheasants the natives call them here; and the name is apposite enough, though it can scarcely have a local origin, for no one has ever seen a pheasant in Uist. With them were a few eider, the drakes standing out clear in their bold plumage of black and creamy white. A sprinkling of mergansers and shags completed the fishers—though, indeed, it seems a shame to bracket the two together, for notwithstanding that in shape and habits they are somewhat similar, the merganser is a fine gentleman with handsome plumage and lovely salmon hues on his breast, while the shag is an obscene beast.

Some other divers and grebes were among the party, but the distance, and their annoying habit of diving whenever the glass got on them, prevented me from identifying them. Following the ford southwards, the glass disclosed a multitude of snow buntings,—not so beautiful now as when in their summer Arctic quarters they don a pure white plumage, but white enough to have earned the pretty alternative name of snowflake. The sober livery of a small party of scaup under a rock next came into focus, while the rock itself swarmed with purple sandpipers,—little visitors from Spitzbergen these, so tame that you could almost catch them with a butterfly-net. On the sands beyond were a restless host of ringed plover and sandpipers, whose ranks are eagerly scanned: for only yesterday there was a pure white-ringed plover here, who of course proved to be the wariest of his kind, always keeping the rest of the flock between us, till at last, just when hopes of getting him were highest, he passed gently across the ford and was seen no more. A grievous disappointment, for the mind's eye had already seen him adorning the case of albinos,—favourite hobby of mine, ever since a kind friend presented me with the nucleus in the shape of a white kestrel. A harmless hobby, too, for while it is a thousand pities to butcher every rare bird that visits our shores, an albino is only a freak, and it is better he

should not perpetuate his claims to distinction.

But the freak was not there to-day, and the glass swept along the sands to where a great flock of widgeon, whose name should have been legion, were peacefully resting. Wariest of ducks, though hundreds may sometimes fall to a lucky shot with a punt gun, they rarely give a shoulder gun much chance.

Under the far sandbank two ravens, with attendant satellites of grey crows, eagerly discussed some unsavoury flotsam.

Clanging, stertorous voices made me hurriedly drop the glasses and seize the gun, as some thirty pink-footed geese came sailing low over the sandbank behind, not seventy yards away, passing on to feed on the north end of the island, and giving the fowler a second string to his bow in the event of the barnacles proving a failure, for they settled on rough hummocky ground, where a stalk is always practicable.

Looking round, my heart sank within me, for, emerging from the solitary farm on the island, three carts, doubtless going seaweed-gathering before the mainland men could get across, were heading straight for the geese. Little did I think, as I greeted them with a muttered curse, that they were to prove eventually a blessing in disguise. That they should put the geese up seemed inevitable, but no: though the geese all ran together with

their heads up, after a searching inspection they seemed satisfied that the carts were harmless, and resumed feeding, allowing them to pass within a hundred yards.

Coming back, laden with seaweed, the carts passed even closer, but hardly a goose raised his head to look at them. And now my tardy brain began to work, as the idea crept into my mind—why not make use of the cart as a stalking-horse? It was certainly the only chance of getting a shot: and though it seemed hardly fair thus to trade on the confidence of the geese, still a dozen unsuccessful stalks in the last week had left me none too particular.

In short, the motion was put and unanimously carried. My mind once made up, action followed hard. Cautiously crawling from the tussock, I wormed my way back over the sandhills. Some Highland cattle seemed inclined to investigate at unpleasantly close quarters the weird appearance of a man who travelled on all-fours; but a well-directed stone checked their advances, and the shore was reached in safety, where the carts were standing loaded. A short parley with the carter, and the plan of campaign was settled. The leading cart, with the gun walking behind, his legs concealed by the trailing seaweed, was to edge gradually towards the geese. So we started, over the sandhills and out into the open, and as we drew ever closer and closer to the flock

my excitement grew apace. They took little or no notice of us, and after minutes that seemed like years we sidled up within easy range of them. Stalking up the back of the cart, with a furious prod in the ribs to attract the attention of the imperturbable carter, I gasped in a hoarse whisper, "Surely we're close enough." "Yess, she will do now," said the carter in his most everyday voice. A moment's grace to collect my wits and subdue the shaky-palsy in my hands,—strange disease to which they had been strangers since that distant day, a decade since, when, with the stalker's whisper of "take him now" buzzing through my head, I first drew bead on a noble stag,—then, cocking my gun, I rushed out. A whole jumble of thoughts were in my mind,—the uppermost, that hundreds of wild geese at thirty yards would make a wonderful photograph in the bright sun; the next, that it would be even better from the other side, with the carts and emergent wild-fowler as background. Then a horrible misgiving seized me that my gun might not be loaded: then there was no time for further thought, for my unlooked-for appearance had spread horror and consternation on every side. No need for the sentries to give the alarm: three hundred heads are up, three hundred geese were preparing for instant departure, when, picking a little group of about a dozen black heads, I let drive both

barrels into them almost simultaneously. At the same moment, with a sonorous roar the whole lot were on wing, but six—eight—nine geese were down, and one lagged behind, hard hit. "Mark him!" I shouted, cramming another cartridge into my gun with fingers all turned so thumb-like just when most wanted. But all was well, for the wounded goose faltered, turned over, and fell dead on the sand-hills.

A minute of mad joy, and then reason resumed her sway. The geese were soberly collected and laid out in a glorious row, backs of delicate French grey pencilled with black alternating with breasts particoloured black and white.

Fortunately there were no wounded birds to kill, for the shot had struck the group of heads fair and square, and death had been instantaneous. The farmer, who had joined the party, told us that it is the record shot for the island. He had seen the stalk, but had expected failure, for he thought the geese would smell the powder in the gun! Lunch, tardy but none the less welcome, was eaten, and a pipe smoked in rapt admiration; then leaving the keeper to get the geese down to the boat as best he might, I made for the north end of the island. There were several big lots of grey geese there, but accurate location of their position was impossible in the gathering darkness, and a haphazard stalk ended in complete failure.

Coming out on to the shores of the north ford, the bag was swelled by a mallard, cut off while fighting dinnerwards off the sea, and three golden plover, who fell from a small flock that circled round to the whistle. And so for home.

The wind had risen to a gale, and the sand driving in our eyes was maddening. The clouds gathered thick and black, and even when "Airchie" and his boat were found, and there was half-an-hour of blundering over rocks or knee-deep in unsuspected pools before his welcome halloo rang through the darkness, there still was before

us a five-mile drive in a primitive machine behind a pony of hoary antiquity and uncertain paces, with a storm of hail and wind full in our faces. But hail and wind were powerless to quell the glow of satisfaction in the wild-fowler's breast, and could only make the fireside doubly attractive.

Home was reached at last; and thus, kind reader, you may leave me, as, having dined well, with my feet to the fire, my pipe drawing, and an appreciative audience of brother wild-fowlers, I wax garrulous about my great day.

AYMER MAXWELL.

THE VROUW GROBELAAR'S LEADING CASES.—VII.

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON.

TAGALASH.

WHEN we came to the farmhouse, Katje and I, the Vrouw Grobelaar asked if we had been down by the spruit. We had—all the afternoon. There are cool and lonely places in the long grass beside the spruit, where its midsummer trickle of water sojourns peacefully in wide pools of depth and quiet.

"You can't mind that, anyhow," said Katje, patiently.

"Why can't I?" demanded the Vrouw Grobelaar. "Why can't I mind that as well as anything else? I tell you, my girl, that things are not quite so simple as you take them to be. Even a herd of swine can house a devil, mark you. A bit of stick in the path can be a puff-adder, and there are spells tucked away in the words of the Psalms even. And the spruit! Why, you crazy child, a spruit is just the place for things to lurk in wait. Yes, slippery things that have no name in man's speech. Even the Kafirs know of a spirit that lives in a pool."

Katje laughed. "Oh, Tagalash!" she said.

Tagalash is the little god who abducts girls who go down to fetch water in the evening, and carries them away to the dim world under the floor of the pools to be his brides. He lives in the water, and sings in the

reeds, sometimes, of an evening and at other times works mischief among the crops and the cattle with spells that baffle the husbandman.

So Katje laughed as she mentioned him, and the Vrouw Grobelaar bridled ominously.

"You laugh," she said, scathingly—"you laugh in the face of wisdom and counsel as they laughed in Sodom and Gomorrah. Yes, Tagalash, Katje! What have you to say against Tagalash? You think, I suppose, that he doesn't exist. I tell you, my girl, there's many a god of the heathen who is a devil of the Christians. That's what Christianity is for—to make devils of the gods of the heathen. And besides, this Tagalash is not like the others. He has been seen."

She paused. "Who by, Tante?" I asked, while Katje affected to whistle carelessly.

"Ah," she said, "you want to know? Well, Tagalash was seen and felt and had speech of by one who told it afterwards with white lips and fevered eyes that compelled belief. A Boer woman, mind you, and no liar; the young wife of an upright and well-seen Burgher, who had his farm an easy four hours from here.

"It is Polly Joubert I mean, who married when she was

eighteen one Johannes Olivier, a youth with hair like an Irishman—all red. I had known her somewhat, and she was just that kind of girl in whom one feels the thrust of a fate. She was thin, for one thing, and without any of the comfortable comeliness that makes young men doubtful and old men sure. She had a face that was always rapt, lips that parted of themselves as if in wonder at great things newly seen, and big troubled eyes that spoke, despite her leanness and long legs, of a spring of hot blood crouching within her. Yes, she seemed doomed to something far and tragic, and outside the lives of decent, stupid men. There was much bother, I believe, to persuade her to a marriage with Johannes, though he was rich enough.

"Perhaps it was hard on her, but then it must have been hard on him too. For he was another kind than she; just a big youth that ate four times a-day with desperation, and lived the rest of the time as a tree lives. There is no harm in such men, though; it is they that people this world and have the right to guide it, for they put most into it and hew most from it; but for those who are born with a streak of heaven or hell in their fabric, they are heavy companions at the best. But these two married at last, and faced life like oxen that pull different ways in the same yoke. And within a month Johannes walked about with a face like one who tries to guess a riddle—troubled

and puzzled; and Polly was walking elsewhere, carving herself a new religion from the stones of the bitterness of life.

"I have the rest from her own lips, as she told it when she came back. Yes, she went away—I will make that plain enough. It was after a quarrel with Johannes over some little grossness of no consequence that she walked forth from the house and down towards the spruit. It was between afternoon and evening, and she sought a quiet place to sit and prey on her heart. There was a pool that summer, deep and very black, lying between steep banks on which grew bushes and tall grass, and to this she came and sat by the edge of the water, and dabbled her long thin fingers in its coolness and let her thoughts surge in her.

"‘I thought of death,’ she said, as she sat in her chair and told of it—‘of death, and peace, and hatred glutted, and dead enemies, and love, and sin.’ A wild storm of dreams, was it not? A grim tempest to lay waste a sore heart. And she only eighteen, with eyes like lakes on a mountain-side! As she told it, she cast back on her memory—you could see she was aching to strip her fault naked and scourge it before us all—‘And the thoughts were like a sleeping-draught to my anger,’ she went on pitifully. ‘I drowned my wrath in dreams of vengeance and sinful hopes of a joy to find in the future. I

conjured up faces of eager, bold men who should court me, and one that I had thought on before—a small man, lean at the waist, who moved like a spark among burning wood, and laughed ere he struck.' Her finger travelled in the air, and he was plain to see.

"She went on: 'I was looking in the water between my hands, creating my lover by the spell of desire, and I could see his face in the vortex my fingers made as I moved them to and fro. I gazed and gazed and gazed, and then, suddenly, some fear gripped me, for the face became a face of a man, with the idle water swilling across it. But it was a face: my mind battled against the realisation till the fact governed it. It was a face, brown and keen and smiling with a gleam of white teeth, and then a hand met my hand in the water and drew me forward. I did not drag back. I think I fell on my face, but here I have no memory.'

"When again she came to a sense of things, she was lying in a dim place where all that moved seemed shadows only. At first it was her thought that she was yet on the bank by the pool, but as her mind renewed its hold, she knew this was not so. She breathed an air alien to her living nostrils, and knew that here she had no part in a world of human creatures, and the thought rose in her that she was dead, drowned in the pool, and had reached the next world. 'Can this be hell?' she wondered, as she rose to a

sitting posture and strove to see about her.

"It was a grassed mound she sat on, in a kind of plain, and she heard the creaking of bushes about her where no wind breathed on her cheek. The dimness was not the parti-darkness of a summer night, but a shadow where no sun had ever shone, a barren gloom that was lugubrious and uneasy. A dozen feet from her all was blurred and not to be distinguished, but it seemed to her that many people moved round about her, and now and again there was a rustle of hushed voices, as of folk who met stealthily and spoke with checked breath. In the dimness shapes moved, faintly suggested to her eyes, and presently, though she had no thrill of fear, a loneliness oppressed her that nearly made her weep. She was not as one that has no comrade in the world, for such a one is at least kin by blood and flesh to all others. She was alone as a living man in a tomb is alone.

"With a little fervour of troubled recollection, like a child reciting a psalm, she told us how she rose to her feet and gazed about her, pondering which way to take. And while she was yet doubtful a hand touched her elbow, and she started to face a man that had come from behind her. Staring at his face with wits clenched like a fist, the contours of the face in the water returned to her mind, the sharp brown face that had grown up in the middle of the countenance she dreamed upon, and she knew in

a moment that here was the face again and the rest of the man with it.

"‘I knew it at once when his teeth shone through his smile,’ she said. ‘He was not so tall as I, and very brown in that sorrowful light, but not black. There was a robe he wore from his neck to his ankles that left one arm bare and the little feet below its hem, and his head was bare with straight black hair upon it. His hand was on my arm, and he stood before me and looked in my face and smiled a little at me, very gently and timidly.’

"‘It seems he found her scarcely less strange than she found him. In his bearing was something of awe and wonder, while she stared with a mere surprise.

"‘Are you a man?’ she asked at length, stupidly.

"‘He smiled yet. ‘No,’ he answered gently. ‘But oh, you are beautiful!’

"‘She replied nothing at first, and he went on with a soft voice like the voice of a tender child. ‘I saw you in the water long ago, I looking up to you, you looking down to where I was hidden. I smiled to you and reached my hand, but there was no smile on your face, and I did not dare take you till—till this time. Then your hands were stretched forward, and as I clasped them you sank to me,—my beloved! my beloved!’

"‘His brown face glowed upon his words with a fire of worship. She started back

from him with a quick terror, hands clasped and lips parted.

"‘Tell me,’ she cried, ‘tell me, where am I? What is this place? Am I dead at last?’

"‘He soothed her. ‘You are in my country,’ he said very gently. ‘Now it is your country, as I am yours. You are not dead but living, and brimming with the love I languish for; and here you will stay with me, and we will love one another very tenderly in the heart of my gloom, and you will be my bride.’

"‘Oh, listen to me!’ he cried, when she would have answered. ‘Many slim and delicate girls have come to me through the mirror of the pool, but none such as you, with a warm soul floating on your face and a bosom aching for love. When first I saw you I yearned for you, I coveted you. The thought of you was my food and drink, and stayed my eyes from sleep; I set my spell on the waters that they should slumber and hold your image unbroken, and now I have you; you are here with me. You are mine.’

"‘He was glowing with a kind of eagerness it hurts one to rebuff, and she watched him, her fears under control, with a growing wonder.

"‘Yes,’ she said slowly. ‘It must be true, then—that old tale. You are Tagalash!’

"‘He smiled. ‘I am Tagalash,’ he answered.

"‘But,’ she said, ‘I am white!’ For no one had ever heard of any but Kafir brides for Tagalash.

"He shrank a little, but smiled yet beseechingly, as he would have her cease that part of the tale.

"'You are so beautiful,' he urged. 'Come with me to my house, will you not?'

"But that she would not do, and moved not from her place on the grassed knoll throughout her stay in the shadows—something like a week.

"'I am the wife of Johannes Olivier,' she said, and her words sounded foolish in her own ears. 'I am a wife,' she persisted, there in that dead land of the black gods. 'I want to go back,' she cried like a strayed child. 'I want to go back. I am afraid. Take me back to the light.'

"He tried to comfort her with gentle words and talk of his passion and her beauty, but to no effect. She shrank from the unnatural flesh of him; she panted as though the dust of tombs were in her nostrils; and at last he stood off, looking at her with a mild trouble, and then he went away, and she was sitting once more alone amid the traffic of hushed voices and moving shadows.

"'There came no night,' she told us, in a voice that quavered uncertainly, 'always that unlovely twilight only; and I sat on the grass and wept.' She had no sensation of hunger or sleep in that world, the whole of her stay. She stayed in the same place, dreary and waiting, with no active hope and little fear—only a longing for the sunlight; and at last a dull pain of yearning for the rough

red head and beefy texture of her human husband. A week, mind you—a week she stayed there thus, save when Tagalash would come up unheard to court her again.

"After that first time he was a more cautious lover, and sat at her feet with lowered eyes pleading with her. One answer always stilled him, and that was her cry of 'Take me back; I am afraid.'

"'You were not fashioned for a rude love,' he said to her once.

"'Ah,' she answered then, 'but there is that in me that welcomes a heavy hand and a strong arm.'

"'The others are like that,' he answered, as though speaking to himself. 'But they have no such hungry beauty as you.'

"'My beauty,' she told him, 'is a chance vessel for a mere woman's soul.'

"At last he became wistful, and seemed afraid to ask for what he desired. 'But I can yet give to you,' he told her. 'Say what you would have. I can bring it you.'

"'Then give me back to my world,' she cried. 'Do that, and I will thank you on my knees.'

"He sighed. 'Is that all you desire?' he said. 'Supposing I granted you that, is there nothing you would take back with you?'

"'No,' she answered.

"'No charm?' he asked again. 'Not a charm to compel love? I can give you even that.'

"'Take me back,' she begged,

'and teach me how to win my husband to forgive me.'

"He smiled very sadly, and she could almost have pitied him, so poor he seemed, bereaved of his desire.

"'You are greater than Tagalash,' he said slowly, 'since you make a slave of him. You shall have what you will. Go back to your world, my beloved, my love that shall henceforth dread the still pools.'

"'So I came back,' she said, looking round on us as though all were explained.

"'How?' we asked.

"'Why, I came,' she answered plaintively, and had no more

to tell. She had been found sleeping on the grass near the spruit, after a week of absence during which the men of the district had combed the very bushes for a trace of her.

"'But the charm?' asked one of us. 'The charm to win forgiveness? What was that?'

"She looked timidly at the tall Johannes who stood by her chair in silence.

"'I have forgotten what it was,' she answered with wet eyes.

"'No,' he cried, bending to her lips. 'No! It is a true charm that, my kleintje.'

"'Good old Tagalash!' remarked Katje, cheerfully.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

I.

CLOUD upon cloud, the purple pinewoods clung to the rich
Arcadian mountains,
Holy-sweet as a column of incense, where Eurydice roamed
and sung:
All the hues of the gates of heaven flashed from the white
enchanted fountains
Where in the flowery glades of the forests the rivers that
sing to Arcadia sprung.

White as a shining marble Dryad, supple and sweet as a rose
in blossom,
Fair and fleet as a fawn that shakes the dew from the fern
at break of day,
Wreathed with the clouds of her dusky hair that kissed and
clung to her sun-bright bosom,
Down to the valley she came, and the sound of her feet
was the bursting of flowers in May.

Down to the valley she came, for far and far below in the
dreaming meadows
Pleaded ever the Voice of voices, calling his love by her
golden name;
So she arose from her home in the hills, and down through
the blossoms that danced with their shadows,
Out of the blue of the dreaming distance, down to the heart
of her lover she came.

.
Red were the lips that hovered above her lips in the flowery
haze of the June-day:
Red as a rose through the perfumed mist of passion that
reeled before her eyes;
Strong the smooth young sunburnt arms that folded her heart
to his heart in the noon-day,
Strong and supple with throbbing sunshine under the blind-
ing southern skies.

Ah, the kisses, the little murmurs, mad with pain for their
phantom fleetness,

Mad with pain for the passing of love that lives, they
dreamed—as we dream—for an hour!

Ah, the sudden tempest of passion, mad with pain for its
over-sweetness,

As petal by petal and pang by pang their love broke out
into perfect flower.

Ah, the wonder as once he wakened, out of a dream of re-
membered blisses,

Couched in the meadows of dreaming blossom to feel, like
the touch of a flower on his eyes,

Cool and fresh with the fragrant dew of dawn the touch of
her light swift kisses,

Shed from the shadowy rose of her face between his face
and the warm blue skies.

II.

Lost in his new desire
He dreamed away the hours;
His lyre
Lay buried in the flowers:

To whom the King of Heaven,
Apollo, lord of light,
Had given
Such beauty, love, and might:

Might, if he would, to slay
All evil dreams and pierce
The grey
Veil of the Universe;

With Love that holds in one
Sacred and ancient bond
The sun
And all the vast beyond;

And Beauty to enthrall
The soul of man to heaven:
Yea, all
Such gifts was Orpheus given.

*Yet in his dream's desire
 He drowns away the hours :
 His lyre
 Lay buried in the flowers.*

Then in his wrath arose
 Apollo, lord of light,
 That shows
 The wrong deed from the right ;

And by what radiant laws
 O'erruling human needs,
 The cause
 To consequence proceeds ;

How balanced is the sway
 He gives each mortal doom :
 How day
 Demands the atoning gloom :

How all good things await
 The soul that pays the price
 To Fate
 By equal sacrifice ;

And how on him that sleeps
 For less than labour's sake
 There creeps,
 Uncharmed, the Pythian snake.

III.

Lulled by the wash of the feathery grasses, a sea with many
 a sun-swept billow,
 Heart to heart in the heart of the summer, lover by lover
 asleep they lay,
 Hearing only the whirring cicada that chirruped awhile at
 their popped pillow
 Faint and sweet as the murmur of men that laboured in
 villages far away.

Was not the menace indeed more silent? Ah, what care for
labour and sorrow?

Gods in the meadows of moly and amaranth surely might
envy their deep sweet bed
Here where the butterflies troubled the lilies of peace, and took
no thought for the morrow,
And golden-girdled bees made feast as over the lotos the
soft sun spread.

Nearer, nearer the menace glided, out of the gorgeous gloom
around them,
Out of the poppy-haunted shadows deep in the heart of the
purple brake;
Till through the hush and the heat as they lay, and their own
sweet listless dreams enwound them,—
Mailed and mottled with hues of the grape-bloom suddenly,
quietly, glided the snake.

Subtle as jealousy, supple as falsehood, diamond-headed and
cruel as pleasure,
Coil by coil he lengthened and glided, straight to the
fragrant curve of her throat:
There in the print of the last of the kisses that still glowed
red from the sweet long pressure,
Fierce as famine and swift as lightning over the glittering
lyre he smote.

IV.

And over the cold white body of love and delight
Orpheus arose in the terrible storm of his grief,
With quivering up-clutched hands, deadly and white,
And his whole soul wavered and shook like a wind-swept
leaf:

As a leaf that beats on a mountain, his spirit in vain
Assaulted his doom and beat on the Gates of Death:
Then prone with his arms o'er the lyre he sobbed out his
pain,
And the tense chords faintly gave voice to the pulse of his
breath.

And he heard it and rose, once again, with the lyre in his
hand,

And smote out the cry that his white-lipped sorrow denied :
And the grief's mad ecstasy swept o'er the summer-sweet land,
And gathered the tears of all Time in the rush of its tide.

There was never a love forsaken or faith forsworn,

There was never a cry for the living or moan for the slain,
But was voiced in that great consummation of song ; ay, and
borne

To storm on the Gates of the land whence none cometh again.

Transcending the barriers of earth, comprehending them all,

He followed the soul of his loss with the night in his eyes ;
And the portals lay bare to him there ; and he heard the faint
call

Of his love o'er the rabble that wails by the river of sighs.

Yea, there in the mountains before him, he knew it of old,

That portal enormous of gloom, he had seen it in dreams,
When the secrets of Time and of Fate through his harmonies
rolled ;

And behind it he heard the dead moan by their desolate
streams.

And he passed through the Gates with the light and the
cloud of his song,

Dry-shod over Lethe he passed to the chasms of hell ;
And the hosts of the dead made mock at him, crying, *How
long*

*Have we dwelt in the darkness, oh fool, and shall evermore
dwell ?*

Did our lovers not love us ? the grey skulls hissed in his face ;
*Were our lips not red ? Were these cavernous eyes not
bright ?*

*Yet us, whom the soft flesh clothed with such roseate grace,
Our lovers would loathe if we ever returned to their sight !*

Oh then, through the soul of the Singer, a pity so vast

Mixed with his anguish that, smiting anew on his lyre,
He caught up the sorrows of hell in his utterance at last,
Comprehending the need of them all in his own great desire.

v.

And they that were dead, in his radiant music, heard the
moaning of doves in the olden

Golden-girdled purple pinewood, heard the moan of the
roaming sea ;

Heard the chant of the soft-winged songsters, nesting now in
the fragrant golden

Olden haunted blossoming bowers of lovers that wandered
in Arcady ;

Saw the soft blue veils of shadow floating over the billowy grasses
Under the crisp white curling clouds that sailed and trailed
through the melting blue ;

Heard once more the quarrel of lovers above them pass, as a
lark-song passes,

Light and bright, till it vanished away in an eye-bright
heaven of silvery dew.

White as a dream of Aphrodite, supple and sweet as a rose
in blossom,

Fair and fleet as a fawn that shakes the dew from the
fern at break of day ;

Wreathed with the clouds of her dusky hair, that kissed and
clung to her sun-bright bosom,

On through the deserts of hell she came, and the brown
air bloomed with the light of May.

On through the deserts of hell she came ; for over the fierce
and frozen meadows

Pleaded ever the Voice of voices, calling his love by her
golden name ;

So she arose from her grave in the darkness, and up through
the wailing fires and shadows,

On by chasm and cliff and cavern, out of the horrors of
death she came.

Then had she followed him, then had he won her, striking
a chord that should echo for ever,

Had he been steadfast only a little, nor paused in the great
transcendent song ;

But ere they had won to the glory of day, he came to the
brink of the flaming river

And ceased, to look on his love a moment, a little moment,
and over-long.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

I.

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Arcadian mountains,
Holy-sweet as a column of incense, where Eurydice roamed
and sung:
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was the bursting of flowers in May.

Down to the valley she came, for far and far below in the
dreaming meadows
Pleaded ever the Voice of voices, calling his love by her
golden name;
So she arose from her home in the hills, and down through
the blossoms that danced with their shadows,
Out of the blue of the dreaming distance, down to the heart
of her lover she came.

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haze of the June-day:
Red as a rose through the perfumed mist of passion that
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Strong the smooth young sunburnt arms that folded her heart
to his heart in the noon-day,
Strong and supple with throbbing sunshine under the blind-
ing southern skies.

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phantom fleetness,

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membered blisses,

Couched in the meadows of dreaming blossom to feel, like
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All evil dreams and pierce
The grey
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With Love that holds in one
Sacred and ancient bond
The sun
And all the vast beyond;

And Beauty to enthrall
The soul of man to heaven:
Yea, all
Such gifts was Orpheus given.

Faint as the silvery mists of morning over the peaks that
the noonday parches,
On through the haunts of the gloaming musk-rose, down
to the rivers that glisten below,
Ever they wander from meadow to pinewood, under the
whispering woodbine arches,
Faint as the mists of the dews of the dusk when violets
dream and the moon-winds blow.

Though the golden lute of Orpheus gathered the splendours
of earth and heaven,
All the golden greenwood notes and all the chimes of the
changing sea,
Old men over the fires of winter murmur again that he was
not given
The steadfast heart divine to rule that infinite freedom of
harmony.

Therefore he failed, say they; but we, that have no wisdom,
can only remember
How through the purple perfumed pinewoods white Eurydice
roamed and sung:
How through the whispering gold of the wheat, where the
poppy burned like a crimson ember,
Down to the valley in beauty she came, and under her
feet the flowers upsprung.

*Down to the valley she came, for far and far below in the
dreaming meadows
Pleaded ever the Voice of voices, calling his love by her
golden name;
So she arose from her home in the hills, and down through the
blossoms that danced with their shadows,
Out of the blue of the dreaming distance, down to the heart
of her lover she came.*

ALFRED NOYES.

RICHARD HARTLEY, PROSPECTOR.

BY DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.

CHAPTER X.—THE RESCUE OF ANDROMEDA.

HARTLEY rejoiced greatly, though soberly, on the receipt of Wilmot's telegram, and two days later went to the Resurgam, expecting to find him. When two more days passed without result he logically concluded that Wilmot was celebrating their joint good fortune in the foolish, familiar way. He would have done the same himself, so could not, and did not, grumble; but when a fortnight failed to bring the prodigal, Hartley expressed himself forcibly to Adam on the absurdity of carrying celebrations to extremes, and at the same time marvelled that so protracted a holiday in the most expensive town in South Africa could be conducted on the limited reserve of cash at Wilmot's command. Adam was principally concerned over the extra duty entailed on him by the long absence of his assistant; though, when the Town Secretary visited the mine and inquired for the storekeeper, Adam loyally and satisfactorily explained his absence. He also communicated to Hartley his suspicions regarding the mysterious applicants for work.

The resourceful Yorkshireman promptly took steps to anticipate a police search by hiding the gun and gear.

This was effected by storing it with Maonab, the Krugersdorp auctioneer, whose pronounced Boer sympathies were sufficient to divert any suspicion.

A week later Hartley went to Pretoria in search of the missing partner. Working on the reasonable hypothesis of a prolonged celebration, he made the round of the principal bars, and prosecuted inquiries with the tact begotten of experience and a delicate aversion to imply that the object of his quest was vulgarly "on a drunk." He had resolutely started on his tour of exploration wearing the conscience-pricking tight collar; but the peculiar nature of his mission often compelled him to linger at a bar until the attendant could be drawn into a communicative humour. Pretoria was rife with suspicion, and public servants like barmen saw a spy in every inquiring stranger, and kept a guard on their tongues, which could only be relaxed by considerable skill and generosity in the application of liquid emollient.

When, towards the end of a tiring and fruitless day, a barman suggested a call of inquiry at the police-station, Hartley was scarcely in the condition to command the re-

spectful consideration of a Pretorian policeman, and his interrogatories, though presented in something approaching the official language, only elicited a denial of all knowledge of the person sought, a blank refusal to look up records, and advice to the inquirer to get straight to bed before he was accommodated on the spot.

Next day Hartley remembered the name of the engineer Bolton, and found him; but he could give no information. He had not seen Wilmot after the evening they spent together, nor did he know the name of the hotel at which the young man had put up.

Hartley found the hostelry by dint of patience; but the only evidence of his friend was an unpaid account, and a Gladstone bag which the proprietor refused to hand over to any one but the man who had left it. A few more places and persons were visited without result, then Hartley returned to Johannesburg.

Had he thought of searching the files of the Pretoria newspapers he might have come upon a three-lined paragraph in the police reports setting forth that "a European, giving the name of G. Will. Malt, was sentenced to a fine of £75 or three months for supplying liquor to a native." The propensity of Pretorian compositors to take liberties with proper names was sometimes, especially in the police reports, a merciful and saving grace. In this case it was a calamity.

Hartley spent a day in ex-

ploring possible hiding-places in Johannesburg, but learned nothing except a confirmation of the proverb, "Out of sight out of mind." Wilmot's acquaintances not having seen him for many weeks, had almost forgotten him, though one or two gave Hartley some unnecessary trouble by declaring they had seen the missing man "the other day."

Hartley went on to the Resurgam to consult Adam as to the probability of Wilmot having gone on to de Villiers' place. The Yorkshireman was prone to argue from the personal standpoint. He knew that he had frequently finished up a spree by an abrupt and impolitic call upon the lady who happened to occupy his attention at the time: it took the form of a pilgrimage of penitence. Wilmot's attentions to Miss van Rooyen had been so pronounced, and his after comments such as to suggest that the girl had made some impression upon him. It was, therefore, in Hartley's opinion, a most reasonable assumption that he had gone on to Rietspruit. If any further argument were needed it was supplied by the vague restless desire he felt to see and talk with Clarie. He hired a horse at Krugersdorp and rode out.

Whether that much-debated sympathetic force which students of matters psychic call telepathic was operating upon the mind of Hartley can only be guessed. Certain it is that if such affinity exists, the conditions were in favour of its

development, for while Hartley was riding Clarie was with him in spirit, as she had been during most of her waking hours since his last visit.

Unknown to him, that pleasant interchange of confidences had been the cause of one of the most violent disturbances of the never too placid atmosphere at Rietspruit that had agitated her soul. The immediate provoking causes were her step-mother, her sister Hendrika, and Johannes Smeer. To herself, Clarie confessed that much of the trouble had been brought about by her own indiscretion. Presuming upon the armistice between herself and Smeer, she had treated her importunate and tactless wooer with something approaching severity, pointedly resenting his cumbersome endearments, and forbidding him to discuss the subject of marriage until he had carried out his part of the contract made with Hartley. Smeer was incapable of appreciating the fact that he had been put upon parole to cease hostilities, and having had time to pass the matter through his muddy brain, he could see only an unwarranted interference on the part of the Rooinek, who, doubtless, had his own ends in view. Besides, had he not agreed to earn money by taking service with Hartley? He put this view of the matter to his cousin, Mrs de Villiers. She not only supported his interpretation, but urged a renewal of the attack, and did a little outpost skirmishing by upbraiding Clarie and coarsely accusing her of

brazenly setting her cap at the drunken Rooinek.

It was at this point Hendrika took a hand. She had been unmistakably smitten and prepossessed by Wilmot's graceful flatteries and attentions. He was a Rooinek, therefore included in her mother's denunciation of Hartley. Hendrika let her tongue go and asserted herself. Her mother retorted by removing any doubt as to whether Wilmot was included by describing him as a nincompoop, and several other things for which the Taal has a copious descriptive vocabulary. Then began a tornado, engineered by the spoiled pet of both parents and tyrant of the household. The veneer of two years' polish at school was torn off in a sentence, and she stood in the unlovely nakedness of a vituperative, vixenish, Boer maiden.

Clarie retreated from the storm to her room, Mrs de Villiers cowered in the kitchen, and Smeer hastily saddled up and rode back to his farm, for with feminine unreason Hendrika struck blindly at all within reach of her tongue, making Clarie the special objective, "because she began it"; Smeer, because he was an old fool; her mother, because she hated her pet daughter; and her father, because he would not interfere, but smoked placidly on the stoep.

For days the feud raged, and if at times it showed signs of dying from want of fuel, Mrs de Villiers fanned the embers by a sneering or tearful allusion to the misery caused by the

possession of daughters who were so lost to all sense of what was due to their family as to openly and unblushingly encourage Rooinek admirers. Old Piet was secretly angry with Clarie, but the expression of his feelings would have necessitated an expenditure of energy his indolent nature was not equal to, so he remained discreetly silent.

Clarie, forced into isolation, gave way to the yearning for sympathy that is the outcome of a sense of loneliness, and her thoughts naturally flew to the man who, all unconsciously, was the cause of her suffering. On the sympathy and open support of the young Predikant she knew she could not count. Among the fetishes of his cult which had survived the cleansing fire of his more liberal thought and education was the sacredness of racial exclusiveness. Clarie knew well which side he would champion, and when a few days later he arrived, specially retained by Smeer to urge the moral and religious side of his cause, she, for the first time, received him without pleasure.

His opening remark drove her behind a breastwork of dogged self-defence and hostility.

"Clarie," said he, holding her hand, and speaking with an impressiveness that seemed forced and artificial in view of their former intimate relationship, "what does Timothy say?—'Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. For I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.'"

It was Scriptural, if not precisely apposite.

"Learn in silence!" she returned bitterly. "Isn't my life one dreary silence and subjection?"

And then the incongruity of the injunction aroused her sense of humour.

"I wish you would convert Mrs de Villiers to that doctrine," she said.

Mr Stegmann sat down in the cool shady sitting-room without answering. He was in an oracular and Predikantal mood, an attitude he had long ceased to affect in the presence of Clarie.

"Johannes Smeer has been talking to you," she said.

The Predikant nodded, and there was one of those long pauses which punctuate Afrikaner converse without embarrassing it.

"He has told me all, and, Clarie, though I cannot regard him as a fitting mate for you, yet I prefer it to the other alternative."

"What is that? Staying here to learn silence and subjection?"

The flippant tone annoyed the young man. He answered severely—

"Better that than to sow dissension among your people."

"You have always given me credit for avoiding it. Was it only said to flatter me? Did you not believe what you were saying?"

Mr Stegmann looked angry. Flattery was his pet aversion, against which he inveighed eloquently.

"It is you who are saying

what you do not believe. You are pretending that you have no intention of marrying that Englishman." He spoke very severely.

"You are the first who has suggested it. If that is the matter on which silence is to be kept, it is you who have broken it,—you and the stupid person who put the idea into your head."

"But he has a right to object."

"*He?* Then Johannes Smeer has been fooling you. If he told you the truth, he told you that I had promised to consider what he had to say on certain conditions. But, Mr Stegmann, why do you try to stir up dissension and make my lot harder than it is? Is that proper work for a Predikant, and a friend?"

Mr Stegmann looked hard at Clarie, as a schoolmaster might at a pupil who had rebuked him. He was not used to being argued with by members of his Kerk. The opposition startled and disconcerted him. When Hartley got worsted in a discussion he knocked his opponent down. A Predikant could not well do that, so he fell back on the violence of Scriptural denunciation of the proud and stiff-necked, and lectured Clarie on her duty to her people.

"Which means," interposed Clarie, "that I must be a passive subject in the hands of Mrs de Villiers and her cousin."

Mr Stegmann at first said no, emphatically no, then he qualified by explaining that what he meant was that a Boer woman committed a grievous

wrong when she left her own people to marry an alien. He ingeniously inverted several passages from the Old Testament to meet the case. But Clarie refused to be drawn into an argument based on false premisses.

"Would it not be better to keep your objections until I have said I am going to marry an Englishman or any one else?"

"But, Clarie, can you say with a white heart that you have no such intention?"

"Why should you believe Johannes rather than me?"

"I do not," he replied weakly.

"Then you do believe me; so the matter is settled." And Clarie left the discomfited young Predikant to finish his sermon on stiff-necked women to Mrs de Villiers.

But the matter was not settled. A few days later Mr Stegmann came again, apparently refreshed by his client, for he reopened the subject *de novo*. "Mr Stegmann," said Clarie, firmly, "I do not wish to hurt your feelings, for I believe you are doing what you think to be your duty as Predikant. But let me tell you that if I have thought of marrying the man you are referring to, it is because you have put the idea into my head. You have forced me to think of a man as a husband who is only a friend. Mr Hartley has never spoken to me of marriage, and until now I have never thought of him in that relation. He is only a friend whose company I have liked because he is so different to the men I have to

endure in this dreadful life. Do believe me when I tell you that all I want is to be left in peace to look after my young sisters and brothers, and try to make their lives a little brighter than mine was before I went to school. I am no longer a girl, Mr Stegmann, and marriage is not the one thing in my mind; so please don't make things harder than they are by helping to force me on to a man I can never respect or like."

Clarie spoke with intense feeling, and when she had finished she was trembling.

Mr Stegmann made no attempt to answer her: he felt that this was her ultimatum, and that he must accept it; but he was vexed and humiliated, for it was his first rebuff. He was young, consequently a rigorous stickler for the old established right of the Predikant to pose as guide, philosopher, and friend in the domestic affairs of members of his church, particularly when they involved a principle on which he felt strongly. At that very time a series of strong philippics were issuing from the pulpits of both churches, directed against the growing tendency on the part of Afrikaner maidens to allow themselves to be unequally yoked with aliens. The young Predikant had joined in the solemn protest, and had weakly re-echoed it from his own pulpit. Further, this was the first time his sacerdotal rights had been challenged; and that the challenger should be a woman over whom he believed

he exercised considerable intellectual and moral influence, pained and disappointed him keenly.

He sat silent for a minute or two, then solemnly suggested that the matter had reached the stage when prayer alone was fitting. Clarie assented; she felt some concession was due, for the young man was so obviously suffering. Womanlike, she almost repented her victory the moment it was assured. She could not forget that, in spite of his narrowness, Mr Stegmann had been a valued friend. So she knelt at the table while the young man prayed for and at her at fervent length and with tearful earnestness, appealing so thoroughly to the emotional in her nature that he left her subdued and contrite, and seriously debating whether, after all, she did not deserve the severe things he had said of her egotistical contumacy.

But with the thought of Hartley came a reaction. Gradually there stole over her a sense of the injustice of the whole thing. Was it not strange that the person who, of all others, should sympathise and even applaud the attitude she had taken with regard to Hartley should be the most ardent in his condemnation? Her conscience became easier as she reviewed the circumstances of her association with the man who seemed fated to play an important part in her otherwise eventless life. Hartley was vaguely yet ineradicably con-

nected with Miss Ross ; he was the link that united the present with her happy companionship with the woman who had shaped her life, for he was the first person who had proved responsive to her timorous effort to exercise that humanising sympathy which it had been the mission of Miss Ross to inculcate in all who came under her softening influence.

At the time Clarie came to the farm from school, Hartley was engaged in prospecting a few miles away. He had got involved in squabbles with the Boer neighbours that had closed their doors to him, and thrown him upon the companionship and solace of the bottle. Whatever its other vices, drunkenness is not a besetting sin of Boerdom, and the flagrant example of Hartley provided a text for the denunciation of Rooineks by the pharisaical old Predikant whom Mr Stegmann had succeeded, and the older farmers of the district. Clarie's contact with Englanders of the better class in Bloemfontein had predisposed her to a larger degree of catholicity than was tolerated in her narrow circle, and she boldly resented the implication that Hartley was a type. Finding herself the champion of an unpopular cause, she missed no argument for justifying her position, and, before she fully realised it, had succeeded in partly weaning the prospector from excuse for his vice by making him welcome at the farm. After a few months of domesticity he had, with characteristic outspoken-

ness, assured Clarie that her efforts had prevented him from many an act of foolish indulgence, and largely restrained his craving for stimulant. Her triumph gratified her vanity and encouraged her to make it more manifest. Thus was laid the foundation of mutual confidence and regard that was deeper and stronger than either perhaps realised. Now the united efforts of the family to separate them produced the usual effect of opposition in such cases,—she clung to Hartley as much for the vindication of her own judgment as for the genuine liking he had inspired.

Apart from the religious objections urged by the Predikant, he had said but one thing that had impressed her. Like most inexperienced dialecticians, he became involved and discursive as he warmed to his subject, and introduced arguments and parallels whose application was not very clear. While endeavouring to enforce his doctrine of racial exclusiveness, he incidentally enlarged on the suffering that came from educating children beyond their sphere, citing several cases of Boer girls who had been educated to the point of repudiating their simple and ignorant parents. The illustration Clarie knew to be far-fetched, and precedents rare and exceptional ; but when pressed for a weapon a debater so unskilled as young Mr Stegmann seized on anything that looked like one. The same objection had been used by Mrs de Villiers against the education of Clarie's young

sisters. Her views on the subject were those of the old Boer school,—that a girl's duty consisted in becoming, as soon as possible, the wife of a Boer and the patient mother of as many children as Providence thought fit. Though secretly proud of the superior education of her own daughter,—who had been sent to school because of her opposition to her prospective stepfather,—Mrs de Villiers fully realised that this superiority did not enhance the girl's value in the marriage market, since it scared and repelled the men who might otherwise have chosen her. She therefore carried out her resolve that the other children should not earn the same disability, by refusing to permit Clarie to instruct them with her own sisters.

The Predikant had never before expressed to Clarie his agreement with the narrow views of Mrs de Villiers on the education question, and his present attitude surprised and disappointed her.

But the thing that had made the most lasting impression was a casual illustration he had employed. He was expatiating on the bitterness of isolation that is the natural result of intellectual separateness from one's fellows.

"It is like christianising a Kafir," he said; "you make him unfit to remain with his heathen people, but not fit to be received by Christian whites."

It was a telling shot, for that very household supplied a case in point. Golosh, the despised and ill-used Kafir

drudge, was the object-lesson. Educated at one of the native mission colleges of Cape Colony, he had for ten weary years been reaping the harvest sown by those who, with the kindest of intentions, had condemned him to a life of dreary separateness, by developing and fostering in him aspirations and appetites that the laws and social observances of the country conspired to suppress. From the time he left the college, Golosh had been a lonely outcast, regarded with contempt and mistrust by the natives whose ways were foreign to him, scouted and sneered at by the whites, to whom the christianised native is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. He had drifted over South Africa till cast up, stranded, at Hartley's camp on Riet-spruit. The Yorkshireman had all a colonial's dislike for an educated Kafir; but being short of labour, and finding Golosh's knowledge of English compensated for his own unfamiliarity with the native languages, he sacrificed prejudice to expediency by employing him. When the work was finished Golosh was taken on at the farm, mainly at the instigation of Clarie, who felt something like pity for the forlorn, well-behaved outcast, though she deprecated the mistaken philanthropy that had produced a pariah. As a Boer woman, impregnated with the race prejudice of generations, she had all that sense of white supremacy which had heretofore prevented her regarding a Kafir as anything

more than an accessory to the work of the farm, as something less valuable than a horse or ox, for while one cost and represented money, it demanded a certain amount of thought and care; but a Kafir could be kicked out at any moment with no greater loss than a little temporary inconvenience, probably with actual profit, for a Kafir discharged for a fault was by Boer ethics deemed to have forfeited any pay that might be due to him, a contingency most prudent farmers provided for by keeping Kafir wages well in arrear.

Since her return to the farm, and her realisation of how far she stood apart from her own people, Clarie had at times found herself comparing her lot with that of Golosh, and he stood in her mind for a symbol of her own place in life. When, therefore, the same simile was employed by the Predikant, the sense of its force and truth overwhelmed her, and she writhed under the humiliation of the comparison as only a woman of her instincts could. That she should be unintentionally preparing her sisters for a fate like her own occurred to her in a stronger light than she had before viewed it, and the impulse to act upon Hartley's advice by abandoning her mission filled her mind as an unpleasant duty to be faced without regard to personal feeling.

Her harassed mind was grappling with this many-sided problem as she strolled this afternoon with Lisbeth

and one of the little brothers. She had wandered much farther than usual, along the road towards Krugersdorp, and was thinking of returning when the big form of Hartley on a tripping horse came over the rise.

In a moment pleasure and regret were striving for mastery in her mind. She was satisfied that this perfectly accidental *rencontre* would be cited by the suspicious step-mother as proof of an understanding between Hartley and herself, or why should she have chosen this rugged piece of road for her afternoon's stroll when there were a dozen more agreeable walking grounds? The fact that it was the road used by Johannes Smeer would not weigh with Mrs de Villiers.

"A lucky meeting. I wanted to get you alone," said Hartley as he dismounted.

"Unlucky, rather."

Clarie uttered the words on the impulse of her feelings.

Hartley asked why; but the proper reply and her usual readiness in an awkward position failed her, and she stammered an attempt to fence an explanation.

Hartley knew no such reticence.

"I suppose Smeer will say you came to meet me by appointment."

"Don't talk of it, please, Dick; I am sick of the thing. When can you take him away? I shall go mad if he comes much oftener."

Hartley flamed up, and was beginning to put into vigorous

English the feeling that consumed him regarding the insensitive Boer. Clarie stopped him.

"You must not take my part,—it will only make it harder for me;" and sending the children on ahead, she gave Hartley an outline sketch of the position at home, carefully making him understand that it was her treatment of Smeer that had provoked the hostility and not the supposed rivalry of the Englishman.

Hartley listened impatiently to the narration, then, with the brusque promptitude that was equally his strength and his weakness, made up his mind.

"I'll take Johannes Smeer to Johannesburg," said he; "you shall have no more trouble from that brute. I'll agree to take his waggon."

The gratitude Clarie felt she dared not express, except in cautious, commonplace thanks.

When they reached the farm Hartley went straight to old Piet, and told him he could not take his waggon, as he had made better terms with Smeer. The old man made no objection, merely remarking, what was the truth, that Hartley had made a bad bargain, as Smeer's oxen and waggon were not equal to a journey such as the one proposed.

Hartley rode over to Smeer's farm, six miles distant, and clinched the bargain, stipulating that the man should come at once to Johannesburg, where Hartley would fix up preliminaries and pay all expenses.

Having no trouw to discuss business with, and a farm that could safely be left to the care of the couple of Kaffirs who had charge of the few oxen that constituted Smeer's sole asset, in addition to the waggon-span, he had within an hour conquered his natural aversion to haste and effort, assisted probably by the ten sovereigns Hartley paid him on account.

They rode back to Riet-spruit to spend the evening preparatory to an early departure next day.

As Johannes had to give Mrs de Villiers a full account of the circumstances of his supplanting her husband, he was detained in the kitchen for the greater part of the evening, affording Clarie and Hartley the luxury of an uninterrupted enjoyment of each other's company.

Clarie possessed very much of the curiosity and love of detail of the Boer woman, which the influence of the school had failed to eradicate; therefore Hartley's hatred of duplicity rendered the task of keeping vital matters from the probe of her questioning both difficult and irksome. He said nothing of the unaccountable absence of Wilmot, and contrived to satisfy Clarie as to how Smeer was to be occupied and detained in Johannesburg pending the trek. He, of course, did not hint that the charge he had undertaken would strain his resources of cash and diplomacy. His genial Rand-bred optimism glazed such objections as presented themselves, and the

gratitude and relief that showed in Clarie's face amply atoned for any prospective hardships that would be the price of the task he had mapped for himself.

He had some difficulty next morning to persuade Smeer that it was unnecessary for him to take the supply of biltong and biscuit the old man had provided for his support and sustenance in Johannesburg; it was harder still to induce him to substitute for it a change of clothing. He succeeded in both, eventually; Piet's wardrobe supplying the raiment which Smeer insisted was altogether superfluous, and would be returned unused. After a leave-taking that suggested a journey to the uttermost ends of the earth, so far as Smeer was concerned, the pair left the farm.

Hartley made a call at the Resurgam, and found Adam preternaturally serious.

"Who's the Boer?" he demanded suspiciously.

Hartley explained, except his true reasons for bringing him.

"Well, the sooner you get off the better. I've had another fellow here asking about you, and saying he knew Wilmot, but I sent him off with a flea in his ear. I'm certain the Government suspect something, but dare not search the property, because they have been sold already so many times. There's another thing. The Town Secretary has been down wanting to see Wilmot. I had to sear my conscience and practise awful duplicity to make things straight. I said

Wilmot was keen on machinery, and had gone to Johannesburg to inspect a new hauling gear. It was the closest I could sail to wind'ard o' truth."

Hartley announced his intention of making a thorough search in Johannesburg as soon as he had bestowed Smeer somewhere out of danger and extravagance, and left for Krugersdorp.

He had not been five minutes in his favourite bar before he was conscious that a red-headed man was signalling him to step into the billiard-room. He took the hint, and the man cautiously inquired—

"Are you Dick Hartley? The barman told me you are."

"What if I am?" Dick looked the man up and down thoroughly before replying.

"Is this for you?" The man handed him a dirty scrap of paper, apparently the blank page from a printed book. On it was scribbled, "Steevens, from G. W. O.K."

Hartley recognised the writing.

"Have a drink?" It was the Rand formula for opening up negotiations.

"What do you know?" In a few words Steevens executed the commission he had undertaken to carry out. He had been released on payment of his fine, and after celebrating it by a prolonged debauch, had visited Hartley's camp on the East Rand, and traced him to the Resurgam, where a suspicious old Scottie talked about having him run in for trespass.

"I was off by the next train," he said; "so if I had missed

you it would have been his fault."

Hartley attempted an excuse for Adam, but Steevens interrupted—

"Oh, yes; I guessed. He thought I was a detective. I can see as far through a brick wall as most people. I know that Wilmot knows something, but it's no business of mine what game you have on. I know the Government are trying to find out, and they are doing their best to squeeze it out of him. If you'll be advised by me, you won't let him remain there another day. They're making it Hell for him,—trying to make him believe that his pals have sold him. I don't know whether they have, but it looks queer."

Hartley's wrath rose at the suggestion, but he did not let it master his tongue. He explained that his silence was the result of ignorance as to Wilmot's whereabouts: that he had not received the letter said to have been written, and gave the history of his search.

"I can see you're straight," said Steevens at the end of the narration. "Now we come to bed-rock. Can you raise the seventy-five?"

Hartley thought a bit, then said it would be a matter of a day or two.

"I've no blunt myself,—had to borrow a fiver to get down here, besides a tanner for my fine; but I've got a good job to go to, and if it's any use, my name will stand for a tanner at Bob Critchett's bar."

There was just time to ride back to the mine and interview Adam. The old man received the news with equanimity, as if not in the least surprised. He was sorry he could not contribute to the relief fund, but he knew that Wilmot had fifteen sovereigns in his bag.

Hartley made a rapid investigation, and discovered the money which, unknown to him, he had been authorised to receive. He gave Adam as much abuse for his meanness as he could crowd into the few minutes at his disposal, and got to the station in time for the train. Steevens accompanied him, and on the journey gave a long account of the sufferings of Wilmot, which worked Hartley into a fever of indignation, and stimulated him to the origination of plans.

CHAPTER XI.—THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

As Hartley passed through the streets of Johannesburg accompanied by Johannes Smeer, he became aware that both of them were receiving much more attention from the passers-by than circumstances seemed to justify. People turned to look at the shaggy old Boer, and

several young men of the lately arrived type actually paused to stare at the old man with rude but genuine curiosity.

Hartley ran his eye critically over his companion, but saw nothing to excite comment, except that he was more shaggy and shabby, and perhaps a

shade dirtier, than the up-country Boer who was to be met on the early morning market. The small haversack slung over his shoulder gave him a trifle of the air of the Boer with whom the recent Raid had made stay-at-home Johannesburgers slightly familiar for a few days; but the old man's demeanour should not have attracted attention.

Although this was the first town larger than a veld dorp that he had seen, he slouched along with that lack-lustre look in the eye, and utter absence of interest in his novel surroundings, that marks the difference between the South African Boer and the rustic of other countries, whose wonder and gaucheries on his first visit to congested civilisation have formed the text for much merriment. With his veld-born instinct he refused to walk by the side of his companion, but followed behind, as he would if walking a veld track, though, as he afterwards confided to Hartley, he kept a sharp eye open for the thieves and murderers who, according to a famous Krugerian dictum, formed the bulk of the population of the Rand. How he would recognise them among the few respectable passers-by he did not explain.

This deeply rooted faith in the Presidential estimate of Johannesburg made very difficult the task of securing an abiding-place for Smeer. He glanced suspiciously round the entrance-hall of the several boarding-houses to which Hartley introduced him, and

within a few seconds expressed his opinion of them by slipping furtively out, leaving Hartley to break off negotiations with the landlord as gracefully as he could. When the fourth proprietor so treated showed fight, and demanded compensation for loss of time, Hartley received an inspiration. He bundled the old man into a cab, and drove to that portion of the town nicknamed Veldschoendorp, from the fact that its inhabitants were mainly poor Afrikaners—wearers of the veld-shoe,—the flotsam and jetsam of the veld, who had been attracted to the town to find the golden city more barren than the rocks that gave it its name. There Smeer soon found congenial company, and arranged to share with a Boer and his family of eleven persons the two ten-by-ten mud-rooms that formed their home. The sum to be paid for his board and lodging was just five shillings less than the tariff of the decent boarding-house he had rejected.

When Hartley alighted from the cab in Commissioner Street he stood on the edge of the pavement for a few minutes to glance at what he called the surface indications, for he was feeling a sense of alienism. The curiosity excited by the passage of old Smeer through the streets brought home to him the fact that a new generation was fast arising on the Rand to whom the sight of one of its original denizens was a thing of strangeness. The carefully dressed men who brushed past him in the ex-

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knowledge of him, insisted that he was no stranger, and demanded that his message should be taken in.

The porter was one of the new, well-disciplined school, the outer end of the pipe through which humans were filtered into the presence of latter-day gold magnates, through meshes formed of assistant secretaries, secretaries, confidential clerks, and managers of departments. Hartley had heard of and seen from a distance these new-fashioned methods of systematising business in Johannesburg, but had hitherto no personal experience of them. He had been used to walk straight and unannounced into the office of any man he wished to see, but preferred waylaying him in the street or bar. This affectation of superiority and unapproachable exclusiveness roused the democratic in his nature. Pushing the porter aside, he walked quickly to the end of the passage and tried to open the door behind which Hertz had disappeared. The porter hurried up and seized him by the arm.

"That is private, sir; you can't go in."

Two or three clerks peeped out of adjacent rooms and looked on in amaze at this scandalous attempt to beard the head of a great house in his private den. Some one mentioned the police, and in another minute there might have been good cause for calling them, for Hartley's temper was rising fast, and declaration of war, couched in the expressive

phraseology of the old camp days, was on his tongue, when the private door opened, and there stood between him and his objective point a man as big as himself, whom he at once recognised as a well-known mining engineer.

"Hullo, Hartley! what's up? Come and have a drink," and he led the offended giant outside and over to the nearest bar, listening laughingly to his indignant denunciation of those who had thwarted his mission.

When Hartley had cooled down—always a rapid process—he listened to and accepted the advice of the engineer,—to defer raiding Hertz and dragging him out, as was his declared intention.

"He will be over here in an hour; wait for him, and catch him then."

"These new-fangled ways make me feel wicked," Hartley answered grumpily. "I'm not used to 'em. Out in the veld most of the time, don't get the hang of 'em. Used to people sending for me if they want me, not going cap in hand to them."

"Times have changed," the engineer suggested soothingly. "Business has grown since the early days. If a man like Hertz sat with his door open and bottle on the desk, as he did in the old time, he'd get through more whisky than work. Look at the crowd waiting there now. I had to wait nearly an hour, and I had an appointment."

The engineer was a man of importance in the mining world, so the admission carried weight.

"I only want a matter of a hundred and fifty," Hartley remarked in a tone of expostulation.

"Green is the best man to see about accounts. He's very prompt. Go to him now; I know he's not engaged."

"It's not an account. I want a loan."

The engineer whistled, finished his whisky, and said "Good morning."

"Hurry up!" came the voice of Steevens, small but distinct.

Hartley, having no tight collar on, took the reminder as a hint to get on with his drinking, by way of stimulating the energy that the rebuff had slightly damped. There were several obviously thirsty and impecunious loafers in the bar, who, hearing Hartley's order to the barmaid, added theirs to it. He utilised their friendliness to inquire about certain people he had lost sight of through his long and frequent absence from town, and the information acquired put him on the track of an old acquaintance, from whom he believed he could obtain the help he required. The thought of Wilmot being coerced into parting with their secret worried him, and forbade his wasting an hour in waiting for the problematical Hertz.

He found his man in his office. He said he was delighted to meet Hartley, and looked it until the matter of a loan was broached; then his *bonhomie* froze, and the jovial friend became the severely business-like man. He was extremely sorry to have to say nay, but this Jameson Raid had practi-

cally ruined his prospects, and he could see nothing but bankruptcy before him.

Within the next two hours Hartley had interviewed half a dozen men, who, oddly enough, had all lost or missed fortunes through that same Raid. One or two were frankly brutal enough to refuse assistance without excuse or apology, but others were heart-broken at the necessity which compelled denial. If he had only called a few days earlier—

He did not stay to hear what would have been the result. He began to realise that times really had changed, and he with them. He was plainly not the Hartley of three or four years ago, who could safely rely upon borrowing anything up to two or three hundreds if pushed into a corner, and on no better security than his word or, at most, an I. O. U. scribbled on the back of an envelope. He accepted the Raid as a partial explanation, but refused to recognise that he was beginning to pay the price of successive failures, and that he was discredited. His castles had proved hovels so often that no one who knew him believed in his future. "Poor old Hartley is going under." "Whisky is doing its great work." "Great pity. He ought to have been a wealthy man settled down at home to-day," were some of the comments made behind his back when the word went round that Dick Hartley was in town "trying to raise a bit."

For the first time in his variegated career on the Fields Hartley began to take his ill-luck seriously. He had many a time been worried by want of immediate cash, and a little anxiety for the future, when some one of his most promising schemes had not fulfilled the promises of the prospectus; but he had never before felt, as he did now most poignantly, that others were dependent upon his exertions. At any cost Smeer must be kept away from Clarie, and it was of even greater importance that Wilmot should be released. The sense of new responsibility weighed heavily, though the novelty of the experience detracted slightly from its unpleasantness.

"And I've always told fellows who worry that they are fools," he soliloquised. "Perhaps a married man with a family may be excused, and I'm pretty much as if married. I've Clarie, and Wilmot's little but a kid."

He made one more attempt to borrow the money, and this final appeal removed any doubt he had as to the estimate his friends had of him. His last hope was an old chum, reputed rich, or at least well off, who opened the interview by inviting Hartley to help him out of a tight corner by taking up some shares for him. On being told the state of affairs and the object of the visit, he lectured Hartley on his criminal folly in squandering the large sums that he had at various times handled, held forth on the iniquity of drink,

and pointed the moral by bluntly telling Hartley what people were saying of him.

The Yorkshireman listened patiently to the end, then remarked with emphasis that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to advance money on the shares and take quit-tance by the administration of the biggest hammering the lecturer had ever had.

The afternoon was too far advanced for further business, unless he could find his man in some bar. He gave fortune the opportunity by making a tour of the principal canteens, but drew a blank. Johannesburg financiers no longer used the bar counter as office after dark, and another phase of the altered conditions of the Camp was brought home to him.

There was a newer and stranger condition asserting itself,—the thought of a woman kept him sober.

"Clarie is better than a tight collar," he admitted; "doesn't hurt so much."

The evening was rather dull as the result of this unseen control, and the temptation to join some of the lively coteries at the bar of his hotel the keener because he had never before known what it was to resist. He had all but succumbed once when a practical remedy occurred to him. He went to his room, removed his boots, and gave them to the Kafir, with strict injunctions not to bring them back till six o'clock next morning. As he was travelling light without kit, he had not even a pair of slippers to fall back upon,

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and he knew that the day had gone when customers in stockinged feet would be tolerated in the bar of a leading hotel.

He rose next morning full of a great and serious resolve, evolved during the waking hours of a long night. By way of assisting its successful issue, he sent out for a tight collar, and by half-past nine was on his way to the office of the chairman of the B. K. Syndicate, one of the countless ventures always being engineered on the Rand to acquire and hold gold claims, building sites, and other possibilities of profit for small capitalists. The history of nine-tenths of these syndicates will be found in the record of small holders frozen out by the big companies. But the B. K. S. had been in existence more than two years, and was yet warm. Its assets consisted of eighty proved gold claims situate near a flourishing mine, and the syndicate was holding out for the time when the adjacent company would be compelled to buy up these claims in accordance with a scheme of extension foreshadowed by the directorate. Hartley was the registered holder of four of these claims, representing his share as the original pegger and discoverer, and had resolutely refused several tempting offers to sell out. The syndicate consisted of four members, who were bound by agreement not to part with their respective holdings except to one another—a usual stipulation, to prevent a block of claims being

out up into a parcel too small for the market. The chairman had several times hinted his readiness to take over Hartley's four claims; but the Yorkshireman's faith in their ultimate value was of the most extravagantly optimistic character, and had been partially confirmed soon after by an offer being made by a solicitor, acting for unknown, but presumably influential, principals, to take over the eighty claims at £500 apiece. The offer was unanimously declined by the syndicate, who ratified their act of faith by a resolution, formally adopted, not to sell under £1000 a claim. In those days small syndicates talked in big figures and sometimes realized them.

Hartley had summed up the position to the following effect: Ready cash he must have. His only means of getting it was by sacrificing these claims, which he had always regarded as his nest-egg. The sacrifice would be justified by the end, as the money thus obtained would secure him a fortune.

He found the chairman in, and stated his business, promptly offering the whole or part of his claims for £500 apiece.

Mr Sander's regretful assurance that he had not the money for the deal was the truth, so he tried to dissuade Hartley against selling; next he attempted to induce him to accept payment in a series of bills at three and six months, but as prompt cash was a desideratum, the offer had to be declined.

Mr Sander explained that there were only two other members of the syndicate to whom the shares could be offered. One was in England, therefore inaccessible; the other was Mr Percy Jones, to whom he advised Hartley to go.

Hartley knew little and liked less Mr Jones, against whom he had conceived one of those violent, unreasoning prejudices, that were an unfortunate trait in his impulsive character, for, like all men of strong likes and dislikes, he found that the world supplied more subjects for hatred than love. Mr Jones embodied in his dapper, middle-aged, and pompous personality nearly all the idiosyncrasies that most severely sandpapered Hartley's susceptibilities. He always wore the whitest and starchiest of linen, sign and token to Hartley of that prosperous town-bred exclusiveness that he associated with greedy scheming directors who were ignorant of veld-craft and the principles of mining, yet had the audacity to criticise the work of men like himself. Mr Jones never entered a canteen, and expressed himself severely against those who did. He also had an irritating habit of taking nothing for granted. He read every document he had to sign, carefully and slowly, asking numerous questions; he cross-examined engineers and others who brought up reports that were perfectly satisfactory to the other members of the syndicate, and was always ready to damp-down enterprise by insisting on the dangers of optimism and the

urgent necessity for economy. But his crowning infamy was that he carried gloves and an umbrella in the wet and dry season alike. He never used either—but Hartley could not forgive him on that account: the only extenuating feature in his case was, that he did not wear a tall silk hat. As it was, he stood in the eyes of Hartley as a symbol of that devastating imported civilisation known by the hated name of respectability, that was slowly but surely killing the joyous spirit of unconventionality and absolute freedom that was the principal charm of a mining-camp. Therefore did Hartley hate Percy Jones.

As a matter of fact, the little man was simply a commonplace type of the pushing suburban grocer or draper transplanted to Commissioner Street, where he acted precisely as he did in his old environment, and had become a fairly successful small speculator, who, by industry, caution, not too much scrupulousness, and—according to Rand standards—the exercise of a contemptible parsimony, had contrived to employ his small capital to advantage. He was on the outer fringe of financial respectability, and paid obsequious court to the representatives of the big houses; but he was too cautious and too small to take a place with them, so had to be content with the crumbs and scraps too insignificant for the attention of the rich man. He talked in millions and dealt in ten-pound notes. What his actual resources were few

knew, probably no one but himself. There was a rumour that he was playing with the money of the members of a South London conventicle, in which he had been a shining light. But Johannesburg shows no curiosity as to a man's antecedents: it is too dangerous a habit, and one that has peculiar rebounding properties. Percy Jones was so unobtrusive and microscopic a character on the financial stage that he might have been the most notorious absconding criminal without exciting more than a passing glance. And yet he was from the mould in which more than one Rand millionaire has been cast.

Hartley found him in his tiny one-roomed office, reasonably near the Exchange, and came to the point without any of that circumlocutory dodging round the subject which appeared to be the modern method of conducting negotiations that in the old days were decided in a monosyllable.

"Want to sell my four claims in the B. K. Buy 'em?"

Mr Jones deliberately finished the addressing of a letter, blotted it with irritating frequency, and, as Hartley afterwards put it, ran a protractor and T-square over it, to make certain that the stamp was well and truly laid on. Then he leaned back in his chair, put his finger-tips together, and surveyed Hartley, who had been filling up time by scraping out his pipe with a delicate little penknife he took from the desk.

"Six months ago, Mr Hartley, I should have availed myself of

your offer, but claims—in fact, all mining property is not what it was, owing to the Raid."

"Oh, damn the Raid! Will you deal? I must have money."

Mr Jones looked supremely interested by this honest, and therefore foolish, admission. He shook his head sagely.

"I am afraid, Mr Hartley, you are not the only person in that position. I, myself, take a very serious view of the future, and have to practise severe economy and retrenchment."

"Feed at a shilling restaurant instead of an eightpenny, I suppose," Hartley interrupted. He was rapidly growing irritable.

Mr Jones ignored the rude reflection on his frugality. "If I took your claims, the price would have to be one that would leave a good margin for a falling market."

"Five hundred apiece."

Dick was still scraping his pipe, and did not even look up.

"Impossible, ridiculous even. If that is your idea of business you are wasting your time and mine. By the way, how is that East Rand thing panning out? Really, Mr Hartley, I cannot understand how a man with your vast ability and knowledge and the magnificent chances you have had should be in want of a few paltry hundreds. You must have been very careless and foolish."

"You're right. I have been a fool to let other people profit by my work. I think I found this B. K. Reef, proved it at my own expense, worked and starved at it for months, and have to take a twentieth share,

while you, who do nothing except grouse, hold half. And now, when I want to turn my bit into cash, I have to get your leave. Yes; I am a fool. But hurry up. I want money badly: if I can't deal with you, I must try some one else."

Mr Jones smiled. The chairman had rung him up on the telephone the moment Hartley had left the office and explained the position. "Give him a couple of hundred for a six months' option, and I'll stand in half," was his message. "He's hard pressed, and must consent."

"Why don't you try our chairman?" asked Jones slyly.

"He has made me an offer."

"Paper at six months, I suppose?"

Hartley was surprised and annoyed at the directness of the thrust.

"Never mind that; what will you give me? Hurry up!"

Mr Jones refused to be hurried. The longer these negotiations lasted, the more desperate and pliable Hartley would become. So he played with his victim.

"Would you take the battery managementship of a mine I know of? Fifty a-month, good quarters, and—possibilities." He peered into Hartley's face. Hartley returned the gaze inquiringly.

"What do you mean by possibilities?"

"Pickings."

"Oho!"

Hartley drew his chair closer and looked Jones straight in the face.

"What interest have you in

getting me a job like that? Where do you come in?"

"No special interest, except that I happened to hear of the vacancy, and thought of you as the most suitable man I know."

"Very kind of you. How am I suitable? I'm a prospector and mining engineer, not a chemist."

"Look here, Mr Hartley. You are a sensible man—in some things. I make you an offer that many a man would jump at, and you behave as though I were doing something against you."

"I haven't refused it yet; but let's get on with this claim business; make me an offer."

"Very well; I told you I am not in a position to buy at a fancy price: first, because I haven't the money loose; secondly, because I have not the faith in the B. K. that you appear to have. I'll give you a thousand, cash down, for your claims."

"And you are the man who advised the syndicate to hold out for a thousand apiece!"

"Buying and selling are not the same, Mr Hartley. I am not obliged to buy your claims, therefore if I take them it will be at a price that suits me."

Hartley got up, looking stormy.

"Wait a bit,—don't be impetuous. It would be a pity to sell out now when prices are so low. Suppose you gave me a six months' option to take them at £400 apiece. I'll give you £150 for the right of refusal at that price."

Hartley hesitated. It was a terrible sacrifice, but—

Wilmot! What was happening at Pretoria?

"It's a bad bargain, but it's a deal," he said.

Mr Jones promptly wrote out an option note, read, re-read, and altered it several times.

"It's in the usual form," he said, as he handed it to Hartley, who laid it on the desk without looking at it. "Cheque before signature, please."

Mr Jones wrote out his cheque, a long and tedious operation. Hartley examined it, put it into his pocket, then signed the option note.

"What about this battery managership and the pickings?" he asked, looking steadfastly at Jones.

"Surely, Mr Hartley, there is no occasion to tell an experienced man like you how a battery manager can increase his salary—if he has a trustworthy person outside." He looked up furtively.

Hartley stood up with both hands on the table, and glared at Jones, who quailed, for there was thunder in the air.

"You damned little scoundrel! You are an amalgam thief, eh? I guessed it all along, and you want me to steal for you, eh?"

The protest that was on Mr Jones's lips was never uttered. Hartley's open hand came heavily on his cheek, followed by a staggering slap from the left. Then he was dragged forward over the table and his head banged against it.

"That's what I think of you, you little thief. Now, call the

police and tell them what I hammered you for."

Mr Jones did not call for the police. He gathered himself together with a surprising show of offended dignity and adjusted his dress, remarking quietly, "I excuse you, Hartley, for you are drunk, but you will hear more of this."

"Come over to the bank and bring that option note," said Hartley. "I must have witnesses that this business is honest on my side. I can't afford to be mixed up with a gold thief."

Mr Jones hung back, but when Hartley moved towards him he hurried to put on his hat, collected his umbrella and gloves, and followed.

"Go on ahead; I won't be seen in the street with you." Mr Jones meekly obeyed, and led the way to his bank.

"Look at that note," said Hartley to the teller. "I've sold him an option. Here's the cheque. Both all right, I hope?"

The teller glanced at both, and said they were. Hartley took up his money and went off, without further word to Jones.

The little man returned to his office chuckling. He was amused that the teller should have vouched for an option note that made the money paid part of the purchase price instead of the premium for the privilege. He would willingly take a hammering every day on such terms.

Hartley's luck took the line of a straight flush, as he described it, as soon as he had finished with Mr Jones, and he was half disposed to ascribe it

to the Powers for Good that reward righteous acts, the act recognised in this case being the hammering of a rascal who would have made a thief of a needy man.

In any other place the fortuitous coincidences of the day would have been regarded as extraordinary. On the Rand they ranked merely as natural sequences in the run of luck that had set in. Hartley's heart was filled with greater and holier joy by the castigation he had administered to Jones than by the knowledge that his great scheme was in train. Having some hours to spare before his train was due for Pretoria, and a tight collar to keep him in check, he yielded to that spirit of gregariousness and generosity which he called feeling good, and took a cab to a remote bar, where he could practise his goodness with the least risk of having it abused by the spongers who had the eye of old Adam M'Queen for a man with an abnormal development of the organ of benevolence.

The Golden Kopje Hotel had been one of Hartley's retreats for several years, when desirous of recuperating at the later stages of a prolonged spree. The proprietor, an old mining man, was oddly enough a rigorous abstainer, and that curious anomaly, more frequent than might be believed, a drink seller with a conscience. Hartley had always found the Golden Kopje a safe haven. M'Cormick the proprietor nursed him with strong yet gentle hand, tapering off his drinks till he was restored to

self-control, and, as often as not, sending him back to work under escort, and with the loan of a tenner.

"Turned up at last," was Mac's quiet salutation, as Hartley burst into the bar. "Found another place where they do mending and repairing, I suppose?"

He had heard that Hartley had been in Johannesburg several times without visiting him, and as Mac could not conceive Hartley loose in town without requiring the tapering-off treatment, he was hurt at the implied neglect and ingratitude.

"Haven't come to be mended this time. Come for a quiet chat and drink. Have struck a patch. Going to celebrate it very quietly. Give me small bottle."

Mac grunted deprecatingly, as if he resented the prospect of business; went to the little partitioned compartment at the end of the counter that served as his office, and returned with a large envelope, which he handed to Hartley, remarking—

"Thought you were going to make me a present of it. You'd better take it, though; your patches don't get beyond the green stage nowadays. You'll want it."

Hartley found fifty pounds in notes.

"Thanks," he remarked, carelessly. "Knew they'd be all right with you."

"Don't lie, Dick," Mac answered quietly. "You knew nothing about them. I took them off you one night six months ago. You came in

very full up, and had a couple of beauties with you, who would have cleared you out if I hadn't. I've heard about your trying to borrow a bit."

Dick owned up, insisted on leaving a fiver to be drunk out by certain "good boys" whom he specified, finished his whisky, Mac having refused to serve him with a champagne, as it excited him too quickly, and travelled stationwards.

The first piece of luck brought the second in its train, for the excitement of this unexpected addition to his treasury drove from his mind the telegram he had intended to despatch to Wilmot, announcing the impending release. Had that knowledge come to the jail officials, a final and probably successful effort would have been made to force a confession from Wilmot. If it failed, he would have been transferred to Potohefstroom jail, in order to retard the process of release.

"Another turn of the screw and I'm certain I should have squealed," he confided to Hartley when, a few hours later, they sat together over the first decent meal he had tasted for two weary months. "I shall never forgive myself for mistrusting you, old chap, and I don't expect you to do so, for you can never understand what it is to have nothing but doubt to feed upon for two months, doubt being fed on silence half the time, and the other by the suggestions of those blackguards. Things did look black against you, Dick,—didn't they?"

"No," answered Dick emphatically. "I don't think I ought to excuse you except for your ignorance. If you knew better, you'd know enough to be satisfied that Dick Hartley had never played dog. Damn you! Wilmot, you make me feel wicked at the thought of it. If you didn't look so miserable and starved, I'd punch you. I'll go and knock it out of the blackguards who kept your letter back. Who were they?"

Wilmot wisely and truthfully answered that he did not know, and advised a prompt removal from the atmosphere of officialdom.

"They know nothing, but suspect a lot," was his summary of his story of the attempts to worm his secret from him in the jail.

"I had been a fool, no doubt, and brought all the trouble on myself and you by opening my mouth to Ellis. We shall be shadowed for some time; but I rely on your smartness to get over that difficulty."

They discussed the plan of campaign in the seclusion of a first-class carriage going down to Johannesburg that evening.

There was nothing now to prevent forward action. Wilmot was to stay quietly in Johannesburg for a few days, by way of throwing any followers off the track, while Hartley got Johannes Smeer back to his farm to prepare the waggon.

The two parted at the station at Johannesburg. Wilmot went to the Golden Kopje to be quiet; Hartley took a ticket for the East Rand, as if returning to his work there, but

slipped off the train a few stations out, and returned in a closed cab to Johannesburg.

Early next morning he had Smeer mounted on a hired horse, and off by road to his farm, forty-five miles distant. It was safer to smuggle him off this way than from the spy-infested railway-station, and the old man was more at home in the saddle. He took with him an order on a Krugersdorp storekeeper to provide provisions for the journey, and cash to pay for them, so as to avoid any mention of his principals. The loading up of the gear and return of the gun to Adam for completion was arranged with equally satisfactory unobtrusiveness.

Hartley sent for Adam to give him instructions that could not be intrusted to the post, and the visit was made the occasion of a farewell celebration at the Golden Kopje.

Adam proved a veritable skeleton at the feast. He was suffering from a combined attack of moral rectitude and pessimism, largely induced by the withdrawal of Wilmot from the Resurgam, necessitating the appointment of a successor, who would have to be educated into the keeping of a secret, since the conditions were not now favourable to scaring away authorised interlopers. There was also another burden on his mind. He had been promised £500 for his services in refitting the gun; but on discovering that his ideas as to the completion of the working mechanism were correct, he hinted that

his reward should be doubled, for the following extraordinary reason: so long as the gun was unworkable his conscience was clear, for no harm could come to white men from its use by Kafirs; but now that he was able to make it a perfect engine of destruction, he was assisting in an enterprise both illegal and immoral, to say nothing of its danger.

"If you are found out, as you certainly will be," said he, "the Government are sure to guess that I fixed the thing up, for all the Rand knows my mechanical skill,—or at any rate they will, as soon as my motor is completed."

"If our secret doesn't come out till then, we have plenty of time," Hartley suggested brutally; and then followed one of those acrimonious arguments on mechanics that had ceased to amuse Wilmot because of their tiresome retrieving of old ground.

Hartley was in too good a humour to feel wicked, therefore he agreed to pay Adam a thousand pounds by way of salving his exacerbated conscience. The old man, on his part, solemnly agreed not to play any tricks with the machinery, but to deliver the gun in proper working order.

"Dick," said he, after the seventh and final whisky, "I know you're going to get into trouble, but do be careful. As soon as you get the diamonds hide away my share safely, for it would be awful if I got nothing for all this tearing o my conscience."

(To be continued.)

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE more careful readers of Mr Champneys' biography of Coventry Patmore, or of Mr Gosse's excellent little memoir lately published, will agree that here was one of the comparatively few poets for whom Fortune was not too unkind. His life had its griefs, but if at any time they were keener than the sorrows of most other men, which is uncertain, it was because they were the withdrawal of benefactions greater than most other men are conscious of. "'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all," is truest where the loved one was most worthy and most beautiful. And if, as a poet and ambitious, Patmore had to pass through a long day of neglect with little promise beyond night-fall, he did live into a new time of admiring recognition; and whenever that happens, in such cases an interlude of neglect is but as a lovers' quarrel. His history tells of hardships and humiliations in youth, and such no doubt there were of one sort or another; but we see that the humiliations were gossiped into an importance far beyond reality, while as for the hardships they were of the kind that do young poets quite as much good as harm.

The indiscretions and weaknesses of Peter George Patmore, the poet's father, were the cause of these troubles. "He was a notorious rather than

a distinguished author," says Mr Gosse, "and it is difficult to reconcile the species of abhorrence with which most of his contemporaries regarded him, with the bold and pious claims to our respect which his son never ceased to put forward." "Abhorrence" is a strong word, and yet not much too strong for the feeling against him which that fatal affair of the duel evoked and the publication of 'My Friends and Acquaintance' long afterwards confirmed. The appearance of his son's 'Angel in the House' (1854-63) recalled P. G. Patmore to the literary practitioners of the time, and I myself remember that his name was never mentioned at that day but in terms of contemptuous aversion. But *la mode* has always much to do with public opinion, and I also remember thinking that reprobation of P. G. P. was loudest when it was evidently echoed: echoed with the same emphasis which affirms a righteous if not an informed belief in the worst that has been said against "Bloody Mary." Whole generations have ignorantly decried much more important and more blameless men than P. G. Patmore; and though he made his want of character plain enough in various ways, no one can read the evidence brought out by Mr Champneys in the matter of the Scott-Christie duel and still think Scott's second the miscreant of

Thackeray's imagination, and not of his alone.

Tribulation, this, to the younger Patmore's mind, however well assured that his father was blamed to an unjust excess; yet it had no such prejudicial effect upon his start in life as seems to be supposed. To some extent it must have been injurious, no doubt; but the ample records of his life attest that, boy and man continuously, he never lacked the friendship and encouragement of distinguished and capable men. Many of these were familiar acquaintances of P. G. Patmore, of whom his cautious biographer, Mr Champneys, is able to say that, despite the obloquy occasioned by the duel, "he seems to have maintained his former friendships and to have made many new ones." Till the time of the financial crash which sent P. G. Patmore flying from his creditors (Coventry being then twenty-two years old and still browsing among literary and scientific studies), his family lived in easy circumstances; and if the head of it was but a minor light himself, he was eagerly perceptive of the genius in his son and studious to prepare and advance his ambitions. In short, the young man was allowed every chance of being self-made,—which we may well believe the better kind of making for a lad of Coventry Patmore's temperament. His circumstances and associations to this time entirely favoured the free growth of a vigorous, ravenous, but eclectic and des-

ultory mind, rebellious to all constraint but such as its own *morale* assented to. His literary predilections, especially the cultivation of his poetic gifts, were most pleasing to his father, for there the sire could usefully direct and warn the son; yet when the son turned his thoughts to chemistry as a vocation the father consented sacrificially by supplying the necessary apparatus. Had it been a turn to architecture,—a yet more natural and promising bent, as the high authority of Mr Champneys vouches for,—P. G. Patmore would have consented as readily to the full extent of his means.

My belief is that Patmore would have excelled in any pursuit to which he could give a willing mind. There have been poets of whom it might be said that they could have been nothing else usefully. That, however, was not Patmore's case. His shapely head, every line of which was either grace or strength, or both, was not the abode of an all-predominating faculty, unless we mean by that the informing imagination which, wherever it exists, is there to impart genius to any set employment of the mind. For Patmore, to be poet was one of a group of capabilities, some others of which fell not far short of the poetic faculty as a natural endowment, and would have prospered accordingly by exercise and cultivation. So I came to believe, at any rate. But the poetic gift was the greater. It was the first called upon, and soon became in turn the most

importunate. Under paternal expectation he wrote poems in his teens "with a view to publication,"—verses which, after they had been tried on the elder Patmore's literary friends, were gathered into a book and made a sufficiently hopeful stir in the world. Coventry was then twenty-one years old. It was in the following year that his father's dwindling fortunes broke down beneath a prodigious pile of railway speculations; whereupon Coventry had no choice but to earn his bread by means that demanded the least expenditure of capital.

Poetry, however, was not only a very poor but a lagging paymaster, and, as his biographers have reported, the best use that Patmore could put pen and ink to for the satisfaction of immediate needs was translation from the French for Bohn at the rate of little more than four shillings a-day. Not that the smallness of this return was all the fault of Bohn: Patmore acknowledged, with that twinkle of the eye which usually accompanied his exaggerations, that it was partly due to ignorance of the French language. These hard times—which, if they left his health undamaged materially, are not altogether deplorable—lasted for fifteen months; and then, by the kindly intervention of Monckton Milnes, were ended by his appointment to a post in the British Museum library.

All that is known of Coventry Patmore goes to show that he was remarkably unchanging both in mind and manner. Be-

tween seventeen and seventy there were, no doubt, long-lasting differences of mood, but only such as may be expected to attend variations of fortune, the nights and mornings of bereavement, the ascent to maturity, and the decline to old age. Of moods only: throughout them all his well-defined characteristics in youth persisted without noticeable change, though not without corresponding variations of working impulse. In a description of him in boyhood from the pen of his fond father (Mr Champneys quotes it at some length), opinions and sentiments are attributed to him which, while they are much too deep and strange for P. G. Patmore's invention, are quite in keeping with the poet's talk fifty years after. "Our boy-poet held," says P. G., "that all *written* poetry, even the highest and purest, does but lower and debase rather than exalt and define that idea of the poet which he believed in as he believed in the idea of the God-head; both being conceptions incapable of expression by words or even of thoughts,—only of being felt." And so "if he had been called upon to embody Poetry in effigy, through the medium of painting or sculpture, he would have given it in a form, not of Apollonian beauty and immortal youth, but of *infancy*,—the face alone of a sleeping infant." Whatever the value of the thought, this is in the Patmorian vein precisely. Or if the question is not of mind but manner, two of the oldest and most distin-

guished of Patmore's comrades at the Museum describe the tall, spare, silent man—perfectly urbane when he did converse, but isolated by pre-occupation and entirely destitute of small-talk—in terms that would have fitted him as well in the last decade of his life.

But though the man himself passed from stage to stage of his career with his original equipment of character quite unmodified, his history was broken and renewed very distinctly at the date of his entering the service of the British Museum. It would have been so even if all that happened then was the finding of a safe and independent footing for the first time. But it also happened that in the same year, we might almost say, he passed without pause or jar from an expiring literary period into its distinctly different successor. The Hazlitt and Peter Patmore time had come to its last days. Tennyson had arisen, Tennyson with whom Coventry Patmore had already made acquaintance; and the new movement of which the Pre-Raphaelites were the more distinctive though not the only promoters had begun. (Indeed, the members of that brotherhood saw their laureate in Patmore when all they had to go upon was his little book of verse published two or three years before the P.R.B. became a corporation.) And in the next year he imported a strong congenial and lasting influence into his life and work by marrying Emily Andrews.

It is his work rather than his domesticities that these few pages are concerned with, but yet I will say as much as this, that I have heard from men of entirely different character, and even of hostile temperaments, the same enthusiastic praise of Emily Patmore's beauty and goodness that is recorded in the biographies. Mr Champneys says of her, that for every sympathetic reader of the 'Angel in the House' a special interest will attach to the poet's first wife; for the dedication of this poem—"To the memory of her by whom and for whom I became a poet"—seems to be literally true. "Though Patmore was already, both by idiosyncrasy and, as he believed, almost by a supernatural command, devoted to the praise of womanhood and of nuptial love, he could not conceivably have accomplished his task as he has done had he remained without personal experience of married life, or had the partner of his earlier manhood been less qualified to serve as a revelation to him of the perfection to which a woman as wife and mother may attain." I say nothing against that, and yet prefer to take a step backward from this happy marriage, thinking that if we do so a clearer view may be obtained of a flight of verse which, starting from the daisied earth, aimed at the inner sanctuaries of Heaven.

The greatest mystery of love, when we mean by that the love between the sexes, never comes into the story-books,

and the poets seem to have reasons of their own for taking no notice of it. One of their reasons is perhaps that child-love is a mystery too mysterious. As one student of the passion says, "a flower rooted and blooming in the air could hardly be more strange than the love which many a little man of ten years old shyly cherishes for some little maid no more grown up than he." Child as he is, the love in him is the veritable passion. It is no romantic attachment like that which bound Celia and Rosalind to each other, or such as couples the brace of lads who go apart on all possible occasions to read together, stroll together, fish together, dwell together in a maze of aspirations and confidences. It is the true passion in all that poets tell of its intensity, its absorption, its devotion, its fancy-kindling romance. There are the same joys, misgivings, jealousies that chequer the love of a later day, with no difference at all but one. It is love in childhood, conceived and lived in so much innocence that we might suppose it bathed in those "clouds of glory" which Wordsworth told of. It is likely enough, indeed, that this mysterious child-love is not a very common though not a rare experience; and, besides, they whom it has visited dare not speak of it, feeling its incredibility and fearing derision. But there is another love very like it which is quite common. Calf-love it is called, for here derision ventures; "but wise men know,"

as our author says, "that calf-love is very much more and very much better than a foolish growth of disordered sentimentalities. They know that for the right sort of lad, the boy with mind in him, it is a sunburst of illumination;" while as for the common young man, though he may seem more foolish still when overtaken by it, his perceptions of what is highest, fairest, sweetest in the world will be broadened and clarified. Above all, "he will put the distance from heaven to earth between himself and whatever mermaids, sirens, and other alluring she-monsters may fall in his way." Here we see its likeness to that other love: a love with all the exaltation, all the spirituality of the true passion, and none of the grossness which science and cynicism teach us is its only begetting.

What all this leads to is already guessed, probably. It leads to the supposition that the aforesaid flight of verse (Patmore's, to wit) which, content at first with the heights of Tamerton Church Tower, aspired to circle at the gates of Paradise, had their inspiration and authority from these loves. Patmore had experienced both. In his 'Life of Barry Cornwall' he wrote:—

"Those infantine passions, almost peculiar to, and perhaps almost invariably occurring in, the childhood of poets, are events of extreme importance in the history of their souls; and the world is probably indebted for one of its very highest blessings, namely, the imaginative glory which irradiates its idea of love, to the fact that poets, who are mainly the orig-

inators and promulgators of that idea, have had this singular capacity for loving, with the full vehemence of that passion, in the innocence and ignorance of childhood; their manhood retaining amid all its error and obscuration the happy memory of that smokeless flame."¹

These lines are proof sufficient that the writer of them had gone through an experience of child-love, and a similar course of the love miscalled of the calf is a matter of history. The name of Her is known. She was a Miss Gore; and Mr. Champneys is able to say that the affair made an impression on him which he never lost. "It was as it were his matriculation in the school of love, and initiated him in the mysteries of emotion and feeling which were the foundation of his later poetry. It may be noted, too, that this experience is apparently coincident in time with the supernatural behest which he believed had been given him, and the inspiration may have been connected with this passion." But Patmore was at that time only sixteen—which is early for the consciousness of a supernatural behest on such a subject: a consciousness which, from the nature of the case, must include as full a knowledge of love in its

earthliness as in its divinity. And it also seems that his initiation into such mysteries of emotion and feeling as might suggest the oneness of earthly love with the love Divine came earlier and more wonderfully. No. It is a more natural supposition, I think, that these loves—the second allied to the first—were indeed the foundation of Patmore's later poetry, but not immediately or by first intention as the surgeons say. It was a sufficiently complete and beautiful idea that a passion which could be so purely innocent, so entirely spiritual, while yet endowed with its every other characteristic, but especially ardour, devotion, exaltation, might be and should be carried into marriage; there to become a double flame, two in one, and still continue virginal, to use Patmore's own word. The poet would have had mission enough who devoted his genius to the dissemination and fulfilment of this one idea: an idea, too, so congenial to poesy, and poesy being its most capable if not its only interpreter. If Patmore brooded upon it as a theme for immortal verse before knowing and marrying Emily Andrews, it was after that time that he

¹ And so, in that perfect little poem, "The Revelation," Patmore writes,—

Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;
They lift their heavy lids and look;
And lo! what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day.

Here, I think, "the Child's unheeded dream" points to the dream-state which many men, poets and others, remember as half the inner life of their childhood, understanding it as the secret of their recognition and acceptance of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality."

determined on it, or what of that dedication of 'The Angel in the House' to her "by whom and for whom I became a poet"? There is, indeed, no clear evidence in that poem that its scheme and purpose were as definite as our description of them. But they were in the poet's mind, as they know who ever heard him on his great engrossing theme; and his meaning flowed out in sufficient distinctness between the lines of his verse if but dimly expressed in the verse itself.

"Virgins are they before the Lord
Whose hearts are pure; 'the vestal
fire

Is not,' so runs the Poet's word,
'By marriage quenched, but flames
the higher.'

Warm, living is the praise thereof;
And wedded lives which not belie
The honourable heart of love
Are fountains of virginity."

These lines do not appear in the printed poem, but they were in the original manuscript, it seems; and if the withdrawal of a passage so extremely characteristic needs explanation, it must be, I think, that the teaching in these verses was reserved for larger treatment in that third or fourth Book of 'The Angel in the House' which was never written. For the work as originally designed was to be another *Divina Commedia* in extent and comprehension: so Patmore's friends understood, and we know of hints of his own to the same effect. The death of her by whom and for whom he became the poet of nuptial love broke off this design.

For me, I am Philistine enough to wish that Patmore had fulfilled his purpose and had done with it before his bereavement. He was right in thinking that there was new and immense scope for poetic treatment in his spiritual romance of nuptial love as at first conceived and wisely limited. It was no easy task, indeed, to give to the marital relation a new character, by reconstructing it from the ecstatic innocence of childhood and the saintliness of heavenly love. But there were sound foundations to go upon; known possibilities; much experiential accomplishment at many a hearth; and of course Patmore was again right in holding that the primal passions of mankind are exalted and purified by their idealisation, and could be by nothing else.

In brief, the theme to which he devoted his genius was gloriously high, eminently good, original and engaging as romance in the spiritual sphere, —altogether excellent within its own wide bounds. But it was not so kept; and therefore again I say I wish it had been completed out of hand in her days who was its chief inspiration.

When, a few years after her death, more of Coventry Patmore's verse appeared, it was seen that he had carried his musings on nuptial love into a sphere where his genius moved in far greater strength and dignity, but where many of us could not follow him with either ease or comfort, and where he himself could never come to rest

and completion. Mr Champneys says of this transference and transformation, "Love, the main subject of all Patmore's verse, is no longer shown as love in earthly fruition, but is raised and etherealised, becoming more closely identified with Divine love." Here "love in its earthly fruition" means nuptial love; long brooding upon which "in the ideal light in which his chosen subject presented itself to his imagination served to transfigure all its accidents: and this involved a risk of carrying the analogy beyond due bounds." It did; the nuptial love of man and woman being closely identified with the relations of the soul to Almighty God. It is not very difficult to make out the line of transition which carried Patmore, as some of his most inalienable friends thought, beyond due bounds. Nuptial being once sublimated to the intensity and purity of those "infantine passions" that Patmore knew of, we can all see that it would bear a strong likeness to the yearning love of many lofty and many lowly

souls for their God in heaven. Our human relations have set up such a likeness already, and are to the most simple and the most profoundly religious minds contenting symbols of the relations of the All-Father to His children. Yet whenever advance from the Brute Age makes it possible to continue into nuptial love the intensity, ecstasy, purity of child-love, *then*, perhaps, the love of man and woman may be thought at one with the relations of God and the soul. But these ifs and whens! To most minds they must conjure up an ever-impassable barrier to the theories and persuasions which Patmore had been led into by a predisposition to religious mysticism and long dwelling upon a darling thought. He did carry to excess in some of his later poems this analogy, this analogy passing into identity, between human and Divine love; and did so with little dread of the connubial imagery which used to figure in some of our more favourite hymns.¹

But if, like others of Coventry Patmore's most admiring and

¹ Much has been heard of Patmore's suppressed tractate "*Sponsa Dei*," which, as Mr Gosse describes it, was in strict accordance with the moods of "*The Unknown Eros*." He also describes it as a masterpiece, polished and modulated to the highest degree of perfection; and although he thinks that Patmore rightly yielded to the consideration that it "should not be thrown to the vulgar," the burning of "*Sponsa Dei*" was simply deplorable. I also read this manuscript. The question being whether it should be published or not, I was invited to drop my light word into the long-wavering balance of Yes and No. It seemed to me that between "*The Unknown Eros*" and "*Sponsa Dei*" there was nearly all the difference between poetic intimations of a doctrine and a statement of it in definite and reasoned prose. What the full doctrine was may be judged from the intimations or discovered from Mr Gosse's account of it; and although I agree with him that "*Sponsa Dei*" was an extraordinary piece of literary workmanship, I go with him no farther. The "astounding difficulties" which he says were surmounted by the purity and crystalline passion of the writer were in fact insurmountable. I have never regretted counselling suppression. For how should anything published nowadays *not* be "thrown to the vulgar"?

abiding friends, I regret this extension of his one great theme, it need not be supposed that the feeling proceeds altogether from religious sensibility. The poems questionable on this account are but few; they are not all readily intelligible, nor were meant to be; as poetry in the literary sense they are informed by a genius more subtle, fiery, searching, and profound than only two or three of the preludes in 'The Angel of the House' gave intimation of; and therefore they offer good gleaming of beautiful lines, brilliant similitudes, thoughts that engender thought. The worst of them was that they signified the withdrawal of the writer's genius to regions where few could follow just when it had attained to its utmost capability. It was now to celebrate, in a series of great odes, the Marriage of the Blessed Virgin; and yet with so little hope of fit inspiration that he hardly thought to come by it unless by impartation from herself. With Patmore it was a necessity to wait for inspiration whatever the work he longed to do. In this case it came not, or came not in the fulness that such a theme demands. And meanwhile—(hence these Philistine tears)—meanwhile he might have sung the lowlier things of which we make our griefs and joys, as he showed when he wrote "Winter," "The Azalea," "Departure," "A Farewell," "The Toys," and other precious bits of verse that equal some of these. This grudging thought recurs when I read that after 1878, after 1880,

after 1882, he lost the power of poetic expression. I doubt that it was lost when the matter was simple, as we find it in the great little poems named above. Or if so, then I think with yet more bitter grudging of the year-by-year fatigue of staring for light into so profound a mystery as the Marriage of the Blessed Virgin.

By good fortune, Patmore's biographers were both men of great critical ability by nature and education; and both had the advantage—if that can be called an advantage which almost amounted to a necessity for judging Patmore—of long intimacy with him. Intimacy is the right word, for though he was by no means easy of access, whosoever was free of his friendship had all doors open to his mind. No man was more generous in that way, and it is a generosity which of itself reveals much of his character. Of the two, I think Mr. Champneys had the larger sympathy with Patmore's religious mysticism and a deeper understanding of it. A closer and more enjoyed apprehension, too, of his subtleties and refinements whether of thought or expression; while Mr. Gosse's observation is the broader, more active, more expertly critical in the literary field. They generally agree, whatever differences there are between them being mostly differences of the same opinion in men of unlike temperament; and whenever they speak of the character, the idiosyncrasies, the achievements and capacity of Pat-

more as a poet, I find myself much of the same mind with them.

For myself, however, I should say that his "mysticism" accorded imperfectly with the idea which the word commonly evokes. By which I mean that in his case what is called by that name had more of the quality of positive belief than is included in the popular idea of mysticism. He was of those who can say in considered words and with absolute sincerity, "I am more sure of the existence of a personal God than that you to whom I speak are a living man: *more sure*." And it seemed to me unvaryingly that a spirit of certainty alike to this, though less absolute and of course less dear, entered into those other conceptions which are called mystical; but this, indeed, the sum of his mental characteristics would suggest. On this point it should be said, too, that his transcendentalism ran in one direction. He had a scientific mind in others, whereby much seeming contrariety was provided. Mr Gosse's "intellectual and moral aristocrat" is a good description of him—especially when dissociated from offensive consciousness and associated with "the cordiality, the charming sweetness of his affection" for the friends whom he made too few rather than too many. Certainly "his temper was not parasitical. He did not lean on others, or need them," except for one thing, I would say: converse, fellowship. There

were years when, choosing seclusion at a time of unexpected and undeserved neglect as poet, he had too little of the refreshment of friendly intercourse, suffering accordingly to a greater degree than he was aware of. Making friends with the world again, when the world made friends with him, he was in all ways better for the change. There is truth in the saying that he could not moderate praise or blame, though as to his immoderation in blame it is better understood through understanding him. It is thought monstrous that he should have described Herriek as "a brilliant insect." But remembering Herriek's love-songs, what else should *Patmore* think him? It has also been said that he disparaged Tennyson. More than once or twice I have heard him begin upon Tennyson disparagingly, on grounds that might almost be expected from a man with *Patmore's* ideas of poetry; but ten minutes of contention and his objections were flung to the winds: there never was a greater lyric poet than A. T. He himself was not a lyric poet. Neither does anything in 'The Angel in the House' itself show that he was capable of homely verse, in which the sweetest and truest poetry finds voice. But he could make a long journey to look at William Barnes, drawn by "the lovely innocence which breathes from that poet's songs of nature and natural affection."

For particular remark on *Patmore's* own verse I have no

sufficient space here, nor am I conscious of any particular call for it. To say in little what would be more respectfully said at length, I see the true poet, in one aspect or another, in everything that proceeded from that "sensitive and impassioned intellect." (Four words of Aubrey de Vere's which go far toward a complete definition of Patmore's genius.) Yet I like least that which is most impassioned, and is often and truly called splendid for its diction and imagery: the theme is to blame. For a like reason "Amelia" itself is spoilt for me. Beautiful as it is over so much of its brief space, when I come to the central point of that passage where it is said that

"Nigh the little mound where lay that
other
I kissed her lips three times without
dispute,
And, with bold worship suddenly aglow,
I lifted to my lips a sandal'd foot,"

I am overtaken by a savagery of rebelliousness which no music has power to soothe away. Yet, all the same, "Amelia" is one of these pieces which most plainly declare the fine poetic genius of Coventry Patmore.

It is true, as Carlyle believed almost superstitiously, that no report of the works and ways of a man is satisfying till you have seen his authentic effigies. The wish to look upon some veracious portrait of a man in whom we are interested is more than anything else the cry of judgment in need of confirmation; and for this reason it is that a national portrait

gallery is almost as useful to students as a national library. But, then, so much depends upon the painter and his moods! In our national collection there are two pictures in the same room, both intended to bring in discoveries of character which cannot be called imaginary, and yet both render false impressions. One of the two is Sargent's portrait of Patmore. The drawing of the figure is none the less perfect, perhaps, for a touch of caricature which is at once suspected. The modelling of the head—work which should be done with the most scrupulous fidelity—would be quite true but for the same excess. But as for the features of the face, there the ravage of time is greatly exaggerated in the first place, and, in the next, a stiff and settled firmness of will is interpreted into mere truculence. With all its merits, therefore, Mr Sargent's picture is to that extent no portrait; and whosoever readjusts his views of Patmore by this picture of him will be misled. The best available portrait of him is that which is prefixed to the first volume of the *Life* by Mr Champneys. To be sure, it is "from a photograph," yet it is in all respects a very good likeness of Patmore as poet and fellow-creature. It should be read, however, side by side with a beautiful little drawing by John Brett, made when Patmore was about thirty years old. Both the biographies have these portraits; and little as they are alike at the first glance, imagination soon dis-

cerns the path of transition from the young face to the old. And in two respects Brett's picture was more true and informing, to the last, than either Sargent's painting or Barraud's photograph. Brett has *exactly* the noble and beautiful contours of Patmore's head, which have many a time delighted me to look at in silent intervals when we lazily sat and smoked together. What is more, Brett contrives to suggest, as their originals did very remarkably, a porcelain thinness and fineness of the bones of the skull. And again, Patmore's blue-grey eyes retained in old age, as their most characteristic expression, the look that Brett has given to them. In sympathetic talk they had usually that look of friendly, sparkling, inquiring penetration—the inquiry proceeding from a desire to see for himself that his meaning fell graciously, or not ungraciously, upon your mind; and he was extremely quick and accurate in finding that out. The mouth was too large and loose to be considered good; and though the chin was not unshapely it added nothing to the strength of a face eminently expressive of individuality, of distinction. The commonest share of intelligence sufficed to ascertain at first sight that he was no ordinary man; and yet, though there was never a poet more conscious, soberly conscious, of

his gifts, none was ever more clear of the assumptions and affectations of genius.

He delighted in the companionship of his friends, but was impatient and incapable of any but such as he had been accustomed to from the time when he lived among his father's associates, or, later, in acquaintance with all that was best or second best in the art and literature of the Victorian age. He had no general conversation; the only talk that gave him pleasure, or that he was at home and adept in, was intimate talk. Its intimacy was the goodness of it to him, its fulness and freedom. With a complete absence of dogmatism and formalism, it was always talk above common things; and the clearness of his conceptions, the warmth of his impartation, and a perfect command of language rising into frequent surprises of imaginative heat and light, made it very good talk indeed for whosoever partook of it. Extravagances and incredibilities were frequent too; but when they were not of an order that we have already glanced at, they were usually accompanied by a twinkle of the eye which denoted acknowledgment of their real quality and claimed a share of your amusement at them. Memorable evenings those, and the more since none can be added to their number.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

A STUDY OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

BY CHASSEUR.

VI. ROJDESTVENSKY'S ARMADA. (WITH MAP.)

IT must have been obvious to the most casual observer that if there were one weak link in the chain of Japan's armour that caused apprehension in the War Departments at Tokio, it was the possibility of Russian naval reinforcement from Europe. The Japanese are not the people to demonstrate their apprehensions, any more than we find them giving publicity to their future military intentions; but it is possible to trace through the history of the past eighteen months many signal indications that, much as it has been fashionable in this country to scoff at Russia's activity in the Baltic, yet the sage Japanese strategists never looked upon the menace as chimerical. We know that in January 1904 the presence of the *Oslavia* and *Aurora* in the Red Sea precipitated the termination of diplomatic relations between the two belligerents. We traced last month the history of the titanic efforts which were deliberately undertaken by the Japanese, regardless of expenditure in blood and treasure, upon the knowledge that Rojdestvensky's squadron was a real factor. And during the last few weeks we have had evidence of the first indignant ebullition of Japanese feeling that the war has brought forth. This, in our reasoning, is very

significant. Since the commencement of the campaign the neutrality of China has been infringed by both belligerents with considerable freedom,—in fact, as far as the whole campaign is concerned, the question of China's neutrality hardly seems to have been a distinguishable factor at all. But although there has been so extensive an infringement of the so-called considerations of neutrals, yet it was not until the lay populace of Japan actually realised that even at the eleventh hour it might be possible for their enemies to turn the tables upon them, that they gave the smallest evidence of relaxing their power of self-control. We have known for many months past, that from the very commencement the Japanese War Departments have entertained similar anxieties to those which have recently agitated the Japanese press. But, for reasons which it is not our object to arrive at in this paper, they have held their peace, doubtless until they were in a position to verify the conflicting information with regard to the finding of the squadron which Russia has now brought against them.

There were many in this country (and in dealing with matters naval we only refer to the opinion of experts) who

openly stated that Rojdestvensky's squadron would never get out to the Far East. As has already been shown in these papers, when Rojdestvensky sailed from the Baltic the Russian Pacific Squadron still existed, though blockade-bound. There seemed to the experts who judged of the campaign with external knowledge a reasonable chance that the Port Arthur garrison might keep the investing Japanese at arm's-length until this succour from Europe arrived. With so much at stake, it was a legitimate surmise that an effort was being made to save the remnants of the magnificent squadron which had been the mainstay of Russia's bullying attitude towards Japan. There was the school of experts who would not allow that the Baltic Squadron was ever intended to do more than furnish a pretence at a diversion. There were some who even suggested that the Russian Admiralty were simple-minded enough to believe that, by suddenly producing a Russian squadron in the Indian Ocean, they would succeed in drawing off the greater portion of the Japanese fleet from the Yellow Sea, and thus enable the immured vessels to break away. Then there was a third school who, believing the primed press reports from the Baltic littoral, maintained that the Russian ships were not seaworthy. To crown all these arguments came the crucial moment of the Dogger Bank

incident, which, it was argued by many, was a deliberate and predesigned attempt to embroil Europe in Russia's Far Eastern trouble. This last expression of opinion will bear subsequent analysis. There was, however, reason to support all these speculations, and each in turn lent colour to the many purposely promulgated stories of unserviceable weapons, plates, and machinery. But we ourselves, having given careful study to all the published matter with regard to the Baltic Fleet that we have been able to discover, are forced back to our original belief—which was that, after the loss of the *Petropavlovsk* and Makaroff, the Russian Admiralty believed that the Pacific Squadron was doomed: that no effort they could make, however strenuous, would be of sufficient character to enable them to save the residue of their Far Eastern warships from destruction. We are borne out in this theory by the following statement in Captain Klado's extraordinary *Essays on the Russian Navy*.¹ He quotes from the report by Admiral Skrydloff, written, subsequent to the loss of the *Petropavlovsk*, in April of last year. The extract which concerns us at the moment runs as follows:—

"Our success at sea must principally depend on the squadron leaving the Baltic, which consequently ought to be stronger than that portion of the Japanese fleet with which it would be faced. It is, therefore, essential that due regard should be

¹ The Russian Navy of the Russo-Japanese War. By Captain Klado of the Russian Imperial Navy. Hurst & Blackett.

had to the character of this squadron at the time of its departure, as well as that of its arrival at the seat of war. That arrival will have very different results, according as to whether it takes place before or after the fall of Port Arthur."

We can readily understand from Klado's book alone, if it were not for other evidence, that the character of the Baltic Fleet as it was then found when Skrydloff penned his despatch was not of sufficient stability to warrant the hope that the officer appointed to its command would ever be able to arrive in Japanese waters before the reduction of Port Arthur and the consequent destruction or loss of the "remainder" of the Pacific Squadron. This being the case, the whole scope, nature, and condition of Rojdestvensky's plan of operations ignored Port Arthur. We do not profess to know any more of this plan of operations than the public which has had access to the same information as ourselves. But we believe that a study of the Russian movements and procedure, from the start to their appearance off the coast of Annam, support these contentions, and it certainly is worthy of attention, since, whether Rojdestvensky be successful or not, the passage of his armada from Europe to the Far East is one of the most complex and interesting incidents unfolded in the naval history of the world.

Two points seem to stand out with considerable clearness with regard to the original inception of the mission of the

Baltic Fleet and with its subsequent despatch. It would appear that when, at the outbreak of war, it was first deemed necessary to despatch ships from the Baltic, the calculations were based upon the assumption that a reinforcement was required for the Pacific squadron. In spite of Skrydloff's despatch and other as important warnings, the work of preparation was proceeded with, on its original instructions, until Rojdestvensky was ready to start. Then we get the evidence of the want of unity between the various executive departments in St Petersburg, which has been the ruin of the whole Russian cause. Rojdestvensky found himself about to be pushed off in command of what should have been the main naval menace to Japan, but which was really only intended by the Russian bureaucracy to be a reinforcement to a squadron which was now practically non-existent. Rojdestvensky, though he knew that the task he had undertaken was stupendous, felt that by remaining at sea, if only the effete machinery in St Petersburg would put forward its best effort, he would maintain his character of aggression, while at the same time he improved the value of his *personnel*, and enabled the dockyards at Revel and the Neva to bring him up to that strength which would give him sufficient preponderance to seek with confidence a trial of strength with the Japanese Fleet. But his fear seemed to be that once having

sailed from the Baltic, the authorities at St Petersburg would leave him as he had been designed, a mere reinforcement, instead of supplementing his fleet with every ship that the dockyard hands could man and turn out seaworthy. No one can hope to adequately probe the machinations of an intelligent Russian's mind, any more than he would aspire to pick the brains of a Japanese diplomatist. But we have a shrewd suspicion that much of the attitude which Rojdestvensky displayed after the Dogger Bank incident was intended not as a deliberate insult to this country, but as a demonstration of necessity to the Powers he had left behind him. The relationship between Klado and Rojdestvensky is quite transparent. Klado was landed at Vigo, not as hostage, scapegoat, or witness, but with the deliberate intention that he should use the Dogger Bank incident as a foundation upon which to build a campaign of agitation sufficiently sensational to rivet public attention upon the last desperate chance of Russia's Navy. It seems pitiful that an admiral commanding the forlorn-hope of a nation of so many millions should have to take recourse to such measures. But in the history of modern kingdoms is there anything comparable with the present condition of Russia in every stage and class?

It was a day full of grave national import for Russia, when on the 13th of August last year Admiral Rojdestvensky

hoisted his flag on the *Kniaz Suvaroff*, then lying at Libau. In the person of this admiral, and in his squadron of fourteen war vessels, centred the last hopes of Russia. What does history know of this admiral, in whose hands the Czar was placing the destiny of his Empire? Contrary to the precedents existing in the sister service, Rojdestvensky is a comparatively young man,—that is, he is well under sixty. When passing through the Russian naval schools, he specialised in marine artillery. As a lieutenant he served during the Turko-Russian War in 1877-78, under Baronof, on board the *Vesta*, and is credited by his own countrymen with having given evidence during this campaign of pre-eminence rarely met with in one so young. Latterly—that is to say, since the Dogger Bank incident—we have seen published in this country derogatory statements concerning the character which Rojdestvensky earned during this campaign. But although it is quite possible that published tradition has over-estimated the prowess of the little *Vesta* and her crew, we find that it will be equally just to discount the uncomplimentary reflections which have recently seen the light: anyway, shortly after the close of the Turkish campaign, Rojdestvensky, decorated and promoted, found an appointment to his liking in instructing the Bulgarians in river navigation. But it was as attaché to the Russian Embassy in London that the full merit of Rojdest-

vensky's capacity was realised by sailors in this country. In 1894, after a very considerable experience throughout Europe, the present Commander-in-Chief commenced his association with Admiral Alexieff. He accompanied that notable to the Pacific, when the Vice-Admiral flew his flag from the mast-head of the *Vladimir Monomakh*. This commission in the Far East covered the Japanese-Chinese war. After having commanded the guardship *Pervénets* for some months, Captain Rojdestvensky returned home to undertake a succession of staff appointments, until in 1903 we find that he succeeded Avellane as head of the general staff of the navy. Consequently we must estimate the admiral in a very different category to the libertines, Starck and Prince Ukhtomsky.

We would ask the reader just to consider the stupendous nature of the task which lay in front of the Russian admiral, before admitting an opinion based either upon sentiment or indignation. In the first place, to understand the true position—it being given that Rojdestvensky himself had abandoned all hope of material help from the Russian vessels still in the Pacific—it is necessary to estimate the force to which he would find himself opposed. The Japanese, with a candour which is irreproachable, have published an official list of their naval losses. These include a first-class battleship, two second-class cruisers, and various smaller and more or

less obsolete or unimportant craft. In comparison with Russia's losses, those sustained by the Japanese are infinitesimal. But although we respect the candour of the Japanese Naval Department, yet we cannot be certain that the list which they have promulgated includes the entire tonnage which has been rendered unserviceable by war. Although it had been hinted in various quarters that the Japanese had lost two battleships in the Russian mine-fields, yet 'Maga' was the first to make an authoritative statement on the subject. Our information came from two independent sources which curiously dovetailed. We therefore calculate that Togo will have under his command four first-class battleships, eight armoured cruisers, eighteen protected cruisers, ten unprotected cruisers, and anything between eighty and a hundred torpedo craft. We know that the Japanese official statement on this subject shows five battleships, but by an addition of the registered displacements of the ships of this type owned by Japan, we cannot make five first-class vessels fit into the total. The inference therefore is, that the battleship total has been arrived at by the inclusion of one or another of the coast-defence battleships. To oppose this fleet Rojdestvensky, when he sailed from the Baltic, had under his command seven battleships, one armoured cruiser, and five protected cruisers. Each of the rival

fleets, therefore, had its own disparity. In the matter of battleships the Russians were superior both in gun-power and numbers; but leaving out their superiority in torpedo craft, the Japanese appeared to possess all the rest of the points. To sum up, naval opinion places great faith in the swift Japanese armoured cruisers. Collectively, Togo's fleet is superior in homogeneity, pace, total gun-power, *morale*, and, most important, strategical position. Viewed in this attitude, we can well understand the character of the mission which Rojdestvensky entrusted to Captain Klado. With all the moral, material, and strategical advantages against him, Rojdestvensky could only hope to arrive at a successful issue to his venture by superiority of gun-power in first-line ships or act of God. Pace and numbers were with his adversary. Therefore it is obvious, as it must have been obvious to every thinking man for months past, that there was no intention of a dash to the Far East for the purpose of attempting to raise the blockade of the Pacific Squadron. But rather, when he was assured that a supplementary and even a third squadron would be despatched to reinforce him, Rojdestvensky settled upon a plan which would enable him to arrive in Chinese waters with as powerful a fleet as Russia at the moment was capable of mobilising. The ridicule and the sarcasms of the British press served his purpose, for, slavishly swallowed,

each gutter report that Russia's money turned loose upon the world helped to mask the Admiral's real condition and objective. Whether the Naval Intelligence Department of Japan was similarly hoodwinked we are not in the position to know, but, judging from the fact that all Japanese naval authorities we hitherto have been able to approach have expressed apprehension of Russia's naval resources, we would suggest that they have not been as easily duped as the British reading public. It was unfortunate, no doubt, that Rojdestvensky's squadron was not sufficiently advanced to enable him to make the effort for Port Arthur in time; unfortunate that the working out of his coal and supply scheme allowed Togo a respite to repair the damages of nine months' war: but it was better that the Japanese should have these advantages than that the Russian squadron should arrive in Japanese waters destitute of coal and the various ways and means that Rojdestvensky has had either to bring with him or organise in advance.

On October 15 the Baltic Fleet hove up its anchors and steamed away from Libau. On the 17th it anchored off the Danish coast and picked up its Danish pilots, together with the fantastic story of hostile torpedo craft in the North Sea. On the following day it passed through the Great Belt, and on October 20 commenced its voyage down the North Sea. Rojdestvensky had broken up his fleet into four divisions, and

two flotillas of destroyers. The first battleship squadron was under the Commander-in-Chief, the second was flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Felkersham, the Cruiser Division was commanded by Rear-Admiral Enquist, while Captain Radlof controlled the Military Transport Division.

On the night of the 21st-22nd, two of the Admiral's divisions ran amuck on the Dogger Bank. It is not our intention to devote a great space to this deplorable incident. In our opinion there are only two ways of satisfactorily explaining this extraordinary occurrence. Either the Russian Admiral believed implicitly the fable of the Japanese torpedo-boats, or a deliberate and inhuman attack was made upon our defenceless fishermen. If the Admiral believed the fable, then we can understand the reasons which prompted him to steer a false course. If he did not believe the fable, and arrived off the Dogger Bank by accident, then his seamanship is so indifferent that it could never have got him to where he is at the present moment. We would prefer to think that the first surmise is the correct one, but the Russians look upon the ethics of human existence from a standpoint so different to our own that the wellbeing of half a dozen fisher-folk would not deter a strong official from developing his scheme over their corpses. Rojdestvensky and his associates felt that they must brand the existence of their squadron into the minds

of the executive left behind them in Russia, otherwise once they were clear of the Baltic they would not have the backing which alone would make their perilous enterprise successful. It seems callous, beastly, and dreadful, but we must always remember that the Baltic Fleet was then, and is even now, playing for a desperate stake. We will pass from the incident, leaving the wave of public indignation which swept across this country, and the curiously constituted Commission, for other pens to analyse. But we cannot pass over the delicate moments of last October when the Press in this country clamoured for the blood of the guilty even unto the very gates of Vigo, Rojdestvensky's city of refuge, four days after the outrage. We had a week of intense excitement, culminating with an oration from the Prime Minister which seemed to indicate that the full measure of national endurance had been reached. Then followed a fall from "blood heat" to "zero." So much so, that the sitting of the International Court of Inquiry became an affair of but passing interest, and the country never troubled to search for the cause of the Prime Minister's change of front. It had had its fit of heroics, it had been able to expand its chest for one half-day after the Southampton speech, therefore it never troubled about the small significant suggestion made on the morrow by the French ambassador,—a suggestion which killed the heroics on the Prime

Minister's lips, and fed the Spanish cables with sober cipher messages to the Admiral of the Mediterranean Fleet. England was just reminded that once the International Court of Inquiry was agreed upon, the Dogger Bank incident as an affair for reprisals was closed; that henceforth the Russian Fleet anchored off Vigo was an active agent in the Far Eastern problem, and as such, if molested by a second Power, would place France within the range of her treaty obligations. The indiscretions of Ministers are many: they must be, since they have many masters to serve. But it is not often that, after a year of "hedging" policy, they engage in an oratory diametrically opposed to the most intimate interests of the prevailing policy. Neither belligerent had reason to be best pleased at the development of the Anglo-French *entente cordiale*, but Russia had cause to view it with dismay. The endeavour to destroy it was within an ace of succeeding, thanks to the influence of sensation-mongering modern journalism on the Cabinet.

Be that as it may, for the moment the lowering storm-clouds were rent in two, and though the thunder of the dissipated tempest continued to rumble, yet for the time being policy had triumphed over the indiscretions bred of the nation's newly-developed disease of sensation-lust. On the 28th of October, leaving four officers behind, including the redoubtable Captain Klado, the Baltic

Fleet steamed away from the Spanish coast.

On October 29 Rojdestvensky's fleet began to arrive at Tangier. Here it was to divide. The Battle Squadron was destined to round the Cape of Good Hope in its voyage to the Far East, while the Cruiser Division, under Felkersham, took the Suez Canal route to the appointed rendezvous east of Africa. Whatever route Rojdestvensky might choose after he made the Indian Ocean, the Baltic Squadron had over 15,000 miles to cover before it could make Vladivostok. Felkersham's Squadron—taking the Chagoo Islands, as was thought at the time, as being the most likely place of rendezvous—had 2000 less. Therefore it was within the pale of possibility, though not of probability, that Rojdestvensky's armada should arrive in Japanese waters early in January if it never delayed, was coaled expeditiously, and steamed twelve knots. As we have demonstrated that such expedition never entered into the Admiral's calculations, there is no need to speculate upon means of a procedure that would have consumed 10,000 tons of coal daily. As it is, under more economic conditions the fleet exhausted anything between 16,000 and 20,000 tons per thousand miles. It were therefore absurd to have imagined that a dash to Port Arthur was ever seriously contemplated last October, and there is no profit in laboriously following in minute detail the voyages of the various units of

the fleet to their half-way house.

On November 5 the Russian fleets left Tangier. Five days later we hear of Felkersham at Suda Bay, and on the 12th Rojdestvensky is coaling at Dakar, the French position at Cape Verde. Rojdestvensky, who by this had given evidence that he was not hurrying, did not leave Dakar until the 16th. On the following day the first of the supplementary reinforcements for which Captain Klado had been agitating left Libau. This division consisted of the protected cruisers *Oleg* and *Jemtchug*, the converted cruisers *Rion* and *Dnieper*, and five destroyers. This division was commanded by Captain Botrovosky. On the 24th of November Felkersham is at Port Said, while two days later we had evidence of Rojdestvensky's interpretation of his licence under the Franco-Russian Alliance by the arrival of the Russian battleship Squadron at Gaboon. On November 27 Felkersham leaves Suez, and on the 2nd of December he is signalled as passing Perim, thus passing safely through the zone which Captain Klado, in his most Anglophobe mood, believed, in view of British complicity with the Japanese, to be the most dangerous section of the voyage. Three days later he was reported as coaling at the Musha Islands, in the French East African waters. December 6 finds Rojdestvensky off Great Fish Bay. He is subsequently reported as rounding the Cape

of Good Hope; and on the 1st of January, when Stössel is negotiating the surrender of Port Arthur, the Russian fleet, after experiencing very rough weather, anchors off the Ile Sainte Marie, Madagascar. The concentration of the Russian fleets was practically effected, for on the 3rd of January Felkersham was reported from Passandova Bay, in the north of the French island. Here, then, was Rojdestvensky's haven. As had already been shown, he had no intention to dissipate the few chances he possessed by rash haste and unschemed venture. The northern coastline of Madagascar furnishes several excellent anchorages. In fact, British Sound or Diego Suarez is one of the finest anchorages in South African waters. Here, practically under the security of French guns, Rojdestvensky would await the result of the Klado campaign, engaging in the meantime in the very necessary task of bringing the *personnel* of his fleet up to standard. The school of naval experts who had estimated the Russian venture as a pure demonstration, now openly congratulated themselves upon their perspicacity. Their impressions were endorsed by various statements claiming that no arrangement had been made for coaling the fleet on the continuance of its voyage to the Far East. French correspondents who gained access to the Russian admiral repeated the familiar story of worthless material and untrustworthy

machinery. In reality we discover quite another impression was formed by the British expert who had occasion to find himself in North Madagascar at that period. The Russian vessels were systematically exercised in gunnery and steam tactics, while the fouling, of which so much had been made in this country, was considerably reduced by the application of a special diving contrivance designed for this contingency. But even while this country generally was still scouting the idea that Rojdestvensky had serious intent in his demonstration against Japan, the Japanese themselves were beginning to show the uneasiness which the Russian admiral's deliberate movements were causing the directors of naval intelligence in Tokio. For the first time since the war began, the Japanese press opened an agitation with regard to the traffic in this country in Cardiff coal. During the past three months the Japanese press has furnished a very interesting study. In fact, it has been the only barometer which has interested us with regard to Japanese feeling.

On January 10 Captain Botrovosky entered the Canal with Rojdestvensky's reinforcements, and for several days we had in this country practically no naval news beyond reports of Botrovosky at Jibutil, and the same old hackneyed depreciations of Rojdestvensky from Nossi Bé. Of the Japanese navy we had next to no information. But

the Admiralty here knew that the Japanese had instituted a very comprehensive network of naval intelligence throughout the Malay Archipelago. On January 25th it was reported from Tokio that a Special Service Squadron had been formed, with an unknown mission. Twenty days later a telegram dated from Kure stated that Admiral Togo had left that port for an unknown destination. Except for two official statements, which brought the Pescadores and the port of Kelung in the north-east of Formosa within the zone of naval operations, we have been vouchsafed very little other news with regard to the Japanese navy. We may almost say that the public has been unable to furnish Rojdestvensky with any information of movements at all. In fact, the one or two statements which have been promulgated with regard to Japan have so obviously been made with intent to deceive, that we are not sure that the statement already mentioned of Togo's departure from Japan is not of a like kind. Of course, the Japanese have had every opportunity to keep their movements secret. Whatever flying bases they may have established in the Formosa seas are certain to be distant from the ordinary trade-routes, and for the rest the Japanese control the whole cable service. We are, of course, not in a position to know what information may have reached Rojdestvensky, but it will easily be appreciated that, no matter how

much money the Russians may be prepared to spend in naval intelligence in these waters, their facilities for acquiring, disseminating, and suppressing information will not compare with those of their enemy.

But while Rojdestvensky had been dawdling round the coast of Africa, the Baltic shipyards had been at work to enable the Admiralty to prepare the Third Squadron for the Far East. This squadron, with the exception of the first-class battleship *Slava*, included the majority of vessels for which Klado had agitated before he commenced to urge defiance of the Treaty of Berlin. This second reinforcement, which left Libau on February 15, was under the command of Rear-Admiral Nebogatoff, and consisted of the battleship *Emperor Nicholas I.*, the three ocean-going ironclads, *Admiral Seniavin*, *Admiral Oushakoff*, and *General Admiral Apraxine*, the cruiser *Vladimir Monomakh*, with colliers, transports, tugs, and a repairing ship. On March 9 the skipper of a vessel who had been coaling the Russian Fleet at Nossi Bé arrived in Durban, and gratuitously informed the first news scavenger that the units of the Russian Fleet were so covered with seaweed that he did not think it would be possible for them to proceed. This was followed on March 13, the day which marked the arrival of Nebogatoff at Suda Bay, by a statement from our communicative friend, the Russian Minister in Washington, that

Rojdestvensky had been recalled to Russia. Previously several of the Russian colliers had cleared from Nossi Bé for Delagoa and Batavia. The next definite news which we had of Rojdestvensky came from the steamer *Dart*, which arrived at Durban from Rangoon, and reported that it had passed a fleet of thirty warships and a large number of colliers 250 miles north-east of Madagascar. It is now known that Rojdestvensky relinquished the hospitality of the French waters on March 16, just about the same day as Nebogatoff was entering the Canal. Immediately it was definitely known that the Russian fleet had sailed, there came from every direction information purporting to announce the course which it was steering. It was authoritatively stated from many centres that Rojdestvensky had been recalled. Others maintained that he was steering for the Sunda Straits; but beyond the report from a liner on the Ceylon-Aden run, that it had passed a mysterious fleet of ships of war at night, to all intents and purposes the Russian Main Squadron had disappeared into the great void of the Indian Ocean. The next naval intelligence which reached this country reported Japanese converted cruisers at various points in the Malay Archipelago. There was a statement that a squadron of Japanese line-of-battle ships had been sighted near Singapore. We can only imagine that if this squadron really consisted of battleships, they had made

the northern entrance of the Straits of Malacca with the express purpose of being sighted and identified. But we have had experience that the average mariner reports anything that he sights in warship trim as being a battleship; and it is far from probable that Togo should have sent his main force as far south as Singapore. On April 2 Nebogatoff anchored at Jibutil, and, in accordance with the now established precedent, took in his coal within the range of the French guns. By this time those naval experts who were responsible for giving the country information as to Russian movements were beginning to look anxiously for the reappearance of Rojdestvsky. It seemed fairly certain now that he need not be expected off Cape Town, and anxious eyes were turned towards the Asiatic Archipelago, especially in the direction of the Sunda Straits, by reason of the arrival at Batavia of several colliers suspected of Russian freights. On April 7, however, the situation as far as the Baltic Fleet was concerned was cleared up, for at 1 P.M. that day the steamer *Tara* sighted forty-seven Russian sail off One Fathom Bank, in the Straits of Malacca.

Rojdestvsky had for the present completely thrown off the mask. There was no subtlety, no concealment in his movement. He chose to arrive in Far Eastern waters by the most direct trade-route. His fleet was reported intact, and having passed through the

Straits it disappeared, steering a north-easterly course. On April 11 the P. and O. liner *Nubia* sighted Rojdestvsky's armada 100 miles south-east of Cape St James, still on the same course. Contemporary information reported Japanese scouts to be in touch with the Russian cruisers. Consequently it was anticipated in many quarters that Rojdestvsky, without waiting for Nebogatoff, felt himself strong enough to push through the Formosa Channel in spite of any opposition that Togo might bring against him. By many, therefore, a fleet action was considered imminent.

But the Russian admiral had very different plans. On April 13 he brought his fleet to anchor in Kamranh Bay, one of the many anchorages on the coast-line of the province of Annam. Here again he would be under the shadow of the protection afforded by French neutrality. Here, therefore, he would coal, refit, re-provision, and await the arrival of Nebogatoff and his substantial reinforcement. This was the last straw: the whole Japanese press, inspired, no doubt, from official sources, rose up in indignant protest. From their standpoint they had right; and after sufficient delay to enable Rojdestvsky to refit, the French admiral at Saigon requested the Russians to depart. Rojdestvsky courteously assented, and removed to an anchorage a little farther up the coast. We hear of him next at Hon-Kohe Bay on the 25th of April. As has

now been definitely demonstrated, the construction which is placed upon neutrality observances by the various Powers is elastic to a degree. The situation in the Far East became so involved that it was almost ludicrous. Rojdestvensky, with an immense armada, established himself in the waters of his country's ally. Japan, arguing very rightly that such hospitality as Rojdestvensky was receiving exceeded the licence allowed to belligerents, remonstrates with acrimony. France requests Rojdestvensky to withdraw, and backs her demand with endorsement from the Tsar and her infinitesimal naval strength in Chinese waters. Rojdestvensky promises to heed the request, but fails to act. What is the next move? Allies are not going to break off negotiations on such a score. We sympathise with Japan; but as long as the law of neutrality and the law of nations is such a debatable problem, we fail to see what redress is in store for her, even though she classes France's action as un-

friendly and claims our assistance as her ally. In the meantime Rojdestvensky has taken in his stores and coal, and, what is more important, has been joined by his reinforcement. On the 1st of May Rojdestvensky was reported to be in an anchorage south of Hainan; three days later Nebogatoff was passing through the Straits of Malacca, having taken twenty-nine days from Jibutil, and coaled twice. In all probability the junction of the two fleets took place at the Paracel Islands, which, giving his fleet an average of ten knots, Nebogatoff would have reached on May 9. The only news from the Japanese side is the statement of a cargo-boat arriving in Shanghai, that it passed a large Japanese squadron in the Straits of Tsushima on the 26th of April.

Now that Rojdestvensky has succeeded in bringing his command into Far Eastern waters, it will be well to study the strength of the rival fleets. For this purpose we will borrow from Sir Cyprian Bridge's excellent treatise on the war.¹

RUSSIAN.			JAPANESE.		
Battleships.	Knots.	Heavy Guns.	Battleships.	Knots.	Heavy Guns.
Kniaz Suvaroff . . .	18	4 (12-in.)	Mikasa . . .	18	4 (12-in.)
Orel . . .	18	4 "	Asahi . . .	18	4 "
Imperator Alexander III. .	18	4 "	Shikishima . . .	18	4 "
Borodino . . .	18	4 "	Fuji . . .	19	4 "
Oslabia . . .	18	4 (10-in.)	Chin-yen . . .	14	4 "
Sissoi Veliki . . .	16	4 (12-in.)			
Navarin . . .	16	4 "			
Imperator Nicholas I. .	14	2 12"; 4 9"			
Admiral Oushakoff . .	16	4 (9-in.)			
Admiral Seniavin . .	16	4 "			
General Admiral Apraxine	15	3 (10-in.)			

¹ The Naval Annual, 1905. Edited by T. A. Brassey. Griffen.

RUSSIAN.			JAPANESE.		
	Knots.	Over 6-in. guns.		Knots.	Over 6-in. guns.
<i>Armoured vessels—</i>			<i>Armoured vessels—</i>		
Admiral Nakhimoff .	18	...	Nisshin .	20	1 10"; 2 8"
Dmitri Donskoi .	15	...	Kasuga .	20	4 8"
Vladimir Monomakh* .	13	...	Idzumo .	22	4 "
			Iwate .	21	4 "
			Tokiwa .	22	4 "
			Asama .	22	4 "
			Azuma .	21	4 "
			Yakumo .	20	4 "
<i>Protected cruisers</i>	5		<i>Protected cruisers</i>	18	
<i>Small cruisers</i>	0		<i>Small cruisers</i>	8	
<i>Converted cruisers</i>	12		<i>Converted cruisers</i>	10 (?)	
<i>Torpedo-boat destroyers</i>	13		<i>Torpedo-boat destroyers</i>	25 (?)	
			<i>Torpedo craft (1st and 2nd class)</i>	67 (?)	
<i>Displacement of armoured vessels</i>	102,068 tons		<i>Displacement of armoured vessels</i>	134,576 tons	
<i>Gun power</i>	26 12"; 8 10"; 12 9"; 13 8"		<i>Gun power</i>	20 12"; 1 10"; 30 8"	

* We have omitted the *Gromoboi*, *Rossia*, *Bogatyr*, and the Vladivostok torpedo craft.

[It is rather difficult to arrive at the exact armaments, as all the authorities vary. According to a correspondent of 'The Times,' Captain Klado has published the following estimate: Total tonnages of the armoured ships are—Japanese, 144,000; Russian, including the Vladivostok division, 120,000. Of 12-in. guns the Russians have 26 and the Japanese 34. The 10-in. guns comprise 15 Russian and 1 Japanese; the 8-in. 18 Russian and 37 Japanese. Of smaller calibre weapons the Japanese have nearly twice as many as the Russians.]

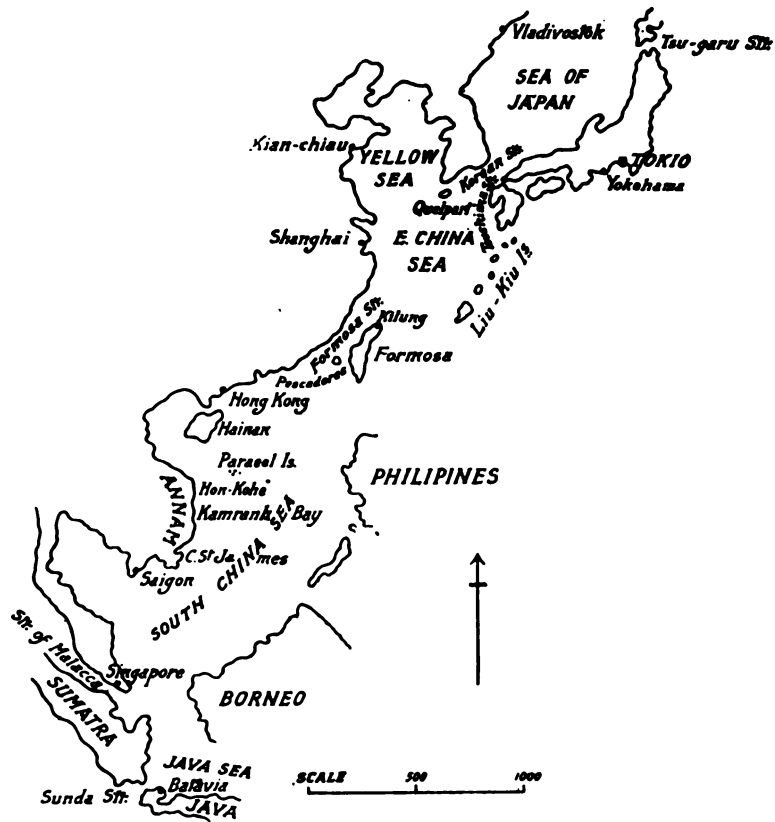
From the above table it will be seen that while the Russians hold their opponents in the matter of battleships, they are sadly out-classed by the Japanese fleet in all other essentials. It must be remembered that a comparative table of gun power is only an indication of the calculable value of a fighting fleet as estimated by the weight of metal it can hurl against a possible adversary. The precise destructive value of this weight depends greatly upon the condition of the vessel upon which it is mounted. Thus, though we can diminish the percentage we would allow for gun power in several of the Russian battleships owing to their antiquity, we cannot yet appraise the relative value of the similar armament on Japanese armoured cruisers.

We have not sufficient evidence to judge of the results when both belligerents had cruisers in the line on August 10. This much we have learned, and that is, that shell fire is less permanently disastrous to a well-built ship than had been anticipated. But although there could be no concealment with regard to the strength of the Russian fleet, it is possible that the recent ebullition of feeling in Japan over the alleged breach of neutrality covers a suspicion of naval losses which have been concealed as ably as was the fate of the *Yashima*. But even if this be the case, and the Russian admiral be aware of these losses, they cannot be so serious as to greatly affect the Japanese chances of success. Of course, the final issue of all

titanic struggles must lie upon the knees of the gods; but Togo has so many advantages in naval essentials that we cannot conceive any other issue except the one which, as allies, we desire. It would be futile at this moment to speculate as to the plan which either commander-in-chief will attempt, but we may suggest on broad lines the objectives which appear to be more or less obvious. It is Togo's object to bring Rojdestvensky to battle in circumstances which offer the best chance of success before the latter can establish a strategic position disadvantageous to Japan. That is, the Japanese admiral must shepherd the Baltic armada until the coal in its bunkers is nearly exhausted, or until he can catch it actually in the manoeuvre of coaling at sea. To enable Togo to do this effectively, he must allow the Russian fleet into Japanese waters. This, again, brings its disadvantages. The delicate conditions which qualify naval warfare may ruin the best plan at the crucial moment. The general impression in this country, as favoured by the press, would appear to anticipate a dash for Vladivostok. Rojdestvensky's armada, short of coal, steaming up through the Korean, Tsugaru, or La Prouse Straits, would present no very serious difficulties to Togo as long as the weather remained favourable. But the chart of these far eastern wat-

ers reminds one that naval warfare there presents possibilities for limitless guile. We opine that although Vladivostok will be Rojdestvensky's ultimate goal, yet he will endeavour to establish himself somewhere in Japanese waters before he dissipates Togo's troubles by steaming directly for either of the gateways to Vladivostok, all of which courses would give Togo the full advantage of his speed on interior lines. Rojdestvensky's best chance, in our opinion, will be to establish himself in Japanese or Korean waters in such a position as will menace Oyama's sea communications, and also allow at the same time his foreign colliers to reach him by the simple device of clearing for a treaty or German port. A study of the China Sea Directory proves that during the next three months anchorages which present these possibilities exist in numbers which must have precluded the Japanese from preparing them all. To prevent Rojdestvensky establishing himself thus, Togo must meet him in Formosan or Liukiuian waters. The Russian admiral will probably be prepared for this; therefore, since "it is a maxim in war never to do what your enemy wishes you to do, for this reason alone—that he desires it," we must still contend that the issue of this momentous struggle lies upon the knees of the gods.

May 12.



SKETCH-MAP TO ILLUSTRATE ROJDESTVENSKY'S ARMADA.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE DELIGHT OF FOREIGN TRAVEL—THE GRAND TOUR A PART OF EDUCATION
—CORYAT, THE FIRST OF THE TRIPPERS—HIS TWO PASSIONS: TRAVEL
AND GREEK—HIS GIFT OF TONGUES—HIS CAREER—A WHETSTONE OF
WIT—HIS INTEREST IN THE UNIMPORTANT—HIS LOVE OF THE
GALLOWS—ADVENTURES BY THE ROAD—THE TRAVELLER'S CURIOSITY
—BEN JONSON'S OPINION—THE SOUL OF LONDON.

IT is now the time when men go a-tramp, when everyone turns a longing ear to the voice of the sea or of the mountains. There is not one of us all who will not presently desire, "having trussed up his necessities," as Kirchner hath it, "and packed up his fardels, to draw on his boots, put his riding hat upon his head, raise himself upon his wings, hoise sails, and mount on horseback (according to the proverb), and post the nearest way to foreign and remote nations." That, indeed, is the pleasant desire and ambition of all. To cross the Channel is for an Englishman to shake off all his troubles, as Thackeray long since pointed out; and surely the poet spoke false who wrote: *cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*. It is precisely the mind which they do change, who cross the sea. A new language, a fresh diet, shifting scenery, unfamiliar costumes, cannot but force the thought and fancy of the most obstinate man in a fresh direction. But to urge the value of foreign travel on the present generation is to speak to the converted. Wherever the railroad or steamboat can penetrate, there you

will find Mr Cook and his Cookney companions revelling as at a picnic. Sandwiches are unpacked, lukewarm and sticky, in the palace of the Atreidæ; and where Agamemnon once dispensed justice you may hear the cork pop which imprisons the bottled beer of Burton. But, though nowadays travelling has become crowded, hasty, and democratic, it cannot, and will never, lose its virtue. The expert traveller may easily shun his fellow-countrymen. He will have no difficulty in avoiding the highroad for the bypath, and if he be not driven onward by the mere love of speed, he can learn as much on his journey to-day as in those braver times when all things were not staled by custom nor uncovered by curiosity.

One thing, however, has gone from us for ever, and that is the foreign travel which once was a branch of gentlemanly education. No longer does the young man of wealth set forth on the Grand Tour, under the guidance of a literary bear-leader, to fit himself for the arduous duties of magistrate and legislator, which he will presently be called upon to discharge. Yet there was a

time when a journey abroad was considered of as great importance as a degree at a university. The young man was carefully prepared for the ordeal. Grave handbooks were written for his enlightenment, compilations in which philology and general information are amiably blent. One of the earliest of its kind is James Howell's 'Instructions for Forraine Travell,' and it is clear that in Howell's view a sojourn abroad was no light matter. He would have his traveller study strange tongues with great assiduity; he is so sensitive lest the ear of the youthful wanderer should be corrupted that he would drive him forth from Genoa, because the "very worst Italian dialect is spoken there." He would also have his disciple learn the laws of all the countries through which he passes; and he urges him to visit Seville because he may there get a copy of the Constitutions of the West Indies, which, he says, "is accounted the greatest mystery in the Spanish Government, but he must show himself neither too busy nor too bold in this search." However, this is to take the duty of travel a little heavily. It is useless to spoil the pleasantest pursuit there can be by the most praiseworthy pedantry; and in spite of those who would urge upon us the duty of acquiring knowledge, in spite even of Mr Cook and his too merry men, there are still some left who will travel for travel's sake, and be content with what to-

day provides them, if only they know not where, on the morrow, they will lay their heads.

It has long been a superstition that the tripper was invented in the nineteenth century. This is nothing more than a superstition. It is true that our modern facilities of travel encourage him, and that cheap tickets give him a chance to visit places which before were out of his reach. But the potential tripper was always there, and no better specimen of his class can be found than Thomas Coryat, of Odocombe, whose famous book of travels, first published in 1611, has been recently reprinted by Messrs Maclehose. The title is sufficient to give us some measure of the man. "Coryat's Crudities," thus it runs, "hastily gobbled up in five Moneths travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grison's country, Helvetia alias Switzerland, some parts of High Germany and the Netherlands; Newly digested in the hungry aire of Odocombe in the County of Somerset, and now first dispersed to the travelling Members of this Kingdome." From this it is clear enough that Coryat was fantastic both in speech and thought. And above all things he loved Greek and travel: he would cover many a weary mile to see a strange sight or to hear the sound of the Attic dialect. To these two passions he was constant all his life. "The word travel," says Ben Jonson, "affects him in a wain-ox or pack-horse. A carrier will carry him from any com-

pany that hath not been abroad, because he is a species of traveller, but a Dutch post doth ravish him. The mere superscription of a letter from Zurich sets him up like a top: Basel or Heidelberg makes him spin. And at seeing the word Frankfurt or Venice, though but on the title of a book, he is ready to break doublet, crack elbows, and overflow the room with his murmur." But it is difficult to understand for what reason he loved travel with so constant a heart. At the outset he had neither the wish to learn nor the patience to investigate. His 'Crudities' were all gobbled up in five months; he made a longer sojourn than two days in very few towns; and he was so busy in shaking off the miles as he went that he tells you very little of that which passed by the way. He was not, like Montaigne, a wise man ambling along on a horse, happy in the mere movement and in the shifting scene, still happier that he had left behind him the cares of life and the management of his house. Nor could he, like the French philosopher, look from a particular instance to a general idea, for a general idea never entered his flighty rapid brain. And, as he did not travel for travel's sake, so the knowledge which he picked up by the way was scant and fragmentary. His curiosity was wide, not deep, and though he had a marvellous trick of acquiring languages, he had not a great deal to put in them when they were acquired. But it was probably this facility which led him abroad as much

as any other ambition; for there is no doubt that it flattered his vanity to speak strange tongues, and there is no doubt whatever of his prowess. "There was a woman, a laundress, belonging to my Lord Ambassador's house," thus writes Edward Terry, who was in India soon after Coryat, "who had such a freedom and liberty of speech that she would sometimes scold, brawl, and rail from sunrise to sunset: one day he undertook her in her own language, and by eight of the clock in the morning so silenced her that she had not one more word to speak." This anecdote has got into all the biographies, and is surely sufficient for a common reputation. But an indiscriminate knowledge of languages is not the highest gift to which man can attain, and, as Antony & Wood most wisely says, "it made Coryat not a little ignorant of himself, he being so covetous and ambitious of praise that he would hear and endure more of it than he could in any measure deserve, being like a ship that hath too much sail and too little ballast."

However, though a pride in the gift of tongues had doubtless much weight in sending Coryat abroad, he was by nature a real tripper. Had he lived to-day he would have been wise concerning excursions; he would have known by what route you might arrive most expeditiously at the remotest point of Europe; and he would have carried back not much more trustworthy information than falls

to the lot of the familiar tourist. He would have argued theology and politics against all comers with the insular urbanity which consists in taking it for granted, as a basis of argument, that you are always right, and that your interlocutor is a poor, doited fool and heathen. And he would have done all this and much worse beside, for he carried beneath his Elizabethan doublet the heart of a modern tourist.

But after travel, as we have said, he best loved Greek, and herein he differed from the moderns. Ben Jonson declares that he would, if he could, buy his eggs, his puddings, his ginger-bread, and even cobble his shoes in the Attic dialect; and, greater wonder still, that he would leave the greatest Politick in Paul's to go and talk with the Grecian that begs there. This proves that, at anyrate, Coryat was not a snob; and as he impressed his generation as few of his contemporaries impressed it, it is worth while to consider what manner of man he was, or in what shape he would have appeared to us had he never gone abroad. There are a few episodes in his career which will give us a clue. He was born at Odcombe in Somerset,—“my dear natalitall Odcombe,” he calls it,—where his father was rector. He left Oxford with a vast amount of Greek, and without a degree, and presently we find him doing his best to pick up a living at Court. For a while he was

Prince Henry, who allowed him a pension, and never wearied of his company. “Sweetmeats and Coryat,” says Fuller, “made up the last course at all Court entertainments.” And this explains for us one secret of Coryat's character. He was a scholarly buffoon, ready to jest and laugh with the first comer. His vanity was so great, or his sensibilities so dull, that he did not know when the laugh was against him. Indeed, to quote Fuller once more, “he was the courtiers' anvil to try their wits upon, and sometimes this anvil would return the hammers as hard knocks as it received, his bluntness repaying their abusiveness.” So it was that Coryat had a shining gift of familiarity. He was the kind of man who knew every one by his Christian name, and who was known to all the Court as Tom Coryat, dear old Tom, good old Tom Coryat. But to be a buffoon has its ills as well as its advantages, and doubtless Tom Coryat, the least dignified of men, did not always find it easy to preserve the little dignity that was his.

We can easily imagine, too, that the courtiers of James I. were not famous for their consideration. Yet Coryat's high spirits and energy were a match for the best of them, and it is clear that he resented the impertinence which sometimes he brought upon himself. As Coryat was on his way to India, he met one Steel, who told him that when he was in England King James inquired

after him, and when Steel told the king that he had met Coryat on the way, James replied, Is that fool living? Coryat, we are told, was much troubled at the king's contempt, but he turned it off with an ingenious loyalty, saying that kings would speak of poor men what they pleased. On another occasion he was described in a letter sent by Sir Thomas Roe, who ought to have known better, to the British consul at Aleppo, as "a very honest poor wretch"; and with perfect truth Coryat complained that "my Lord Ambassador had spoiled his courtesy in the carriage thereof." But these are the insults of pedants, and we may easily believe that Coryat most often held his own. The wits were on his side, in gratitude maybe for the excellent whetstone he offered them, and he was always ready with wild pranks for their entertainment. Once upon a time he was carried in secretly to a mask at Court in a trunk, to which exploit, performed by "so catholic a coxcomb as Coryat," Ben Jonson refers in his *Masque of "Love Restored."* Indeed, he was not a wise man, though he had the shrewdness to be contented with the present, and to account those men guilty of superfluity who had more suits and shirts than bodies. Nor was he a fool, though he "carried folly, which the charitable called merriment, in his very face," and though the "shape of his head had no promising form, being like a sugar-loaf inverted, with

the little end before; as composed of fancy and memory without any common-sense." No, he was merely a lively, amiable, brisk, foolish, familiar fellow, who loved notoriety with a whole heart, and who was better skilled at self-advertisement than any of his contemporaries. But it is impossible to reproach, even for the worst of modern vices, so pleasant a companion, who, if you travel abroad with his book, gives you little enough information, but at least spares you the pain of picturesque reporting, and affords you not a little excellent entertainment.

Now, Tom Coryat found in travelling the same precious thing that Aubrey found in biography—a delight in the unimportant. He liked to note those trivial occurrences, those slight differences of custom and colour, which are a far better test of national character than the more solid facts of history. As Aubrey was pleased to remember that Erasmus did not like fish, though born in a fish-town, so Coryat thinks it necessary to recall the apple orchards through which he passes, and the time at which the Lombards gather their harvest. But, as the high policy of Europe in the seventeenth century would have appeared the same to all sound inquirers, we need not grumble that Coryat fed his mind and ours on trifles. By showing us his preferences, he reveals his mind, and a very odd-suited mind it was. That which delighted him most on his travels was the gallows, wherever he

might find them. The triple tree, or the more elaborate structure which did its work in France and Italy, had an unfailing attraction for him. He might pass temple and tower unnoticed and unrecorded. Though he could see no notable matter in the cathedral church of Our Lady at Paris, he found some consolation in the fact that "a little on this side Paris, even at the town's end, there is the fairest gallows that ever I saw, built upon a little hill called Mount Falcon, which consisteth of fourteen fair pillars of freestone." Think of that, you poor cracksmen, who were turned off the cart at Tyburn, and swung upon the ominous arm of wood! Surely a gallows of freestone is a very genteel gate into the next world, and in Coryat's time freestone seems to have been the only material used on the Continent for the nubbing-cheat. A few miles beyond Moulins, Coryat had the good fortune to behold "ten men hanging in their clothes upon a goodly gallows," this one also of freestone; and it is surprising that he has not left us a map of Europe marked with all the fair and goodly gallows which gladdened his eyes during his five months of hasty travel. Had he done so, Venice would have been the map's centre—Venice famous for her palaces and her churches, yet still more famous for a "marvellous fair pair of gallows made of alabaster, the pillars being wrought with many curious borders and

works, which served for no other purpose but to hang the Duke whensoever he shall happen to commit any treason against the State." What greater glory shall any city boast than this—to set up an alabastrine gallows in case its Duke should turn traitor, and to lay the heads of its enemies upon a solid slab of porphyry?

Unhappily he does not make so much as he might of the adventures of the road. He rescues no imprisoned damsels, nor does he encounter the shrewd blows of murderous footpads. His most reckless courage seems to have been spent in theological argument with Catholics or Jews, and in these encounters he was always more valiant than discreet. One day, however, he fell in with a merry Italian, one Antonio, who "vaunted that he was lineally descended from the famous Marcus Antonius of Rome, the triumvir, and would oftentimes cheer us with his sociable conceit: Courage, courage, le Diable est mort." We are the more amazed that Coryat should refer to the Prince of Darkness in these easy terms, for on another page he declares in sorrow that the French guides have one most diabolical custom in their travelling upon the way. "Diabolical it may be well called," says the shocked Coryat, "for whensoever their horses do a little anger them, they will say in their fury, *Allons, diable*—that is, Go, thou devil. Also if they happen to be angry with a stranger upon the way upon any occasion,

they will say to him, *Le diable t'emporte*—that is, The devil take thee." Such horrid blasphemy is scarcely credible, but Coryat leaves us no room for doubt. "This," says he, "I know by my own experience;" and we, who know Coryat, know also how bitter that experience must have been.

For himself, he had a shorter method of dealing with a recalcitrant horse. He did not invoke the aid of the evil one; he took the law into his own hands, and not only excarnificated his sides with his often spurring of him, but he also grievously thrashed him. All in vain, and he would probably be sitting there still, if a gentleman of his company, after painfully lashing the animal, had not drawn his rapier and run it into the horse's buttock very near a foot deep. As it turned out, perhaps a gentle objurgation would have been better than all this excarnificating, lashing, and wounding. For the horse seemed as though he would bleed to death, and the guide declared that he would lodge a complaint to the postmaster against Mr J. H., the gentleman who used the rapier, unless he would render him satisfaction. In the end, Mr J. H. gave the guide six French crowns to stop his mouth; but after this exploit we can hardly congratulate Tom Coryat on his tactful treatment of horses. However, if adventures did not dog his footsteps, he was always looking out upon the world with a curious eye, and every day brought with it a

fresh spectacle. He tells you that he encountered at Calais the first monks that ever he saw. At Nevers he is astonished at the wooden shoes worn by the peasants; and at Tarare he much admired "a woman who had no hands but stumps," and yet that did "spin flax with a distaff as nimbly and readily, and drew out her thread as artificially with her stumps, as any woman that ever I saw spinning with her hands." Then again, he is as much delighted at the first seeing of umbrellas as at his first eating of fried frogs; and he records with unfeigned pleasure a pretty French poesy which he found written in the court of his inn at Lyons, and which, being Englished, means this: "Here is no lodging upon credit, for he is dead; ill-payers have killed him."

At Venice, where all things were resplendent to his vision, where the quiet fashions threw the light, garish, and unseemly colours of the English mode into disgrace, he went to the play, and saw a comedy acted. Though he found the house very beggarly and base in comparison with our stately playhouses in England, their actors, he declared, were vastly inferior to our own, "for apparel, shows, and music," so that the drama was already overdressed in Coryat's time. But in Venice he observed women act, a thing that he had never seen before,—and they performed it," he tells us, "with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever is convenient for a player, as ever I saw any mas-

forked cutting of meat, not merely in Italy, but on the return to England; and it was dubbed *furcifer* by the friend Lawrence Whittaker, using a fork at feeding, even as he adds with a hammer of his own, "for *no other use*."

[illegible]

enthusiasm, simple in his style, despite his love of long and now fangled words, simple above all things in his heart-whole devotion to his parish pump. It was Odcombe before the world with him; it pleased him to be known as the Odcombian leg-stretcher, for the greater glory of his birth-place. When he started a second time on the tramp he took a formal farewell of his country at the Market Cross of Odcombe, little recking that he would never visit his beloved Somersetshire again, and it was in Odcombe Church that he hung up the shawl in which he had walked through Venice.

A picture of a hind quarter of a veal, the most perfect invention that ever I saw before. The other was the picture of a gentlewoman, whose eyes were contrived with the singularity of cunning, and her moved up and down in a manner but only and in fact, for I did very exactly see it. Thus with an ingenious manner have he disguised his heart and we prefer the most affecting affections to the most virtuous who have ever lived. The picture of a hind quarter of a veal, the most perfect invention that ever I saw before. The other was the picture of a gentlewoman, whose eyes were contrived with the singularity of cunning, and her moved up and down in a manner but only and in fact, for I did very exactly see it. Thus with an ingenious manner have he disguised his heart and we prefer the most affecting affections to the most virtuous who have ever lived.

Tintoretto, it was not these that engrossed his fancy, but work of a very different kind, as the following passage will show. "The manuary arts of the Venetians," he writes, "are so exquisite and curious, that I think no artificers in the world do excel them in some, especially painting. I saw two things in a painter's shop in St Mark's, which I did not a little admire; the one was the picture of a hinder quarter of veal hanged up in his shop, which a stranger at the first sight would imagine to be a natural and true quarter of veal: but it was not: for it was only a counterfeit of a hinder quarter of veal, the most perfect invention that ever I saw before. The other was the picture of a gentlewoman, whose eyes were contrived with the singularity of cunning, and her moved up and down in a manner but only and in fact, for I did very exactly see it. Thus with an ingenious manner have he disguised his heart and we prefer the most affecting affections to the most virtuous who have ever lived.

out delay. Prince Henry, too, gave his aid, but still the enterprise tarried, until at last Ben Jonson collected commendatory verses from many of the most famous poets of the time, and the success of the book was assured. The wits wrote epigrams and sonnets and poems of a longer flight to "topographical typographical Thomas," to "the most single-soled, single-souled, and single-shirted observer." They wrote them in English and French, in Latin and Greek, and always in a spirit of friendly ridicule. Among the contributors to Ben Jonson's Anthology were Harrington and Donne, Dudley Digges and Lawrence Whitaker, George Sydenham and Inigo Jones, William Fenton and Michael Drayton, and finally the great Ben himself, with many others. It must have been a poor book that could not profit by such an *olio* as this, and the verses have always been more famous than the 'Crudities' which they preface. Yet Coryat keeps a place apart in the history of letters, and his style is a lucid expression of the man. As Ben Jonson said, he is "a bold and great carpenter of words," whose voice, when the reader hears, "it is doubtful whether he will more love at the first, or envy after, that it was not his own." The passages already quoted will give some impression of his manner in writing; but a man who can describe the Swiss as "cluster-fisted lubbers" is at no loss for words, and his natural faculty was improved by the

study of that merry French writer Rabelais, whom he is one of the first of Englishmen to quote. As he was in his book, so he was in life—an insatiable chatterer. Ben Jonson hit off his characteristics in a few lines. "He is alwaies Tongue-major of the company," says the great man; "and if ever the perpetuall motion be to be hoped for, it is from thence. He will aske, How you doe? Where yow have bene? How is it? If yow have travelled? How yow like his booke? With what newes? and be guilty of a thousand such curteous impertinences in an howre, rather than want the humanity of vexing you. To conclude this ample Traveller in some bounds you shall best know him by this: he is frequent at all sorts of free tables, where, though he might sit as a Guest, hee will rather be served in as a Dish, and is loth to have any thing of himself kept cold against the next day." These words of the eminent poet, whom in his 'Crudities' Coryat disguises under the name of "My friend Mr Benjamin Johnson," show us best what sort of a man the leg-stretcher was, and best explain his popularity.

No sooner was his book published than Coryat was afoot again. His second journey was wider in scope and more ambitious in intent than his first, and in this at least he absolved himself from the reproach of being a tripper. By way of Constantinople and Smyrna he sailed to Joppa, and thence to Jerusalem. At

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Tintoretto, it was not these that engrossed his fancy, but work of a very different kind, as the following passage will show. "The manuary arts of the Venetians," he writes, "are so exquisite and curious, that I think no artificers in the world do excel them in some, especially painting. I saw two things in a painter's shop in St Mark's, which I did not a little admire; the one was the picture of a hinder quarter of veal hanged up in his shop, which a stranger at the first sight would imagine to be a natural and true quarter of veal; but it was not: for it was only a counterfeit of a hinder quarter of veal, the rarest invention that ever I saw before. The other was the picture of a gentlewoman, whose eyes were contrived with that singularity of cunning, that they moved up and down of themselves, not after a seeming manner, but truly and indeed, for I did very exactly view it." Thus with an ingenuous candour does he disclose his taste, and we prefer it to the finicking affectations of all the tourists who have visited Italy since his time.

In five months, then, he had hastily gobbled up his 'Crudities,' and was back in Odcombe digesting them. But when once they were "digested" there was some difficulty in giving them to the world. There still exists a letter addressed by Coryat to Sir Michael Hicks, requesting him to intercede with the Lord Treasurer that his book might be printed in London with-

out delay. Prince Henry, too, gave his aid, but still the enterprise tarried, until at last Ben Jonson collected commendatory verses from many of the most famous poets of the time, and the success of the book was assured. The wits wrote epigrams and sonnets and poems of a longer flight to "topographical typographical Thomas," to "the most single-soled, single-souled, and single-shirted observer." They wrote them in English and French, in Latin and Greek, and always in a spirit of friendly ridicule. Among the contributors to Ben Jonson's *Anthology* were Harrington and Donne, Dudley Digges and Lawrence Whitaker, George Sydenham and Inigo Jones, William Fenton and Michael Drayton, and finally the great Ben himself, with many others. It must have been a poor book that could not profit by such an *olio* as this, and the verses have always been more famous than the 'Crudities' which they preface. Yet *Coryat* keeps a place apart in the history of letters, and his style is a lucid expression of the man. As Ben Jonson said, he is "a bold and great carpenter of words," whose voice, when the reader hears, "it is doubtful whether he will more love at the first, or envy after, that it was not his own." The passages already quoted will give some impression of his manner in writing; but a man who can describe the Swiss as "clusterfisted lubbers" is at no loss for words, and his natural faculty was improved by the

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Aleppo he joined a caravan for Persia, and finally arrived at Lahore. At Ajmir he spent eight months in acquiring the Eastern languages, and thence he journeyed to Surat, where he died. It is to Edward Terry that we owe the circumstantial account of his death. The English at Surat had brought sack from England, and Coryat "calling for it as soon as he first heard of it, and crying 'Sack, sack, is there such a thing as sack? I pray give me some sack,' drank of it, though I conceive modestly (for he was a very temperate man), yet it increased his flux which he had then upon him; and this caused him, within a few days after his very tedious and troublesome travels (for he went most on foot) at this place, to come to his journey's end, for here he overtook death in the month of December, 1617." It was a fitting end of so tireless a traveller, whose journeys, in spite of Edward Terry, were neither tedious nor troublesome. Perhaps he himself would rather have ended his days beneath the shadow of Odcombe Church; but had he returned from Surat, his energetic spirit would have soon sent him on the tramp again, and it is not inappropriate that he should lie buried under a little monument in Surat churchyard.

Tom Coryat was no psychologist. Mr Ford Maddox Hueffer is a psychologist or nothing, and in 'The Soul of London' (London: Alston Rivers) he has attempted to

surprise the essential character of our metropolis. His travels, though they have not been so far or wide as Coryat's, have been made with an equal energy and a more tranquil intelligence. He has seen London in all quarters and under all aspects; but unfortunately he cannot bring to his vision the fresh eye which Tom Coryat shed upon France and Italy. He has grown up to its sounds and sights, and he is so intimate a part of its organism that he cannot detach himself sufficiently to be an impartial witness. The result is that, clever man though he is, he has not been able to discover the essence of London, or to synthesise its innumerable characteristics. And yet we believe that there is, somewhere or another, something which will be known to our great-grandchildren as the London of the twentieth century. Ourselves are too near it to detect it; and even if we could get as far off as Mars, we should still lack the information which might aid our discovery. The other Londons are not unfamiliar to us. We should not find it impossible to express the London of the Tudors, the London of the Stuarts, the London which smiled and sighed under the domination of the Georges, in a neat and possible formula. But then we have the memoirs to help us. We can walk briskly into strange parlours. We can surprise poets and blue-stockings at their dish of tea; and, best of all, the Secretary

of the Admiralty has made us free of the town, and, with him for guide, we can open the doors of rich and poor alike, we can go into shy alehouses, and places yet more shy, wherever indeed his own deathless curiosity can lead him and us. But in our own time these opportunities of gathering evidence are lacking: we may know no more than that which passes within our own and our friends' experience. It is not for us to intrude upon the hovels of the poor, or to rattle the knockers on the brass-bound doors of the great. We must overtake our London in our own corner, and it is not surprising if, instead of a soul, we discover an odd piece of provincialism. But that which is beyond our knowledge will be revealed to our descendants. Two hundred years hence the London of the twentieth century will present no puzzle to those who have studied the memoirs which most surely are being written to-day. Then out of a fuller knowledge will be revealed the wonderful city which we know only in detail. From the mass of facts distributed among living men and women, each one of whom knows his own angle and no more, an intelligent historian of the twenty-second century will be able to form a general idea, and posterity will know

the truth, which is shown to us only in fragments.

And yet, if we may hazard one generalisation, we should say that the London of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries differs from itself in other centuries, and from all other metropolitan cities, in this: it is a collection of country towns, linked up now with long meaningless streets, but in the eighteenth century perfectly separate, and even to-day preserving something of their ancient character. The High Street, whether you meet it at Kensington or at Fulham, is a clear indication of an ancient village, which once was visited by Londoners as to-day Londoners visit Margate or Brighton. Not many years ago Westminster, with its little squares and its low houses, bore all the marks of a country town, and once when we showed it to a Frenchman, he exclaimed that it reminded him of his own provincial town. But the builder's pick and the lust of high buildings are changing all that, and it will soon be forgotten that the suburbs of London ever existed for and by themselves. Indeed it is a hopeless puzzle, and though Mr Hueffer has not solved it, we cannot be too grateful to him for his sympathetic, well-written, and illuminating little book.

A LEADER OF PROMISE.

It is understood that, at a recent meeting of prominent Radicals, the decision was arrived at that, in future eventualities, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will be the recognised leader of the party.

The Right Honourable Gentleman addresses his faithful followers:—

Now fling up the bonnet, and fling up the cap,
And welcome the Man in Command;
The Campbell is coming, with Banner a-flap
In his Old Parliamentary Hand;
And gather, you Radicals, gather around,
Be quiet, I charge you, and heed,
While I, as the Premier-presumptive, expound
The authorised Radical Creed.

*Though why you should hit upon Me
To be stuck on the top of the tree,
I candidly own
Is entirely unknown
To the veteran Canneman-B.*

(However.) In choosing a popular Cry
To take the unwary by storm,
For promise and puff we can safely rely
On Retrenchment, and Peace, and Reform.
Their scope is majestic; each one of them rings
In the ear like the clarion's call;
And, promising vaguely all manner of things,
They bind you to nothing at all.

*And I am the sole patentee
Of that new and original Three;
For jingle and catch
There'll be nothing to match
With the slogan of Canneman-B.*

The Tories may boast of the money they've spent
On bloatedly ruling the waves,
In view of the wholly unlikely event
Of an enemy making us slaves;

'Tis ours to return to the methods of yore,
When taxes were easy and light,
And Britain avoided the cost of a war
By not being able to fight.

*For who is Britannia that she
Should insist on commanding the sea?
Apart from the taste,
Such deplorable waste
Is abhorrent to Canneman-B.*

I pass to Reform, where the Radical task
Is one of ridiculous ease:
We promise the People whatever They ask,
And we pay Them whatever we please.
Their Freedom (sweet Bird!) is a theme upon which
There's much to be usefully said,
And, while you're about it, remember the rich
Are robbing the poor of Their Bread.

*So promise Them everything free,
From Their tenure of land to Their tea!
They'll swallow the lot
If you pitch it in hot;—
You can take it from Canneman-B.*

And, last, if annoyed by the bogie, Home Rule,
Your only conceivable plan
Is, not to be drawn—to keep perfectly cool—
And evade it as well as you can!
But, as for the Colonies' mythical case,
We strike a more dominant note;
For, though they can talk till they're black in the face,
Who cares? They can none of them vote!

*Oh, tell them to go to the D.
With their infamous Preference plea:
The best of their tricks
Will get nothing but kicks
From the party of Canneman-B.*

J. K.

THE REORGANISATION OF OUR RECRUITING SYSTEM
ON A NATIONAL BASIS.

BY GENERAL E. F. CHAPMAN, C.B.

IF we were to be asked to name the most important question connected with the army now awaiting solution, we should unhesitatingly reply, "The recruiting difficulty"—for this lies at the root of the whole military problem. The most masterly schemes of reorganisation, the most elaborate precautions for ensuring efficiency, must prove futile unless we can succeed in enlisting, year by year, the number of men required to keep up the establishment—whatever figure that may be fixed at,—and unless we can attract not only the number but the stamp of men we need.

But though the urgency of the question is generally admitted, it certainly would seem that the nation at large hardly realises its responsibility with regard to it. To the ordinary man it is a purely departmental matter, to be dealt with by the War Office; and even in Parliament the interest taken in it does not go beyond the criticism of details—such as the length of the soldier's service or the amount of his daily pay. And yet it may be confidently asserted that this particular question is pre-eminently a national one—one in which the people are directly interested, and in the solution of which they can, and indeed must, take an active part.

There are many military questions on which the ordinary citizen must be content to take the opinion of experts, and with regard to which the wisdom of the nation is best shown by leaving them to be decided by the responsible Minister of the Crown, acting on the advice of his professional advisers. But the recruiting question is not one of these. It is a problem which cannot be satisfactorily solved except by the co-operation of the nation as a whole. In countries where conscription prevails, the question of the supply of men for the army is one that comes home to every section of the nation: every family has a direct and definite connection with the army, which thus becomes, in a sense, a truly national institution.

Happily, we have hitherto escaped the burden of conscription; but if this immunity is to continue, it can only be by the nation rousing itself to take a practical interest in the supply of voluntarily enlisted recruits, and by bringing about a change of feeling with regard to the army generally. Hitherto the regular army has been treated more or less as something outside the national life; and though the feelings of dislike and contempt once prevalent with

regard to it have been considerably modified, the feeling of separation between it and the rest of the community still remains. This state of things is, of course, a survival from the old days, when the attempt of the Stuart kings to raise and maintain a regular army was one of the chief causes of contention between them and their subjects; the breaches of law connected with the maintenance of the army formed the main theme of the Petition of Rights, and during the whole century from Elizabeth to William III. the army was regarded as a weapon in the hands of despotism and a standing menace to the liberties of the people.

After the Revolution the necessity of maintaining a regular body of soldiers for the defence of the country was recognised, and the army was for the first time placed on a constitutional footing, the number of men to be employed being regulated by an annual parliamentary vote; but the prejudice against it persisted—partly, no doubt, because it was still disliked as an anti-democratic force, and partly because the recruits were drawn from the lowest and roughest classes.

That this should have been the case may be a matter for surprise, when we recollect of what a different stamp were the soldiers of Cromwell's army; but it is probable that the very excellence of that army prevented its being copied. The nation had learnt how formidable such an army could become, and sought to

avoid the danger by deliberately making the service one that would only attract the least respectable portion of the population. The natural consequences followed: the army became the resource of the idler and the ne'er-do-well, and was more and more shunned by respectable people; and the military authorities, who were bound to obtain men at all costs, could not afford to be particular about character. Men who had once enlisted could not look forward to returning to their homes except as helpless cripples, and were bound to make the army their lifelong profession. Thus they became a separate class, cut off from the sympathies and the interest of their countrymen, and tolerated only as an indispensable evil.

This state of things went on till 1870, when a complete revolution was brought about by the localisation of regiments in counties, and the introduction of short service. By the latter the old class of professional soldier was replaced by one who, after seven years with the colours, returned to take his place in the ranks of his fellow-workmen; by the former the foundations were laid for a truly national army. At the same time, the greater number of men required under a short-service system necessitated an improvement in the conditions under which men were called upon to serve: how great this improvement has been can hardly be realised, except by those who have practical experience of what a soldier's

life is now and what it was thirty years ago. The service having been made more attractive, a better class of men has been obtained, and it has been found possible to insist upon a certain standard of good character in those wishing to join the army: all this has helped to dispel the prejudice against it, and the events of the Boer war have no doubt done something more to enlist the popular sympathy on the side of "our soldiers."

The antagonism of the nation towards its paid defenders may be said to have disappeared, but the feeling of separation, of aloofness, remains: it is no longer considered to be a disgrace to enlist, but soldiering is not altogether recognised as a desirable career for a young man, and while the scarcity of recruits is deplored, people do not understand how the difficulty is to be met. The truth is, that while we have changed and improved almost everything else connected with the army, we have neither changed nor improved our methods of recruiting, which are out of date and no longer suited to modern conditions. We must find some plan for obtaining men which may be made really popular, and which may enable us to obtain regularly the men needed for the defence of the country.

With regard to the conditions under which men are called upon to serve, we have probably gone as far as it is possible to go in the direction of making them attractive: the pay has been raised to a

fair equivalent of the civilian wage; quarters have been made more comfortable; many irksome restrictions have been removed; opportunities for education, recreation, and mental and physical improvement have been provided; while, last but by no means least, the well-being of soldiers' wives and families has been made the subject of special solicitude,—and yet, in spite of all, the difficulty of attracting men continues as great as ever.

That it is our system of recruiting which is at fault, rather than the conditions of army service, may be a new idea to some people, but it is strongly borne out by the evidence with regard to the United States army collected by Sir Howard Vincent. In an admirable lecture delivered by him early this year, and published in the April number of the 'Journal of the United Service Institution,' he shows that, as regards pay, work, and other conditions of his service, and allowing for the higher cost of living in the States, the British soldier has at least as many advantages as the American, while the chance of active service, always an element of attraction, is far greater in the case of the former.

We are told that no difficulty is found in getting recruits for the American army; that, on the contrary, "there are four candidates for every vacancy"; that "the minimum height of 5 feet 4 inches and 120 lb. weight are far exceeded"; and that "in August

1904, in full harvest, when both in town and country employers were running after men, instead of men after work," no less than 10,019 candidates presented themselves at the various recruiting stations throughout the country, of whom only 2433 were accepted as recruits.

Such a contrast to the state of affairs at home may well raise a sigh of envy in the breast of our military authorities, but it certainly ought to rouse us to face the question whether the chronic difficulty under which we labour with regard to recruiting may not be due to our present system, which, as a matter of fact, is antiquated and wholly out of harmony with modern conditions of life.

Within the last ten years we have witnessed an immense development of local government, with a corresponding increase of popular interest in all the questions dealt with locally, whether in county or municipal areas; and it is undoubtedly to a further development in this direction that we should look for a solution of the recruiting problem, by enlisting local public opinion and interest in the work of providing men for a national army. This was the principle underlying Lord Cardwell's scheme of a territorial army, but it has never been carried out properly. The War Office has kept in its own hands not only the direction of the recruiting system (that of course it must do), but also all the details, which remain purely military and

departmental, and absolutely divorced from any connection with local life or interests. As a result, instead of the local authorities or the people generally giving any help or support to the recruiting officer and his sergeants, they have continued to regard them with something of the dislike and suspicion associated with the old press-gang, and local influence has to a very large extent been cast against their efforts to secure suitable recruits.

We must change all this. The responsibility of obtaining recruits for the territorial regiments should be transferred to the local authorities. Committees should be established in every county and municipality, under the lord-lieutenant or mayor, with the deputy-lieutenants, county councillors, magistrates, and other persons of authority and influence as members, whose duty it should be to make known the requirements of the service, and to encourage suitable men to come forward: they should be in close communication with the local military authorities, but the civilian character of the committee should be strictly maintained. The county or borough committee should have a free hand in settling the details of procedure in their own district, so as to suit them to the local conditions of labour, which vary greatly in different parts of the country; and they should be encouraged to use the means that seem to them best fitted to attain the desired end. As in America, advertisements

might be inserted in the local papers giving the address of the recruiting offices, which should be in accessible and respectable localities, and where full information as to the pay and prospects of the soldier should be obtainable personally or by letter.

This local system of recruiting should apply both to the regular army and to the militia, and could be used both for the home short-service battalions and for the long-service battalions for foreign service, should such eventually be adopted.

The provision of men for the territorial battalions should be the first duty of the county committees, and there can be little doubt but that it would lead to a great increase in the interest and pride taken in them by the county; but it should also be in the power of committees to enlist men desirous of serving in other regiments,—in the Cavalry, Guards, Artillery, or Engineers, although it seems probable that the larger number of recruits for these branches would, as at present, come from the towns, and be enlisted through the municipal committees.

If this proposal to make counties and municipalities responsible for recruiting within their own areas were adopted, it would go a long way towards solving the problem of providing employment for the soldier on his return to civil life. As has been already pointed out, the conditions under which a man is called upon to serve in the army have been made so good that further

change in this direction could hardly be made without adding unnecessarily to the military budget; but there is still room for improvement as regards his prospect of after-employment, and the difficulty and uncertainty of obtaining this undoubtedly deters many respectable young men from entering the army. Much has been done to meet the difficulty, but, like everything else connected with the recruiting question, there is a tendency to treat it too much from a military point of view, and to make the employment agencies subordinate departments of the War Office, instead of leaving the matter to be dealt with by civilian effort. If, however, the responsibility for recruiting were transferred to local authorities, they would find themselves obliged to tackle the question of finding employment for their men on their return to civil life; and they ought not to have much difficulty in doing so, for they would be supported by local public opinion and interest, and the time-expired soldier, on his return home, would be welcomed by those who had sent him out.

A good deal of attention is being directed to the recruiting question in the press. 'The Times' of April 27 contained a letter on the subject from the recruit's point of view, in which several reasonable proposals were put forward, that of the "after-dark training" of boys among them. But this, as well as the formation of cadet corps, should not be treated from a military point of view, but

from the much wider standpoint of the question of Imperial wellbeing and defence. A scheme for promoting the systematic physical and military training of all British lads has been formulated by the Lads' Drill Association, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is president, and will before long be brought before the House of Lords by Lord Meath. It follows the lines on which the colonies of Australia, New Zealand, and Natal have so successfully introduced a system of regular training for the youth of their respective countries, and it should form the basis of any national system that may be adopted here. These, however, are schemes that should be dealt with by the Education Department rather than by the War Office, and their cost should not be thrown upon the military budget. They would, no doubt, help to produce the healthy, well-grown, and well-disciplined youths needed for the army; but their primary value lies in

the development of the national physique and in the formation of the national character. Education, however, is now dealt with by local authorities in counties and towns; national training must come under these also, and if recruiting be likewise treated as a local duty, there should be no difficulty in making them all take their place in a well-considered scheme of national wellbeing and national defence.

The union of local efforts and the combination of the several departments of the State in a national undertaking appear to be within the bounds of possibility—the official responsible to the Government for regulating the expenditure incurred, and for arranging details, being selected for his qualifications alone. He might belong to any one of the Departments concerned; and if given a seat on the Committee of Defence, he would be in direct communication with the Cabinet, and able to give effect to their policy.

'THE TIMES' HISTORY OF THE WAR IN
SOUTH AFRICA.—VOL. III.

WE have been so intent in following the pendulum of success and failure as it has swung in the Far East, that we have forgotten our own war in South Africa. But it is all brought back vividly to us by the publication of the third volume of Mr L. S. Amery's great work.¹ It is true that this volume only takes us as far as the occupation of the capital of the Orange Free State by Lord Roberts, yet this successful operation practically changed the whole complexion of the struggle, and we may therefore look to glean the main lessons of the war from the fighting here described. Furthermore, we shall lose nothing by ranging our own experiences alongside of the gigantic issues which are being battled for in far-off Manchuria.

In his admirable preface, Mr Amery apologises for the delay which has occurred between the publication of the last and the present volume. The pith of this apology is to the effect that this delay has been to the advantage of the reader. Mr Amery, and we think rightly, has discarded the advice which urged him to supply his readers with "a well-written story correct as regards the main points," instead of striving after accuracy. The man who

has only considered the vacant place in his bookshelf may possibly have had cause to feel aggrieved at the delay. But the student, as he turns over the last of the five hundred and ninety-seven pages of the new instalment, will be grateful to Mr Amery and his collaborators, and will allow that their efforts have been crowned with an extraordinary measure of success. In no work that we have handled lately have we been so moved, on the one hand to anger, at the manner in which the interests of this Empire were hazarded without consideration and without understanding, and on the other to serious reflection, in contemplation of our national indifference to our most vital interests. We defy the most phlegmatic to wade through the terrible chapters which surround the dismal history of the Tugela heights without feeling that there is something missing, something wanting just to right the picture—a something suspiciously analogous to the hangman's rope. On the other hand, we find glimpses—alas! too rare—where the inherent fighting instinct and traditional courage of the Briton pushes itself clear and ahead of the maze of incompetency, neglect, and ignorance which for months, according to

¹ '*The Times*' *History of the War in South Africa*, vol. iii. Edited by L. S. Amery, late Fellow of All Souls, Oxford. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.

the testimony of this volume, must have made us a subject for ridicule throughout the whole military world. Never perhaps before has there been such a scathing exposure of faulty and suicidal methods and means, in which the public in its complacency has been a culpable accomplice. Although the final and insecure props which have held up many of the reputations of our South African generals are here ruthlessly cut away, yet the net impression remains that the sum-total of the criticisms contained in this bulky volume are focussed by the following trite verdict with regard to Spion Kop:—

“Spion Kop was lost not by Buller, or Warren, or Thorneycroft, but by Aldershot, and Pall Mall, and the House of Commons.”

Here is the true ring of a fair and upright criticism with regard to the disastrous history of the South African campaign. It is not the general, it is not the soldier, it is not the sailor or any other of the subordinate members of the national police, whom we should pillory in the matter of apportioning blame. It is the nation that was, and is, at fault. The nation—the national spirit—stands typified in the men who represent it during its most critical moments; and although we have squirmed under the lash of the strictures which are the results of Mr Amery's diligent research and instinctive judgment, we feel that the object of his every effort, the acme of his intention, has been not to pillory the individual, not to chisel the feet

of the hero, but to lay bare the degeneracy of the nation. There is nothing in his work that betrays the exulting triumph of the pedant, but there is a genuine desire that the nation should not hand down to posterity a false and erroneous impression concerning those three dark years in Africa.

It has frequently been contended that it is impossible to write contemporary history that will keep a true and just perspective. We are of the opinion that although, for the purpose of record and instruction, it may be possible to compile a more even, consecutive, and consistent narrative, when time has left little but the record of essentials for the historian to work upon, yet we consider that for the purpose which we have tried to analyse above, of impressing upon the present generation the lessons which it alone can learn and bequeath to the benefit of posterity, a contemporary work stands alone.

The editor has skilfully dovetailed his lessons into the grouping of his military chapters. But although it is probable that the purely military narrative will be found the most attractive reading, yet we would hasten to insist that for the purpose of understanding the undercurrent which pervades the volume, the reader cannot afford to skip the cogent lessons contained in the first three chapters. Is there any one who was in England during the black week who will not endorse the following reflection in Mr Amery's summary of the

crisis at home, occasioned by our initial defeats?—

"Three severe checks, involving nearly 3000 casualties, were no doubt a shock to a generation accustomed to the cheap military glories of savage warfare. But that shock only formed an element in the current of the national emotion. Its real significance lay in the sudden comprehension of what those checks might imply. The eyes of the nation were opened, and it now saw how slight and uncertain was the reserve of military power of which the British Empire, with all its great extent of territory, its population and its wealth, was composed."

It was the unexpected demonstration of our military bankruptcy which so profoundly moved us all,—the suspicion lest, like the Roman Empire of old, the British Empire should have come to rely too much on the fighting qualities of its subject races, and should have allowed the military spirit of the ruling race to have declined. We are at one with the historian when he appreciates the opportunity which occurred when the nation was thus stirred to the very core by the cognisance of its military inefficiency, that it would have been the very moment for some great statesman to have arisen and inculcated some system superior to that which so nearly failed us when confronted by a mere handful of armed farmers; and we are at one with him when, finding no such apostle, he moralises as follows:—

"Flattering references to the patriotism of the nation's volunteers there were plenty; but it would be difficult to find a single utterance of responsible Ministers during that period

which could be considered as a deliberate effort to stir up the national enthusiasm, to encourage labours, or to rebuke the faint-hearted."

And with, at the present moment, the lesson of little Japan ringing shrill and clear in our ears, we endorse every sentiment which Mr Amery expresses in his verdict that we are an unwarlike nation.

"When we consider the depth and intensity of the national emotion about the war, we might reckon even 100,000 volunteers a disappointingly small fraction out of a population of forty millions, but we must not forget that the British nation had in recent generations become absolutely unwarlike. The most elementary proficiency in the use of firearms was practically confined to the volunteers of the force, and it is only from men who feel that they could be of some service that volunteers can be expected, even in the most patriotic nation. There can be little doubt that under an equal stress of patriotic emotion a little people like the Swiss would have found many more volunteers than England, for the simple reason that the number of men who can march, skirmish, and shoot is larger in Switzerland than in the United Kingdom. If British statesmen really cherish the hope that they could find the necessary reserve of strength for the emergency of a great war in the voluntary patriotism of their fellow-countrymen, they must make that voluntary patriotism possible by compulsorily extending knowledge of the use of arms to the whole manhood of the nation."

It is for sentiments such as these that we hope Mr Amery's work will be largely read and widely digested by this nation. Nor should the chapter on the Colonies and the Empire be lightly passed over. In no place do we remember having found the co-

lonial aspect of our national defence so clearly or so well defined.

But it must not be thought that the historian belittles our military value for the purpose of producing an effect in comparison with the Boers. His pen is just as merciless in its treatment of our late enemies as it is of ourselves. He flogs us both with the same flail, and this possibly makes the punishment the more severe when we find that our system practically crumbled before an enemy such as is set forth in the volume:—

"As an army they possessed neither the discipline of regular soldiers nor the enthusiasm which inspired the leaders of revolutionary France or the Dervishes of the Soudan. To most of them fighting was only an unpleasantly dangerous civic duty, and though they could fight well when the occasion demanded, they preferred to await the occasion rather than to provoke it. . . . The leaders . . . were neither professional soldiers nor new men thrown up by a great crisis, but the ordinary political chiefs of the nation, and in the Transvaal they more especially represented the corrupt oligarchy of the Kruger régime."

It is these reflections that should be ground into every Englishman's soul—that "England was fundamentally feeble and unpatriotic, that her Empire was on the verge of dissolution." And again we reiterate, before turning to a review of the purely military portion of the narrative, that we believe the main object of Mr Amery's labours has been to force these sentiments upon his apathetic countrymen.

With the touch of the true artist, the historian, at the end of his second volume, had left his readers in the depth of despair at the culmination of the initial disasters. He begins his new volume with the trenchant lessons we have just examined, and then allows the first gleam of light in upon his cowed and sullen readers by giving them the first truly comprehensive narrative that we have yet seen of French's brilliant side campaign in Cape Colony.

Space will not allow us to devote that minute attention to the great complex development of all the moves on the chess-board evolved from the master-brain which created order out of chaos. We must confine ourselves—reluctantly, be it said—to extracting and examining the major operations as they stand out from the rest of the narrative.

The three main operations of the campaign, as it is treated in this volume, are the defence of Ladysmith, the operations on the Tugela, and Roberts' great flank march to Bloemfontein. We had long been under the impression that we should find in the work of 'The Times' historians a very considerable condemnation of the momentous decision which Sir George White made with regard to Ladysmith. We know of no incident in the whole campaign over which there has been more controversy. In three pages Mr Amery deals with the choice of policies open to Sir George White; and although he ad-

mits that perhaps there was room for a better decision than the compromise adopted between the rôle of "a field force" and "a garrison," yet he leaves the reader absolutely positive that Sir George White possessed to the full that sterling quality of dignified determination which is so intimately interwoven with our past traditions. The brief reference in which it is found necessary to again refer to the terrible exposure which centred attention in the last chapter in the preceding volume, proves without a doubt that if there is a man who stands out in those troublous times in Natal, it is the resolute Field-Marshal who kept the flag flying above Ladysmith when others in whom the country had more confidence counselled another course. Although the narrative of Ladysmith as set forth in this volume is fascinating reading, we fail to find in it the main military lessons which interest us most. But the historian is able, with the aid of the many dramatic incidents of that long and weary investment, to give us some very stirring description. No man, whether he be layman or soldier, can peruse the chapter which tells of the defence of Caesar's Camp and Waggon Hill without being moved.

"The Devons had now finally assorted themselves, the three lines of naked bayonets gleamed dull in the falling rain. Colonel Park, pale and collected, motioned to the bugler 'Advance!' The Colonel rose to his feet; the three companies rose with him as one man. With a cheer that

foretold success they started, charging from the first up the slope, over the crest, and out into the open. A moment's lull, as if surprised, then the opposite crest-line burst into a sheet of flame. Springing to their feet, the Boers emptied their magazines into the advancing line. As the Devons leapt over the rocks, silhouetted against the sinking sunlight on the crest above, over which all day the bravest had scarce dared to fire a hasty shot, they were struck down like driven grouse. But the line, though sadly thin, never wavered, never checked. . . . And the whole line, still cheering madly, were into the patch of boulders the Boers had held all day, and over the crest-line."

This calls to mind at once the gruesome parallel of the latest siege that the world has seen. Between Port Arthur and Ladysmith of course no comparison could be drawn: the one was a siege conducted by giants, the other the mere struggling of pigmies. But the belligerents in both operations were animated by the same object; the same conditions of thought existed, even though the proportions differed. One trembles to think what might have been the outcome if, say, an army of 50,000 Britons had been defending Port Arthur, or if the investing lines of Ladysmith had held 80,000 Japanese. The thought is not a pleasant one. For even given the asset of a Sir George White in the place of the vacillating Stössel, we doubt if 50,000 British bayonets would have held Port Arthur any better than the Siberian sharpshooters held it; and as for Nogi's veterans in the parallels before Ladysmith—we prefer not to count the cost.

Much reflection in this strain causes us to feel the poignant truth of the historian's critical analysis of the circumstances of the investment of Ladysmith. But let us be joyful that it was no worse; and if we can only induce the public to be with us in the matter of appreciation of the object of the present work, we will rest content, and hope for a better condition of our land forces than exists at the present moment.

From Ladysmith, with all its faults and all its gallantry, we turn to the more weighty operations. The historian bridges at once for us the twenty miles which separated White and his devoted garrison from the army that was bent on relieving them. Sir Redvers Buller was now lying at Estcourt with a respectable force of over 30,000 men. A month had nearly passed since the painful episode of Colenso, which, though it left Buller's army practically unimpaired, had shaken the nation's confidence in the man whom, until the crucial moment, they had believed to be invincible. But if we accept the verdict of the volume now under review, the failure at Colenso was nothing in comparison to the failures that were to follow. Confronting Buller, on practically the same alignment as they had held in December, were the Boer forces. According to the present authority, they

the capture of Ladysmith, and the consequent liberation of an army large enough to take the offensive against Buller, they merely spent their time, as at Magersfontein, in improving and strengthening their trenches in preparation for the second frontal attack. . . . Meanwhile their forces were dwindling away as fast as the British forces were growing. By the end of the first week in January it was very doubtful if the whole Boer forces in Natal exceeded 16,000 men."

If ever there was a period in the campaign when a rapid movement to a flank would have secured an easy victory it was now. But one must reluctantly come to the conclusion that strategic activity, the acme of all true military operations, never seemed to occur to Buller. The unexpected and all-paralysing blow which alone could accomplish decisive military results was foreign to the school of soldier which our constant bickerings with savages had fashioned. Buller had his own plan. He would move to a flank, but he would not do anything so rash as to establish himself in a strong strategic position until he had escorted to the selected flank sufficient food to keep his men upon full rations. To effect a movement which an enterprising junior might have accomplished in a single night, this cautious senior allowed five days. There is much that the Boer commando, when aroused, will do in five hours. Consequently Buller's plan was practically rendered abortive from the very moment of its inception,—

"For it is not the direction on the map that constitutes a flank march,

"had even less to show for the breathing-space afforded by Colenso than their defeated enemy. Instead of devoting their whole energies to
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but the surprising of the enemy's flank before he can take up a new front. In Buller's plan the essential element of surprise was entirely lacking. There was no attempt to conceal the move, none to delude the enemy by skilful feinting, none to outwit him by rapidity of manœuvre."

But, even in spite of this, the lethargy of the Boers at this period was so great that, if the British force had been properly handled when it did arrive at the drifts on the Upper Tugela, all might have been well. It is almost impossible to read this narrative with equanimity. The plan as Buller had devised it would be handed over to another for completion; if this understudy had possessed but ordinary energy, it might have succeeded as well as any better conceived attempt. But the nation had too many amongst the officers holding high command who had been trained in the belief that extreme military caution was the main asset qualifying success. Buller, having devised the plan, handed the operation over to Sir Charles Warren. Sir Charles Warren handled his force much in the spirit of the commander called upon to move an expeditionary force through a thick jungle. As *'The Times'* history says—

"Warren indeed seems to have started upon his task completely dominated by two convictions. The first was, that the Boers were already established in overwhelming numbers at every point from the Drakensberg to Colenso, and that any rapid advance or wide flank movement which should cause him to lose touch, even for an instant, with Lyttelton and the long-range guns on his right,

would mean the immediate envelopment and destruction of his force. The other was, that his primary and paramount military duty was to look after his oxen waggons."

It is difficult to be temperate while studying these movements. We find Warren muddling backwards and forwards for a whole week in an impossible position between a river and a mountain. But we have one gleam of light, namely, the movement of Dundonald's cavalry to Acton Homes. This spark of military dash, however, the general in chief command petulantly squelches, presumably because he believed that the cavalry, by carrying out their obvious rôle, left the flank of his precious convoy unprotected. We have a miserable spectacle of a half-hearted feeling towards the enemy's hastily occupied positions; the humiliating detail of timorous war councils; and the iniquity of a senior sitting on a hill within eye-shot and practically acquiescing in the disaster by refusing to interfere. Of the gallantry of the troops, of the steadfast determination which permeated through the junior ranks, we have had proof sufficient. The gifted author of *"Words by an Eye-Witness,"* in these very pages, has testified to the sterling quality of the fighting unit. Warren had failed. Buller knew he had failed, but even with this knowledge he was loath to interfere. He therefore consented to the Spion Kop compromise. We have no space here to enter into a long dissertation upon

the relative value of this subsidiary plan. Some subsidiary plans in war, when they have been forced upon an army by circumstances, or exposure of the enemy's intentions, have proved to be the most prolific in success. But Spion Kop, while a compromise, was also a makeshift. And a makeshift is the rotten plank which plunges the adventurer into the boiling waters of disaster. To understand Spion Kop, it must be realised that it was a little independent operation carried out in front of the centre of the whole British army. The hill was selected apparently because it was the most prominent feature in the surrounding topography. No sketch had ever been made of it, and neither Sir Charles Warren nor any of the officers who controlled or took part in the operation of which it was the centre had more than the vaguest idea of the shape, extent, or military possibilities of the mountain. Moreover, the action was fought by an infinitesimal portion of the British force, while the rest of the army remained inactive. Again, on the merits of a small portion of their force engaged, were British generals to accept defeat at the hands of an enemy inferior in strength and organisation? Is this what we contemplate when we turn to the struggle now being waged in the Far East, and seek the lessons which our allies can teach us? We may sit in our chairs and criticise the Japanese method of attack. We may

profess dismay and consternation at the terrific loss of life, at the ferocity of their frontal attacks, and we may shudder at the ensuing carnage. But cavil as we may, we can find no single instance of a Japanese general having accepted defeat because a minute portion of his force had not succeeded. A Japanese general would willingly suffer a dozen Spion Kops, provided some other portion of his army, by virtue of their comrades' ill-success, had achieved success elsewhere. If Oyama had been sitting on Spearman's Hill and Oku were representing Warren at the foot of Taba Myama, should we have had Kitchener's, Hart's, and Hildyard's brigades "kicking their heels" in front of a skeleton line of farmer marksmen? Should we have had Lyttelton ordered back from the Twin Peaks at the most critical point of the fight on the whim of a superior? We opine not. We can see the Japanese battalions hurling themselves so resolutely against the whole length of the enemy's line, that it would have been impossible for Botha to have collected the reinforcement which devastated Spion Kop with a concentrated shell and rifle fire. Of the actual battling on the summit there is no necessity for discussion here. But we feel sure that the narrative, as set down in the volume under review, will be read with breathless interest. It is a pitiful story, but we doubt if public sentiment will endorse the strictures which are passed upon Thorneycroft's action. Thorneycroft proved himself a

giant in the *mêlée*, and we have had constant proof that the British public will forgive most things in a man provided he is brave. Nor do we think that it is over-wise to particularise in this case. Neither Thorneycroft, Coke, Crofton, Warren, nor Buller is nearly as much to blame in the abandonment of Spion Kop as the nation. Spion Kop was a matter of communications. If the headquarters of each unit had been connected up telephonically as similar Japanese units would have been, there would have been no necessity for that lack of information which paralysed all upon the summit during that luckless day. It is an extremely humiliating story deftly told. And in the matter of humiliation, it is only to be rivalled by the story which succeeds it.

"Linesman" has told us that Vaal Krantz was sheer "Charity"—that is, as it concerns the estimated value of the soldier's life. This definition left us somewhat in the dark; but Mr Amery's analysis makes the whole action clear. He unfolds it from the time of its inception to the last bitter moment, when the gallant infantry, defeated through no fault of their own, recrossed the Tugela. We have in this convincing narrative a closer view of the evils of our system. The faults, failings, and indecisions which had made themselves manifest in all the previous actions on the Tugela again rise up and smite us on the place which the lash of the historian's knout has already

rendered raw, and his digest of the correspondence between Buller and Roberts, while the action of Vaal Krantz was still in undecided progress, is as much as we can bear. We can endure little enough of the following:—

"In other words, after disregarding Roberts' repeated warnings not to commit himself prematurely to a general attack, Buller now attempted to fix upon Roberts the responsibility of extricating him from the dilemma into which he had put himself. . . . At the same time, the message was so worded that in case the withdrawal had been followed by the fall of Ladysmith, Buller could have pointed to it as evidence of his own readiness to persevere, and of his clear realisation of the position."

Nor if we accept the thesis of Mr Amery's arguments can we disassociate ourselves from his final criticisms of the operations on the Upper Tugela.

"Thus ended one of the feeblest performances in the history of war. There can be little doubt that, in spite of the futility of the feint attack and of the waste of time on the 5th, the original plan would have succeeded at any time up to the morning of the 6th, as, indeed, almost any reasonably planned attack anywhere along the Tugela line would have succeeded if pushed with any promptitude and resolution. . . . In its planlessness, and in the useless exposure of a few regiments to the concentration of all the enemy's guns and rifles, while a whole army sat looking on, the Vaal Krantz performance must be reckoned as even inferior to Spion Kop. That it was not so disastrous was due to other causes than to better generalship at the head. . . . Vaal Krantz was Buller, and Buller alone."

But we must turn from this dismal recital to phases in the campaign which bear a different colouring. The actual pages

seem lighter as we leave Natal behind us and join the army collecting under the cover of Modder River camp. Space will not allow us to follow the historian through the genesis of Lord Roberts' campaign. Nor are we able to study closely the great movement of the Cavalry Division in its advance from Ramdam to Kimberley. But the reader is now given the opportunity of studying the confusing movements of Roberts' great flank march with a comprehension that will be new to him. There is no doubt that in this portion of the work the historian writes with full information, and the lucidity of his text is enhanced by an ingenious general map, which, after a moment's scrutiny, enables the reader to establish the position of each important unit on each successive day throughout the series of operations which culminated in Paardeberg. As it is impossible in 'Maga' to do justice to a narrative thus teeming with dramatic incident and thoughtful analysis, we will pass by the passage of the Riet and Modder, the charge at Klip Drift, the fighting at Jacobsdal, Waterval, Klip Kraal, and Dronfield, and let Paardeberg alone stand for our set-piece. At the present moment, as far as we can judge by a study of the reports from the Far East, Paardeberg is the one considerable engagement in South Africa from which a really useful teaching can be demonstrated.

In reviewing a work of such

public interest as a contemporary history of our own great war, one must work on the assumption that the general reader has the trend of the operations well marked in his mind. Otherwise the task is impossible. We therefore take it for granted that the reader will know the situation on February 18, 1900, when

"Kitchener waited impatiently for day. At 5.30 A.M. the sun rose, and revealed a sight that gladdened his eyes and dispelled all lingering fears. There, straight in front of him, like a large straggling village, lay Cronje's laager—the prize he had pursued so stubbornly through the last forty-eight hours."

We are not going to recount in detail what happened: that is old history. On the 18th Kitchener's attack was unable to reduce the laager. We lost 1260 in casualties out of 15,000 troops engaged, and did not bring about a reduction of Cronje's force by investment until ten days later. The conduct of these operations has raised even more controversy than the attitude of White in Ladysmith.

We will make a bold move: we will, judging from what Manchuria has taught us, change the nationalities of the opposing forces at Paardeberg. Let the Boers be Russians and ourselves our allies. For the rest, the strategical and topographical situation the same as it was when Kitchener first saw the laager in the grey of that autumn morning. In such a case there would have been no ambiguity as to the right of command; no galloping about in the direction of units; no

want of cohesion and co-operation. Even as the senior Japanese general discovered the situation at dawn would his orders have passed over the telephone to each divisional commander and mounted unit. No doubt Kitchener's Kop would have been held strongly as the most convenient position for the centralisation of command. Telephonic decentralisation and an absolute disregard of life would have done the rest. But not an injudicious waste of life. Thoroughly understanding the object of its own movement and that of its neighbours, each infantry unit would have awaited the pre-arranged hour for assault. Each attack would then have harmonised. The assault would have been driven in with equal pressure throughout the circle. Doubtless, in places, for a time, it would have failed; but the weak spots would have been found, and by 10 o'clock, as Kitchener suggested to his staff as the period necessary, we have not the smallest doubt that the Japanese would have finished the business for the day. It is not a matter so much of superior fighting quality on the part of the Japanese soldier, as the existing means of making spontaneous and adequate use of your material. There was no necessity for Kitchener to wish for his Sudanese battalions. He had better material than these with him. But he had not the means of using them intelligently, and we doubt if at the moment he himself had sufficient experience. But we be-

lieve that instinctively Kitchener tried to carry out the only course that a serious soldier could ever have suggested. That he had not the right implements brings the responsibility back to the nation. Would we think of sending a battleship to sea without a conning-tower complete in its communications with every quarter in the ship? The country would not submit to that for a moment. But is the picture of an incomplete conning-tower more piteous than a general in command galloping about a battlefield trying to induce junior officers to attempt ragged forlorn-hopes against the enemy's laager? We think not. Although we cannot accept Mr Amery's view that Paardeberg was "the best conducted and most successful engagement on a large scale in the whole war," yet in the main, as far as it brings out our point, we endorse his following criticism:—

—"It was opened with promptitude, and the two most essential steps, the attacking of the laager and the sending of a force up-stream to prevent an attempt at breaking out, were begun without a moment's delay. The tactical scheme was developed rapidly, and its errors of distribution repaired as far as possible. It was an imperfect scheme, no doubt. . . . Moreover, Paardeberg was at least conducted with energy and persistence, and practically the whole of the troops on the field were brought into action. Whatever mistakes Kitchener may have made, there can be no comparison between his impatient and unquenchable thirst for victory at Paardeberg and the paralytic stupor of Spion Kop or Vaal Krantz."

Our only criticism of the

subsequent action is, that the active operations left off just where they should have begun. Five times that number of casualties would not have deterred a Japanese general from carrying out his plan. That the following passage should appear in a military history of our own time is deplorable:—

"Thus ended a gallant, if unfortunate, soldier. No event of that fateful 18th had a deeper effect upon the army at the time, and evoked more sympathy, than Hannay's death, for all recognised its dramatic significance as a protest against Kitchener's indifference to life."

If our volunteer army protests against the chances of death in battle, then surely the time is ripe for us to equip ourselves with the conscript. The conscript at least knows something of the theory of patriotic sacrifice.

We must now bring our brief survey to a close, leaving untouched Lord Roberts' final march to Bloemfontein and the heavy fighting about Colenso, which at last gave Buller the road to Ladysmith. Of the latter, it would be only fair to say with the historian—

"The battle of Pieter's was a successful *finale* to the long series of reverses, and it was so simply because for the first time in the whole of that campaign, with the solitary exception of Monte Cristo, the army had been allowed to develop a substantial part of its fighting strength; because it was given a front to move on, and because its brigadiers were given the opportunity which they had never had before for the skilful handling of their brigades."

We have been so appalled by the stupendous case that 'The

Times' history has arraigned against the nation, that we have had but little opportunity to eulogise those who have not come under the flail. Chief amongst these, of course, is the little Field-Marshal, to whom the nation owes so much. 'The Times' historian is not lavish in his praise, but we will quote the following from the closing paragraph in the volume:—

"The fear of heavy losses curtailed victory of its full reward and set fatal precedents for the future. . . . A nation which had long banished all serious thoughts of war, and of the meaning of war, from its mind—an army unequipped with the truly practical experience which comes from historical study and scientific reflection—possessed no standard to judge of such questions. That in this one respect Roberts proved himself unable to rise above the limitations of his environment, must detract from the fulness of his name as a general. It ought not to lessen the gratitude due from his countrymen to one who so greatly transcended the standard of generalship England deserved to find in her commanders; who, by his courage and energy, turned humiliation into triumph; who averted a disaster which might have proved fatal to the nascent hope of Imperial Unity."

Thus ends an analysis of the most important phase of the South African crisis. As we have striven to show, it teems with that which is necessarily unpleasant. But as physics is often nauseous, let us hope that this nation will face the violence to its palate, and assimilate in its system the healing properties that underlie the surface taste. The country owes a debt of gratitude to Mr Amery.

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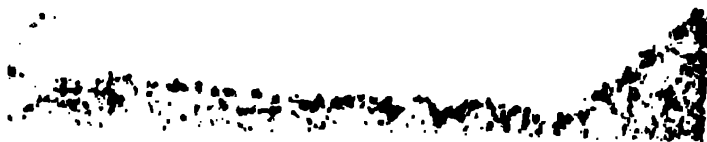


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